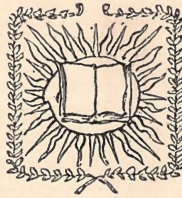


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ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH BORDLEY.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 1.



MRS. CAMERON, HER FRIENDS, AND HER PHOTOGRAPHS.

TENNYSON, WATTS, TAYLOR, HERSCHEL.

BY V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR.

LET us walk on past the great cedar to the little green door which opens into the lane near the bridge. Tennyson passed this way very often to Dimbola, the house of his restless friend and neighbor, Mrs. Cameron, which stands by the roadside some half the way from Farringford to the sea. In the days between 1860 and 1878, when the Camerons left for Ceylon, Mrs. Cameron was almost as famous and well-known a figure in Freshwater as Tennyson himself.

Quick impulse immediately acted upon was the prevailing note in a character of singular charm, and Dimbola, her Freshwater home, reflects many of the characteristics of its late owner. Freshwater, when she first came to it, could not boast of many large houses "replete with every modern comfort"; but Mrs. Cameron, having resolved to settle there, solved the problem of house accommodation with rapid originality. A certain sailor named Jacob Long owned two cottages with a view from their bay-windows not excelled by any in Freshwater, and these Mrs. Cameron purchased, converting them into a commodious, if somewhat singular, mansion by uniting them with a castellated center hall, and naming the united structure after a property in Ceylon. But a long course of building still lay before Jacob Long's cottages,

and rooms rose up rapidly, one after another, windows were built in a day, lawns made in a night, and the whole place was transformed, without and within, at the dictates of a hospitality boundless in intention and a heart large enough to give the whole world a welcome. The house is silent now and tenantless. All its old feverish life and bustle are stilled as the heart which beat here in true sympathy with every living creature that came within its reach needing such succor. Her pretty maids, her scholars, her poets, her philosophers, astronomers, and divines, all those men of genius who came and sat willingly to her while in a fever of artistic emotion she plied the instruments of her art,—and photography with Mrs. Cameron *was* an art,—they have all gone, and silence is the only tenant left at Dimbola. Yet the place is full of memories. Faces look down through the half-gloom, recalling the past. Here is Charles Darwin, leader into new realms of knowledge, with his written words beneath his likeness: "I like this portrait better than any other that has been done of me." Here is Sir John Herschel's other self, in all its "grandeur and dignity," Mrs. Cameron's greatest success. Here is Longfellow, sweet singer from across the seas, as he looked on that July day in 1868 when Tenny-



PAINTED BY G. F. WATTS, R. A.

MRS. JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

son grimly left him to Mrs. Cameron, saying: «Longfellow, you will have to do whatever she tells you. I'll come back soon and see what is left of you.» Longfellow's own record of his visit to Tennyson at Freshwater is enshrined in his sonnet called «Wapentake.»

There are many more portraits here besides these—portraits of Browning and Tennyson and beautiful old Sir Henry Taylor, whom she always addressed as «Philip.»¹

¹ Referring to his drama «Philip van Artevelde.»

one of the handsomest, as he was one of the most good-natured, of all her models. Before her death in Ceylon, whither heart ties drew her in the evening of her life, Mrs. Cameron began a little account of her work, which was, unfortunately, never finished. She had much to tell of all the great men who came to Freshwater to see Tennyson or her during the eighteen years of her residence there. What little she was able to write has been kindly put at my disposal by her son.



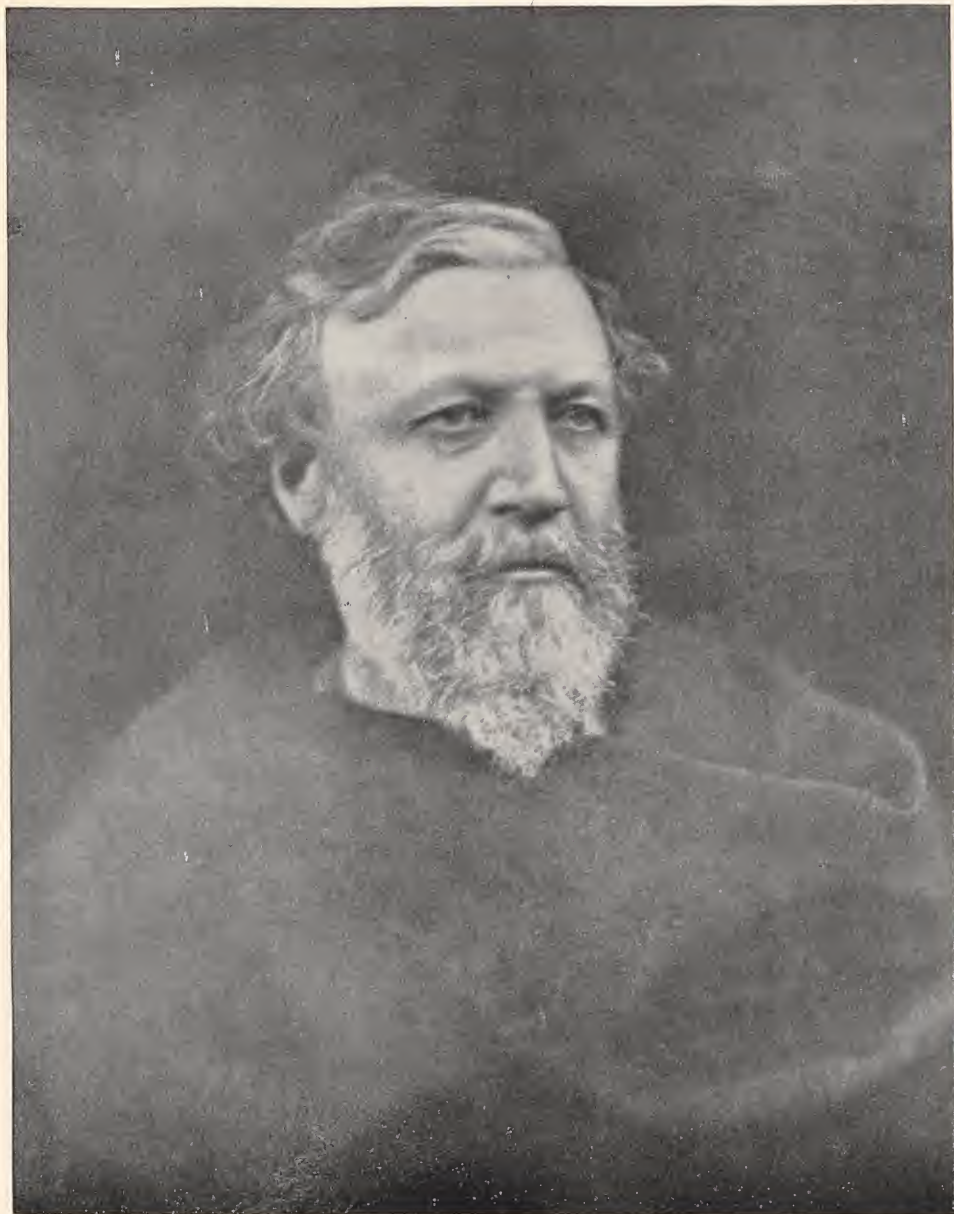
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

MAUD—«THE PASSION-FLOWER AT THE GATE.»

Writing more especially of her photography, she says: «From the first moment I handled my lens with a tender ardor, and it has now become to me a living thing with voice, memory, and creative vigor. Many and many a week in the year '64 I worked fruitlessly, but not hopelessly. I longed to arrest all beauty that came before me, and at length the longing has been satisfied. I turned my coal-house into my dark room, and a glazed fowl-house I had given to my children became

my glass-house. The hens were liberated,—I hope and believe not eaten,—the profit of my boys on new-laid eggs was stopped, and all hands and hearts sympathized in my new labor, since the society of hens and chickens was soon changed for that of poets, prophets, painters, and lovely maidens, who all in turn have immortalized the humble little farm-erection.»

In 1865 she exhibited in Scotland «a head of Henry Taylor with the light illumining



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

ROBERT BROWNING.

the countenance» in a way that cannot be described. Of him she wrote: «One chief friend lent himself greatly to my early efforts. Regardless of the possible dread that sitting to my fancy might be making a fool of himself, he, with the greatness which belongs to unselfish affection, consented to be in turn Friar Laurence with Juliet, Prospero with Miranda, Ahasuerus with Queen Esther, to hold my poker as his scepter, and do whatever I desired of him, so utterly with this great friend was it true that

« . . . the chord of Self, . . . trembling,
pass'd in music out of sight.

And not only were my pictures secured for me, but entirely out of the Prospero and Miranda picture sprang a marriage which has, I hope, cemented the welfare and well-being of a real King Cophetua, who in the Miranda saw the prize which has proved a jewel in that monarch's crown,» and which produced «one of the prettiest idylls of real life that can be conceived.»

Writing of one of her models, she says: "A little maid of my own from early girlhood has been one of the most beautiful and constant of my models, and in every manner of form has her face been reproduced, yet never has it been felt that the grace of the fashion of it has perished. This last autumn her head, illustrating the exquisite (Maud,) —

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,—

is as pure and perfect in outline as were my Madonna studies ten years ago, with ten times added pathos in the expression. The very unusual attributes of her character and complexion of her mind, if I may so call it, deserve mention in due time, and are the wonder of those whose life is blended with ours as intimate friends of the house."

She goes on to relate some amusing incidents in her photographic career, quoting, among other things, a very polite letter she received from "an exceedingly kind man from Berlin," who "sent his extraordinarest respects to the celebrated and famous female photographs"; but space will not permit of further reference to these here. While staying at Little Holland House, whither she had moved her camera for the purpose, she took a portrait of "the great Carlyle," who wrote of the result: "Has something of likeness, though terrifically ugly and woe-begone! My candid opinion."

"When I have had these men before my camera, my whole soul," she writes, "has endeavored to do its duty toward them in recording faithfully the greatness of the inner as well as the features of the outer man. The photograph thus taken has been almost the embodiment of a prayer. Most devoutly was this feeling present to me when I photographed my illustrious and revered as well as beloved friend, Sir John Herschel. He was to me as a teacher and high priest. From my earliest girlhood I had loved and honored him, and it was after a friendship of thirty-one years' duration that the high task of giving his portrait to the nation was allotted to me. When I began to photograph I sent my first triumphs to this revered friend, and his hurrahs for my success I here give. The date is September 25th, 1866:

"MY DEAR MRS. CAMERON: This last batch of your photographs is indeed wonderful—and wonderful in two distinct lines of perfection. That head of the (mountain nymph, sweet Liberty) (a little *farouche* and *égérée*, by the way, as if just let loose and half afraid that it was too good), is really a most astonishing piece of high relief. She

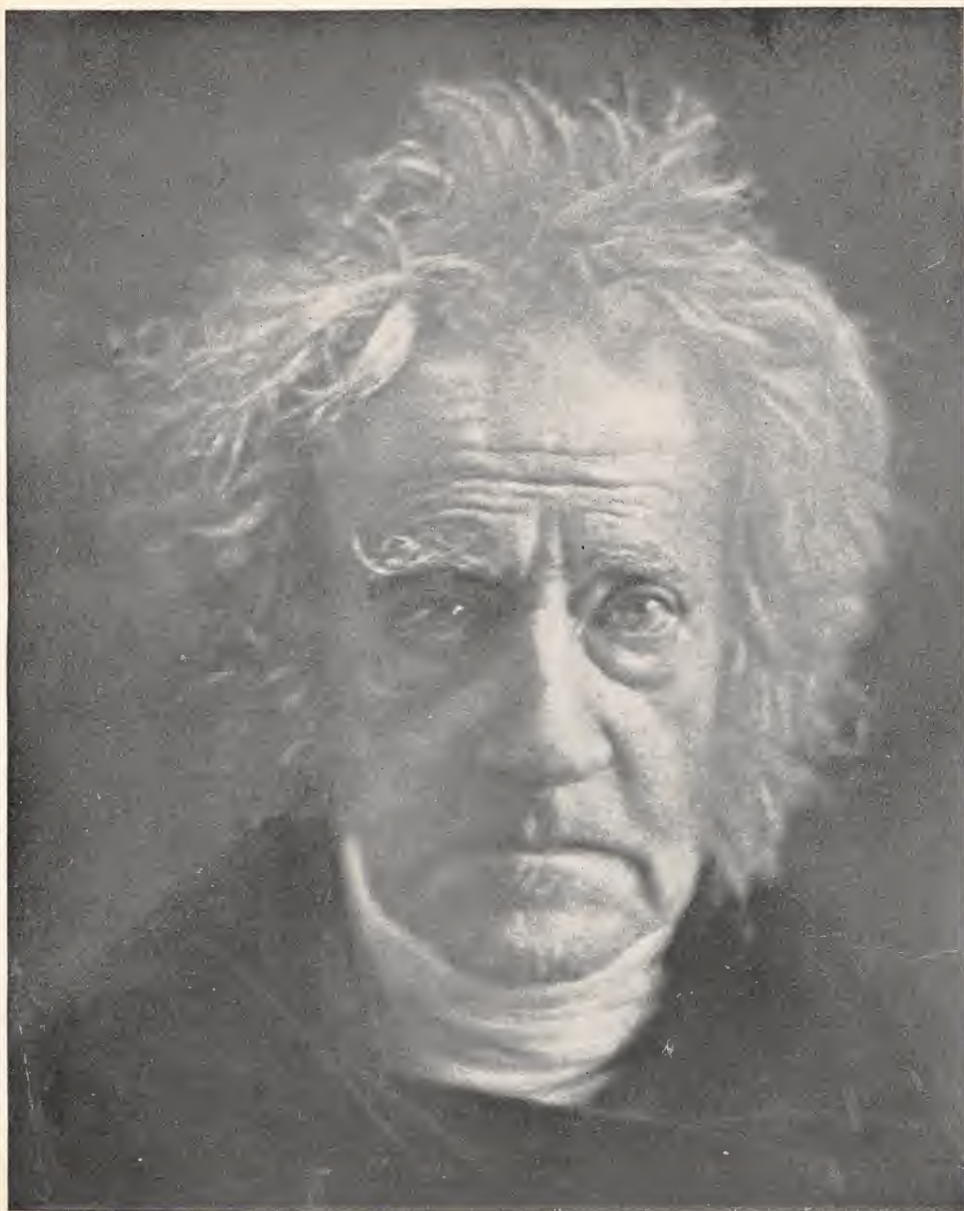
is absolutely alive and thrusting out her head from the paper into the air. This is your own special style. The other of (Summer Days) is in the other manner, quite different, but very beautiful, and the grouping perfect. Proserpine is awful. If ever she was (herself the fairest flower,) her (cropping) by (gloomy Dis) has thrown the deep shadows of Hades into not only the colour, but the whole cast and expression of her features. Christabel is a little too indistinct, to my mind, but a fine head. The large profile is admirable, and altogether you seem resolved to outdo yourself in every fresh effort.

"This was encouragement enough," she continues, "for me to feel myself held worthy to take this noble head of my great master myself; but three years I had to wait patiently and longingly before the opportunity could offer. Meanwhile I took another immortal head—that of Alfred Tennyson; and the result was that profile portrait which he himself designates as the (Dirty Monk.) It is a fit representation of Isaiah or Jeremiah, and Henry Taylor said the picture was as fine as Alfred Tennyson's finest poem. The laureate has since said of it that he likes it better than any photograph that has been taken of him.

"At this same time," she concludes, "Mr. Watts gave me such encouragement that I felt as if I had wings to fly with."

And these are the last words she wrote of the memoir, which was, alas! never finished.

Mrs. Cameron's house at Freshwater, the rendezvous of many distinguished men and women, was in some sort the refuge of many whose heart's desire it was to know Tennyson. No one she could help was ever turned away; none willingly would she have left "out of the feast of life." With Tennyson she was on terms of friendly intimacy, being in her relationship with him, as in all other matters, a law unto herself. She could, and did, say anything to him, though always within the limits set by high-bred feeling and a heart that was never at fault. One day some American acquaintances of hers, visitors at Freshwater, went up to Farringford in the expectation of seeing Tennyson. But soon after they returned to Dimbola with a rueful tale of disappointment. "Oh, he won't see you?" she said. "Come with me!" And thereupon hastily throwing on her shawl, she took them straightway to Farringford, entered the open hall door, and marched them into the drawing-room, where Mr. Tennyson and his wife were seated. "Alfred," she said, "these strangers come from a far country to see the lion of Freshwater; and"—waving her hand—"behold—a bear!"



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

Tennyson, ever gentle with his friends, caught her direct humor, and broke into a hearty laugh, receiving his visitors in the kindest manner.

Mrs. Cameron filled almost as conspicuous a part in Freshwater in those days as Tennyson; but she was not his only friend at Dimbola. Between him and Mr. Cameron, the placid and stately old scholar, whose form, wrapped about in a dressing-gown of royal purple, was so picturesque an object in the house, there subsisted a no less sincere

friendship. If anything, more deeply read in the classics than the laureate, there were many things in common between them. "In the whirl of my mother's friendship with Tennyson, Tennyson's regard for my father has been overlooked," the son remarked to me, in talking of the old Freshwater days. Mr. Cameron had filled high office in India and Ceylon with distinction, and he was an old, silvery-haired man when he came to live at Freshwater. In 1875 he went out to Ceylon, returning the following summer. His

long white beard had grown in the interval, somewhat altering his appearance. «Why, Cameron,» said Tennyson, meeting him suddenly, «I declare you 've been and dipped your chin in the moonlight since I saw you!»

«Personal sympathy,» wrote Mrs. Cameron, «has helped me on very much. My husband, from first to last, has watched every picture with delight; and it is my daily habit to run to him with every glass upon which a fresh glory is newly stamped, and to elicit his enthusiastic applause. This habit of running into the dining-room with my wet pictures has stained such an immense quantity of table-linen with nitrate of silver—indelible stains—that I should have been banished from any less indulgent household.»

I have spoken of «lawns made in a night»; the statement I believe to be literally true. Mr. Cameron loved to sun himself of a morning in the garden behind Dimbola, in spite of the rows of peas and cabbages which grew there, obstructing his way and wetting his flowing garments with dew. Mrs. Cameron, not a little concerned at this, had endeavored to induce him to desist from walking there. But the garden in the end always proved too attractive for him to desist; so she planned an original way out of the difficulty. Cart-loads of turf were cut from the downs, an army of workmen was employed, and when Mr. Cameron went forth in the morning to walk in the company of his vegetables, he found, to his vast surprise, that they had all vanished, and in their place a smooth lawn was warming itself in the sunlight! That was what all Mrs. Cameron's eccentricities came to—the outpouring impulse of an affectionate heart. She could never, in the largest sense of which the words are susceptible, do enough for those she loved, and their name was legion; she could never do it quickly enough, and that was the extent and the charm of her idiosyncrasy. «We all love her,» wrote Sir Henry Taylor—«Alice, I, Aubrey de Vere, Lady Monteagle; and even Lord Monteagle, who likes eccentricity in no other form, likes her.»

Many and many a story might be told of her, full of tender interest and humor; but I must confine myself here to one or two. She once planted a brier hedge about her house, which in its season of beauty became an irresistible temptation to the passers-by. The village policeman brought this solemnly to her notice.

«Everybody, ma'am, who passes by plucks a branch of it.»

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«That is just what it is there for,» she answered briskly, to his dismay.

A feature of her personality which lay at the root of her great success as a photographer was her love of all that was beautiful. «She was always took by a face,» as an old woman in Freshwater who remembers her put it to me. Charles Turner said the same thing in poet's language, when he told her, in the sonnet he addressed to her on leaving the Isle of Wight after a visit, that she «loved all loveliness.» In obedience to this impulse, she invariably stopped and spoke to any one, however unknown, whether in a great London thoroughfare or a village lane, whose beauty attracted her. «I am Mrs. Cameron,» she would say; «perhaps you have heard of me. You would oblige me very much if you would let me photograph you. Will you let me do so?» And by such bold and unconventional means she prevailed on many, absolute strangers though they were, to sit to her.

One of her models captured in this way was a young lady come as a summer visitor to Freshwater. Mrs. Cameron, engrossed at that time in some remarkably fine studies illustrative of the «*Idylls of the King*,» was at a loss for a model for Queen Guinevere. But the advent of the fair stranger settled all her doubts. Here was a beauty suited to her purpose; and within the hour she had carried her off to lunch and subsequent photography.

The lady proved a most kind and indefatigable model. The village postman had already been secured for King Arthur; and Mrs. Cameron's picture of him in this character is one of the best things in the collection. A friend, going one day to Dimbola, found the young lady looking rather fatigued.

«Oh,» she said, with an expressive gesture, «I am *so* tired!»

Supposing her fatigue was the result of a long walk on a midsummer day, my friend made some suitable reference to the matter; but the young lady answered with a smile:

«Oh, no! I have not been for a walk. I have been lying on the floor for the last two hours, clutching the postman's ankle!»

Mrs. Cameron, ever kind and unselfish, possessed the faculty of bringing out such qualities in others. In 1879 she died, a few months after her last return to Ceylon.

«As the day died,» her sons wrote to Lord Tennyson,—«as the day died on Sunday, January the 26th, the sweet, tender, gracious spirit of our beloved mother passed away

in peace.» No death could have been more calm, more beautiful, than hers.

In the following May her husband followed her. Eighteen months before, he had gone out in a kind of ecstasy to his old haunts. As the great Eastern liner in which they traveled was approaching Malta, where his father had once been governor, the silvery-haired old man, happy and delighted, drew his fellow-passengers' attention to the fact that he had played there seventy-five years ago. «When we come round that corner,» he said, «you will see the fountain by which I played as a child. I remember throwing oranges into it, and my delight at seeing them flung up into the air by the upward gush of water.» As he lay peacefully but certainly dying, his sons

read to him in the deep-toned music of Homer. «I am happier than Priam,» he said gently; «for all my sons are with me.» A local preacher, hearing of his illness, sent in word to request that he might read the Scriptures to him. His son brought in the message. «Harry, my boy,» said the old scholar, happy with his Homer and his sons, «if you think it would be any comfort to him, let him come in.»

When his sons came home, Tennyson asked them many questions concerning the gentle old Benthamite, jurist, and philosopher, and his ardent, impetuous wife, who for so many years had been his near friends and neighbors in Freshwater.¹

¹ Following this paper will be one, by the same author, describing Tennyson's life at Freshwater.—EDITOR.

A GREAT NATURALIST.

EDWARD DRINKER COPE.

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN.

EDWARD DRINKER COPE was born in Philadelphia, July 28, 1840. He attended school in Philadelphia, and studied for a brief period in the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. At twenty-three he traveled abroad, and at twenty-four he was elected professor in Haverford College, a position he soon resigned. Later he became connected with the Wheeler and the Hayden United States Geological Surveys. In 1878 he assumed the editorship of the «American Naturalist.» He held a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania and the presidency of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the time of his death, April 12, 1897. Besides his voluminous contributions to zoölogy and paleontology, he published two well-known volumes of essays upon evolution, and several metaphysical papers.

SELDOM has a face reflected a character more fully than that of Professor Cope. His square and prominent forehead suggested his vigorous intellect and marvelous memory; his brilliant eyes were the media of exceptional keenness of observation; his prominent chin was in traditional harmony with his aggressive spirit. From this rare combination of qualities so essential to free investigation sprang his scientific genius, and, with exceptional facilities of wealth and culture in his early education, he became a great naturalist—certainly the greatest America has produced.

His ancestors were Pennsylvania Quakers remotely of English origin. His great-grandfather, Caleb Cope, although a patriotic colonist, showed his courage and his respect for law by shielding Major André from mob violence. Thomas Pim Cope, his grandfather, founded the famous mercantile shipping-house bearing the family name in Philadelphia. With these antecedents of independence and enterprise in his family, it is probable that the bias for nature-study first developed

in his father, Alfred, who, although a merchant (being a junior member of the firm of Cope Brothers), did all in his power, by example, questioning, and travel, to develop in Edward the habit of original thinking. If so, this bias followed an occasional law of heredity, and accumulated as an irresistible impulse in the son. When the boy was only eight he visited the famous museum of the Philadelphia Academy, and in his journal, which fortunately is preserved, gave evidence of his precocious powers of observation by sketching a fossil ichthyosaur, and recording in quaint Quaker language: «Two of the sclerotic plates look at the eye—three will see these in it.»

The merchant service of the family played a weighty part in his education, for before ten he had voyaged both to Boston (in 1847) and the West Indies (in 1850), making numerous notes and sketches of sea life on his way. Like every other great naturalist, he thus owed far more to his own direct schooling in nature than to his few years of formal tutoring, for he had neither college nor university

training. The following passage from a long letter to his cousin, written at the age of nineteen, shows his confidence in research:

Pleasant it is, too, to find one whose admiration of nature and detail is heightened, not chilled, by the necessary «investigation»; which, in my humble opinion, is one of the most useful as well as pleasing exercises of the intellect in the circle of human study. How many are there who are

Having passed six summers among the woods and streams of Chester County, Pennsylvania, it is not surprising to find him, at the time this letter was written, perfectly familiar with the plants, birds, snakes, and salamanders of eastern Pennsylvania, and perfectly aware of the rarity of such knowledge, for he adds to a description of his work: «Nobody in this country (or in



PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST.

EDWARD DRINKER COPE.

delighted with a «fine view,» but who seldom care to think of the mighty and mysterious agency that reared the hills, of the wonderful structure and growth of the forests that crown them, or of the complicated mechanism of the myriads of higher organisms that abound everywhere; who would see but little interesting in a fungus, and who would shrink in affected horror from a defenseless toad!

Europe, of *ours*) knows anything about salamanders but Professor Baird¹ and thy humble coz — that is, in some respects.» He refers also to his first publication in the Academy, and enjoins secrecy: «I send thee a copy,

¹ Professor Spencer F. Baird, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, with whom young Cope worked a few months during the winter of 1859.

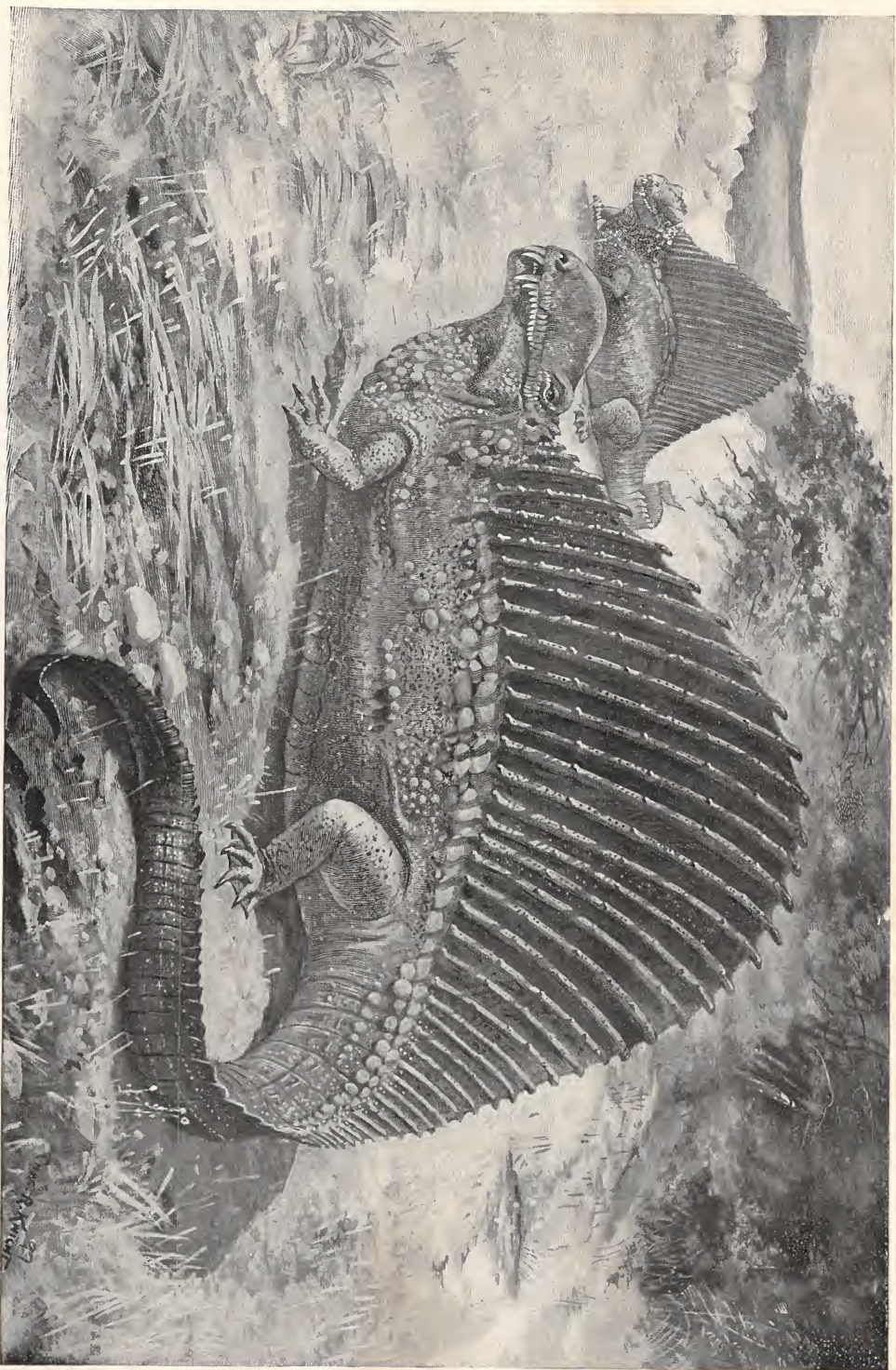
with the request that thee will neither mention nor show it; for, however trifling, I should doubtless be miserably annoyed by some if thee should.»

From this time on his range extended with astonishing rapidity—first among the living reptiles and amphibians; then among living and Paleozoic fishes; then among the great extinct reptiles of New Jersey and the Rocky Mountains, which form the subject of the accompanying article; finally among the ancient American quadrupeds. He acquired in turn a masterly knowledge of each type. Irreverent toward old systems, eager and ambitious to replace them by new ones of his own, with unbounded powers of hard work, whether in the field or at his desk, he rapidly became a leading spirit among the workers in the great realm of the backboneed creation, both in America and Europe. While inferior in logic, he showed Huxley's unerring vision of the most distinctive feature in a group of animals, as well as the broad grasp of Cuvier and of Cuvier's famous English disciple, Owen. While most men of our day are able to specialize among the details of an order, or at most of a class, Cope, at the age of thirty-four, had in his mental horizon at once the five great classes, although since Owen's time they had been greatly expanded by paleontological discovery. He was thus the last and the most distinguished representative of the old school of comparative anatomists. His high pressure of thirty-eight years' work was not consistent with excelling accuracy. We have often to look behind the returns in using Cope's work. Yet if it lacks German exactness, French beauty of presentation, and the solidity which marks the best English scientific workmanship, its dominant principles are sound, and its chief anatomical generalizations will endure longer than those of either Owen or Cuvier.

With this peculiar fitness for great studies came first the glorious opportunity of entering the unknown Western field as a pioneer with Marsh and Leidy. In 1866 he was the first to find along the New Jersey coast remains of the leaping dinosaur, *Laelaps aquilunguis* (p. 14), and he anticipated Huxley in comparing these reptiles with the birds. In 1871 he extended his explorations westward into what is now the most arid portion of Kansas, among the remains of the ancient marine monsters, the ram-nosed mosasaur and the sea-serpent or elasmosaur (p. 16). Following up the rapid advance of government exploration in the Rocky Mountains between 1872 and 1878, he discovered in New Mexico, Colorado, and

Wyoming the great amphiœlians, the gigantic camarasaurus, and the frill-necked dinosaur agathaumas. As a pioneer in exploration among these giant animals, he was obliged to draw his conclusions largely from fragmentary and imperfect materials, leaving the field open to Professor Marsh's more exhaustive explorations, which were supported by the government. Yet, as the ensuing article shows, Professor Cope illuminated the incomplete fragments with his reasoning and his fertile imagination. When a bone came into his hands, his first step was to turn it over and over, to comprehend its form thoroughly, and to compare it with its nearest ally, then to throw out a conjecture as to its uses and its relation to the life economy of the animal as a whole. One often found him virtually living in the past, vividly picturing to himself the muddy shores of the Permian seas of Texas, where the fin-back lizards basked, or the great fresh-water expanses of Wyoming and Montana, where the dinosaurs wandered. His conclusions as to the habits and modes of locomotion of these animals, often so grotesque as to excite laughter, were suggestive revivals from the vasty deeps of time of the muscular and nervous life which once impelled the mighty bones. It is fortunate that some of this imaginative history has been written down by Mr. Ballou, and that although physically enfeebled by a mortal illness, Professor Cope in his last days was able to convey to Mr. Knight, the artist, his impressions of how these ancient saurians lived and moved.

The second feature of his opportunity was, of course, that this pioneer exploration came early in the age of Darwinism, when missing links, not only in the human ancestry, but in the greater chain of backboneed animals, were at the highest premium. Thus he was fortunate in recording the discovery in north-western New Mexico of by far the oldest quadrupeds known, in finding among these the most venerable monkey, in describing to the world hundreds of links—in fact, whole chains—of descent between the most ancient quadrupeds and what we please to call the higher types, especially the horses, camels, tapirs, dogs, and cats. He labored successfully to connect the reptiles with the amphibians, and the latter with the fishes, and was as quick as a flash to detect in the paper of another author the oversight of some long-sought link which he had been awaiting. Thus in losing him we have lost our ablest and most discerning critic. No one has made such profuse and overwhelming demonstra-



THE PIN-BACK LIZARDS.

The type specimens, *Dimetrodon incisus* and the related genus, *Neosaurus claviger* (Cope), are from the Permian (Paleozoic age) of Texas. The skeletons found vary from three to ten feet in length, and are among the earliest forms of saurian life in the Triassic.

tion of the actual historical working of the laws of evolution, his popular reputation perhaps resting most widely upon his practical and speculative studies in evolution.

Many friends in this country and abroad have spoken of the invigorating nature of his companionship. A life of intense activity, harassed for long periods by many difficulties and obstacles, many of them of his own making, was nevertheless wholly without worry, that destroyer of the mind so common in our

and salutary reflection; and while its votary enjoys the disinterested pleasure of enlarging the intellect and increasing the comforts of society, he is himself independent of the caprices of human intercourse and the accidents of human fortune. Nature is his great and inexhaustible treasure. His days are always too short for his enjoyment; ennui is a stranger to his door. At peace with the world and with his own mind, he suffices to himself, makes all around him happy, and the close of his pleasing and beneficial existence is the evening of a beautiful day.



THE LEAPING DINOSAURS.

Laelaps aquilunguis (Cope), about twenty feet in length, from the Cretaceous of New Jersey. Its long hind legs enabled it to escape armored crocodiles and to capture the herbivorous *Hadrosaurus Foulkii*.

country. His half-century's enjoyment of research, extending from his seventh to his fifty-seventh year, can only be described in its effects upon him as buoyant; it lifted him far above disturbance by the ordinary matters of life, above considerations of physical comfort and material welfare, and animated him with a serene confidence in the rewards which Science extends to her votaries. He exemplified the truth of the words which Peacock puts into the meditation of Asterius:

. . . while science moves on in the calm dignity of its course, affording to youth delights equally pure and vivid—to maturity, calm and grateful occupation—to old age, the most pleasing recollections and inexhaustible materials of agreeable

While working at Cope's museum-residence in Philadelphia, the writer has had many queer experiences in the odd, half-Bohemian restaurants which the naturalist frequented. The quality of the meal was a secondary consideration to him, provided it afforded sufficient brain fuel. While eating he always relaxed into pure fun, and displayed a large fund of amusing anecdotes of the experiences, mishaps, and frailties of scientists, his own as often as those of others. He worked deliberately, and gave his whole mind to one subject at a time, if he considered it of special importance, this power being aided by his remarkable memory of species and of objects long laid aside for future reference.

In his field exploration his scientific enthusiasm burned still higher in pursuit of an unknown type or a missing link. Neither horses nor men could keep pace with his indefatigable energy. Heat and alkali-water were totally disregarded. From one of his Bitter Creek Desert trips he returned to Fort Bridger completely exhausted, and for weeks was prostrated with fever. Only a short time before his death, he laughingly related that after a solemn warning by a physician to avoid horseback-riding and exposure to water, his health had been greatly improved in the course of a summer by three hundred miles' exercise in the saddle in North Dakota and several weeks' wading in New Jersey swamps. His house in Pine street became every year a greater curiosity, as the accumulating fossils, books, and pamphlets out-taxed the shelves and began to thicken like stratified deposits upon the floor in dust-laden walls and lanes.

Even his sleeping-room was piled to the ceiling, and he closed his eyes for the last time while lying upon a bed surrounded upon three sides by the loved objects of his life-work.

Appreciation of greatness is a mark of the civilization and culture of a people. Cope's monumental work, preserved in thousands of notes, short papers, and memoirs, and in three bulky government quartos, constitutes his assurance of enduring fame. Some of his countrymen, and even of his fellow-workers, allowed certain of his characteristics to obscure his stronger side in their estimate of him and his work; and during his life he received few of the honors such as foreigners are wont to bestow upon their countrymen of note. When we think more deeply of what really underlies human progress, we realize that only to a few men with the light of genius is it given to push the world's thought along, and that Edward D. Cope was one of these men.

STRANGE CREATURES OF THE PAST.

GIGANTIC SAURIANS OF THE REPTILIAN AGE.

BY WILLIAM H. BALLOU.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

AT his laboratory in Philadelphia, the late Professor Edward Drinker Cope devoted many years to the study of the fossil or petrified skeletons of the gigantic saurians, or lizard-like reptiles, found in various beds of the Rocky Mountains and other regions of the United States. These included the largest and most terrible animals that have ever inhabited the earth, few of them being less than twenty-five feet in length, and many of them reaching eighty, often with a corresponding height and a weight of tons. The skulls were examined in detail, the types of the teeth, the vertebræ, the limb-bones, and all the separate parts of each skeleton. There were also the older and smaller reptiles, discovered by exploring parties, to the structures of which he had given an equal amount of thought. During several months preceding his death his original and interesting views upon these animals, and his ingenious speculations regarding their habits, were imparted to the writer. In addition, he completed the evolution of the carnivorous line of saurians, so as to enable me to make the exclusive announcement of one of the most important discover-

ies or advances in paleontological science yet promulgated.

The early part of the Mesozoic realm is distinguished as the Triassic era. It was prolific in saurians entirely different from those which appeared in later times. Cope developed in the Triassic numerous species, large in size, some formidable in armor-plates, and others with rows of huge and terrible spines on the back. Also, in the preceding age—the Permian era of the Paleozoic—he found many saurians. Even farther back, in the older Paleozoic Carboniferous, or coal-measures, of Ohio, he discovered one saurian, the father of all lizards, the most ancient of its kind, the *Isodectes punctulatus* (Cope), which formerly figured as *Isodectes longipes*. This Ohio ancestor of the lizards was eight inches long, having the form of the modern lizard, but not its structure. Only about seven eighths of a single skeleton have been found, but sufficient to establish its commanding position in the history of life on this globe. *Punctulatus* had one relative in the Permian beds of Texas—*Isodectes megalops*, the typical poor relative, as but little is known of him. It is notable that the big saurians, after their

various transformations, all became extinct, so that the lizard of to-day has the dimensions and some of the habits of the original ancestral type.

It is from Texas, Pennsylvania, and New Mexico that the best-known and the largest number of Triassic lizards come. The biggest of these were perhaps *Palæoconus orthodon* and *Palæoconus dumblianus* (Cope). A Utah Triassic lizard of elephantine proportions was defined by Cope as *Dystrophælus viemalæ*. Allied to the crocodiles were *Episaurus horridus* and *haplocerus* (Cope), the former from New Mexico. These saurians were often plated like war-ships, or had sharp cutting or hooked spines on their backs, which rendered them safe from attack.

The fin-back lizard was one of the terrible monsters of the Permian era found in Texas. The skeletons so far found range from three to ten feet in length. It bears the name of *Dimetrodon incisivus* (Cope). The long back spines are often found in masses in the rocks, adhering together like sticks. In a related genus, *Naosaurus claviger*, these spines had branches, giving them the appearance of the yard-arms of ships, from which may have

been extended membranes enabling these animals to sail along the surface of the water. Owing to the great number of spines, it may be assumed that this animal never rolled on the ground like a horse. The finbacks and spinebacks were flesh-eaters. Their teeth were formidable, being finely serrate mingled with huge conic tusks. The large spines sprang from the vertebræ, and were often as long as forty inches, and formed an elevated fin for defense against some enemy not yet known. The limbs were not long enough, nor the claws sufficiently acute, for tree-climbing. The dimetrodons were both water and land animals, being able to walk on four legs.

The cotylosaurs of the same period were burrowing lizards with solid skulls. Many species of them are found in the Permian of Texas and South Africa. They were mostly small, and, like modern burrowers, probably made their homes or nests in the ground. The most interesting item concerning these animals is that one genus of them—*Otocælus*—had a shell or carapace, and was possibly the ancestor of the turtles, or of the animals from which turtles ascended. It is evident that there was no dearth of lizard-like saurians



THE FLAT-TAILED PLESIOSAUR.

The *Elasmosaurus platyurus* (Cope) resembled Pontoppidan's figure of the sea-serpent. It was a rapacious and terrible destroyer of fishes in the Cretaceous seas. Apparently it skimmed the surface, arching its neck like a swan, ready to flee from cimoliasaurs or to plunge for its prey. A type skeleton measures forty-five feet, of which twenty-two feet comprise the neck.



THE SPOONBILL DINOSAUR.

Hadrosaurus mirabilis (Leidy) is the type skeleton in the Cope collection, thirty-eight feet long, from the Laramie Cretaceous beds. The animal was preyed on by the carnivorous leaping lizard, *Laelaps incassatus*.

in the Triassic formation, and in the older Permian era below it.

Among these animals were undoubtedly the ancestors of the large dinosaurs; but their detailed evolution and ancestry are involved in mystery. As to the order of ascent, Professor Cope and his contemporaries speak only in general terms. Much more exhaustive studies will be required, and more and completer skeletons will have to be brought to light. The evolution of the Mammalia, particularly man, is nearly complete. Not so with the dinosaurs and other reptiles; at present the geological sequence only is established. In a general way it may be said that the duration of the existence of the saurians extends from the Carboniferous period in the Paleozoic realm through the entire Mesozoic realm, or many millions of years. We have seen that the original saurian was an eight-inch salamander-like animal, found in the Paleozoic Carboniferous, or coal-measures, in Ohio. It is astonishing how great and mighty a race sprang from so diminutive and insignificant an ancestry. The Carboniferous era closed, the poor little beast disappeared from view. In the succeeding or Permian era, still in the Paleozoic realm,

many cotylosaurs appeared. They were of varied species, but all of small or moderate size—larger, however, than the above-mentioned ancestor. As the Permian advanced in age, the saurians increased in numbers, in variety, and in size. Then not only the Permian era, but the great Paleozoic age, died out, and these animals all became extinct.

The succeeding Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous formations of the Mesozoic realm, to which this article mainly refers, were the most remarkable periods of the world's history for forms of reptilian life. In them the reptiles reached their time of glory; they grew in vast numbers and to gigantic proportions. Some went in herds; food was most plentiful; conditions and climate were most propitious. The forests and jungles contained those which walked on four legs; the plains and fields, those that ran or leaped on two hind legs and tail; the lakes, those that waded, and swimmers which never ventured on shore; the ocean, those that swam with great speed and fed like ducks or sharks.

The Cretaceous, the last section of the Mesozoic realm, and the nearest of these periods to our time, contained the highest forms—*lælaps*, the great leaper; *hadrosaurus*,

the long-legged wader; and agathaumas, the king of the forest; and with the close of the Mesozoic died ingloriously the dinosaurs and all other large saurians.

If we arrange these forms according to Professor Cope's theories, we must place the carnivorous saurians as follows: clepsydrops, the ancestor in the Permian; palæoctonus in the Triassic; the megalosaurs in the Jurassic, ending with lælaps in the Cretaceous; in the herbivorous or fourth line we have the thecodontosaur in the Triassic, iguanodon in the Jurassic, and hadrosaurus in the Cretaceous; and in the second line the camarasau-

places from some other quarter. Their bulk grew so great finally, reaching several tons, that it has been suggested that they mired and died—in other words, «stuck in the mud.» Morris, however, ingeniously supposes that their eggs were eaten or destroyed by a race of small mammals, which Cope suggested were the multituberculate Prototheria, allies of the existing Australian duckbill, but armed with sharp, lance-like teeth in the front part of the jaws—a race of animals, by the way, for which there is no modern equivalent, there being no existing animals with which to compare them. The successors of the sau-



THE HORNED DINOSAUR.

The *Agathaumas sphenocerus* (Cope) is based on the reconstruction of a possibly identical and prior restoration, *Triceratops prorsus* (Marsh). This elephantine Laramie Cretaceous dinosaur, twelve to fourteen feet in length, was herbivorous and harmless, but so well protected as to be free from molestation.

rus alone, with ancestors and successors unknown. Between the last two lines is a third line of the stegosaur types. It is only the carnivorous line that runs straight from the cotylosaur to lælaps. Why did the large saurians ultimately become extinct, while the small, inoffensive lizards persisted? We may assume that the dinosaurs, being generally distributed over the whole globe, migrated during the Paleozoic and Mesozoic ages; that when extinguished on one section of the globe, others gradually took their

places in the Cænozoic age were the Lacerilia, or small lizards similar to those found about farm fences to-day.

In two ways these ancient reptiles have been of value to mankind: their remains have enabled scientists to determine accurately certain geological horizons; and from some of their branches they gave origin to the Mammalia and to man himself; that is, one type in the carnivorous line, not yet determined, was regarded by the late and ever-lamented Professor Cope as one of the

ancestors of man. Had he lived, that missing type would have been identified, and named in this article.

According to geologic reckoning, the dinosaurs were among the highest types of life on earth several million years ago; they left only occasional tracks in the rocks, and now and then a petrified skeleton. These bones, when examined, show how the animal must have moved about, either in water, on land, or in air; the teeth and jaws indicate what he ate, whether of flesh, fish, or vegetation; his limbs suggest whether he walked, leaped, waded, or swam. It is interesting to note the diversity of powers which these dinosaurs possessed, including every function given to diverse animals, even that of flight, illustrated in the related group of pterosaurs; they were also often endowed with beaks and claws like birds, but without the functions of flight. In general, some of them resembled kangaroos, while others suggested the rhinoceros, and still others corresponded to our notions of mythical sea-serpents. Some of them leaped about on land, some lived near the ocean, certain varieties waded only in lakes, some inhabited the forests, and some were amphibious. Certain types walked on two hind limbs, balanced by the tail, and others moved squarely on four feet.

The footprints of the Triassic red sandstone of the Connecticut valley, and of the same formation in New Jersey or Pennsylvania, are familiar to many people. The creatures which strode along the flats of the Triassic estuaries were various in genera and species, and were formerly thought to have been gigantic birds. There are also impressions in the stone that were made by these animals squatting on their haunches. About one hundred and fifty species of extinct saurians have been discovered on this continent, but it is now known that they, at one time or another, inhabited nearly the whole globe.

One can imagine the singular appearance of troops of giant saurians perhaps standing motionless, or marching or wading slowly along the water's edge, ready for a plunge at passing fishes or swimming reptiles. In the active pursuit of land prey they ran like ostriches or leaped like kangaroos. It is believed that only one group of them belonged to types which are necessarily marine animals, while many of them were representatives of the types which at the present day pertain only to fresh water. Six of the Dinosauria were terrestrial, and the structural adapta-

tions necessary for swimming are wanting. Eight were crocodiles in form, of which only fresh-water representatives now exist. Only a few species had the shortness of limb which would enable them to swim the waves of the open sea for any period of time. These observations apply to all marine vertebrates with separated digits the life of which is spent in the water and that rely on their limbs for progression, unless their bulk be such as to render them independent of the waves, or unless they have wings.

One of the Laramie animals, *Hadrosaurus mirabilis* (Leidy), a wader, may be called the spoonbill dinosaur, having a goose-like head over three feet in length. In the jaws of a single specimen were counted two thousand and seventy-two teeth. Otherwise its form slightly resembled that of the kangaroo. For a reptile the head had an unusually backward elevation, remarkably contracted at the fore part of the jaw. The total length of a specimen in Professor Cope's collection is thirty-eight feet. The fore limbs were small, and were possibly used at times for support, but rarely for seizing, the phalanges of the hands being hoof-like rather than claw-like. The head was borne on a vertical neck in the same manner as a bird's head, and its general appearance must have been bird-like. The nature of the beak and teeth indicate a diet of soft vegetable matter. It could not have eaten the branches of trees without breaking the teeth of the lower jaw, but it could have scraped off the leaves. The appearances indicate even a softer food. Could we suppose that the great Laramie lakes on the Rocky Mountain borders supplied an abundance of aquatic plants without woody tissue, the conditions would have been appropriate to this curious structure. Aquatic plants could easily have been gathered by this double spoonbill, and have been tossed, by bird-like jerks of the head and neck, back to the mill of the small and delicate teeth. Of teeth it had four and one half successive sets. In order to submit the food to the action of these vertical shears, the jaws must have been opened widely during mastication, and not unnaturally, as in birds and reptiles the mouth opens to a point behind the eye. The eye was evidently of large size, but the ear was small. As there is a large nasal duct, the hadrosaur must have had the sense of smell. Its huge hind legs were useful in wading in water productive of food. When the bottom was not too soft it could wade to a depth of ten or more feet and pull up aquatic plants from the bottom. If not too



THE AMPHIBIOUS DINOSAUR.

Amphicalia altus (Cope) was one of the tallest lizards, the type skeletons being from sixty to eighty feet in height. It could wade and lift its head above the surface to browse on overhanging branches, or lower it to the bottom for vegetation. It could not swim or walk on land, because of its many tons' weight. It was alone omnivorous, eating everything it could reach or seize.

large, fishes might also have been its prey, provided they were not covered with the bony plates which distinguished most of the Laramie fishes, and which protected them from these particular enemies.

A great leaper was *Laelaps aquilunguis*, a dinosaur found by Professor Cope, in 1866, in the Cretaceous greensands of New Jersey. It had a relative in the far West which also did some leaping, and is known as *Laelaps incrassatus* (Cope). These leaping dinosaurs were carnivorous or flesh-eating animals. It would appear that among their victims were the type of lizards just described as hadrosaurs, and that they also attacked each other. Thus the Western *laelaps* preyed on the Western *Hadrosaurus mirabilis*, and the Eastern *laelaps* preyed on the Eastern *Hadrosaurus Foulkii*. The short fore legs of a *laelaps* suggest the habit of using chiefly the hind limbs. It moved in an erect attitude, as its tracks found in the rocks in many places show. Its prehensile claws formed instruments for holding prey. *Laelaps* had long hind-leg bones; the modern leapers, the kangaroos, have short femurs; the cursorial birds, however, have a similarly short femur, but do not leap; so the form of femur is not conclusive. The modern iguanas have long femurs, and progress by simultaneous motion on all fours; they do not leap, and

man, with a long femur, runs only. Leaping animals must therefore have other reasons for leaping than the length of the legs.

Laelaps, in taking long leaps, struck its prey with the hind legs. The fore limbs, being small, must have been less efficient as weapons in attacks on such creatures as the hadrosaurs. So far as is known, there were but few animals then living which could withstand a long pursuit on land, except in the case of certain lizards. *Laelaps* had to contend with

hard-shelled turtles, armored crocodiles, and swift sea saurians. These it must have captured by sudden movements, as it is not likely that its grasping toes furnished much, if any, swimming power. The lightness and hollowness of the long bones of the hind legs of *laelaps*, and their flexure, are altogether appropriate to great powers of leaping. The feet must have been elongate, the toe-bones slender, corresponding with those of the eagle, while the great claws in which they terminated were relatively larger and more compressed than in birds of prey. The tail was moderately long, rounded, and strong, and not so much of a support as a resource for striking a blow and for throwing an enemy within reach of the kick or grab of the terrible hind legs. As a kicker *laelaps* stands unrivaled among animals. In this respect it exceeded the foot-blow of the ostrich, which can easily kill a man.

A huge dinosaur from the Laramie formation was the horned agathaumas. Its ponderous horned skull suggests the appearance of a rhinoceros, and its high, curved back and bulk an elephant. No animal known had a more powerful armature upon its skull than this creature. In front was a knife-like beak, on the nose a stout horn, on the top of the head a pair of large pointed horns, and on the back of the head a row of sharp projec-

tions. This skull, armored with horns and beak, in shape a wedge, was supported by massive bones, making a formidable weapon for offense and defense. Of all the later dinosaurs, this one alone had large fore limbs, showing that it walked on four feet. Fortunately for contemporary animals, this beast lived on herbs and grass; otherwise it might have slain the remaining forms of life within its territory; whereas its great powers of fighting merely marked it as a good object to leave unmolested in its pursuits, which were possibly as peaceable and tranquil as those of cattle. It was an animal of the forest and jungle. One of the species, *Agathaumas silvestris* (Cope), is distinguished by its nose-horn pointing forward; another, *Agathaumas sphenocerus* (Cope), by its nose-horn pointing straight upward. These walking citadels had to be attacked from behind, if at all, by their active contemporary, the *Laelaps incrassatus*. The restoration of *Agathaumas sphenocerus* herein is based on Professor O. C. Marsh's prior reconstruction of *Triceratops prorsus*.

Unlike other saurians, which are often provided with unusually long necks, the head of the stegosaur, or armored dinosaur, seems screwed to its body; in fact, it was almost neckless. It had a dermal armor. This consisted, in Cope's *Stegosaurus latus*, of a double row of huge plates extending along both sides and near the ridge of the back, from the neck to nearly the end of the tail. Marsh's *Stegosaurus unguatus*, an allied species, was armored with a single row of such spinal plates. Just above the end of the tail, *Stegosaurus latus* had four pairs of spines for defensive purposes. There were also flat spines beneath the tail, making that appendage a terrible weapon, and by no means a mere protection against flies, as in most animals. This

dinosaur was purely a land animal. It had a bird-like beak and small teeth, showing that it fed on soft vegetation. It had ponderous thigh bones, one of which is fifty inches long by fourteen inches thick, and massive feet with hoofs on the toes. Like other saurians which walked on four legs with hoofed toes, it probably avoided water and mud, as its great weight and lack of swimming power would have caused it to mire. As a walking ironclad it fed in safety. All animals must have avoided its terrible stationary armor-plates on the back, which must have cut like broadaxes. If attacked, it must have turned and used its spine-covered tail as the giants of old wielded their clubs. At the same time, it is difficult to see how such a comparatively small mouth fed so large a body, or precisely what was the animal's rôle in the economy of nature. Its extinction may have been caused by starvation.

The amphibious dinosaur, *Amphicælius altus* (Cope), was one of the most remarkable of the tall types. It lived in water, but never swam; it walked on the bottom, indifferent whether its head was above the surface. The type specimen measures sixty feet in length. When it raised its head and distended its anatomy to browse on overhanging tree-tops and branches, this length became height. The petrified remains of this



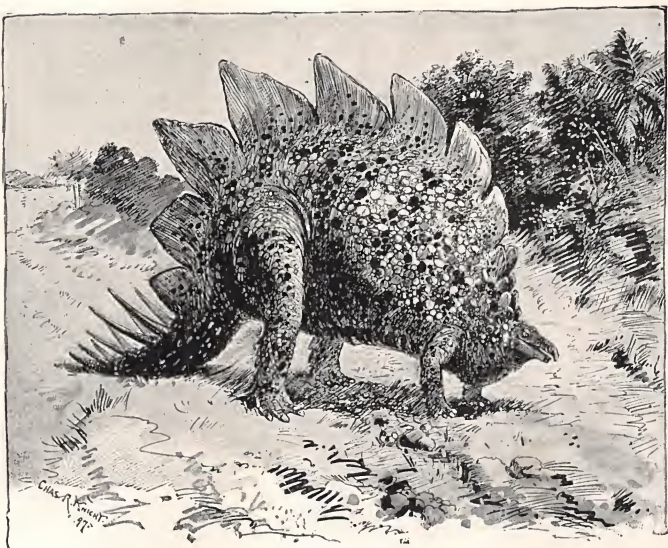
RAM-NOSED MOSASAUR.

The mosasaur *Nectoporphus proriger* (Cope) was a powerful swimmer and fighter of the ocean. Its long beak enabled it to punch its enemies, and its powerful jaws to crush them when captured. These animals ranged from thirty to fifty feet in length.

animal were found in the Jurassic or Lower Cretaceous beds of Colorado. An examination of the beds at this point shows first the remains of a shallow salt-water sea known as the Dakota formation, in which have been found fossil leaves and sharks' teeth. Underneath the Dakota lies the Jurassic, a lake-bed from which we have many monsters—megalosaurus or great carnivorous as well as herbivorous dinosaurs of diverse species. The amphibious dinosaur was undoubtedly omnivorous. It seized whatever came within its reach, whether fish, flesh, or vegetation. Its teeth were spoon-shaped at the crown. It had ambulatory limbs. Its neck and back vertebræ were hollow and probably connected by air-tubes with the lungs, to give it buoyancy at the right point. Its tail vertebræ and thigh-bones were solid and of great weight, allowing it to anchor on the lake-bottom. One of its petrified leg-bones is six feet four inches in length, and weighs about eight hundred pounds. The weight of the entire animal might have been three or four tons. It probably never came wholly out of water. Had it done so, the great weight of its structure might have caused a collapse. The water was its safeguard, for its surrounding weight held its gigantic frame together. There is no evidence that it was web-footed. Its great posterior skeleton enabled it to stand firmly on the bottom, seize a passing fish, feed on the plant life at the bottom, raise its head to a great height, stand on its hind feet and tail, and browse on the overhanging branches. A saurian in structure, it was everything in habits. It swept the territory in which it moved of animal and vegetable life. Of the wonderful fauna of the Jurassic it was one of the tallest, of hugest dimensions, of the greatest mass in proportion to height.

The giant dinosaur would be an appropriate name for another reptile—the camarasaur. The *Amphicælius altus*, just described, was amphibious in the sense that it fed upon everything it could reach and capture, in or out of water, while wading.

The type now to be described was similar in appearance in many respects, except that it waded or swam in the water indifferently. This type was purely herbivorous, and its great bulk suggests that it required at least an acre of plants, grass, and leaves to satisfy its appetite for a meal. Almost identical types of these saurians are *Brontosaurus excelsus* (Marsh) and *Camarasaurus supremus* (Cope), of the wonderful fauna of the Jurassic. The camarasaur was preëminent in general proportions, and also the tallest; the *Amphicælius altus* was next in height. The camarasaur was also remarkable for the light construction of the vertebræ anterior to the



THE ARMORED DINOSAUR.

Stegosaurus ungulatus. Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale University first discovered the wonderful stegosaur genus. The *Stegosaurus ungulatus* (Marsh) and the *Stegosaurus latus* (Cope) differ only in the number of erect spinal plates. The animal was herbivorous and inoffensive, but so terribly armed as to maintain its peaceful pursuits. Length twenty-five feet.

tail; they were hollow, including two large separated chambers, which communicated with the cavity of the body by a foramen on each side. The ribs had an unusually elevated basis. On the other hand, the bones of the tail and hind limbs were nearly solid. Because of the greater length of the hind limbs, this dinosaur could progress on land, while *Amphicælius altus*, because of a shorter femur, had to remain in water to insure its support in holding its parts together. As it could roam about at will, the camarasaur ate only vegetation, while the other, confined to wading, had to eat whatever it could seize or reach. The camarasaur may have lightened its weight in walking by filling the cavities in its upper backbones with air

from the lungs. Because of the solidity of its tail, the animal was enabled to use it as a walking-stick, presenting the appearance of a tripod in motion. Thus, while browsing on tree-tops with a bird-like beak, its fore limbs resting on the trunks or branches, it presented something of the appearance of the giraffe.

Not even remotely related to the dinosaurs, but with a different ancestry and history, were the great sea lizards. These animals, which suggest the fabled sea-serpent, were the long and terrible mosasaurs; in fact, they possessed eight technical characteristics of serpents of the same period. *Mosasaurus Dekayi* (Mitchell) is a fair type. The teeth, without fangs, are those of serpents, and they differ from the teeth of any of the lizards. The vertebral column resembles that of a serpent in many features, having numerous joints. The ribs are cylindrical, as in lizards and serpents. Science must regard the mosasaurs and their allies as a race of gigantic marine serpent-like reptiles, with powers of swimming and running like the modern snakes. As they had posterior and anterior paddles, they are not unlike Pontopidan's figure of the sea-serpent. That the mosasaurs had the habit of devouring their prey whole is evident. The extension of the lower jaw exceeded that of other reptiles in this capacity, allowing the passage of large objects. The carnivorous lizards, on the contrary, tore their prey in pieces, as do mammals of the present day. For the most part they lived in the ocean. Professor S. W. Williston has recently secured complete skeletons, with perfect fore and hind paddles, having five digits each, with preserved skin and scales.

According to the fossil skeletons at hand, the mosasaurs ranged from thirty to fifty feet in length. *Maximus* was the longest (fifty feet), and possessed the largest and most terrible head. *Princeps* and *Missouriensis* were next in size, and may have attained the same length. *Oarhtrus* was doubtless the smallest, though an animal thirty feet long may be considered reasonably large.

Allied to these saurians was the ram-nosed mosasaur, *Nectoportheus proriger* (Cope). It was the ram-ship of the naval fleet of saurians. While the mosasaurs in general had muzzles, the beak of *proriger* was much prolonged beyond the teeth, and in shape was very obtuse. With this weapon it punched or pounded its foes, and perhaps used it to turn over rocks and objects in its

search for food. It also had a very long tail, which it used to good advantage while swimming at terrific speed in the ocean.

Another entirely distinct type of sea lizard was the great plesiosaur, *Elasmosaurus platyurus* (Cope). These elasmosaurs, as Professor Cope called them, were the most elongated sea saurians yet discovered, not excepting the mosasaurs last described. They are found all over Europe as well as North America. Their fossil skeletons were found on the Missouri River, three hundred miles west of Leavenworth, and elsewhere. The tail was a powerful swimming-organ, more or less compressed in life, and hence the animals' specific name means «flat-tailed.» The habits of this animal, like those of its newest known allies, were rapacious, as is evinced by the numerous dog-like teeth, and the remains of fish found beneath the skeletons. The general form of this reptile was that of a serpent with relatively shorter, more robust, and more backwardly placed body than is characteristic of the true serpents. Underneath the Fort Wallace skeleton the remains of six species of fishes new to science were found, which had been the food of the elasmosaur. It is evident that half the length of the animal was a neck so elongated as to enable it to seize fishes with ease while skimming along the water with great rapidity. Its whole form shows a construction best adapted to running after its prey and away from its foes, which were presumably the cimoliasaurs, and of a speed ample to catch up with contemporaneous fishes on which it lived. It was probably a diver as well as swimmer.

An animal similar to this flat-tailed plesiosaur was the cimoliasaur (Leidy), with a shorter and stouter neck and a larger body. It was a robust and powerful serpent-like lizard, in which bulk was more developed than length. The elasmosaur, with the longer neck and tail, was fortunate in being a swifter swimmer, since in a contest the animal with stout, short neck and great bulk would have the advantage of larger powers. The *Cimoliasaurus magnus* (Cope) must have been the lion of the ocean, easily able to whip any monster of the deep which came within reach. Its paddles were short, thick, and stout, its head large, massive, and round.

During the age of reptilian life the inoffensive mammals were slowly evolving upon land—at first extremely small, like the oldest and smallest reptiles, and then increasing gradually in size until the present reign of man.



GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

WITH PICTURES BY LEE WOODWARD ZIEGLER.

I—THE PARISH OF ST. THOMAS EQUINUS.

THE bishop settled himself in an arm-chair, crossed his short legs, and gave a sigh of relief and comfort. Through the open window he could see the hills across the valley and the two spires of Oakdale village. There was a gleam of silver in the bottom-lands where a bend of the river revealed itself. Out of doors the air was hot with the afternoon sun and murmurous with insect noises, but the large drawing-room was pleasantly darkened and cool. The bishop felt that he had earned peace, and meant to enjoy it. With half-closed eyes he watched the tea-things brought in and the two slender young women seat themselves by the table. Mrs. Alden Adams began to make the tea. Her niece lazily set herself to embroidering a bit of linen.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked the bishop.

"Yes," said the bishop; "I suppose so. It was rather extraordinary, however.—Two lumps and a little cream," he added.

"Extraordinary?" Mrs. Adams echoed inquiringly as she passed the cup.

"I think I may say *very* extraordinary," he replied in an injured tone.

"I suppose the rector bored you to death," said Miss Colfax. "I hope you ordered him to stop advising the farmers to put up wire."

"Wire? Wire what?" asked the prelate, as if he were hearing of a new heresy.

"Wire fences, of course," the girl replied. "You can't jump wire."

The bishop seemed at a loss. "No," he

said; «I suppose not. But, my dear young woman, I have n't seen the rector.»

«Why,» said Mrs. Adams, who was trying to snuff the lamp under the kettle, «I thought you and Willie were going to the parsonage in the victoria.»

«We were,» the bishop answered, with a resentful note in his voice; «but we gave up the victoria, and the horses we did take made other arrangements.»

The girl looked up from her work. «An accident?» she inquired.

The bishop hemmed. «I should hardly call it an accident. An accident is an occurrence contrary to probabilities.» Both women looked puzzled. «My young friend, Mr. William Colfax,» he went on, «informed me, as we were about to start, that the horses harnessed to the victoria were such (rummy skates)—those were his words—that he would prefer to take me behind some (cattle) of his own.»

«I am glad he was so thoughtful,» observed his sister; «it is n't often that he is.» The bishop scrutinized the girl. She was earnestly embroidering the doily. The corners of his mouth twitched.

«It was thoughtful,» he continued. «He had a high red cart and a tandem. Two grooms held the horse in front, and there was another at the head of the wheeler.»

The girl dropped the work in her lap. «I think Willie's manners are improving,» she said simply. «He has n't been so civil to anybody stopping in the house since he let Sir Richard ride Manslaughter. He must like you.»

«But I don't think,» Mrs. Adams objected, «that a tandem is the proper thing for a bishop to visit one of his rectors in—not the first time, anyway.»

«I may say,» observed the bishop, «that this thought occurred to me also.»

«Nonsense, Kate!» the girl interposed. «We're not in town. You're ruffled because Willie said your victoria horses were skates—and they are.»

The bishop avoided a discussion of this question. «It may be,» he said; «but I should have preferred them to the tandem. William said that his horses were perfectly safe, or if they were not we should find it out. Before I was quite in the cart the leader pawed one of the men, and they let go of him.»

«What could you expect?» said the girl. «He'd never been put to harness before.»

«William mentioned that fact after we had started,» the bishop continued. «At the Four Corners we met a steam threshing-ma-

chine, and the leader took the road in the opposite direction from the village. Then they both ran away.» He paused to allow his words to take effect. The bare fact seemed to him impressive enough. He reflected what a terrible picture the newspapers might make of Bishop Cunningham in a runaway, and he considered how he could soften the information for his wife.

«They must have taken the Hemlock Hill road,» Miss Colfax said thoughtfully. «How far did they run?»

The prelate looked annoyed. «Really, I can't say,» he replied. «I don't know the country. At first your brother thought we'd stop for the groom—we had lost him at the threshing-machine. But the horses pulled so that he asked me if I did n't think we would better let them go and enjoy it while it lasted.» He swallowed some tea, and glanced from one to the other of the women.

«You could n't have been very far from the Galloways,» Mrs. Adams suggested uncertainly, as though she were expected to say something. «We dine there to-night, you know. Pretty road, is n't it?»

«Is it?» said the bishop dryly. Both women laughed. «I dare say, I dare say,» he went on; «but I was thinking of something else than the scenery. We stopped the horses at the foot of the hill, and William said that if I did n't mind putting off going to the rectory he would go in and trade the leader to Mr. Galloway. He said that it was no use bothering with such a puller; and I quite agreed with him, though I wished he had come to that conclusion sooner.»

«Willie had promised to let me hunt Albion,» said the girl regretfully.

«Never mind, dear,» exclaimed her aunt; «you can have Alden's Thunder. I think he's afraid to ride him himself. But you missed seeing the rector,» she added, turning to the bishop; «that was too bad.»

Miss Colfax laughed. «You did n't miss much, and you did have a good drive. Of course it was n't very long, but while it lasted it must have been rare. I've never had a tandem run with me.» The prelate looked at her wonderingly. «But,» she continued, «I don't see how Willie could have made much of a trade, with Albion so wet and hot.»

The bishop's eye lighted up. «Yes; that was rather extraordinary.»

«Extraordinary?» his companions repeated together.

«How, extraordinary?» Eleanor asked. «And you said you had an extraordinary afternoon, too. I don't see anything extra-

ordinary about it." Sitting erect, with her hands in her lap, and a shaft of sunlight burnishing her hair, she was very beautiful, and as the bishop looked upon her his expression softened.

"My dear young lady," he explained, "I am a stout, elderly person, and for twenty years I have gone about in a brougham drawn, I may say, by a confidential horse. I have had to do only with the things which are the duties of a city clergyman. I have been a bishop but six months, and this is my first introduction to Oakdale, which my venerable predecessor sometimes alluded to as the parish of St. Thomas Equinus. Some things about it seem a little new, you know—yes, I may even say extraordinary."

The girl looked at him reprovingly, as if she suspected him of joking.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Adams, "that you are not much interested in hunting, and all that. I know a man—Mr. Fairfield, the architect—who feels just as you do about it. He says this is the dullest place he ever got into."

"I should n't call it dull," protested the bishop.

"Well, I'm glad of that," she replied gratefully. "I should hate to have you bored. I hate being bored myself."

Miss Colfax yawned as if at the mention of the word, and put a slim and very white hand to her mouth. "You have n't told us yet what Willie got for Albion," she said lazily.

"I am not quite certain whether I know myself," the bishop replied. "It was somewhat complicated."

"Why? Was n't Charley Galloway at home?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"Oh, yes. We met him in the drive, and William asked him at once if he could detect anything wrong in the leader's wind. He said he had galloped him six miles to find out. That was one of the things which struck me as extraordinary."

"You did n't think Willie was so clever, did you?" asked the girl.

"No, I did n't," said the bishop. "There were several other interesting occurrences, however, before the bargain was concluded. Mr. Galloway offered us refreshments, and then invited me out to see his horses jump."

"Only his green ones, I suppose," said the girl with a shade of contempt—"lunged in the runway."

"Was that it? There was a kind of lane with a high fence on both sides, and barriers erected at intervals. The stablemen shooed the horses over without any one on them. Then, for my particular benefit, Mr. Galloway

ended by sending a Jersey cow over—and I am the president of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!"

"Really!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams, as though she found it hard to believe.

"It's odd the way he loves that cow," observed Miss Colfax. "He says he'll match her against any cow in America."

The bishop nervously gulped down his tea, and set the cup on the table. "I think," he said, "that, if you will allow me, I must call Mr. Galloway a very extraordinary young man."

Mrs. Adams laughed. "He must have had that waistcoat on," she said meaningly to her niece.

The ghost of a smile softened the bishop's mouth. "I think it likely," he said. "It was red, yellow, and black."

"There's blue in it too," Miss Colfax added. "I made it myself. Kate is envious because it's sportier than the one she made for Willie. But please tell us how the trade came out."

"At first it seemed as though there was n't going to be one. Mr. Galloway was n't sure that he cared for a steeplechaser, or that he had anything to barter."

"Yes, of course!" the girl exclaimed. "It's always that way. Go on, please."

"But finally he brought out a big sorrel horse which he called Lorelei."

"Lorelei? Lorelei?" repeated Miss Colfax. "How was she bred?" The bishop sat up with a start. "Oh, never mind!" she continued. "Probably you did n't ask. What cut of horse was it?"

The bishop shut his lips tight, settled himself again, and folded his hands.

"I mean," said the girl, "was it a harness horse or a jumper?"

A mental conflict was going on inside the prelate. Was it meet for a bishop of the Church to submit to all this? But the tea and the easy-chair and the girl's gray eyes were mollifying his indignation, and his sense of humor was reasserting itself.

"A jumper, I think," he answered in a resigned way. "Mr. Galloway said she could jump an enormous height—ten feet, if I remember correctly." The aunt and niece exchanged glances. "He said he had just got her from Long Island, and did n't want to part with her, only she was too slow to race, and he had plenty of hunters."

"What did Willie think of her?"

"He asked me if it did n't look as though her front legs had been fired—I think it was fired."

"Probably had been," Mrs. Adams interpolated.

"Well, Mr. Galloway was indignant about it; and I said I should n't venture any opinion—in fact, I said I had n't any, which was the truth."

"How odd!" said Miss Colfax, looking at him suspiciously.

"Not at all," her aunt objected. "Sometimes even a veterinary can't tell."

"They examined Albion after that," continued the bishop. "William—very honorably, I thought—admitted that he pulled a little." There was a twinkle in the prelatical eye. "But he expatiated on his wind and his endurance, and recited his pedigree."

"War-cry out of a Lapidist mare, second dam by True Blue, third by Longfellow," the girl repeated. "It's very good, is n't it?"

The bishop looked appealingly at Mrs. Adams. "Yes; it's capital," she said reassuringly.

"Do you mind giving me a little more tea?" inquired the bishop. "But Mr. Galloway said that he could n't think of exchanging on even terms. He suggested that William should throw in a dun-colored pony and some kind of a cart."

"The pig!" exclaimed Miss Colfax.

The bishop laughed. "William seemed to be of that opinion. He intimated that if I wanted to convert a Jew I had the opportunity. I thought it was wiser for me to withdraw, so I went to see the Jersey cow."

"How did they settle it?" asked the girl.

"As far as I could understand, they arranged a balance by extending the scope of the negotiations. Your brother secured Lorelei, a pair of cobs,—cobs, I believe,—a brood mare, and some chickens."

"Charley's game Japs, of course," said the girl, half to herself. The bishop looked puzzled, but disregarded the interruption.

"Mr. Galloway got Albion," he explained, "another horse named Jupiter, the cart, the dun-colored pony, a fox terrier, and a lady's bicycle. It was very ridiculous; don't you think so?"

The women seemed not to hear the question. They were considering the terms of the trade.

"It was characteristic of Willie to trade your bicycle," said Mrs. Adams to her niece.

"I don't care," the girl replied; "I never use it. Did he tell Charley about Albion running away?"

"Well," said the bishop, slowly, "as we drove off he did tell him that the horse pulled a good deal."

"And that was the second time he had told him," said Mrs. Adams.

"Yes. And Mr. Galloway advised your nephew to keep the mare's legs in bandages for a few days. He explained that they might be stiff after her journey on the cars."

"I have my suspicions about those legs," Miss Colfax remarked. "Charley is a bit too keen for a gentleman." She moved idly to the piano, and began to play. The bishop watched her with growing amazement. She played on, perhaps for ten minutes.

"That was very beautiful—wonderful!" he exclaimed when she stopped. She nodded, and swung herself around on the piano-stool.

"Do you remember whether the cobs were light chestnut?" she asked.

"I do not," said the bishop; and muttering to himself, he left the room.

THE Alden Adamses, their niece, and Bishop Cunningham found the usual party at the Galloways' that evening; but young Colfax sent word that he was indisposed. At the last moment the tip had come to him that there was to be a quiet cocking-main in the village. He considered the advisability of taking the bishop, who seemed to him to have possibilities worth cultivating, but decided it would be a bore.

The bishop was rather confused by the fashion in which the people at the dinner addressed each other by their Christian names, or even more informally; but he sat next to Mrs. Galloway, who impressed him favorably. She was the daughter of a Philadelphia millionaire who was a pillar of the Presbyterian faith, and she had been married only a year. It was her first season at Oakdale, and the bishop experienced a certain feeling of relief in her company. The dinner was good, if the guests were somewhat noisy; and the bishop adapted himself to the conditions with the cheerfulness of a liberal churchman and a man of culture. Mrs. Galloway, he found, although a dissembler by birth, adopted her husband's religious preferences in the country; and she was so much interested in the bishop's project for a boys' gild in the village that he was encouraged to believe his first impressions of Oakdale incorrect. He felt again as though he were in a society which he understood; and, furthermore, the staid victoria horses were in the stable waiting to take him home.

Miss Colfax, who sat on his right, appeared content with the occasional remarks which served her other neighbor, Jimmy Bray-

brooke, in the stead of conversation, and left the prelate for the most part to his hostess. As the dessert was served, however, he became aware that Miss Colfax was talking down the table to Galloway about the afternoon's horse-trade; and this conversation attracted Mrs. Galloway's attention also.

She heard her husband say, "Oh yes, Lorelei will jump anything." There was a lull in the talk, and the words came distinctly. She looked up.

"Lorelei?" she repeated half aloud. Then, raising her voice: "Charley Galloway, you don't mean to tell me you traded that horse to Mr. Colfax? If you did, you will take her back. You told me yesterday she was broken down and not worth twenty-five cents."

A roar of laughter broke from the men—all except the bishop. He was regarding Mrs. Galloway with silent admiration. Yet, as Varick said afterward, he must have missed half the joke, because he was unaware that the lady spoke with the authority which clothes the bank-account of an establishment.

Galloway, the unblushing, was for once discomfited, and the laughter rose again. Just then the footman whispered something in his ear, and he hastily left the room.

"I trust there has been some mistake about this," remarked the bishop, benevolently.

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said Miss Colfax. "Willie would never have done such a thing. It's dishonorable."

"Excuse me, Miss Colfax!" said Mrs. Galloway, flushing.

"Goodness me!" the bishop murmured. Then in his professional voice he began an anecdote that figured in his favorite sermon; but, to his relief, Galloway entered the room again, and all eyes were turned upon him.

"He's been writing Willie a check," Varick suggested in a loud whisper. But he took no notice of Varick. He remained standing, one hand on the back of his chair, his napkin in the other. A smile puckered the corners of his mouth.

"I am informed," he said pleasantly, "that Tim, my stable-boy, has broken two legs, and that Albion, the horse I got from my friend Colfax to-day, has broken one. I ordered him tried on the steeplechase course, and he ran through the liverpool. They shot him. And Tim's mother, who is Mrs. Galloway's laundress, is going to prosecute me. She says I had no business to put the boy on such a horse."

"Albion? Albion?" said Captain Forbes. "Is that the horse? Well, he has rather an

ugly reputation. He ran through a jump over in Canada last year, and killed his jockey."

Another burst of laughter made the candle-flames tremble, and an unholy smile grew upon Mrs. Galloway's meek little mouth. It was a smile that made the bishop shudder and turn away his head. He glanced at Eleanor Colfax. Her face was expressionless. Her lips moved, but in the hubbub only he and Braybrooke heard.

"I am very sorry," she said, "that the little idiot broke his legs; but he probably pulled the horse into the jump. He can't ride, and never will be able to learn. Mr. Galloway should have known better than to trust him with the horse."

"That's exactly it," Braybrooke assented, while the laughter of the others still rippled on.

"Bless me!" said the bishop to himself, "this is extraordinary—most extraordinary! I beg pardon!" he exclaimed, recovering his senses and rising hastily, for the ladies were leaving the room.

During the rest of the evening Bishop Cunningham, the practised diner-out, opened not his mouth. When he eventually reached the haven of his bedchamber, he took up his diary, as he had done nightly for fifty years. Then he paused. The events of the day passed before his mind's eye like the unordered memories of a play: the red dog-cart, the tandem, the foppish youth who calmly guided the runaway horses and proposed they should enjoy it while it lasted; Mr. Galloway, his waistcoat, the jumping cow, and the peculiar incidents of the horse-trade; the tea-table, and the two fair young women.

The bishop had come to know many curious things about women, for he had known many women as the father confessor does; but he said to himself that these were a new sort. The picture of the girl rose before him as she looked when she stopped her wonderful playing to ask about the chestnut cobs. He thought of her gentle gray eyes, and then of her words at the dinner-table when she heard about the boy's accident. "Has she two souls," he murmured, "or none?" From Eleanor Colfax his mind turned to Mrs. Galloway and the way she had smiled, and to her guests,—gentlefolk,—who talked of broken bones as one might talk of buttered muffins, and seemed to consider the legal doctrine of *caveat emptor* a pleasant matter-of-course in horse-trading. According to his habit, he labored to classify his impressions in the pigeonholes of his mind, and to index them.

so to say, in his diary. How long he labored he knew not, but his efforts were vain. His thoughts came and went in a hopeless jumble, and the page lay blank before him. Suddenly he heard the tall clock in the lower hallway sound its prelude of muffled arpeggios, and then two low, throbbing strokes. He dipped his pen in the ink, and wrote hastily:

Oakdale, October the Twenty-fourth.—A most extraordinary day!

And below, as if in afterthought:

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Job xxxix.19.

Then, with a sigh, he closed the book.

II—BRAYBROOKE'S DOUBLE-EVENT STEEPLECHASE.

JIMMY BRAYBROOKE'S pony turned into the Hunt Club driveway, because it took a fancy to do so. The reins hung loose. Braybrooke was thinking about other things. Twenty minutes before he had closed an interview with a certain girl which caused him more trouble than he had ever imagined there could be in the entire world. A lump ached in his throat, and there was a sick feeling lower down. It began to rain, and he took off his cap; the rain on his head was grateful. But it was all his own fault, he reflected; he had brought it on himself. Who was he, anyway?

He answered himself bitterly that he had never done anything but try to become a jockey, and had n't succeeded even at that; his own stable-boys laughed at his riding. A comforting friend might have pointed out that to a youth of twenty-four with twenty thousand a year much may be forgiven. If such an idea entered Braybrooke's mind, it passed quickly out. This was not that kind of girl. She wanted a man who could be somebody, or at least could do something. He reflected miserably on the years in which he had steadfastly baffled his educators.

"I can read," he groaned, "and spell with a dictionary, and that's about the limit. I'm a poor lot."

The pony took the path that led past the smoking-room. Braybrooke heard the sound of voices, and mechanically dismounted. Crossing the stirrups through the reins, he turned the horse toward the stable, and moved noiselessly to the open window. Through the slats of the blinds he could look into the room without being seen.

"And what am I offered for that good mare Mrs. 'Awkins?" he heard some one bawl.

Mrs. Hawkins was his own mare. Varick was on the table, auctioning pools on the steeplechase that was to come off the next day for the great Oakdale Cup. They had made him auctioneer because he had a talent for imitating the speech of cockney touts. "Shut your eyes," Chalmers used to say, "and you'd think you were at Gутtenburg in the old days."

"Do I 'ear fifty?" cried Varick, sarcastically. "Only fifty for that lovely mare, and Mister Braybrooke hisself to ride?" A roar of laughter followed the mention of Braybrooke. "Believe me, gents, she's the faivrite, Mrs. 'Awkins—by Costermonger out of Lizer; and the only Mr. B. to pilot."

"I bid thirty cents," said Galloway, dryly.

"I say, is n't that a bit rough?" asked a quiet-looking young man. "If you don't mind, I'll make it five dollars."

"A knowing sport!" cried Varick. He rattled off the usual formula, winding up—"And sold for five dollars to Mr. Abercrombie."

"Who is a stranger," Galloway observed.

Abercrombie bowed his acknowledgments, and became the owner of Mrs. Hawkins's chances in the pool, which rapidly grew into a round sum.

"A good horse," Captain Forbes remarked to the purchaser; "but Braybrooke is a hoodoo."

The young man outside the window flushed.

"We'll see about that," he muttered. He went softly around the house and passed in. A volley of chaffing remarks greeted him.

"Your great race-horse is sold, O fortunate youth!" said Varick.

"Perhaps," said Braybrooke, quietly, "some of you fellows would like to bet. I'm backing my mare even against the field."

There was no difficulty in getting men to bet.

"Keep your money, my son," said Chalmers kindly, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder. For answer he made another entry in his note-book. Finally he remarked that he stood to win the price of a steam yacht, and the consensus of sound sporting judgment was expressed by Varick.

"Providence," he said, "has sent this rich youth into a community with frugal incomes and refined ideas of both horse-flesh and living. It would be ingratitude to pass him by."

For this Mrs. Innis, the lively widow, called Varick a horrid brute, which was merely more

evidence that Braybrooke deserved sympathy because he needed common sense.

THE verdict of the Oakdale Hunt on Braybrooke was neither biased nor harsh. He rode heavily, and badly for one who had ridden so much. His judgment led him wrong when he used it, and when "going it blind," as he usually did, he was likely to perform foolhardy leaps and to commit surprising blunders. And, worst of all, he was truly unlucky. In the long series of steeplechases held by the Hunt he had usually ridden favorites, and had regularly managed to get them beaten. He seemed incapable of remembering instructions. Several times he had ridden to the right of flags he should have passed on the left; twice his horse had fallen; and once, to his never-ending shame, he had fallen off his horse. Two years before he had actually come in first, but dismounted before the judges gave him permission, was duly disqualified, and saw the second man take the cup. Mrs. Innis herself confessed that it was hard to imagine any course but a railroad cut over which it would be possible for Brooky to win.

Therefore, when the bugle sounded, and the nine horses paraded past the line of four-in-hands and traps, no one took much notice of Braybrooke, except to wonder in which particular stupid way he was going to lose the race.

"It's a pity," said Captain Forbes, who was not going to ride, and was on the Alden Adamses' yellow drag, "that the mare can't go over the course with a dummy up. She's uncommon fit, and she knows enough to win by herself; but it's a good deal to ask of a horse to have brains for two."

The tall girl on the box beside him turned her back, and began polishing the lenses of her field-glass.

As the riders came up for the start, Braybrooke knit his brow, and labored to recall the parting words of his trainer. Conolly had said:

"Keep her head far to the right at the brushed hurdle, sir. It's a bit higher there, but she's took a dislike to the hole in the brush on the left, and she'll refuse."

To Braybrooke those words were mere sounds. His eyes kept wandering down the line of four-in-hands toward the yellow coach. He shut them, and turned his head away. He called himself a fool. Then the mare reared impatiently, and he began to feel the excitement of the thing. He found himself repeating, "The hole—the brushed hurdle—the hole—the brushed hurdle," till the words lost all semblance of sense. The starter

called out to him sharply. He turned back into line, and set his teeth.

The flag dropped, and nine eager horses broke away together. Braybrooke found himself galloping easily in the middle of the bunch, the mare well within herself. She drew ahead slightly, even under his heavy pull. It was plain that she was the speediest of the lot; the question was, could she stay?

The field strung out as it swept on to the first jump, for the cautious were willing to wait for a lead. In front with Braybrooke, and to his left, was Chalmers on Tomahawk; to his right was Willie Colfax on Canterbury. The three took the hurdle almost together. Presently Mrs. Hawkins began to draw away, and she was galloping so handily that Braybrooke let her cut out the pace.

"A mile of this will do for Tomahawk," Chalmers said anxiously to Colfax, who was still by his side.

"It's no place for this nag," was the answer. "Let Brooky go. The idiot will ride out soon. When he gets ahead he always feels lost." Braybrooke, however, kept steadily on, and flew the water-jump ten lengths in the lead.

The course led around the great meadow, over a broad ditch, over another hurdle, and then, with a curving sweep, on to the liverpool. Chalmers and Colfax still galloped abreast. Each believed that he had "the legs" of the other on the run in, and was glad that his opponent did not force the pace in order to stay with Mrs. Hawkins.

Braybrooke was now twenty good lengths in front, and, barring accidents, obviously had the race, for the mare was still rating along under a pull. But the knowing spectators who were following the race with their glasses had seen the same thing too often before to be anxious about their bets against Braybrooke.

"Two to one," said Chalmers, who was beginning to pant, "that he goes off at the liverpool." Colfax only grinned and shook his head; but the mare never swerved as she raced at the ugly jump, flew rail, ditch, and hurdle grandly, and was on again. A cry of admiration burst from Chalmers. Colfax saved his breath. He was shortening his reins and settling back in the saddle. It is absorbing to go at a stiff liverpool, twenty-five miles an hour, on a horse that is no longer fresh. Both cleared it, but Mrs. Hawkins was still stretching out her lead.

"Afraid we're done for," puffed Chalmers. Colfax nodded. The same idea was passing through Braybrooke's mind. He smiled at

the thought, and stood forward in the stirrups, fancying that he was «riding light.» The course turned abruptly, and the brushed hurdle came in sight.

«Here 's the hole,» he muttered. There was a bitten-out piece in the brush at the left, and he began to ride for it. As he afterward observed, he ought to have discharged Conolly for mentioning the matter at all. When a person tells you about a hole in a fence while you are mounting, you would be an ass to inquire whether you were meant to profit by it; naturally, it would never occur to anybody that you were meant to avoid it and jump big.

Mrs. Hawkins began to pull off toward the right; but Braybrooke gathered her firmly and drove her for the low place with the spur. The head groom, who was at the finish with his master's glass, turned his back.

Then happened what is likely to happen when a thoroughbred horse is driven at something it does not want to jump. Throwing her head up angrily, Mrs. Hawkins swerved sharply away from the hurdle and crashed into the high wing on the side. Braybrooke, not anticipating this, continued on alone and took the hurdle at the low place. A hushed cry of apprehension ran through the distant crowd. The knowing ones laughed to themselves, and felt relieved about their bets. Braybrooke staggered to his feet, dazed but uninjured.

«Wonderful leap!» called out Colfax as, a moment later, he and Chalmers, still side by side, swept over.

Braybrooke reached his horse as she was disentangling herself from the remains of the fence. By some freak of chance the end of a splintered board had caught through the head-stall. With a vicious jerk of her head the band slipped over her ears, the throat-latch broke, and she tore herself free. Braybrooke gasped. He was standing beside a horse without bridle or reins. Varick, on Good Morning, slashed by him. He glanced at the horses in front, at the field thundering up behind. Then he pushed the mare's head toward the jump, and vaulted into the saddle.

«Get off!» he heard some one cry from behind. He only gripped the harder with his knees; but he knew what it meant—three jumps at the end of a race, with neither bit nor rein to steady a tiring horse.

Following Good Morning, Mrs. Hawkins bucked from a standstill over the brush at its highest point, and started after the leaders. The blood that had coursed in her

twenty grandfathers and the Godolphin Arab before them was running hot and fast in her veins. She was a race-horse, and she kept the track. In a few strides she went by Good Morning, and threw pieces of turf into that weary gelding's face, which disgusted him mightily, and his rider more. Varick dismally thought of his long odds.

Colfax was about eight lengths ahead. The mare's wonderful pace held on. As they swung into the stretch she passed him. Chalmers was flogging Tomahawk, still three lengths in the lead. He thought Colfax was coming up. For a moment he held his own, and the cry «Tomahawk wins!» began to come from the carriages.

But Tomahawk had done his best; his tail was waving the distress-signal; and Mrs. Hawkins began steadily closing up. Such a burst had never been seen on the Oakdale meadow before. Twenty yards from the flags, Chalmers looked bewildered as he saw the mare's little head, innocent of harness, forge past his saddle. He forgot to flog Tomahawk, but it mattered little; Tomahawk was a beaten horse.

Braybrooke, sitting immovable as a statue, shot a clear length in advance, and passed between the flags, while the hysterical shouting that greets the winner roared down the line.

An excited crowd thronged the track, and a hundred pairs of hands stretched out officiously to catch the bridleless mare. She kicked one man on the knee-cap. After that they gave her room, and she followed the joyous Conolly toward the judges.

Then a tall, slender girl jumped from the box of the yellow coach, and struggled through the crowd. The little mare was standing quietly, her flanks heaving, her nostrils flecked with foam. Her eyes were bloodshot, but there was a mild dignity in them—a look that said, «I have run a race.» The girl made her way to the horse, shot a swift glance at Braybrooke, and flung her arms about his mount's dripping neck. The crowd faded out from Braybrooke's eyes, the hubbub died away in his ears. His senses were lost for the time in a great thrill which the look in the girl's gray eyes sent through him.

«You 've spoiled your dress,» he said.

The girl blushed, and drew back in the crowd. Scores of hands shook his, but it was as if they had not. He was the hero of the day, but the victory seemed strangely different from the thing he had imagined so often. He weighed out mechanically. Over-weight

was allowed, and he had enough to spare for the lost bridle. Then he passed his hand across his eyes, and followed the mare toward the trap where the blankets were.

"The fall must have shaken him up," he heard some one say. Perhaps it had. The crowding figures seemed far off and strange. He put his face to the mare's sweaty neck where the girl's arms had been, and kissed it.

The stable-boys put the blankets on, and asked him if he wished anything special done for the mare. Then Braybrooke seemed to wake out of a dream. He told them to spray her off knee,—she had rapped it going into the wing of the jump,—and they led her away. A stiffness in the region of his shoulder-blades gave warning that he himself was going to have a lame back. Conolly, who had lingered, noted his cautious experiments with the bruised muscles.

"They say you went over pretty fast, sir," he observed, "but I did n't see it meself. I

turned me back, sir, when I see you making for the hole."

"Conolly," said Braybrooke, "if you had n't mentioned the hole I should have jumped the high place and never got tangled up in the wing. But then—you probably think, whether you say it to me or not,—the mare would n't have lost her bridle, and I should have got out of the course as usual. I don't agree with you, but I think I'll have to raise your wages."

The man touched his hat impassively. "It's a great cup you've won, sir," he said.

"You're right"; said Braybrooke, "it is."

And so it was. They christened it that night at the Alden Adamses' dinner. Varick made a speech, and named it the Great Double-event Cup. By that time everybody at the dinner knew what the second event was; for Braybrooke, instead of going to the club for tea, had made an informal call upon Miss Eleanor Colfax.



THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XVI AND MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

BY ANNA L. BICKNELL.

THE royal family left Les Feuillants for the Temple tower on August 13, the fourth day after they had quitted the Tuileries.¹ The three intervening days had been spent in the so-called «box» (*loge*) used by the journalists of the paper called «Le Logographe,» where they were crowded to excess, with their followers, under a low roof formed by the gallery above them, and where they suffered acutely from heat and want of air, while they were obliged to hear their future fate discussed by the Assembly, and to learn all the horrors of the massacre at the Tuileries. At night they slept in narrow cells of the building of Les Feuillants, formerly a convent of monks. Some of the faithful attendants had obtained leave to accompany the royal family to the Temple. Mademoiselle de Tourzel was included in the number, the anxiety and grief of the little Dauphin while her fate remained uncertain having touched the hearts of some of the deputies. Madame Campan entreated to be allowed to follow the Queen, but was refused, the number of attendants authorized to remain with the royal family being extremely limited.

At six in the evening one of the large vehicles of the court came to take the King and the royal family to the Temple. The footmen who, for the last time, attended their sovereign were gray overcoats concealing their liveries. Several officers of the municipal police accompanied the King and Queen in the large carriage, a vehicle of a sort unknown at the present time. The King, the Queen, and the royal children sat facing the horses; opposite were Madame Elisabeth, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Péthion, the Mayor of Paris. Pauline de Tourzel and her mother were at one of the doors, and two municipal officers at the other, the latter keeping on their hats and affecting the most insolent airs. The moment the carriage passed through the gate of Les Feuillants there was a burst of insulting cries from the hostile crowd, who followed till they reached the Temple—a slow drive of two hours and a half, in the midst of insults and threats loudly vociferated. When they reached the

prison they found it illuminated as a sign of public rejoicing; and they were received by members of the Commune, who treated them with the coarsest rudeness.

The Temple prison consisted of one large tower of considerable height, with turrets at the angles; a smaller tower, of lesser height, was annexed, and seemed to form a part of the other one, but was, in fact, separate.

The royal family were at first located in the smaller tower. Each floor comprised two rooms separated by a sort of small anteroom which served as a passage from one to the other. The Queen, with her daughter, was on the first floor; the Princesse de Lamballe had a bed in the intervening anteroom; and Madame de Tourzel was in the second chamber with the Dauphin. The King was above, with a barrack-room next to his. Madame Elisabeth was put into a repulsively dirty kitchen. As usual, she showed the most gentle, uncomplaining resignation; and calling Mademoiselle de Tourzel to her side, she simply undertook to «take care of Pauline,» for whom she had a bed made up next to her own. The noise of the soldiers in the adjoining room precluded all possibility of sleep.

They rose early the next morning, and going down-stairs at eight o'clock, found the Queen up and dressed. Her room being the largest and the most cheerful (as it looked upon a garden, though a gloomy one), it was settled that it should be used as a sitting-room; so the whole party remained there during the day, and went up-stairs only to go to bed. But alas! they were never alone: a municipal guard, changed every hour, remained in the room, and thus prevented any private or confidential conversation.

Pauline de Tourzel had of course taken nothing with her from the Tuileries, and had only the torn and stained gown in which she had effected her escape. Madame Elisabeth, having received clothes through the care of some faithful attendants, immediately gave one of her gowns to Pauline; but, of course, what had been made for her own rather fully developed figure would not fit a very young and slender girl. The gown had to be taken to pieces and remade; the Queen, with

¹ At eight o'clock in the morning of August 10, 1792.

Madame Elisabeth and the young Madame Royale, worked assiduously to get it ready; but before it was finished the attendants were removed, and only one *valet de chambre* was allowed to remain.

One of the cooks belonging to the former royal kitchen, a man named Munier, with one of his assistants called Turgy, had contrived to get appointed to the same functions in the Temple by carefully concealing their real feelings and acting a «patriotic» part. Munier remained to the last; consequently the food was carefully prepared, and, especially at first, extremely good, till restrictions were exacted. The royal party dined in a room below the Queen's bedchamber. After dinner, at about five o'clock, they went into the garden to give air and exercise to the young people, of course followed by guards and treated with contumely, which they did not seem to notice.

Next to the dining-room was a fairly good library, which was a great comfort to the King especially. For several days they were thus comparatively quiet; but on the night between the 18th and 19th of August they were roused at twelve o'clock, and Madame de Lamballe and Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel were arrested with all the other attendants. The Queen and Madame Elisabeth rose hastily and dressed quickly, and the latter assisted Pauline in getting ready. The Queen tried in vain to retain Madame de Lamballe, pleading that she was a member of the family. But all were removed together, to the intense grief of the Queen and Madame Elisabeth, who embraced them with tears. They were never again to see the Princesse de Lamballe.

The three principal ladies were taken to the prison of La Force, where in a few days they received a box from the Queen, which she sent word that she had packed herself, containing divers necessities: a gown given by Madame Elisabeth, and half a large piece of English flannel,¹ which the Queen hoped might «be a comfort.»

«Even in her own most dire necessities she never forgot what might be useful or agreeable to others,» says Madame de Tourzel on this occasion.

The royal party suffered greatly from anxiety as regards the fate of those who had been taken from them. «None of us slept on the night of the separation,» writes Madame Royale.² The mere privation of attendance mattered little; the Queen took the

little Dauphin into her room and dressed him herself. Having asked Cléry, the valet attached to the King's person, whether he could dress her hair, she accepted his services on his affirmative reply, and while engaged in this daily task he was often able to give her information which she wished to have, Madame Elisabeth meanwhile taking care to converse with the guard to divert his attention.

After the Queen had dressed the Dauphin, she made him kneel to say his prayers, with a particular remembrance for Madame de Tourzel and Madame de Lamballe. A woman called Tison, with her husband, had been appointed nominally to help in the menial work, but more particularly to play the part of spy on the royal family; the Queen did not accept their services personally, either for herself or her son.

The King rose at seven, and when dressed went into the turret adjoining his bedchamber while the latter was being put in order, and remained engaged in prayer and religious reading till nine. The Queen, who rose earlier than the King, began the day with her religious duties; she then dressed the Dauphin, and was ready herself by eight o'clock. At nine all joined the King for breakfast; but the happiness of meeting after the short separation of the night was much alloyed by the constant presence of a municipal guard, who never left them alone, and was relieved every hour. After breakfast the Dauphin took lessons with his father, and Madame Royale with her mother. There was an old harpsichord which enabled them to continue the study of music; and an attentive royalist had sent drawings of heads for the young Princess to copy. The library provided books for historical reading. The King delighted to have books, and read those at his disposal, but more particularly the reign of Charles I, in Hume's «History of England.»

The lessons lasted till eleven; the children then played together in the anteroom with Cléry; often Madame Elisabeth took advantage of the noise of battledore and shuttlecock, etc., to exchange a few words with him in a half-whisper, and hear what news he had to give them.

At noon the Queen, in accordance with old habit, changed her morning-dress of white dimity, with a plain lawn cap, for another of linen spotted with small flowers on a brown ground.

¹ Probably sent to the Queen by Lady Sutherland, English manufactures being forbidden.

² «Récit des événements arrivés au Temple,» par la Duchesse d'Angoulême.

To effect the change she passed into Madame Elisabeth's room. The royal party then went into the garden, where in a shady walk under horse-chestnut trees the children played at ball, etc., with Cléry. The necessity of air and exercise for their health induced the King and Queen to submit patiently to the multiplied insults of the guards, who smoked in their faces, uttered brutal jests, drew caricatures on the wall, and sang revolutionary songs. Sometimes there were sympathetic signals or significant songs from the neighboring houses; but a high wall was being built as quickly as possible to prevent such demonstrations. These walks in the garden were the most trying time of the day, and were endured only for the sake of the children. In the interior of the tower the more humane guards left them in comparative peace. The Queen, although not entirely spared, yet commanded some degree of respect which was not granted to the King, whose homely manners and appearance were entirely devoid of that prestige which is so necessary to those in a position of authority. The majestic air, the grave reserve, and the gentle sweetness shown by the Queen impressed the guards with a sort of awe, increased when any offense lighted up her flashing eye, or directed the truly royal glance which they could not meet unabashed. Some even felt the influence of the attraction which was so marked a feature in any personal intercourse with Marie-Antoinette.

At two o'clock the royal family returned to the tower for their dinner, where everything was minutely examined, to prevent the possibility of any correspondence being introduced, before they were allowed to partake of the food.

The Queen ate little, but very slowly, to give the King time to satisfy his hearty appetite, which was a subject of derision for the guards. The food was good and abundant. The King drank wine mixed with water, and took a small glass of liqueur after dinner; the princesses drank only water, and after some difficulty had obtained that of the Ville d'Avray fountain, to which they were accustomed. Their former servants, now employed in the Temple kitchen, did all in their power to procure them what they wished.

After dinner the Queen played with the King at backgammon or piquet, and seized the opportunity of thus saying a few words under cover of the game. When it was finished the King dozed in his chair for a short

time; the children respected the respite from care brought by this friendly slumber, and every one remained silent and quiet. The Queen often dropped her tapestry-work on her knees, and gazed at the sleeper with a particularly sad expression. When he woke occupations were resumed: studies for the young people, books and needlework for the others.

In the evening all gathered round a table while the Queen read aloud. The little Dauphin took his supper separately, and was put to bed, the Queen hearing him say his prayers, and undressing him herself. At nine the general supper was served; the Queen and Madame Elisabeth remained with the Dauphin on alternate evenings during that time, Cléry bringing what was required to the watcher of the evening.

The King retired early; before leaving the room he took his wife's hand in his, and held it for a moment without any other demonstration. The Queen, glad to shorten her sleepless nights as far as possible, remained with Madame Elisabeth, who often read to her from some devotional book, or assisted her in mending the clothes of the King and the Dauphin.

The life which they thus led seemed to bring relief after the horrible scenes which they had witnessed; and the royal party were resigned: the more so as they indulged in delusive hopes of deliverance through the invasion of France by the allied powers. Their blindness was extraordinary, for mere common sense would seem to indicate that, as hostages in the hands of an infuriated people, the progress of the invaders, with whom their name was connected, could only increase their own danger.

The comparative quiet which they enjoyed was, however, not to be of long duration. Bad news came to Paris. The French were repulsed, the invaders were advancing, Longwy was taken, Verdun was about to surrender. The whole population seemed then to become a prey to a sort of frenzy. The prisons, churches, convents, hospitals, and also the private dwellings of those suspected of royalist or religious sympathy, were broken open, and a general massacre began, with details of incredible ferocity. Not only did the so-called government attempt no repression, but the murderers were actually rewarded for their patriotism!

The King and the royal family, although subjected to the threats of some of the municipal guards, had but imperfect information of what was going on, and spent the

night between the 2d and 3d of September in great anxiety, but of an undefined kind, without imagining the shock in store for them. The Queen had anxiously asked Manuel, a member of the Commune, for news of Madame de Lamballe; he had evasively answered that she was safe at the Hôtel de La Force, but without saying that he alluded to the prison of that name, thus leaving the hope to the Queen that it was the private house of the «de La Force» family.

On September 3 there was a great noise in the streets about the Temple, and the municipal guards would not allow the usual recreation in the garden. The dinner took place as usual, and the Queen was about to begin the habitual game of cards or backgammon with the King, when a terrific noise was heard under the window, and the Queen seemed to hear her own name, with that of Lamballe. She started up, and stood terrified and motionless, as Cléry came in pale as death.

«Why are you not at dinner?» asked the Queen, in breathless anxiety.

«Madame, I am not well,» answered Cléry, who, alas! had seen the head of the Princesse de Lamballe carried on a pike, and had hastened up-stairs to warn the King.

The face of the unfortunate Princess had been rouged, and her hair frizzed and powdered, by a wretched hair-dresser, who nearly died with the horror of his ghastly task, inflicted by the populace, «that Antoinette might recognize her friend»! The long, fair hair of the victim fell in curls about the pike.

The municipal guards near the Queen were speaking together, with much agitation, in low whispers.

«What is the matter?» asked the King.

«You had better go to the window,» said one of the guards.

The King moved as if about to do so, when another guard threw himself before him, saying in imploring tones:

«No! no! For mercy's sake, do not go! do not show yourself!»

«But what is all this?» said the King.

«Well, if you want to know,» said a young officer, with coarse brutality, «it is the head of the Lamballe that they wish to show you. If you don't want the people to come up here, you had better go to the window.»

The Queen stood with fixed gaze, without uttering a sound, as if she had been turned into stone. Madame Elisabeth flew to her, and drew her into a chair, while her children knelt by her side weeping, and striving to

rouse her. At length a flood of tears brought relief to the alarming stupor which had seemed to annihilate her senses.

The King then turned to the brutal officer who had caused the fearful shock.

«We are prepared for everything, monsieur; but you might have spared the Queen the knowledge of this frightful calamity.»

The Princess, who had been taken to the La Force prison with Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel, had been massacred in the courtyard of the prison by the mob, who literally cut her corpse to pieces, with details of savage brutality impossible to relate, and beyond what imagination could conceive. The head was cut off and placed on a pike, and carried in triumph through the streets to the Temple, for the purpose of being shown to the Queen because the princess was her friend!

Madame and Mademoiselle de Tourzel escaped after many dramatic incidents, the coolness and courage shown by the young girl having interested a member of the Commune more humane than the others.

Until the shock of the dreadful death of Madame de Lamballe the Queen had preserved her habitual energy, and even cheerfulness, not only uttering no complaint, but trying to encourage all around her. After that event she lived in a state of terror, not for herself, but for those she loved. She had seen what unlimited ferocity might be expected from the populace, and had learned that the walls of a prison did not suffice as a protection. Daily the crowd assembled under the windows of the Temple, demanding with loud cries the heads of Louis and Antoinette. Had the danger menaced only herself, she would have faced assassins steadily, as she had done before; but the horrors of a general massacre, in which her husband and children might perish before her eyes, were too much even for her fortitude; and when, on September 29, the delegates of the Commune came to read a decree by which «Louis Capet,» as he was now called, was to be at once removed to the large tower, where his dwelling was ready for him, leaving the rest of the family in their present abode, the Queen fell into a state of absolute despair, being convinced that he was being taken away to be murdered there.

She spent the whole night in tears and sobs; in the morning she refused all food, and implored the municipal guards, with such passionate entreaties, for permission to see the King, if only at meals, that finally this last favor was granted, with a promise that they

should all be transferred to the great tower as soon as the rooms could be made ready.

They met meanwhile, but only at meals, and invariably subjected to the inspection of the guards, who never left them. Madame Elisabeth, having said a few words to her brother in English, was peremptorily informed that she must not use a foreign language. On October 26 they were transferred to the great tower, where the King lodged on the second floor with Cléry and the Dauphin, who was thus taken from his mother at night—a great sacrifice for Marie-Antoinette, but to which she was resigned, hoping that it might procure comfort for the King.

Her own bedchamber and that of Madame Elisabeth were on the third floor, and Madame Royale slept on a small bed near her mother. The rooms, though barely furnished, contained what was strictly necessary, and the Queen had a fairly good bed. Near them, on pretense of service, but literally as a constant watch kept over them, were Tison and his wife, already mentioned, who had filled the same office in the smaller tower, and now followed them to their new abode. But far more than before, everything here revealed a prison, with its hoodwinked windows, iron bars, and iron-bound doors, its formidable locks and massive keys. The rooms were dark and gloomy, without any lookout, and even the bright little Dauphin seemed depressed and sad.

The prisoners had vainly asked for divine service at least on Sundays and festivals. It was refused, but the King read the prayers and gospels of the day with the royal family. Their daily life was continued as before described, but no kind of annoyance was spared them by the so-called government. A first decree took from them pens, ink, paper, and pencils; a second, all penknives or sharp instruments, even to their toilet implements and those used for their needlework.

One day Louis XVI stood mournfully watching Madame Elisabeth, who was mending his coat, and biting off the thread with her teeth, her scissors having been taken away.

«You wanted for nothing in your pretty house at Montreuil.»

«Oh, my brother,» she earnestly replied, «how can I think of myself when I remember and share your misfortunes!»

At this time the King was thirty-eight years of age; the Queen completed her thirty-seventh year on the 2d of November; Madame Elisabeth was twenty-eight, Madame Royale nearly fourteen, and the Dauphin was seven.

The festive time of Christmas and the New Year brought only fresh sorrows to the prisoners. On the 6th of December Cléry heard that the King's trial was about to take place, and that during its course he would be separated from the Queen and the rest of his family. Cléry had the painful duty of preparing the King for this new ordeal, and performed it as gently as he could while undressing his master, who had only four days before him to concert with the Queen some means of correspondence.

On the 11th of December there was a great noise in the streets of Paris. The drums beat the call to arms, and troops came into the garden of the Temple, to the great alarm of the prisoners.

The royal family breakfasted together as usual, but the vigilance of the guards was so acute that they were utterly unable to exchange even a word in private. What the torture of this incessant supervision must have been may be imagined. After breakfast the King went down-stairs with his son for his usual lessons; but at eleven o'clock two municipal guards came to take away the Dauphin, who was to go to his mother. They vouchsafed no explanation to the King, who remained in great anxiety as to the meaning of this new decision.

At one o'clock came a deputation from the National Convention, who read to the King a decree ordering that «Louis Capet» should be brought to the bar of the National Convention. The King replied that his name was not «Capet,» which belonged to one of his ancestors,¹ and that in following them he yielded to force, and not to their orders.

When the Queen knew that the King was gone her alarm may be imagined. «We were all,» says Madame Royale, «in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe. My mother had tried every means of learning what was going on through the municipal guards; it was the first time that she condescended to question them.» After the melancholy dinner, Cléry contrived to follow Madame Elisabeth, and to warn her that during the trial the King would not be allowed to see his family. He tried to encourage the Princess to hope that the King would be sent into exile. Madame Elisabeth replied: «I have no hope that the King may be saved.» At six o'clock Cléry was summoned to receive the information that he would no longer be allowed communication with the princesses and the Dauphin, as he was to remain with Louis XVI.

¹ Hugh Capet.

At half-past six the King returned, and earnestly requested to be allowed to see his family, but in vain. Henceforward the royal prisoner remained alone.

The Dauphin was with the Queen. «My brother,» says Madame Royale, «spent the night with her. As he had no bed, she gave him her own, and sat up all night, so absorbed in grief that my aunt and myself would not leave her.»

In vain Marie-Antoinette, when morning came, entreated to be allowed to see her husband. She was never to see him again in this world save once—on the eve of his execution.

The King was told that he might choose counsel for his defense, and the now aged Malesherbes, who had been minister many years before, offered his faithful services to the King in his adversity. He was assisted by Tronchet and de Sèze, whose names deserve to be recalled, for the honor that they accepted was one which implied the probable sacrifice of their lives.¹

When the King saw Malesherbes, he went quickly to meet him, and embraced him warmly, while the old man burst into bitter tears on seeing the condition of his master, who, perhaps, would not have met with such a lamentable fate if Malesherbes and Turgot had been allowed to carry out wise and prudent measures.

Marie-Antoinette could not be comforted for the separation from the King, which she had so much dreaded, and to which she must now submit. She remained in a sort of mute despair, hardly speaking to her children, on whom she gazed with an expression of grief which deeply affected them, young as they were. She tried incessantly to procure some information from the guards, who answered with great caution; some, nevertheless, showed compassion, and endeavored to encourage her to hope.

In the midst of all this moral torture came Christmas day, without even the possibility of prayer in a place of religious worship. They read the service of the day, but this was a poor substitute.

The King chose this solemn Christian festival to express his last wishes to his wife and family, and his justification as a farewell to his people. We will give only a short extract from this remarkable document: «I entreat my wife to forgive me all that she has to suffer for my sake, and whatever sorrow I may have caused her during the years of our marriage, as she may rest assured that I retain no remembrance of anything for which she might be inclined to

feel self-reproach. I charge my son, in case he should ever have the misfortune of being a king, to remember that he must be entirely devoted to the happiness of his fellow-citizens, that he must forget all rancor or hatred, more especially with regard to the misfortunes and sorrows to which I am subjected.»

The truly Christian feelings of the King are sufficiently proved by the above extract from a paper addressed to the Queen, but which was not given to her.

On the 1st of January poor Cléry drew near, and diffidently asked leave to express his wishes for the King's future happiness. The King kindly and sadly accepted them, sending messages to his family through a municipal guard. They had also found means to communicate with him, assisted by Cléry and Turgot, one of their former servants, who was employed in the kitchen, and who contrived to put stoppers of twisted white paper in the bottles and decanters taken up to them. With these fragments and a bit of pencil, carefully concealed, the Queen and Madame Elisabeth contrived to write a few words, covered over by thread closely wound. Another thread dropped the pieces of paper by the window down to that of the King, where Cléry took them and fastened others, which were drawn up to the Queen's window. This was done at night, to escape the scrutiny of the guards.

Turgot and Malesherbes came also to offer their hopeful good wishes on the occasion of the New Year; but the King, with characteristic kindness, would not allow them to remain with him, reminding them that they had family claims which must not be neglected. «You especially, my dear Malesherbes, who have three generations behind you; I could not forgive myself if I took you away from them.»

One of the municipal guards, who had been conquered by the King's patience and kindness, addressed him, saying: «Sire, you have been King of the French, and you can still make me happy.»

«But I can do nothing for you,» said the King.

«Forgive me, sire; the least trifle, having belonged to you, would be very precious to me.» The King gave him his gloves as a remembrance.

The trial was over, and all the eloquence of the King's advocates could not save his

¹ Malesherbes died on the scaffold, with several members of his family. The other advocates survived the Revolution.

life; a majority of only seven votes decided his fate, and thus «Louis Capet» was sentenced to death.

Malesherbes, in deep distress, went to the Temple, and as Cléry hastily came forward to meet him, he told him that all was over and that the King had been sentenced. As Malesherbes came into the King's presence the latter said to him: «For the last two hours I have been examining my conscience and seeking whether, during the course of my reign, I have voluntarily given my subjects any just cause for complaint against me. Well, I can declare in all the sincerity of my soul, as a man about to appear before God, that I have constantly striven for the happiness of my people, and that I have not indulged in a single wish contrary to it.»

This was too much for Malesherbes, who fell on his knees, sobbing so as to be unable to speak. The King tried to comfort him, saying that he had expected what such grief announced, and that it was better to know his fate.

The three counsel urged him to try an appeal to the nation; he consented reluctantly, being convinced that it would be useless. De Sèze and Tronchet then retired, but the King detained Malesherbes, who was still overcome with grief. «My friend, do not weep,» he said, pressing his hand. «We shall meet again in a better world. I am grieved to leave such a friend as you are.» The King followed him to the door with another «Adieu!» They met no more, although Malesherbes came again and again to the prison entreating for admittance, which was refused to the last.

The King then took up the «History of England,» and read assiduously the trial and death of Charles I. The King's appeal to the nation was rejected through a motion of Robespierre, and on the 20th of January a deputation from the National Convention came to read the sentence, which was to be carried out within twenty-four hours. Louis XVI listened with perfect calmness, and then gave into the hands of the members a letter addressed to the Convention, in which he asked a reprieve of three days to prepare for death; the assistance of a priest of his own faith, with a guarantee that this priest would incur no danger by his ministrations; permission to see his family without witnesses; and the assurance that after his death the survivors would be left free to go where they pleased. He also recalled the claims of his former servants, creditors, and others.

The so-called Minister of Justice having

undertaken to deliver this letter to the Board of the National Convention, the King gave the name of the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont as that of the priest whom he wished to see. The deputation then retired, and the King's dinner was brought as usual.

With perfect self-possession Louis XVI sat down to his meal. «I have no knife,» he remarked. He was then told that he was not to be allowed the use of a knife or a fork, and that his food was to be cut up by Cléry in the presence of the two guards, who would then remove the knife. The King showed some indignation at the implied supposition that he could be «so cowardly» as to have the intention of putting an end to his own life; and then merely breaking off a piece of bread, he pulled away a few spoonfuls of boiled beef, which he took, but would not allow his food to be cut up, and did not partake of anything else. The meal was over in a few minutes.

At six o'clock the Minister of Justice returned to the Temple, and announced that the King would be allowed to have any priest that he preferred, and to see his family freely and alone; that the Convention had not taken into consideration his request for a reprieve of three days; that the nation, «always great and just,» would settle what concerned his family, and give proper satisfaction to his creditors. To this the King made no reply.

The guards then asked the minister privately how they were to reconcile the permission given to the King to see his family alone, and the orders of the Convention that the guards were not to lose sight of him by day or by night. It was then settled that the King should receive his family in the dining-room, where the door would be shut, but where they could be watched through its glass panes.

The King then asked for the Abbé Edgeworth, who was down-stairs and came up immediately. When he saw the King he was deeply affected, and threw himself at his feet without being able to utter a word. The King was greatly moved at the sight of a faithful subject, and then took the Abbé into the turret, where they were allowed to be alone and remained long in earnest conversation. At eight o'clock the King came out of the turret, and desired that his family should be summoned; then with Cléry he went into the dining-room, where Cléry pushed the table into a corner, to give more room, and placed chairs in readiness. The King, ever thoughtful and considerate in what concerned the Queen, then desired

Cléry to bring a decanter of water and a glass, in case of need. Cléry brought iced water, but the King immediately said that it might make the Queen ill, and asked for water without ice.

The Queen, holding the little Dauphin by the hand, came in first, followed by Madame Elisabeth with Madame Royale. All had learned the dreadful truth through the cries of the news-venders under their windows. With floods of tears the Queen threw herself into the King's arms, and then attempted to draw him into his bedchamber; but he explained that he could receive them all only in the dining-room, where the guards could watch them through the glass door. Cléry closed it, and they could at least speak without being heard. The King sat down; the Queen took her place at his left, with Madame Elisabeth on the other side; the children were before him. All clung to him, and for some time only a burst of grief was manifest. At last the King spoke.

"He wept for us," says Madame Royale, in her narrative, "but not through fear of death; he related his trial to my mother, excusing the wretches who were about to put him to death. . . . He then addressed religious exhortations to my brother; he especially commanded him to forgive those who were the cause of his death, and gave him his blessing, as also to me."

The child was seen to raise his hand solemnly, the King having required him to take an oath that he would never seek to avenge his death; and the child did so.

During the last hours of his life Louis XVI seemed transfigured. His quiet and calm firmness, his truly Christian feelings of forgiveness toward his enemies, his faith, his resignation, are described with blended wonder and admiration by all who came near him.

The interview, so harrowing to all, had lasted nearly two hours, when, at a quarter past ten, the King rose decidedly, signifying to the weeping women and children that they must leave him to prepare for coming death. The Queen entreated to be allowed to spend the night near him, but he firmly refused, saying that he must be alone and calm.

"I will see you to-morrow morning," he said.

"You promise this?" cried the Queen.

"Yes, I promise; I will see you at eight o'clock."

"Why not at seven?" cried the Queen, anxiously.

"Well, then, at seven; but now adieu!"

The word was uttered with such intense pathos that a fresh burst of grief followed, and Madame Royale fainted at her father's feet. Cléry flew to raise her, assisted by Madame Elisabeth.

The King repeated, "Adieu! Adieu!" and broke away, taking refuge in his own bed-chamber.

The princesses, still sobbing violently, went up-stairs. Cléry tried to follow, and to assist in taking up the still unconscious Madame Royale; but the guards forced him to desist.

The King, as soon as he had recovered sufficient self-command, returned to the Abbé Edgeworth, with whom he remained in spiritual converse till midnight. The Abbé had obtained permission to say mass on the following morning in the King's bed-chamber, and had procured what was necessary from a neighboring church. But he was warned that all must be over by seven o'clock, because "Louis will be taken to execution at eight."

The King then went to bed, and fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

At five o'clock in the morning he was awakened by Cléry, who was lighting the fire, and immediately asked for the Abbé Edgeworth. Cléry replied that he was lying on his bed; and the King, thoughtful for others to the last, then asked quickly where he had slept himself. When Cléry answered, "On that chair, sire," his ever-kind master exclaimed, "I am sorry!" He then desired Cléry to summon the Abbé, and going with him into the turret, they remained in converse for an hour, while Cléry prepared what was necessary for the mass.

With the same perfect calmness which he had shown throughout, the King asked Cléry if he could serve the mass; he replied in the affirmative, but said that he did not know the responses by heart. The King took a missal, looked out the places, and gave it to his faithful valet, taking another for himself. Then, kneeling devoutly, he heard the mass and received communion. When the Abbé retired to remove his vestments after mass, the King affectionately took leave of poor Cléry, who was heartbroken, and thanked him for his faithful service.

A great deal of noise was now heard round the prison, and cavalry regiments were coming into the courtyard. The King said quietly: "They are probably assembling the National Guards. The time is drawing near." He then saw that it was seven o'clock, and



PAINTED BY LOUIS-EDOUARD RIOULT. IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

spoke of summoning the Queen and the royal family, according to his promise; but the Abbé earnestly dissuaded him on the ground of the harrowing nature of such an interview at such a time. The King hesitated for a moment, and then said with resignation that he felt it would be too distressing for the Queen, and that it was better to be him-

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self deprived of this last comfort, so as to leave her a few minutes more of delusive hope. He then summoned Cléry and gave into his hands a small packet for the Queen, containing a seal for the Dauphin, and his wedding-ring,¹ with the hair of different members of the royal family. «Tell her

¹ In France men also have wedding-rings.

that I do not part with the ring without pain. Tell the Queen, tell my dear children, tell my sister, that although I had promised to see them this morning, I have wished to spare them the sorrow of such a separation. It is a great sacrifice for me to go without embracing them once more. I charge you to give them my last farewell."

One of the guards came up to the King.

"You have asked for scissors; we must know with what intention."

"I wish Cléry to cut my hair." After deliberation the request was refused!

At nine o'clock the door opened noisily, and Santerre came in, followed by ten gendarmes, who stood in two lines.

"You have come to fetch me?" said the King.

"Yes," answered Santerre.

"In one minute I will follow you." The King then went into the turret, knelt before the priest, and asked for his blessing, and his prayers that divine support might be granted to the end.

Louis XVI then left the turret, and came toward the guards, who filled the room. Addressing one of these, he held out a folded paper, which he requested that he would give to the Queen—"to my wife," he quickly added, correcting the expression.

"That is no concern of mine," said the man brutally; "I am here to take you to the scaffold."

The King turned to another:

"I beg that you will give this paper to my wife. You may read it; there are some wishes expressed which I should be glad that the Commune should know."

The man took the paper, but the Queen never received it. The King then asked Cléry for his hat, and spoke of his faithful servant, requesting that his watch should be given to him, and that henceforward he should serve "the Queen—my wife."

No answer was made. The King, addressing Santerre, then said firmly, "Let us go."¹ The Abbé followed him as he went downstairs. On meeting the porter of the prison, the King said: "I spoke to you sharply the other day; do not bear me ill-will."

The man made no reply, and looked away. The King crossed the first courtyard of the prison on foot, and turned twice to look up at the closed windows where wooden shutters prevented him from seeing those he loved. In the second courtyard was a hackney-

coach, near which stood two gendarmes. The King and his confessor took the two seats facing the horses, the gendarmes took the seats opposite, and the coach immediately drove off.

It was a dark, misty January morning. The presence of the two soldiers precluded the possibility of conversation; the priest therefore handed his breviary to the King, and pointed out appropriate psalms, which the King read devoutly and with perfect calmness, to the evident astonishment of the gendarmes. The shops were shut along the way, and crowds of armed citizens stood on the pavement as the coach, preceded and followed by cavalry and artillery, went slowly through the streets, where all the windows were closed. Lines of troops stood on each side, while drums beat solemnly, as if for a military funeral.

As the coach passed along the Boulevards near the Porte St. Denis, a few young men rushed forward, waving swords and crying loudly: "Come, all who would save the King!" There was no response, and they were obliged to flee for their own lives. They were pursued, and several were arrested, with fatal consequences. The King, absorbed in prayer and religious meditation, had not even perceived the vain attempt to effect his deliverance.

The coach had at last reached the Rue Royale and the Place de la Révolution,² where the crowd was immense. The scaffold stood a little to the left of the Place, where the Obelisk now stands, but nearer the Champs-Élysées, toward which the guillotine was turned. A mass of troops formed a square around the fatal spot. The coach stopped at a distance of a few paces. The King, feeling that the motion had ceased, looked up from his prayer-book, saying quietly: "We have reached the place, I think."

One of the executioner's assistants opened the door. The King earnestly commended the priest who accompanied him to the care of the gendarmes, and then stepped from the coach.

Three men surrounded him and tried to take off his coat. He calmly pushed them back and removed it himself, opening his shirt-collar and preparing his neck for the ax. The executioners, who seemed at first disconcerted and almost awed, then again came around him, holding a rope.

The King drew back quickly, exclaiming: "What do you want to do?"

"To tie your hands."

The King exclaimed indignantly: "Tie my

¹ No mention is made of any food taken by the King, or even offered to him; he seems to have gone to the scaffold fasting.

² Now the Place de la Concorde.



PAINTING BY ANTOINE-FRANÇOIS CALLET. IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

LOUIS XVI.

hands! No, I will not submit to this. Do your duty, but do not attempt to tie me; you shall not do it!»

The executioners persisted, and spoke loudly. The King looked toward the Abbé Edgeworth, who at once saw the impossibility of resistance, and said gently: «Sire, this last insult will only provide a fresh point of resemblance between your Majesty and the God who will be your recompense.»

The King looked up to heaven. «Assuredly, His example alone could induce me to submit to such an indignity.» Then holding out his hands: «Do as you please; I will drink the cup to the dregs.»

His hands were tied, and with the assistance of his confessor he ascended the steps of the scaffold, which were very steep. When he reached the top he broke away from the Abbé, walked firmly across the scaffold,

silenced the drums by a glance of authority, and then in a voice so loud that it was audible on the opposite side of the Place de la Révolution, he uttered these words:

«I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me. I forgive those who have caused my death, and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never fall on France.»

There was a shudder that ran through the crowd like a great wave; but at the word of command the drums beat a prolonged roll, and the voice could no longer be heard. The King, seeing that all further address to the crowd would be fruitless, turned to the guillotine and calmly took his place on the fatal plank, to which he was fastened. The apparatus turned over, and the ax fell.¹ It

¹ The writer has found no mention, in the narrative of the Abbé Edgeworth or others, of the famous words, attributed to him, «Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven.»

As then a quarter past ten o'clock A.M. of the 21st of January, 1793. The executioner held up the severed head, turning as he did so to the four sides of the Place.

The King of France was dead.

«Le roi est mort!»

But no one dared to cry the traditional response: «Vive le roi!»

«Le roi!» The heir to the once glorious title was now a poor little child weeping bitterly in a prison by the side of his widowed mother.

The unhappy Queen had spent the night, lying on her bed, without undressing, «incessantly sobbing and shuddering with grief,» says Madame Royale. The morning passed in the horrible expectation of the coming sorrow, supposing every minute that the door was about to open for the summons to the last farewell. Seven o'clock—eight—nine, and still no message. They heard the noise of horses and troops, but still the mourners hoped for the last word, the last look. Then all was silent. They scarcely dared to acknowledge what they feared; but after a period of agonized suspense they heard the public criers proclaim that all was over. The Queen then entreated to be allowed to see Cléry, hoping to learn from him what had taken place, why she had not seen the King, what messages he had left for her, for his children, for his sister. This was refused!

One of the municipal guards, however, who was more humane and compassionate than the others, managed to see Cléry, to gather all particulars from his lips, and to transmit them to the Queen, for whom he also procured newspapers, which the family was able to read secretly.

The Queen was in a state of absolute prostration, from which she was roused in some measure by the serious illness of her daughter. «Happily,» says the young Princess, with pathetic simplicity—«*happily*, I became so ill that her thoughts were diverted from her grief in some measure.» Mourning attire had been granted at the earnest request of the bereaved family; but nothing could induce the Queen to go down-stairs into the garden, even for the sake of her children's health, after the recovery of the young Princess. She could not endure the thought of passing before the door of the King's apartments; but this could not be avoided, as they were immediately under those that she occupied. After several weeks spent in close seclusion, some of the kinder guards suggested that she should go to the top of

the tower, where there was a sort of circular walk between the conical summit and the parapet bordering the roof. She consented to take the air with her children in this manner. Meanwhile, with the obstinate adherence to royalist traditions which at that time seemed a duty as sacred as that of a profession of religious faith, she treated her son, as King of France, with the etiquette which had been used by the royal family toward the King even in the prison. This was more than imprudent, under the circumstances of her situation, which she would not or could not understand, still preserving her delusions, still convinced that they would all be delivered by the interference of the allied powers. She never dreamed of being subjected to a judicial trial, like the King; the only possible danger seemed to be that of a massacre in the prison.

Her royalist adherents, who foresaw more clearly what would probably be her fate, formed many plans for the escape of the Queen and the royal family, with the connivance of some of the guards, who were won over either by real sympathy for the royal prisoners or by promises of a rich reward. But the spies placed near them—Tison and his wife—were on the watch, and perpetually gave warning of what they saw or suspected, causing all plans to fail, through some unforeseen complication, at the very time when success seemed within reach. These attempts only caused increased vexation to the prisoners, who were perpetually subjected to domiciliary visits, and were repeatedly searched, when everything that could be taken from them was carried away.

The respect shown to the boy-King irritated those who governed at that time, and they were further exasperated by the insurrection which had broken out in La Vendée, where Louis XVII was styled king. Thenceforward the poor child's fate was sealed. On the night of July 3 of that miserable year, at ten o'clock, the guards appeared bearing a decree by which it was ordered that «the son of Louis Capet» should be separated from his mother, and given into the hands of a «tutor,¹ who would be appointed by the Commune.

The scene that followed is one of the most harrowing recorded in history. The terrified child uttered loud cries and entreaties, clinging desperately to his mother, who knew only

¹ This so-called «tutor» was the cobbler Simon, by whom the poor little Prince was treated with the greatest cruelty.



PAINTED BY MME. VIGÉE LEBRUN.

IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN.

too well into what hands he was about to fall, and what would be his fate. She refused to give him up, and defended him with the strength of despair, telling them to kill her before taking her son from her. A whole hour passed thus—in desperate resistance on the part of Marie-Antoinette, in threats and violence on the part of the guards, in tears and supplications from Madame Elisabeth and Madame Royale. At last the guards declared so positively that they would kill both of her children, that the Queen, exhausted, ceased her resistance. Madame Elisabeth and Madame Royale then took up the child from his little bed, and dressed him, for the Queen was powerless. When ready she gave him herself into the hands of the guards, with floods of tears, "foreseeing," says Madame Royale, "that she would never see him again. The poor little fellow kissed us all very affectionately, and followed the guards, crying bitterly."

This blow was perhaps the hardest of all for Marie-Antoinette to bear. Her husband had been put to death, and the affliction was intensely bitter; yet he had died like a Christian hero, and she seemed to see him in heaven. But for a mother to know that her dear, sweet child, so fondly loved, so carefully tended, was given over into the hands of brutes, from whom every kind of ill-usage must be expected, and who would destroy both body and soul—here was indeed the most dreadful of all sorrows! A child from whom so much could be expected, such an exceptionally amiable and affectionate nature, so attractive in every respect, and such a treasure to the widowed mother!

After the poor little Dauphin was taken away they were left to mourn in peace, "which was some comfort," says Madame Royale. The municipal guards locked them up in their rooms, but did not remain with them. No one now did the housework. Madame Elisabeth and Madame Royale made the beds, swept the rooms, and waited on the Queen. The guards came three times a day to bring food and to examine the bolts and the bars of the windows, lest anything should be disturbed.

The prisoners were able to go up by an inner staircase to the top of the tower, where the Queen spent hours looking through a crack in a wooden partition, in the hope of seeing her son go by. Madame Elisabeth was informed by the guards of the ill-usage to which the poor child was subjected, "and which was beyond imagination," says Madame Royale, "more especially because he cried at

being separated from us." But Madame Elisabeth entreated the guards to keep all these particulars from the Queen, who was only too much enlightened when she saw the child pass by, and watched his pale, sorrowful face.

The last time that such miserable comfort was granted to her was on July 30. She had watched long, and at last she saw him, cowed and terrified, bereft of his golden curls, wearing the red revolutionary cap, and, alas! singing a song of coarse insult against herself! She knew then how the child must have suffered before he could have been brought to this.

On the 1st of August one of those night visits of the guards which always brought woe to the prisoners aroused them, at two o'clock in the morning, to hear a decree by which Marie-Antoinette was to be removed to the Conciergerie prison. Her daughter and sister-in-law entreated to be allowed to follow her, but this was refused. The guards obliged her to dress in their presence, and then searched her pockets, taking possession of their contents, which consisted only of the hair of her husband and children, a multiplication table used by the Dauphin, and miniatures of Madame de Lamballe and two other princesses. They left her only a handkerchief and a smelling-bottle.

The Queen did not utter a word till she embraced her daughter, whom she exhorted to keep up her courage, to take care of her aunt, and to be obedient to her as to another mother. She then threw herself in the arms of Madame Elisabeth, who whispered to her a few words; the Queen then quickly left the room, without daring to look back.

The gloomy prison of the Conciergerie, on the quay bordering the Seine, was one of the most dreaded among the places where the victims of the Revolution were confined. It had, however, one redeeming point: the humanity shown to the prisoners by Richard, the chief jailer, and his wife. The servant of the latter, named Rosalie Lamorlière, has left a minute account of the time spent there by the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette.

On August 1, 1793, Madame Richard called her servant Rosalie, telling her the Queen was coming, and that they must both sit up to wait for her. Meanwhile a cell underground, like a cellar, but comparatively large, was prepared to receive her. A folding-bed made up of ten mattresses on a canvas frame, with a bolster and a thin covering, was prepared for her; but Madame Richard did her best to make it endurable by adding delicately fragrant scents and a pillow. The furniture

was completed by a table, with what was absolutely necessary for her ablutions, and two straw chairs. The Queen of France, for whom such an abode had been prepared, arrived in a hackney-coach at three o'clock in the morning, and came into the prison with her usual majestic mien, surrounded by numerous gendarmes. She followed a dark passage, lighted by miserable lamps night and day, till she reached a low door; and as she passed through, her head, which had not been sufficiently bowed, struck against it. One of those who followed her asked if she was hurt. "Oh, no," she replied; "nothing can hurt me now."

When all formalities had been performed she was left alone with the jailer's wife and Rosalie. She looked around her with an expression of astonishment as for the first time she saw what a prison could be; for at the Temple she was provided with decent furniture and was given necessaries. But now! She was silent, however, although she looked earnestly at Madame Richard and at her servant, as if trying to guess what she could expect from them. Without speaking, she stepped on a stool which Rosalie had brought in the hope of adding something to her deficient comfort, and hung her watch upon a nail in the wall. She then began to undress quietly.

Rosalie, who was shy and frightened in the presence of fallen majesty, now came forward respectfully to offer her assistance. "I thank you, my good girl," said the Queen, kindly; "since I have had no one to attend me, I have learned to wait upon myself."

The dawn was just beginning to appear; Madame Richard took away the candles, and, followed by Rosalie, left the Queen alone.

The next day two gendarmes were placed in the cell, and remained there permanently, never leaving the unfortunate Queen any privacy. By the care of Madame Richard, a screen was put up before her bed, and was her only protection against their incessant watchfulness. They drank, smoked, played cards, quarreled, and swore in her presence; the smoke was particularly disagreeable to her, and affected her eyes, besides causing headaches. As she had brought nothing with her from the Temple, she begged to be allowed the use of the linen and other requisites which she had left there. After some delay a parcel was brought containing a few articles carefully folded and put together. As she looked at each, the Queen's eyes filled with tears, and turning to Madame Richard, she said mournfully: "In the care with which all this has been chosen and pre-

pared I recognize the hand of my poor sister Elisabeth." After receiving this parcel of necessaries the Queen wished to put them away, but had no means of doing so in her cell. She begged Madame Richard to lend her a box of some kind, but the jailer's wife dared not procure one for her. At last Rosalie offered a bandbox of her own, which the Queen accepted with thankfulness. Poor Rosalie also lent her a mirror of the humblest kind, which she had bought at a trifling cost for her own use—a small glass in a painted tin frame, which was received as a boon by the royal lady whose majestic beauty had been reflected in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles!

Two or three days after the transfer of Marie-Antoinette to the Conciergerie, Madame Richard came into the cell, followed by her youngest child, a pretty blue-eyed boy with curls of fair hair. The poor Queen ran up to him, caught him in her arms, and kissed him passionately, weeping bitterly as she did so, and saying that he reminded her of the Dauphin. She was so much affected by this incident that the kindly wife of the jailer never brought the child again to the Queen's cell.

All the narratives of those who came near to Marie-Antoinette in her days of misfortune are unanimous in their account of her gentleness and patience, and her quick feeling of gratitude for any attention or kindness shown to her. She never complained, says Rosalie, and cared only for cleanliness around her. She was particular in this respect; and as Rosalie tried to satisfy her, she received the pewter spoons and forks with a grateful smile, because they were always bright and clean. Her dinner was nicely served, with clean table-linen, and was carefully cooked by Rosalie. She had daily soup,—inevitable at a French table,—a dish of meat (alternately poultry and a joint), vegetables, which she seemed to like better than meat, and fruit. As usual, she drank only water, but the kind jailer managed to procure the Ville d'Avray water to which she was accustomed. Rosalie admired the neat adroitness with which she carved her food, and still more her beautiful hands, white and delicately formed. She wore at first diamond rings, and in the long hours of enforced idleness which were so painful to her she sat in deep thought, playing unconsciously with these rings, which were taken from her by the commissaries who frequently visited the prison, and who probably appropriated them to their own use; for they are not mentioned

in any list of confiscated articles. They also took her watch, which was particularly dear to her; for she had brought it from Vienna when, as a girl of fourteen, she had come to France to meet such an unexpected fate. She shed tears when these last treasures were taken from her, but made no complaint.

The loss of occupation was particularly painful to one whose time had been principally employed in needlework since her misfortunes had obliged her to live in retirement. Even knitting-needles were refused!

The women employed in the prison were obliged to mend her clothes incessantly, for they became injured, and in a manner rotted, by the excessive damp of her cell, which was far below the level of the neighboring Seine. Her black prunella shoes were covered with mold, although Rosalie cleaned them regularly. She wore alternately her black widow's garb and a white morning dress. She was so weary of inaction that she pulled threads from the canvas on which the paper covering the walls of her cell was pasted, and plaited these threads into a sort of flat braid, with the help of pins fastened to her knee. Sometimes, when the guards were playing at cards, she stood by and watched them. She daily read a devotional book that was in her possession, and was engaged in prayer for a considerable portion of the day. She sought relaxation by reading the travels of Captain Cook, in which she was interested, saying that she liked to read "dreadful adventures." Poor Queen! Could any be worse than her own? No candle was given her when night came, and Rosalie tried to do what was necessary to prepare for the night in as dilatory a manner as she could, that the Queen might share the light which she brought with her for as long a time as was possible. She went to bed by the dim light of a lamp in the courtyard, on which the high window of her cell opened, allowing a glimmer to reach her.

But painful as was her condition, it was about to become worse still, in consequence, alas! of the royalist attempts to save her, which had no result save exasperating her enemies and increasing her sufferings. The Chevalier de Rougeville,¹ a devoted royalist, succeeded in gaining admission to the Queen's cell with a plan of escape. Unhappily, she was not prepared to see him, and started in a manner which did not escape

the observation of those around her. As he stood near her, he dropped a carnation on the floor at her feet. This she took up when she thought that she had found a suitable opportunity; it contained a bit of thin paper with a few words of apparently little importance, but ending more significantly: "I will come on Friday." She tried to prick with a pin a sort of answer to this communication; but the guards, who had watched her, took the paper,² and announced the whole incident. The jailer and his wife, with their daughter, were immediately arrested and sent to the Madelonnettes prison; another jailer was appointed, whose wife, happily for Marie-An-toinette, retained the servant Rosalie as an assistant. The Queen was then (September 11) transferred to another cell, where she remained till the day of her execution (October 16).

The new jailer, a man named Bault, although harsh and rough in manner and strict in supervision, was not really unkind; but he was extremely afraid of what might be the consequence of any indulgence shown to the prisoner, although disposed to do what he could to alleviate her sufferings without injuring himself. The cell allotted to the Queen had still more the characteristics of a dungeon than her first prison. The walls were extremely thick, but so damp that the wet drops trickled down upon her bed. Bault nailed up a piece of carpet as a protection, saying gruffly to those who objected that he wished to prevent the prisoner from hearing what took place outside. At the same time he declared that, being responsible for the person of his prisoner, no one should go into her cell³ without his leave. The two guards were thus obliged to remain in the adjoining cell, Bault retaining the key of the intervening door. This delivered the Queen from the continual presence of the guards, but limited the attentions shown to her by Rosalie, who could not come in without the jailer.

Before the fatal conspiracy of the carnation the Queen had seemed hopeful of being soon claimed by her family in Austria, and Rosalie was told that she should go with her, the Queen wishing to retain her services. But since her transfer to the new cell she seemed anxious, and repeatedly paced to and fro, apparently in deep thought. In fact, the fate that awaited her, but which even now she did not fully anticipate, was only has-

¹ Called the "Chevalier de Maison Rouge" in the well-known novel of Dumas.

² The pricked paper still exists among the State Papers.

³ The Queen's cell is still to be seen at the Conciergerie. It is narrow, with thick walls and a small window, the top of which is on a level with the courtyard. The floor is paved with bricks, put up edgewise.



PAINTED BY MME. VIGÉE LEBRUN.

IN THE POSSESSION OF MME. LA MARQUISE DU BLAISDEL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

tened by the unfortunate and useless attempts to effect her deliverance.

On October 3, 1793, the Convention issued a decree ordering judgment to be passed on the «Widow Capet.» Then began the odious attempt to gather testimony against her from her own children. On the 6th of October, two commissaries, Pache and Chaumette, came to examine the unfortunate Dauphin. The child had been beaten and ill-used «beyond what could be imagined,» as his sister, Madame Royale, testifies; he was also per-

petually threatened with the guillotine, which frightened him to such a degree that he fainted several times through excess of terror. Added to all this, he was forced to drink raw spirits, which threw him into a stupefied state! Cowed with terror, and too young to understand the meaning of the questions addressed to him concerning his mother, he answered as he saw that he was required to do. It must not be forgotten that the unhappy child was only eight years old, and that he had already witnessed

scenes of horror which had only too much enlightened him as to what he might expect.

On the 7th of October the commissaries, with several guards, went up to the rooms occupied by Madame Elisabeth and her niece, whom they ordered to follow them. For the first time Madame Elisabeth was pale and trembling; but she was not allowed to accompany the young girl, who went away with their persecutors. In her simple narrative she says: «It was the first time that I had ever been alone with men. I did not know what they intended to do with me, but I prayed internally to God for protection.»

When she saw her brother, who was to be examined again in her presence, she ran to embrace him; but he was taken from her, and she was examined alone in the first instance. «Chaumette then questioned me on many wicked things of which they accused my mother and my aunt. I was thunder-struck at such horrors, and although I was so frightened, I could not help saying that these suppositions were infamous. Notwithstanding my tears, they persistently questioned me for a long time. There were things that I did not understand, but what I could understand was so dreadful that I cried through indignation.» The Dauphin was then recalled, and the brother and sister were examined face to face; but the poor child was naturally more helpless than even the young and innocent Madame Royale. The ordeal lasted three hours before the young Princess was taken back to her aunt, who was then summoned in her turn. Madame Elisabeth answered with contemptuous energy and spirit, and was detained only an hour instead of three. «The deputies saw that they could not frighten her as they hoped to do in my case,» says Madame Royale; «but the life that I had led for the last four years, and the example of my parents, had given me strength of mind.»

Five days later the Queen was summoned in her turn for examination previous to her trial. She gave her name as «Marie-Antoinette of Lorraine and Austria, aged about thirty-eight years, widow of the King of France.»

She answered clearly and adroitly all the questions put to her, and was then informed that Tronson Ducoudray, a barrister of reputation, and Chauveau-Lagarde, had been officially appointed as counsel for the defense. But Chauveau-Lagarde, who at once went to consult with the Queen, found that the trial was to commence the next day (October 15), and vainly asked for a delay of three days (certainly not too much!) to

prepare his defense and examine the indictment. The refusal of the government proved only too clearly that no justice could be expected, and that the Queen's fate was sealed beforehand.

On the following day (October 15) the proceedings began before the Revolutionary Court or Tribunal, which then held its sittings in the large hall of the prison.¹ The Queen was summoned at eight o'clock in the morning, and, according to the testimony of Rosalie, without having taken any nourishment. She wore her widow's dress and cap, over which was fastened a black crape scarf. Her hair was simply but neatly arranged, rather high on her forehead; it was white on the temples, but not perceptibly gray elsewhere. She looked pale and thin, but the majestic lines of her queenly face remained, and she retained the grace and dignity of carriage which had always been so remarkable. She walked firmly to her seat—an arm-chair which, with unusual courtesy, had been provided for her use. She looked steadily at her judges, and as the indictment with its multiplied insults was read, and she heard herself compared to Frédégonde, Messalina, and all the similar monsters known to history, she drew up her still proud head, and played indifferently on the arm of the chair with her fingers, «as if on a pianoforte,» says one of the spectators. When questioned, she answered clearly and steadily, often showing considerable acuteness in her replies to treacherous questions, where the least inadvertence might have caused serious consequences. To one accusation—that concerning the Dauphin's revelations—she made no reply. This was brought forward as a sort of admission of guilt. She then spoke, exclaiming in vibrating tones which went home to all around her: «I did not answer, because nature itself recoils from such an accusation addressed to a mother! I appeal to all those who may be here!»

There were murmurs in the crowd—a momentary reaction in her favor, which alarmed those who had sworn that she should die. Witnesses were summoned, and the Queen was cross-examined on their testimony, often of the most absurd kind.

At four o'clock an interval of rest was granted, and the Queen, who was utterly exhausted, was allowed to leave her seat. An officer who saw that she was nearly fainting gave her a glass of water and assisted her to leave the court; it will scarcely

¹ Now destroyed.



PAINTED BY MME. VIGÉE LEBRUN.

IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

be believed that this act of common humanity caused his arrest! The jailer Bault then desired Rosalie to take some soup to the Queen; but the poor girl was not allowed to give it herself, the bowl being taken from her, to her great distress, merely to satisfy the curiosity of an abandoned woman who wished for an opportunity of seeing the Queen to her satisfaction!

At five o'clock P.M. the proceedings were resumed, and lasted till four on the following morning (the 16th of October), when the sentence was given out by which «Marie-Antoinette of Austria, widow of Louis Capet,» was condemned to the penalty of death, which penalty was to be carried out within twenty-four hours. Chauveau-Lagarde here states that the Queen had not even then

believed in the possibility of such a sentence; that the worst she anticipated was the separation from her children which would be the consequence of perpetual banishment from France. Both her advocates were put under arrest before she left the court, and were consequently unable to hear from herself what she felt; but they saw that she had received an unexpected shock, and for a moment seemed thunderstruck. However, she quickly recovered her presence of mind and her fortitude. As she reached the railing which separated her from the spectators assembled in the court, she raised her head, and walked out with a firm step.

When she reached her cell she asked immediately for writing-materials, without taking rest, although the night was nearly spent, and her trial had lasted for twenty hours, with no food but the bowl of soup taken on the preceding evening. The energy of mind which could command such physical exhaustion is truly wonderful.

She sat down, and by the feeble light of two tallow candles wrote to Madame Elisabeth a letter dated the 16th of October, half-past four o'clock in the morning. This letter, which is preserved among the State Papers, but was not given to Madame Elisabeth, has no signature; but it is nevertheless considered authentic, and is countersigned by several well-known revolutionists. The Queen writes most affectionately to Madame Elisabeth, thanking her for the sacrifices she has made for all; while assuring her of her own calmness in the presence of approaching death, she sends messages to her children, and, like the King, forbids them ever to seek revenge for her death. She then refers to the circumstance "which has been so painful to her heart"—the grief which her son must have caused Madame Elisabeth. She entreats her to remember his age, and to forgive him, reminding her how easy it is to make a child say what is suggested to him, and especially what he does not understand. The Queen then makes her profession of faith as a firm Catholic, expresses hope in the mercy of God, and bids an affectionate farewell to all; adding that if one of the schismatic priests who had taken the constitutional oath should be brought to her, she would refuse his ministry.

The Queen intrusted the letter to the jailer Bault, but he dared not attempt to send it to Madame Elisabeth, and gave it into the hands of Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, where it remained.

The Queen, after this last effort, lay down

on her bed, where Rosalie found her when the jailer sent to offer her nourishment. The two candles had burned low in the cell, and by their dim light Rosalie saw an officer half asleep in a chair, and the Queen, in her long black dress, lying on the bed weeping bitterly. Rosalie, in deep distress herself, asked in a low voice if she would take anything. The Queen, still weeping, replied:

"Oh, my good girl, all is over for me now!"

"Madame," then said Rosalie, in tones of entreaty, "I have some good soup ready. You have taken nothing to-day, and you had next to nothing yesterday. You require support; pray let me bring you some soup."

"No, no; I thank you, but I want nothing."

The girl turned away; the Queen, seeing that she was in tears, feared to have grieved her, and with the characteristic kindness which she retained to the last, called her back.

"Well, well, Rosalie, you may bring me your soup."

Rosalie hastened to fetch it, and the Queen sat up on her bed to try to take it, but could not swallow more than two or three spoonfuls. She then desired Rosalie to return about the break of day to help her to dress.

Meanwhile a "constitutional priest,"¹ as they were called, came to offer the Queen his spiritual aid, which she refused. He asked if he should accompany her to the place of execution. She replied with indifference:

"As you please."

He then said:

"Your death will expiate—"

"Yes, monsieur," she quickly rejoined, "errors, but not crimes."

At the appointed hour Rosalie came to assist her in changing her clothes; for she wished to appear before the people in as proper attire as was within her power. Rosalie had brought a change of linen, for which the Queen had asked, and unfolded it in readiness as the Queen stooped down behind her bed, desiring Rosalie to stand before her as she unfastened her gown to draw it down. Immediately the officer on guard came up to the bed, and leaning his elbow on the pillow, looked over to have a better view, staring insolently at the Queen, who blushed deeply, and hastily drew her large muslin kerchief over her shoulders, as, clasping her hands, she said imploringly:

"I entreat you, monsieur, in the name of

¹ A priest who had taken the forbidden oath, and was consequently under the interdict of the church.



PAINTED BY MME. VIGÉE LEBRUN.

IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., NEW YORK.

THE DAUPHIN LOUIS-JOSEPH AND HIS SISTER THE DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME.

decency, to allow me to change my linen without a witness."

"I cannot allow it," said the man, roughly; "my orders are to keep eyes upon you constantly, day and night."

The Queen sighed deeply, and then quietly knelt down behind Rosalie, who screened her as best she could, while the unfortunate prisoner, with every care and precaution, changed her clothes. She had received orders not to wear her widow's mourning, "lest the people should insult her in consequence"; but, rather, lest she should awaken too much commiseration, as every one in the prison concluded. The Queen made no remark, and put on the white dress which she always wore in the morning over a black skirt. She wore a plain lawn cap, without the widow's scarf of crape, and fastened black ribbons to her wrists, after having crossed her large white muslin kerchief over her dress. She was now ready for whatever might be ordered, and knelt down in prayer. Rosalie was not allowed to remain, and retired, sobbing as if her heart would break.

At ten o'clock the judges came into the cell, where another officer had relieved guard. The Queen rose from her knees to receive the officials, who told her that they came to read to her the sentence.

"This is quite useless," said the Queen, in a raised voice; "I know the sentence only too well."

"That does not matter," answered one of those present; "you must hear it again."

The Queen made no reply, and the sentence was read to her. As this ended, the chief executioner—Henri Sanson, a young man of gigantic height—came in. He came up to the Queen, saying: "Hold out your hands." She drew back, seeming greatly agitated.

"Are you going to tie my hands? They were not tied in the case of Louis XVI till he reached the scaffold."

The judges said to the executioner: "Do your duty."

"Oh, mon Dieu!" cried the Queen. The executioner then seized the beautiful, delicate hands and tied them with a rope¹ behind her back. The Queen sighed deeply and looked up to heaven; but although tears were ready to flow, she restrained them. When her hands were thus firmly bound, the executioner took off her cap and cut off her hair. As she felt the touch of the scissors on her

neck she started and turned hastily, evidently supposing that she was about to be murdered in the cell; she then saw the executioner folding up her hair, which he put in his pocket.² Before she left the cell she said anxiously to the officer now on guard: "Do you think that they will let me reach the place of execution without tearing me to pieces?"

He assured her that she had nothing to fear from the mob, but she seemed anxious as she followed the officials who led her to her doom, scarcely hoping even for the dreadful security of a guarded scaffold! When she saw the cart awaiting her she again started, and seemed to receive a fresh shock; she had supposed that, like the King, she would have the protection of a closed coach. The cart was of a kind seen only in remote country parts at the present day, and made of four separate sides rudely tied together, the back part being let down for ingress, with a step-ladder attached. A plank put across the cart served as a seat. The Queen ascended the steps firmly, and prepared to sit facing the horse; but she was immediately told that she must sit backward, looking toward the spectators. She turned and took her seat with perfect calmness and a grave, resolute look, gazing straight before her, pale, with red, even bloodshot eyes, but carrying her head high, as was her wont. The executioner and his assistant stood behind her, leaning against the sides of the cart. The priest took his place next to her, but she turned away and seemed determined not to speak to him, though he held up a crucifix before her from time to time. She seemed to suffer pain from the ropes around her hands, on which he pressed to relieve the tension. The ends were held by the executioner, pulling the arms backward. The cart went on slowly, while an immense crowd³ followed in dead silence till they reached the Rue St. Honoré. There they found hostile elements, especially the abandoned women who in Paris always play such a prominent part in popular disturbances. Here there was such a burst of insult and execration that the unfortunate Queen might well dread the possibility of falling into such hands.

But the cart turned into the Rue Royale, and reached the Place de la Révolution, where the scaffold was erected. As the Queen passed

¹ "Too tightly," says an eye-witness.

² It was burned, after the execution, in the entrance-hall of the prison.

³ A young American, Daniel Strobel of Charleston,

South Carolina, grandfather to the writer of these pages, was in the crowd before the Conciergerie prison when the Queen came out, and followed closely to the last.

before the Tuileries she turned with an earnest, lingering look.

The scaffold was erected facing the garden of the Tuileries, before a statue of Liberty, on the spot where the Obelisk now stands, and not where the King's scaffold had stood, which was on the opposite side, facing the Champs-Élysées. The priest attempted to assist her in alighting, but notwithstanding the increased difficulty consequent on her tied hands, she turned from him and stepped down firmly, with apparent ease, as quickly as she could, seeming desirous to hasten the end as far as possible. The executioner offered to assist her in ascending the scaffold, but she went up alone and quickly, immediately going to the plank on which she was to be bound. In doing so she trod on the foot of the executioner, who made a motion as of pain. With the kind courtesy which characterized her even in this last hour, she quickly exclaimed, «Pardon, monsieur!» in a tone of regret and apology. The executioner and his assistant then fastened her to the plank, and tore off

her muslin kerchief, lest it should impede the action of the knife. The last motion of Marie-Antoinette was an involuntary attempt to bring forward her tied hands as a screen for her uncovered shoulders! . . . When the executioner held up the head to the populace, to the deep awe of the spectators, the face of Marie-Antoinette expressed perfect consciousness, and the eyes looked on the crowd!¹ The expression was that of intense astonishment, as of some wonderful vision revealed.

All was over; the eventful life was ended. The follies of early youth, the joys of the past, the dreadful sorrows of the present time, the heroic final atonement for what had been «errors, but not crimes»—all was over. All had vanished like a dream, save the eternal reward in store for the faith and trust of the Christian, more valuable now than the majesty of the Queen.

Requiescat in pace!

¹ Daniel Strobel always expressed his conviction that, for a short space of time at least, she was perfectly conscious, as if still alive.

«FROM THE YOUNG ORCHARDS.»

FROM the young orchards, thick with rosy spray,
Falls in the windless night the wreath of May;
And the young maples, fresh with early gold,
In one slow moon their emerald globes unfold:
So grows, through happy change, the tree of life.

The sweet arbutus to the violet yields;
Soon the wild daisies flood the fluttering fields;
And last the cardinal and the goldenrod
Lift to the blue the soft fire of the sod:
So moves, from bloom to bloom, the flower of love.

Oh, hidden-strange as on dew-heavy lawns
The warm dark scents of summer-fragrant dawns;
Oh, tender as the faint sea-changes are,
When grows the flush, and pales the snow-white star:
So strange, so tender, to a maid is love.

Oh, calling as the touch of children's hands
That draw all wanderers home o'er seas and lands;
Oh, answering far as from the world divine,
Whence unseen hands through Time and Space touch mine:
So in my breast I hear the voice of love.

The Eden-heart of this majestic frame;
God's will on earth; and flame within the flame
Far as yon suns in Nature's mystic dusks;
Deep as the life whereof our lives are husks;
Unspeakable, O love, my love, is love.

George Edward Woodberry.



DRAWN BY C. ALLAN GILBERT.

«SHE BESTOWED A NOD AND SMILE UPON PETER DAVENANT.»

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

Author of «A Bachelor Maid» «Sweet Bells out of Tune,» etc.

I.

THEN we may depend upon you for the 15th?» said Mrs. Grantham, scarcely believing her good luck.

«So good of you to let me come,» suavely answered her school-friend of former days—known to the world of fashion, of whom she was the starry leader, and to the other world in our broad continent that comforts its uninteresting existence by reading about the doings of a few New-Yorkers, as Mrs. Jack Stanley.

«I want to try to get together for you some really clever, cultivated people,» went on Mrs. Grantham, a flush of excitement mounting to her cheeks.

«Do, dear; I love novelty,» rejoined Mrs. Stanley. «Katrina, you have no idea how dull it is, night after night, meeting the same old set! When we are standing around, waiting for dinner to be announced, I sometimes wonder which of the men is going to pounce on me, and there's not an emotion in my being for one more than another. But what is to be done? It is our fate. You know We are now building dining-rooms that will just hold Us.»

Mrs. Grantham tried to laugh, but in her heart resented the magnificent assumption. For years Henrietta Stanley had been the fly in her ointment. The ambitious wife of a hard-working lawyer recently elevated to judicial honors, Mrs. Grantham, with her pleasant home and nice little family, should by rights have been contented to keep to her own busy, well-filled orbit, without coveting the periphery in which circled golden butterflies engendered by the luxury of modern New York.

But although it would have been to her a dreadful trial to live Etta's life, she did not care to think there was in her community any life she might not lead. Besides, Etta was only an accident of fortune. What had occasioned her, nobody asked; what inspired her distinguished exclusiveness, nobody knew; for her rather dull personality it was certain nobody cared.

The real reason of this attempt of Mrs.

Grantham's to rake the coals from the ashes of her old friendship was a pretty little Miss Grantham, who was to swell the ranks of next season's *débutantes*. Everybody knows that a girl's coming out alters her family's mode of life and plans. If little Katty—as her father inelegantly persisted in calling their domestic treasure—had to be in society, it must be in the best there was, said her mama. And if Etta Stanley chose to make the effort, how much she might accomplish for Katty by a mere wave of her wand!

Thus, after a considerable interval of tepid half-intercourse with her quondam intimate, Mrs. Grantham, putting her pride in her pocket, had gone that afternoon to call at the stately dwelling in which Mr. Stanley had enshrined the somewhat faded charms of his lady. She had found Etta at home to visitors, a fact that gave Katrina courage to be cordial. The hostess was ensconced in a gilt Louis XV chair with cream-satin cushions, in a salon like an outgrowth of Vudeen's emporium in Fifth Avenue for the sale of effects from foreign palaces.

Mrs. Grantham, who had been saving for some months out of her housekeeping money in order to purchase for her drawing-room a Morris arm-chair covered in flowery velvet, had felt depressed at the outset by this trifling circumstance.

But an agreeable surprise awaited her. Etta had been recently attending a course of lectures on ethical culture, alternating in the ball-rooms of her set. Perhaps this contributed to her unwonted mood of agreeable acquiescence. Perhaps she had absolutely nothing else to think about. In any case, she had tried the experiment of being gracious with an old friend. She had enquired for Katrina's husband, daughter, and boys at school. She had offered one or two small anecdotes about her own absent children, and made some allusion to past days. And last of all, when Katrina, emboldened by the thaw in a long-frozen atmosphere, had asked her to dinner on the 15th, Etta had actually said yes.

The moment after she had been overtaken

by apprehension lest her acceptance was a mistake.

"They will be highly respectable frumps," she had said within herself. "I wish Jack were not going off in the yacht for his West India cruise that day. He always knows what those people talk about."

"So *dear* of you to want me," she had murmured, nevertheless. "And you are going to get me somebody very nice?"

"I shall have Agatha Carnifex, to begin with," said Mrs. Grantham.

Miss Carnifex, viewed from every point, was unimpeachable. Family, fortune, brains, good looks, position—all were Agatha's.

"Agatha? Yes," answered Mrs. Stanley, with a little amused curl of the lip. "Her father, poor dear, is quite one of my pals. He says I rest him after his daughter's pyrotechnics of reform of the human race."

"Mr. Carnifex will certainly come. He is a great friend of my husband's," went on Katrina, with animation. "Besides, I want Agatha as well as you to meet my new young man."

Only the faintest flutter of interest stirred Mrs. Stanley's exterior.

"And who, pray, is he?"

The answer was interrupted by the arrival of another visitor—a tall, slim, exquisitely pretty girl resembling a French pastel, and dressed in a costume and hat of black velvet picked out with Russian sables, of which quiet elegance of attire Katrina Grantham made note before she had heard the wearer's name.

"Katty must have something like that next winter. The really smart people never overdress," she was inwardly saying, when Mrs. Stanley, in a sort of begrudging way, introduced to her "my friend, Miss Sybil Gwynne."

"Then I am not too late to make tea for you, dearest?" said Miss Gwynne to her hostess, tenderly.

"No, darling; Barnes is just fetching it," answered Etta, with an effusion entirely lacking in her talk with Mrs. Grantham.

"I had to drop in at Tilly's to hear her Russian violinist, or she'd have never forgiven me," went on the girl. "And after the last piece—to which nobody listened, they were in such a hurry to talk over Charley's engagement with Ethel—I beg your pardon," she interrupted herself, turning to the outsider. "This must seem very dull to you. I am sure I caught a much pleasanter sound when I came in. Were not you talking about some entirely new young man?"

"Mrs. Grantham was telling me of that *rara avis*," said Etta, yawning a very little. "Pray go on, Katrina, and tell Sybil, too."

"It was only that I hoped Etta might fancy meeting Peter Davenant," said Mrs. Grantham, deliberately, and with conscious pride in enunciating a name just now so interesting to the public.

But there was no responsive intelligence in the face of either hearer.

"Surely you have seen in the papers lately," she hurried on, "of the brilliant work he did in bringing about the conviction of Judge McStephen in the trial of his impeachment?"

"We have papers," admitted the hostess, languidly; "but Jack always keeps them in the smoking-room."

"I am afraid you will think us *very* uninformed," added Miss Gwynne, more tactfully; "but really we never heard of Judge McStephen."

"I forget that everybody is not as much at home in such matters as I must be," answered Katrina, with dignity. "And perhaps I was influenced by Agatha Carnifex having told me there was no one in town she wanted so much to meet as Davenant."

"Really?" said Etta, changing her right foot for the left upon her gilded footstool.

"He is a type of the best latter-day American, and looks like an 1840 portrait of a gentleman," with manners to match—old-fashioned and courtly—stands with his hat off in the street while talking to women—Sir Charles Grandison, you know—thinks all women are goddesses, or ought to be."

"Decidedly not *du monde*, then," interrupted the hostess, rearranging some roses that leaned toward her in a tall emerald glass vase.

"I am afraid not of your world," said Katrina. "For years he plodded along in a subordinate position here, before an opportunity came to prove himself. Now, the wise men say, it's only a question of time before he gets to the very top of the ladder. When he began, a stranger from a dead Southern town where he had been admitted to practice, he was poor as a church mouse, and knew nobody. Now, though still poor, he is the most talked of among the youngsters of his profession."

"And a youngster means—?" asked Sybil, archly.

"A rising young lawyer till he is sixty, and after that a leader of the bar," answered Mrs. Grantham, smiling. "Davenant is about thirty years old, but in ignorance of worldly

things; just a big, trustful, affectionate, head-strong, ardent boy. I'm sure the women of society who would care to experiment on him would find him virgin soil."

The phrase, taking hold of Mrs. Stanley, caused her to sit up and forward, on her chair of state. The servants, coming in to light lamps, revealed her porcelain-tinted face with the near-sighted pale-blue eyes, under a mass of craped blonde hair, kindled with a faint animation.

"And I am to meet this paragon at dinner?" she said. "Don't fail to put him on one side of me, Katrina. And why can't you be awfully nice, and give poor Sybil, too, a chance at Mr. Davenant?"

"I shall be only too happy to have Miss Gwynne," said Mrs. Grantham, promptly, although at the moment she reflected that this would cut off one of the "duty" dames whom she had meant to work in on the occasion of entertaining Mrs. Stanley. After all, Miss Gwynne was so pretty, so fine of grain, so perfect a product of high civilization, it would always be a pleasure to have had her.

Sybil protested, but was overcome by Etta's rather too frank solicitations.

"Yes, dearest, you must go; I will take no denial; it will make it so much more—I mean I will call for you, and we can talk in the carriage coming home. Here is the tea at last; pray, Katrina, don't go till you have had some. And here come more people; I hope among them you may find somebody worth talking to."

That was an attractive gathering in the spacious drawing-room with broad windows looking over into the bare boughs and wintry sage-green reaches of turf of the park opposite. The people composing it, including two or three well-authenticated foreigners, were easy, low-toned, well-bred, well-dressed without ostentation. In that each seemed to be in a place recognized by the other, it was in some respects the ideal society. Mrs. Grantham, who fell into conversation with a lively widow, Mrs. Arden, lingered on to hear what this lady had to say about Mrs. Stanley's delightful tea-maker, Miss Gwynne.

"Sybil is almost new to New York, last season being her first here. A niece of Mrs. St. Clair Lewiston, you know, with whom she lives. Educated altogether abroad, and has had unusual opportunities there, having been presented at half the courts of Europe. If poor Mrs. Gwynne had n't died in harness, so to speak, running around with her daughter to all the smart resorts of the Continent year

after year, Sybil might never have known America. But she was an only child, and after her mother's death Mrs. Lewiston went out, and in time brought her back. What was it Paul Bourget called Sybil? The *fine fleur* of American aristocracy, I think, or some such phrase, that has stuck by her. She is adorably pretty and dainty; don't you think so? Rather too quiet, perhaps; but such graceful manners. As soon as Etta Stanley saw Sybil, of course she appropriated her for a bosom friend, and now they are inseparable. Etta finds something *chic* in a cory not exactly a foreigner, but who might as well be one for all she understands of her own country. But then, who can predict what may happen? With this Revolutionary—Sons of the Cincinnati—Colonial Dames business all over the place, patriotism may be (in) again next year."

"My dear lady, what heretical sentiments!" said a smug, merry-faced gentleman of middle age, who now returned to them after setting down their tea-cups. "I'm sure I bank upon my nationality abroad—in England especially, where we're much more in vogue when a trifle startling, or at least dialectic. I heard, by the way, a kind lady, who had never dreamed of doing such a thing at home, called upon to read aloud one of Miss Wilkins's short stories, in a country-house party, last summer; and the mess she made of it was astonishing. People sat around shading their eyes with their hands, solemn as owls! And you know our Lady Greenwich has written home to her friends, for Heaven's sake to send her out a lot of outrageously slangy Americanisms to learn by heart, or she'll never be a 'go'."

"I can believe it," said Mrs. Grantham, "after just reading an English story by—, with incidental Americans of unique vulgarity to represent our best society."

"Never mind," said Mr. Cleve, comfortably. "The author is young, and will live to know better. Besides, I forgive anybody who entertains me decently in these days. And, with all their talk in the air, they're awfully nice to us, individually, over there. But speaking of people being put under contribution to entertain each other in English homes, I have at last found my *métier*. I tried it modestly last year, and was quite a blazing success as a teller of American anecdotes racy of the soil. Since then I've subscribed to one of those newspaper-clipping chaps, and he sends me a hundred assorted jokes for five dollars. I pick out the best, and study them while I'm shaving. Last night a Western fellow

who dined with me at the club gave me three brand-new ones. Like to hear them?

«Number 1. Eastern man at a Western hotel (attended at table by a 'waitress' too superior to waste words upon a mere hungry customer).

«*Man*: 'I'll take some pie, please.'

«*Waitress* (coldly and rapidly): 'Straw, ras', huckle, or goose?'

«Number 2. Traveler from frontier district, striking hotel where advanced fashions have obtained, observes, with an expression of pleased surprise, the finger-bowl set before him at the close of his meal.

«('What's this for, waiter?')

«('To wash your hands, sir.')

«('I wish I'd a-know'd it 'fore I began my dinner.')

«And Number 3. You will imagine yourself in a railroad hostelry of the lightning-change variety, where a deliberate diner has just taken his seat at table, and is approached by the breathless waiter.

«('Will you have bean-soup?')

«('Well, let me see. I think I'll—')

«('Dinner's over!')

It was impossible to resist Mr. Cleve's chuckling enjoyment of his own fun. The wrinkles around his eyes became puckered so comically, his laugh rolled out so like mellow wine from an ancient bottle, his hearers could but join in the chorus. Having made his little coup, the amiable gentleman waggled off to another coterie, where he was heard repeating the same jokes.

«I will say for the old beau that he has a different set every time, and that they are sometimes new,» remarked Mrs. Grantham's companion. «Also, that his dinners of eight or ten are feasts to be remembered for substantial excellence. We were talking about—?」

«Sybil Gwynne—and the fact that she is a foreign-bred American. Is she happy here?» asked Mrs. Grantham, who had a way of her own of coming to the point.

«Happy! Who would n't be who is so tremendously petted and extolled as she happens to be just now? Etta Stanley has put the finishing touch upon her vogue. And although Sybil's mother left her but a small income, her aunt is rich and lavish, and the girl is like a princess in a fairy-tale, so far as knowing about real life.»

«She has no love-affair on?»

«I think not. A lot of young fellows run after her; but they do it mechanically, like little figures in a street puppet-box, that jump the same way at the same moment.

Her life is spent in the most conventional round one can imagine. But she is not dull or vapid. On the contrary, I think Sybil has excellent ability, some sense of humor, and a sweet temper. All I have to complain of is that she is unreal, out of place in her present setting—like a charming actress who has come to fill a brief engagement upon our boards before returning to the place where she was trained. Dear me! Six o'clock? I must fly. So nice to have seen you again. Next year, when you've a daughter to bring out, you'll be obliged to be in the treadmill like the rest of us. Last night I sat on a dais watching my two girls spin until 2:30 A.M. To-night we have a large dinner at home, the opera, and the Tuesday dance. And I have already been to-day to the dentist with Hal to have his bad tooth out, and after that to hear a string quartet concert, before coming here. You *do* look fresh, Katrina! But only wait. This time next year peep in the glass, and see if you find the same face smiling back at you! Good-by, good-by.»

When Mrs. Grantham went down the broad steps to let Mrs. Stanley's curbstone footman put her into her modest cab, she found the way blocked by a well-appointed little brougham, into which a young man was about to assist the beauty, Miss Sybil Gwynne.

«I am sorry to be in your way,» smiled the young lady. «Won't you let Mr. Ainslie—this is Mr. Ainslie, Mrs. Grantham—put you in yours first?»

«I hope Katty will always do and say things to older people as prettily as that,» thought Katty's mama, while the youthful Corydon in a long frock-coat doffed his high, shining hat, and stepped back to do his lady's bidding.

«I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for creating a diversion,» said he, in answer to the older lady's thanks; «Miss Gwynne has been lecturing me so that I don't know which end I stand upon.»

«For shame!» cried Sybil. «You have got the true American habit of exaggeration. I merely told him, Mrs. Grantham, that New York young men ought to take the matter into their own hands, and try to make themselves enjoy life more.»

«I like your calling me a New York young man,» put in Ainslie, «considering I was born in Paris, educated in England, and have spent most of my summers knocking around the Continent.»

«Well, a good American young man, if you like that better.»

«It is so hard,» said Ainslie, whimsically,

«to be a good American when one knows only New York, Boston, Washington, a little bit of Baltimore, and all of Newport. When I try to take in the monotony of the rest of our country, my interest becomes homeopathically diluted.»

«Oh, dear!» exclaimed Katrina Grantham, really shocked, and moving toward her carriage, into which she got, only to be detained by their further remarks.

«Now don't you think he deserves my (lectures,) Mrs. Grantham?» said Sybil Gwynne, lightly.

«I am not a good judge; I live with people who believe in so many things,» replied Mrs. Grantham, hurriedly.

«It's more my misfortune than my fault, Mrs. Grantham,» went on Ainslie, a fresh-colored young man of very open and engaging countenance. «To prove it, I have deliberately and in cold blood come back here to live. I hope the gods who sit up above and reward us mortals with more or less discrimination will confer on me a large share of—what do they confer—ambrosia?—no; I have an aunt who gives me ambrosia-cake for tea, and it's uncommonly nasty—asphodel—well, anything you like—for my self-sacrifice in becoming a poor republican.»

«Tell him to drive on, please,» said Katrina to Mrs. Stanley's footman. «Good-by,» she nodded to the pair standing upon the sidewalk. As she drove away Sybil turned to the young man reproachfully.

«There, now; you have made another sensible person think of you as a rather civil outlaw.»

«The difference between us is that you think these things about our native land, and I say them. I suppose I may n't share the privilege of your Aunt Lewiston's cozy little brougham and drive home with you?»

«Certainly not,» said Sybil.

«Not if I am dropped at the corner nearest my club?»

«No,» she replied inexorably.

«Very well, then. In London you would n't have minded letting me come with you. I can't afford a hansom in New York; so I'll just hie me to a street-car, and pack in with thirty or forty dingy people going home from work. I shall be jostled and punched out of all semblance of decency, and my only overcoat will be strained in the seams till—have you no pity on my only overcoat? Are you aware what it costs to buy a new one of a tailor here?»

«Very sorry; but—home, please,» said Sybil, letting herself be shut inside the little car-

riage, from which her fair loveliness shone out like a star.

The latter part of her remark, being addressed to the footman, was at once transmitted to the power upon the box, and the brougham moved away. Ainslie, lifting his hat and smiling pleasantly, stood there until she had disappeared from view.

«What a nice boy!» Sybil thought to herself, as she settled back into the soft cushions; «though at twenty-eight he should hardly be called a boy. He amuses me more than any one, and we understand each other perfectly; but I wish he would sometimes seem to be in earnest about something.»

Sybil Gwynne was engaged in trying faithfully to adapt herself to a complete change of thought and habit in daily life. The Old-World tinge in her was, by dint of constant application to the claims of her present busy, sparkling life, gradually fading out. The people with whom her lot was cast certainly understood the art of living in its high material sense, and from dawn to dawn again, with discreet intervals for sleep, her days were passed in pursuit of pleasant things.

Yet there was something lacking—just what, she was not prepared to say. The second season of this brilliant existence had begun to drag with her. Wherever she turned, there was the same perspective of solvent, restless folk intent upon accumulating and displaying the decorations of life, which, it must be said, their opportunities for culture and observation enabled them to appreciate perfectly. And, beyond these, Sybil saw nothing of her fellow-Americans. Her sole idea of her countrymen and -women was a class privileged to make ducks and drakes of any obstacles in the way of their desires—a class spending a few months of the winter in palaces in town, then, at the first hint of spring, wafting themselves away to some far southland in yachts or steamers, or else pounding the railway lines of the continent with the wheels of their private cars in search of softer airs and change; in the early summer running over to London or Paris for the season and for shopping; at midsummer returning to châteaux at Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox, or on the Hudson, there to live the lives of the princes of the earth. Did any one of them fancy founding an estate, might not he purchase vast acres of primeval woodland, and in a few months' time adorn it with roads, plantations, bridges, drains, outbuildings, stables, hothouses, lawns, gardens, walls covered with vines, and a house built and fitted up by relays of mechanics,

working at night by electric light to fulfil the contract? There was no end to it. As fast as one favored being had accomplished some wonder of Aladdin's lamp, and before his friends had ceased admiring it, a successor would arise to send his rocket even higher into the zenith! And the effect of this upon their community was not inspiring. In the intervals of phenomenal surprises no one could settle down to coherent thought and purpose. Unless the head-lines in society events were as astonishing as those in the daily newspapers, people felt a little bit aggrieved. The fad of haste and unrest was a result. In the perpetual chase after novelty Sybil felt herself, like the rest, becoming breathless without a cause; becoming trivial, disconnected, artificial, and, at times like the present, wondering what it is all worth.

Sybil was, in fact, in the state of mind in which some women join sewing-classes and go to Lenten services, or violently visit the unoffending poor. As she drove down the long avenue to Washington Square, she found herself dwelling with satisfaction upon the fine lines and earnest, dependable expression of Katrina Grantham's face. Here, at last, was an acquaintance who offered her some variation upon the society by which she was surrounded. The invitation to Katrina's dinner, although extorted by Mrs. Stanley, had been graciously given.

"Do you really think I had better?" Sybil had found time afterward to convey in a whisper to her hostess, with a glance in the direction of unconscious Katrina.

"Of course," Mrs. Stanley had said bluntly. "Do you suppose she does n't know you will be a card?"

"Card" or not, Sybil continued to dwell upon the thought of the 15th with animation. To get out of her groove, to mix a little with brain-workers and possessors of the mental power that makes the wheels of great New York go round, was a decided event. And more than once she recurred to what Mrs. Grantham had said about the "new young man." The terms of the lady's phraseology were so different from those applied to the heroes of her horizon in general.

"I am going to meet a (best latter-day American)," she said, smiling at herself in the mirror, while the maid dressed her hair. "I have n't an idea what is an (1840 portrait of a gentleman.) But I recognize Sir Charles Grandison, and I like a man who thinks all women ought to be goddesses. (Big, trustful, headstrong, ardent.) Oh, dear! what a very out-of-the-way individual he must be!"

Sybil's ordinary evening frock in company was of plain white satin; for, as Mrs. Arden said, "These dinner-girls leave nothing for the brides!" It became her admirably; and as she followed Mrs. Stanley, twenty minutes after time, into Mrs. Grantham's drawing-room, that deep-red-vestured apartment, hung with the satin damask that had been Katrina's mother's, seemed to have received into it a lily tall and fair upon a virgin stalk. They went in to dinner almost immediately, Mr. Justice Grantham, as a matter of course, leading off with Mrs. Stanley, who, having what she called *la grippe* (in reality only a good old-fashioned cold in the head), looked swelled and stupefied. The splendor of her tiara, the luster of her pearls, could not eclipse or cause to be forgotten a very decided redness about the great lady's nose; and during the soup she could hardly speak for physical reasons, combined with deep anxiety lest they should not serve champagne directly with the fish.

"In this kind of a house they will be likely to keep it back till the saddle of mutton," she thought mournfully; but after her first mouthful of timbale, when the life-giving golden fluid flowed bubbling into her glass, Mrs. Stanley sipped and was consoled. Mrs. Grantham, observing these things from afar, had now but one surviving concern—lest her dignified and sarcastic husband, whom she had heard repeatedly inveigh against fine ladies of the stripe of her old friend Etta—who, ever since her announcement of the present banquet, had peppered her with small shot of ridicule for attempting a Stanley affair—who at the time of going to his room to dress had been gloomily foreboding a perfect failure of the whole entertainment—should allow this frame of mind to appear in his conversation with their chief guest!

What was her relief, upon peeping between a relic of the ancestral Granthams—a silver christening-bowl filled with red roses—and the candelabra on four sides of it, blooming with crimson shades, to behold the head of her household engaged in the most brilliant banter at his command with the lady at his right! Mr. Grantham was not only what wives call "laying himself out to do the proper thing": he was apparently engaged in "being fascinating on his own account." And Etta was warming into such suavity as Mrs. Grantham had not seen her show since Etta was a girl!

"I wish, for their own sakes, men could be a little more consistent," flashed through the

hostess's mind; «but just now this is a heaven-send, and I'll never in the world cast it up at Mowbray. And the sweetbreads are just right, thank goodness! Etta seems to have forgotten all about her desire to cultivate Davenant, but that leaves him free to make friends with Sybil Gwynne. I did not think it worth while to tell those two women that I have made up my mind to a match between Davenant and Agatha Carnifex. It was part of my deep-laid plot to put the two opposite each other, instead of side by side, at their first meeting. I must not seem to throw them at each other's heads. Agatha, I am sure, was sent from heaven to complete the destiny of a fine, ambitious man like Davenant. Nothing would induce me to let my husband know how much this fancy has taken hold of me.»

Miss Carnifex, seated between the grave and distinguished inventor of a flying-machine that needed only capital to launch it triumphantly into space, and a young African explorer just returned from the heart of the Black Continent, appeared entirely at ease, and unconscious of the schemes projected for her by the lady of the house. She was a stately girl of six-and-twenty, to whom the control of her father's widowed establishment for some years past had lent an air of command and self-dependence, the possessor of some beauty, more intelligence, an active habit of mind and body, and many theories. The consciousness that her organization was of a finer quality than that of most people she met gave Agatha perhaps a little complacency in considering herself, but it did not interfere with her ready generosity toward the needs and shortcomings of others. She was always occupied with some scheme that, whether satisfactorily to herself or not, she carried to its end. She had made many mistakes, suffered a few acute disappointments, and still went on journeying up the arc of her rainbow, expecting some day to find the pot of gold—happiness—at the other end of it. One additional peculiarity of Miss Carnifex should be noted. She was a devoted American, a student of history, a Colonial Dame, a conservator of family traditions; and although she had traveled, seen, and experienced as much as most young women of her surroundings, invariably returned with enthusiasm to her own sphere of duty and pleasure.

One can appreciate, therefore, Mrs. Grantham's conviction that an opportunity had come to her to make two deserving people happy and complete their usefulness to their kind. But as the dinner that was to

lead up to this desirable state of things progressed, she became painfully aware that, while the attention of Miss Carnifex more than once wavered away from her scientist and explorer to pass in swift review the personal claims of her supposed *alter ego*, Mr. Peter Davenant kept his eyes and ears for Miss Sybil Gwynne alone. Having done what civility demanded for the lady at his other side, he had talked, with every evidence of keen delight in this preoccupation, to the beautiful creature, who, as Katrina said to her vexed inner self, was no more suited to his workaday needs than a Dresden figurine is appropriate to a bronze pedestal in the park.

II.

DURING the years that Peter Davenant had been at the grindstone in New York he had found it convenient to dispense almost altogether with romantic sentiment. What little he retained centered in the memory of his mother, now passed out of life, and of his Southern home going to decay amid many acres of plantation land, rich in picturesque greenery and semi-tropic blooms—but not in crops.

Sometimes he would step to the window of his office in a «sky-scraping» edifice downtown, looking up at the space of sunny blue sky above the cañon formed by high walls on either side, to be poignantly assailed by his earliest recollections. He seemed to see again the coral branches of the redbud, the waving of garlands of gray moss and yellow jasmine, the gleam of humming-birds and black butterflies with silver-spotted wings, that, when in boyhood he lay upon the ground to look upward, used to be printed upon such a background of vivid azure.

Then, with a sigh, he would turn back to desk and chair and dull routine. His pleasure was dealing with affairs in the court-room; his penance, office work. But he was interested in all of it, and out of the interviews with keen-faced men of business wearing rusty tweed suits, who defined their clever ideas in idiomatic Americanese, often got inspiration of an active sort. With all the energy of a nature that must have outlet for its strength, he believed in his life, efforts, ambitions, influences. What had at first offended his finer sense in some of his co-workers was accepted as a means toward an end. Out of this training-school for robust citizenship he had come harder externally, but within full of enthusiasm for humanity, and tender as a woman toward what touched his heart.

Now, at thirty, having in hand some of the prizes for which he had striven doughtily, and being on the way to a wider sphere of independent action, he knew moments when the song of the siren sounded in his ear, calling on him to rest and listen and let his eyes glisten with pleasure and love and jubilee. Until recently he had sought no place among the people to whom by training and antecedents he belonged. The only women he knew had been encountered in boarding-houses, and were of the class that flooded the shopping-streets of a fine afternoon, that perfume themselves with cheap scents, struggle over bargain-counters, and indoors read «society columns,» dreaming of an El Dorado wherein their husbands or fathers may, by some lucky fluke, lift them up to be a part of this coveted social whirl. Commonplace men—vulgar men, even—Davenant was resigned to live and work among. They had almost always the redeeming quality of an unaffected desire to follow their destined walk in life, and were often of the stuff that has gone into the real greatness of the western continent. But a vulgar woman he could not endure or approach, and a commonplace woman wearied him thoroughly.

When, therefore, this big, masterful, and self-sufficient young man found himself suddenly brought into contact with one of the exotic specimens of a highly cultured race, a creature as far apart from him in habit of life and mode of thought as the poles are separate, the result was like a rifle-shot going through his breast. Before the ices were handed at Mrs. Grantham's dinner, he was asking himself, in a sort of sweet distraction, what was the nature of this pang she had made him feel. How had he lived through so many long, arid years without feeling it before? What would his future life be worth if he could n't feel it repeatedly, enduringly?

Every bit of her, from the crown of her small, well-set head to the tips of her rose-tinted fingers, satisfied his fastidious tastes. The soft voice that caressed his ear in her pleasant discourse was in such delicious contrast with those nasal tones most familiar to him in her sex. Even the measured conventionalism of her manner pleased him. It was thus he would have the woman he honored bear herself in the presence of a stranger. The bounce, the swagger, the challenge or open coquetry of commoner clay had at no time stirred his pulse like Sybil Gwynne's cool unconsciousness of their personal relation. Sybil also represented to him a world from which the nature of his occupations

and ambitions had well-nigh shut him out—the world of travel, leisure, acquaintance with things artistic and picturesque; as, for instance, when she told him of her sensations, the year before, in coming upon the sarcophagus of the great Alexander in the Tchimli-Kiosk at Constantinople.

«I had read of it—heard of it,» said she; «but what is that to seeing an object so noble, so elevating? When I stood face to face with that more than two-thousand-years-old casket of Pentelic marble, carved with the deep heroic frieze, and decked with those lovely rose-and-lilac-tinted garlands, I felt actually lifted up; I *knew* I was looking at one of the Old World's rarest masterpieces of art. One has something of that feeling standing before the Venus of Melos or the Winged Victory. But not even the Parthenon at sunset gave me just the impression I had from Alexander's tomb.»

Poor Davenant, who knew much more than she did about the conquering hero's life and deeds, and yet had never got so far away from his own country as the docks at Liverpool, felt arise in him, not envy of this slender, favored girl, but an impulse to embody her with the classic images she evoked—those choice treasures he had always longed to see and bow down before. He murmured something about looking up the back number of a magazine that had had an article on the «find» of the so-called Alexander's sarcophagus, in Sidon, in 1885. He even coldly discussed the part taken in this discovery by the American missionaries then in Syria. And all the while he was singing in his heart: «It is she who is fit to be among the rarest, the finest works of the old Pentelic sculptors. Could I carve, she should stand for my ideal, and, when finished, I would put my work on the topmost pinnacle of Parnassus or Athens, and then kneel down and worship it.»

Mrs. Stanley, feeling better of her cold, and having to acknowledge herself well entertained by her host, now turned to Mr. Davenant. Although it was near the time for the ladies to leave the table, she had exchanged with him but a few banalities.

«I wonder if you have anything on for Monday evening?» she said languidly, looking at him with half-shut eyes.

Davenant tried to think. There was the Patrick Q. O'Shaughnessy Association dinner, at which some of his henchmen were urging him to drop in and make them a much-needed speech.

«Because, if you have n't,» went on the lady, with an air of never having heard of a

refusal of one of her invitations, "perhaps you will dine with us,—I mean Sybil Gwynne and me,—and go to the opera afterward. There will be only Mr. Ainslie beside; my husband, as you know, sailed to-day in the yacht for the West Indies."

He knew as little of her husband as Mrs. Stanley had known about the unjust judge whose career Peter had helped to cut short; but he bowed to the information, rejoiced, in spite of himself, at her bidding to meet Sybil Gwynne.

"Does—er—Miss Gwynne live with you?" he asked, thrillingly conscious of a flow of white satin that billowed close on the other side of him.

"Sybil—dear me, no. She lives with a very tiresome old cat, her aunt, Mrs. Lewiston, who is an embodiment of colonial New York. Her dining-room is filled with General Washington pictures, and all that sort of thing. I believe she has got Benjamin Franklin woven in silk, under glass, upon her wall. Agatha Carnifex would have been just the niece for her—instead of Sybil, who is dimly conscious of General Washington's habit of veracity, and that he was the father of an overgrown country we all get away from whenever we can do it. Mrs. Lewiston hates me, because Sybil comes with me, and because I hate Mrs. Lewiston. So there you are! But Sybil is a dear."

Whenever language failed Mrs. Stanley in which to sum up any one rejoicing in the beams of her approval, she epitomized him or her as a "dear." George Meredith and Tolstoi were "dears"; the charming young wife of the then President was a "dear"; so were the Pope, Mr. Gladstone, her bishop, Jean de Reszké, and the French artist who had just finished her portrait.

"You do me too much honor," said Davenant. "I shall be most happy to come to you on Monday."

"At seven-thirty, then, please; and I shall try my best to be down-stairs in time. Do you know, I'm wondering why nobody ever told me what a nice husband Katrina Grant-ham has got. He has actually made me laugh. So much better than old Cleve, with his cut-and-dried little stories. Now, mind you don't forget Monday. You are sure you've not promised anybody else?"

Davenant thought, with a shudder, of the Patrick Q. O'Shaughnessys, with their green rosettes, howling and thumping on the table, smoking and speechmaking, to the music of a brass band in the gallery.

"Nobody that I dare not forsake for you," he said with prompt gallantry.

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"Pretty well for an unsophisticated beginner," thought Mrs. Stanley, "when I remember Reggy Banks telling me he'd come to me at the opera if his valet did n't forget to put him in mind of it, and Lewis Ford, who asked why Jack put out his second-best whisky for the smoking-room. This man looks like a medieval Florentine—would do for Paolo in a Francesca da Rimini tableau; seems smitten with Sybil, rather. Perhaps he is piqued because I did n't take notice of him a little earlier."

It was Etta's delusion that she was a great lady out of a French novel, who must, for consistency's sake, be provided with a hopeless adorer, if not a *grande passion*. As a matter of fact, not even the women's luncheon parties or sewing-classes had been able to detect in her the most trivial lapse in propriety; and Jack might come and Jack might go without fear of experiencing an emotion of jealousy toward his spouse. The youngsters in attendance on her were on free-and-easy terms of comradeship, which, valuing their substantial privileges in her establishment, they gave no token of a wish to exchange for deeper sentiment. But Etta could not refrain from thinking of herself as a fascinator, and her fancy was to make plans for tête-à-têtes, as often as not forgotten when the time came. As the ladies now arose to leave the table, she did not neglect to engage Mr. Justice Grantham to come to call on her, at four-fifteen, the following Sunday afternoon, which, much to his own surprise, that gentleman found himself promising to do. He was glad, though, that Katrina was at the far forward end of the line of fair ones the men were conducting into exile. And when he thought of what his darling mischief, Katty, would say if she knew of this divagation on her revered father's part, a little flush came into his face.

"Until Sunday, then," Etta said to him, in a confidential undertone, as they parted.

"What! You are not going to run away now, before we get in there?" asked Grant-ham, rather stupidly.

"No; but one never knows what opportunity—at four-fifteen, remember," she answered with her best air of mystery,—only to ignore the engagement long before Sunday came—though, as Grantham went that day for a walk with Katty instead, no great harm was done, and when Mrs. Stanley next met him in the lobby at the opera-house, she had to ask Sybil who was that rather good-looking man who bowed to them.

"My dear Katrina, your house is charming,

your husband is charming, and my cold is lots better for coming out," she said, settling down in a sovereign manner amid the cushions of Katrina's Morris chair in the drawing-room. "Pray talk to me a little now, and let those two girls take care of each other."

Agatha Carnifex and Sybil, who had gravitated together naturally, were sitting apart on a small Chippendale sofa built for two. This left unattached the fifth lady of their party, Mrs. Willoughby, who, not having had a chance at the planet of fashion during dinner, was disposed to make up for it now.

Mrs. Willoughby, too, was a leader, but her kingdom and Mrs. Stanley's were not the same, and Mrs. Willoughby was quite willing to leave her throne and take a footstool in Mrs. Stanley's domain. To say why this should have been I leave to some one sufficiently astute to solve the social riddle of New York. Mrs. Willoughby was every whit as well entitled to supremacy as Mrs. Stanley. Mrs. Grantham, who owed the lesser light a dinner, had hesitated a little about making use of this occasion to liquidate the debt; but since Mrs. Arden, who had been first invited, had fallen out, as well as three other desirable "unattached" females bidden to fill the vacancy, and Mr. Chetwood, the famous bachelor lawyer who carried sweetness and light to every dinner-table on his list, had been called away to Washington, what was a poor hostess to do? Mrs. Grantham filled up with Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby.

Mrs. Willoughby, eminent in charities, a great patroness of musical and dramatic recitals, and of deserving beginners in general, was just at present in the throes of having moved into a grand new house. This complaint, so common among New-Yorkers, had attacked her in a virulent form. Most of her days, of late, had been spent in conducting parties of friends from room to room, from floor to floor, of her recent acquisition. On more than one such occasion, it may be remarked, Mr. Willoughby, in his shirt-sleeves, playing an obbligator upon his back hair with two silver brushes, had been exhibited (without intention) in his dressing-room. And Mrs. Willoughby had received so many praises for her taste, ingenuity, practical skill, —most of which were due to the architect-decorator, —that even she had grown weary of the chorus. She knew intuitively what people were going to say about things when they stood upon certain rugs or sections of parquetry floor. She was tired of her own stock remarks about curtains and cabinets and cor-

ner cupboards. But she could not yet bring herself to give up her glory and step into the background along with the other women who had lived their little day as the owners of the last new houses.

Accordingly, when Mrs. Grantham graciously invited her to be seated beside Mrs. Stanley, who looked at her in a coldly distant way, the lady at once broke forth:

"Such a pleasure to come into a finished house! You know we have been waiting all the winter for the stone mantelpiece that was carved in Paris for our library. Now they discover it will not fit, and the workmen must all come back just when our tapestries are hung. I'll declare I am ready to leave everything and go abroad!"

"Your Mr. Davenant is good-looking," said Mrs. Stanley, addressing herself to Katrina. "I like his clear, dark skin and hazel eyes; and the profile is wonderfully strong. Pray is not that a portrait of your mother as I remember her? Speaking of portraits, have you seen Chatain's of me? Every one says it is his masterpiece. It is just now at Doutil's gallery, and, I am told, is drawing crowds. You can have no idea of our trouble to pitch upon a proper gown for my sittings. Half a dozen of mine were rejected, and at last the artist himself drove with me to Worth's atelier to select that peach-blossom velvet."

"I have seen it," said Mrs. Willoughby, with cordiality. "The flesh-tints are a marvel. Mine, by Carolus, does not compare with it. But I find the next thing to getting a good portrait is deciding on the place to hang it in. We made sure that the boudoir was exactly right for mine; but somehow the old-rose hangings the upholsterer put up killed the colors in my background; and now, after going into every room on that floor, my picture is actually standing in a corner with its face to the wall. Mr. Willoughby says we shall have to build an annex to contain it."

"Is n't your daughter going to show?" went on Mrs. Stanley to Katrina. "If she would like my box for the Saturday matinée at the opera, I will send you the tickets to-morrow."

Mrs. Grantham, having it on her lips to explain that Katty had gone out to a school-girl dinner, but would be very glad to avail herself of Mrs. Stanley's politeness, was cut short by the undaunted Mrs. Willoughby.

"What a good location your box is in!" she said to Mrs. Stanley. "I tell my husband he did not strike his usual lucky vein when

he got ours. Katty is certainly a pretty and fascinating creature, and, with certain people to back her, will be sure to make a success. Indeed, I tell her that if she is a *very* good girl from now till then, I may give her a coming-out cotillion in my ball-room, for which they are still weaving the draperies in France, so it will probably not be finished before next autumn. We must not forget Katty next season, Mrs. Stanley. Between us she will do well.»

Mrs. Stanley's cold eyes emitted a danger-signal. She attempted to speak, but failed, and, hunching one shoulder, turned it deliberately upon Mrs. Willoughby's presumption. Mrs. Grantham, in despair, wished it had not gone out of fashion to ask people to sing and play after dinner, since Mrs. Willoughby, whatever she lacked, was a brilliant pianist of the modern school. Katrina, although she disliked the custom heartily, even wished that she had hired an artist to sing, recite, juggle, or whistle—in this interim.

«They are not having a happy time over there,» said Agatha Carnifex, whom few things escaped; «shall we enlarge their circle?»

So saying, she arose and, followed by Sybil, crossed the drawing-room. The entrance of a servant with a decanter of *crème de menthe*, effected the rest. The group, broken and recast, left Etta protected on each side by a young lady, and Mrs. Grantham at the mercy of her effusive guest.

Agatha, when brought into contact with Etta Stanley, always felt herself misplaced and at a disadvantage. An optimist in theory, ever ready to dwell upon the hopeful conditions of the society of her birthplace, she disliked being reminded of the firm foundation of such rocks in the current of progress as Etta and her set. Among them she found neither enthusiasm, sense of proportion, nor capacity to distinguish between excellence and mediocrity. The incoherence, the confusion, of their lives troubled her. But, tiring of the attitude of a critic, she had at last resolved to take the broad view that in all great centers of social life good taste and folly are equally distributed, to accept her surroundings, stand by her home and birth-right with dignity, and grasp at the best that came to her.

In moments of wider vision she looked with pride upon a metropolis to which all the nations of the earth have furnished citizens—a city that in scope, prospects, tremendous potentiality, picturesqueness of gathered races, extremes of wealth and poverty,

must fix the interest of every real thinker upon the world's progress.

But, from these empyrean thoughts, what a downfall to Mrs. Stanley, a pretentious figurehead to whom numbers of the clever people of Agatha's acquaintance paid court, whom the younger generation of good society aspired to know and emulate! She liked Sybil, whose gentle grace appealed to her—who, if not exactly brilliant, was intelligent and impressionable. To be better friends with her it had often entered into Agatha's mind would be a desirable attainment; but, the thought had been as often dismissed in the whirl that keeps us forever lamenting the divergence from ours of delightful lives into which we have had glimpses wholly satisfying, only to lose them in the turning of the wheel.

But Etta! How could Sybil stand being the shadow of this adumbration of womankind? Agatha's patience was also taxed by the way in which her own beloved and respected father put up with Etta's airs and whims; by his declaration that, as she was the child of his old friends, and her house one of the best-ordered in town, he liked to drop in upon her once in a while; worse, by his phlegmatic confession that he found Etta not at all a bad sort to talk to!

Then there was Mowbray Grantham, one of the most sensible men of Agatha's acquaintance, devoting himself to Mrs. Stanley all during dinner, to the exclusion of Mrs. Willoughby, who sat on his other side. For Etta he had put forth his wit, his satire, his knowledge of men and things. And Etta had nodded acquiescence till her tiara sent forth twinkles of coruscating light; had smiled in her wooden fashion; had contributed no fresh thought or keen response to the conversation; and yet her neighbor had appeared to be as well pleased as if she had been a mine of discernment. All this perplexed Agatha. It made her wonder if the man exists who cannot be flattered by the attention of a woman of fashionable vogue.

When the gentlemen came out, Mrs. Grantham, who had been lying in wait for this opportunity, contrived that Davenant should be placed in a corner beside Miss Carnifex. Then the African explorer, a fair and blond-bearded young man, consented, at the solicitation of Mrs. Willoughby, to give the company some examples of native music among a tribe of black men he had discovered on his last journey. While every one wondered if he were about to produce his instrument from his waistcoat pocket,—some wagering it would prove to be a jew's-

harp, others a comb,—the butler, who had been sent on an errand to the nether regions, reappeared, bearing upon a silver tray two sticks of kindling-wood. Accepting these with a polite countenance, the explorer proceeded to stand upon the hearth-rug, and, striking them together in rhythmic cadence, accompanied the exercise by a weird, droning chant that in the course of time "got upon the nerves" of everybody present. Afterward the traveler, with the modesty of a school-boy, told two or three thrilling incidents of adventure among his aborigines; and then Mrs. Stanley got up to go.

"So interesting, was n't it?" said Mrs. Willoughby, intercepting her. "Do you know, I think I will inaugurate my new music-room by an African (talk) from Dr. Charles, with stereopticon views and that awfully nice music upon kindling-wood. I wonder if he would do it?—such people always like to talk. If I can secure him I will surely let you know—oh! this is my husband, Mrs. Stanley, who has not had an opportunity to be presented to you before—"

"Pleased to meet you, madam," said Mr. Willoughby, a large, bland, pink-faced man, offensively well satisfied with himself and his wife. "I am afraid you ladies owe me a grudge for having detained our host so long in the dining-room. The fact is, I was telling him our extraordinary experience in having to take up two floors and replace a whole set of beams in our new house, because—"

Mrs. Stanley had moved away. As Sybil in her wake passed to the door of the drawing-room, Agatha noticed that she turned and bestowed a nod and smile upon Peter Davenant, which had the immediate effect of making Agatha's companion babble in his speech, lose his thread of talk, and flush up to the roots of his hair.

"A perfect creature," said Agatha, readily and generously.

"Is she not?" he exclaimed, then restrained himself.

The Granthams, to whom it never made any difference in particular when they went to bed, having seen Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby also depart, now urged upon their other guests to remain and chat. For this purpose they adjourned to Mowbray Grantham's study, serving also as a smoking-room, and until a late hour sat about in his old worn leather arm-chairs, and chatted of a wide variety of topics. Katty, coming flushed and rosy in her little pink-satin cloak from her girls' party, made the rounds, spoke to every one, and was sent off to her slumbers. Once or

twice Agatha, noticing the clock, and solicitous for their coachman, tried to induce her father to take leave. But the old boy, who was thoroughly enjoying himself, would not budge. It was an arena for men's discussion principally, Katrina and her friend keeping together, and listening, well pleased. Among the debates upon many themes of interest, Peter Davenant, shaking off the spell of a recent influence, gave rein to himself, fairly flashing upon the imagination of his hearers. His vivid phrases, stimulating wit, abounding life and spirits, made the utterances of others seem tame. With all his independence of mental attitude, there was no dogmatism or pugnacity, and a quaint, old-time courtesy underlaid his manner with men as with women.

When at last Agatha's twitch upon Mr. Carnifex's coat-sleeve succeeded in abstracting the old gentleman from Mowbray Grantham's chair, and the father and daughter drove away home, he was fairly purring with satisfaction.

"That was something like an evening," he said into the huge white-feather boa with which Miss Carnifex had wrapped her neck. "Gad! I don't know when I've met a fellow like Davenant. He's a *man*, Agatha; please make a note of it! I got him to promise to come in and eat dinner with you and me on Sunday. Grantham sha'n't keep the treasure to himself. Funny, was n't it, their putting him between two such pieces of fashionable still-life as Etta and her friend Miss What-d'ye-call-'em? He must have felt like an eagle trying to keep along with two little downy chicks."

"Then you did n't notice him much," said Miss Carnifex, "or you'd have seen that he had neither eyes nor ears for anything but one of the downy chicks. He looked at Sybil Gwynne as I've seen little street-boys gaze at Easter images in a confectioner's window."

"Oh, my dear, I hope not—I *hope* not," repeated Mr. Carnifex.

"Why not, father?"

"I have seen that happen before."

"What—little street-boys looking into windows?"

"Little boys getting what is not good for them, and suffering for it afterward."

"What a horrid allegory!" cried Agatha. "And this about one of your own dear Etta's pet associates. But I'll go no further in that direction. I'll be loyal as Sybil deserves. I think she is lovely enough and refined enough to turn any man's head who can appreciate her. But that is a long way from thinking she

would fancy Davenant. They say Mrs. Lewiston expects her to marry well abroad. An old English name and estate, with a lodge and a gate-keeper, and shooting-parties every year, would please Sybil's aunt, and an incidental title, if Providence were kind.»

«Then let her catch her foreign hare and cook him, say I. I have no idea of one of our large-brained, large-futured men tying himself to the flounce of a mere doll of society.»

«Now, daddy, I have hopes of you. You are seeing the folly of your ways, and turning aside into the right path.»

«It is simply incalculable, the mischief these pretty little pink-and-white persons do when they are turned loose in the world. A glance, a smile, a talk during the courses of a dinner, and the man is made or marred for life. Women are the very deuce of an influence, anyhow. Sometimes it's the mother that warps a fellow's career; oftener, his wife. But, as a wise man once said: (A man's mother is his misfortune, his wife his fault.)»

«Daddy, you are not very complimentary to our sex.»

«You are one in a hundred, child; and your good sense must show you that what I say is true. What's the matter with so many American men nowadays, that makes them tear and strain and fret to get money at any cost, if 't is not the chafing, ambitious, dissatisfied women behind them, urging them on?»

The carriage, pulling up before their door, brought his outburst to a sudden close. Agatha knew that the fire would soon burn itself out, and her father become his gentle, whimsical self again.

But she wondered if what he had said were true. In any case, she was very glad to think she was to see Davenant again on Sunday.

MEANWHILE Mrs. Grantham, having bid adieu to the last of her guests, was anxiously interrogating her husband as to the success of the evening.

«I think it went off uncommonly well, don't you?» she said, standing beside him, where he had dropped into his own chair, and was unfolding the evening paper he had not before had time to read.

«Yes, very well,» he said abstractedly, his

eye having caught a leading article on the editorial page. «Hum! Scolding—as usual.»

This, as Mrs. Grantham well knew, was not directed toward herself, but to the powers that fling printer's ink against their enemies.

«Do stop reading one minute, Mowbray. Half the fun of a thing is talking over it with somebody afterward. I really want your candid opinion about the dinner and everything.»

«That woman of yours did so well with the cooking, there 'll be no excuse for future deficiencies,» he said, now retired behind a double barricade of printed columns.

«You stupid Mowbray!—as if we did n't have a Swedish head cook in. How nice you were to Etta, dear! I feel as if I could never thank you enough for making the exertion—»

Here, feeling herself on dangerous ground, she hastened to diverge.

«And but for those tiresome Willoughbys all would have gone well. I am resolved never again to dine with bores that we must have in return. And, for a wonder, that big lamp with the pink shade did n't smoke; I *was* so relieved. Mowbray, did you ever see Katty look prettier than when she came in to-night from the fresh air? She could hold her own by Sybil Gwynne any day, I think. Well, whatever happens, at last I have brought those two together.»

No answer.

«Mowbray! I say at last I have brought those two together.»

«What two?» issued in an abstracted voice from behind the newspaper.

«This is perfectly tormenting, the way you make a point of reading all the time I talk to you. Since you are not interested, perhaps I had better go to bed.»

«I think so, dear; it's very late. *Good night,*» said the voice, with more alacrity.

«See if I tell you anything again!» exclaimed his wife, getting to the door, ready to cry with vexation; then, rushing back like a whirlwind, she threw both arms around his neck and newspaper.

«Good night, you darling! I am sorry I was cross.»

«To-morrow you will tell me all your gossip,» said Mr. Grantham, affectionately, but with eyes glued upon a paragraph he had been straightening out from the literature crushed upon his knee.

(To be continued.)

LINES TO A PORTRAIT, BY A SUPERIOR PERSON.

BY BRET HARTE.

WHEN I bought you for a song,
 Years ago—Lord knows how long!—
 I was struck—I may be wrong—
 By your features,
 And—a something in your air
 That I could n't quite compare
 To my other plain or fair
 Fellow-creatures.

In your simple, oval frame
 You were not well known to fame,
 But to me—'t was all the same—
 Who'er drew you;
 For your face I can't forget,
 Though I oftentimes regret
 That, somehow, I never yet
 Saw quite through you.

Yet each morning, when I rise,
 I go first to greet your eyes;
 And, in turn, *you* scrutinize
 My presentment.
 And when shades of evening fall,
 As you hang upon my wall,
 You're the last thing I recall
 With contentment.

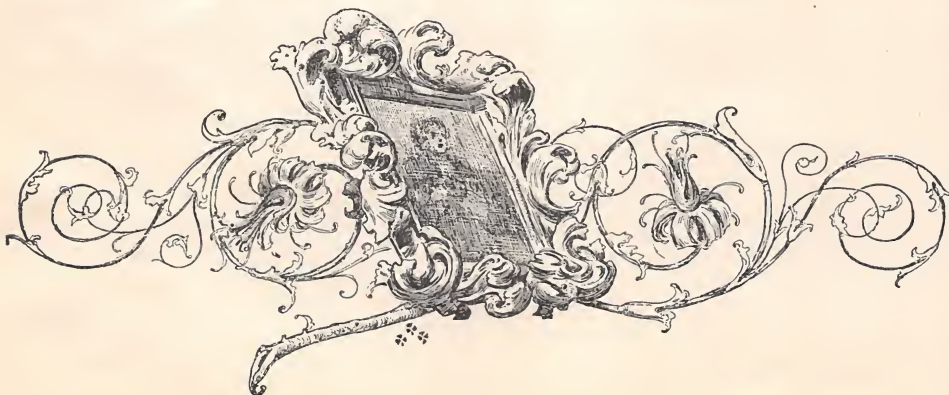
It is weakness, yet I know
 That I never turned to go
 Anywhere, for weal or woe,
 But I lingered

For one parting, thrilling flash
 From your eyes, to give that dash
 To the curl of my mustache,
 That I fingered.

If to some you may seem plain,
 And when people glance again
 Where you hang, their lips refrain
 From confession;
 Yet they turn in stealth aside,
 And I note, they try to hide
 How much they are satisfied
 In expression.

Other faces I have seen;
 Other forms have come between;
 Other things I have, I ween,
 Done and dared for!
 But *our* ties they cannot sever,
 And, though *I* should say it never,
 You're the only one I ever
 Really cared for!

And you 'll still be hanging there
 When we're both the worse for wear,
 And the silver 's on my hair
 And off your backing;
 Yet my faith shall never pass
 In my dear old shaving-glass,
 Till my face and yours, alas!
 Both are lacking!



THE CHERUB AMONG THE GODS.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD.

Author of «The Cat and the Cherub,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. WELDON.



Drawn by Grace Wetherell.

THE cheerful cat One-Two, purring and polishing against his friend the Infant Hoo Chee, who sat on the floor gazing obliviously at a picture of the goddess of Mercy, observed that once in a while the Infant loudly pronounced the goddess's name — «Kwanyin! Kwanyin!» — which is a very pious thing to do. But in reality the Infant was deeply engrossed with the discourse of his father and of the learned Dr. Wing Shee about souls and about death. One moon, as old men reckon it, had passed since, by cruel sentence of immeasurable time, his joyous garden in the rear had been unpitifully barred to him; or, as the Infant counted it, five hundred years. And all those years he had wandered listlessly about the dingy rooms, day after day, dismal beyond tears, until one afternoon, when a sorrowful fog blew coldly over the city, and into every nook of every Chinese household above the ground, and when a like fog kept dimming his eyes as he sat far beneath a table, there had appeared and talked to him the learned Dr. Wing Shee, and suddenly the mist had vanished before a glorious sun of hope. For into the Infant's ken then came the gods, — the wonderful, majestic train of the gods, — and straightway his starved imagination sprang to life again. One had better take care, for there was a god behind everything, and there was nothing they could not do: they could walk up a stairway even where there was n't any, and, excepting his father, they were the most powerful people in the world. You might ask questions till your tongue was dry, but there would still be things you could not wait to know. There was a god of the day, and a god of the night, and a god of cats; and there were gods of mice, and of tea, and of rice, and of toys; and there was a god of going-to-bed-at-sun-

down; and, luckily, after you were in bed, there was a god of getting-up-in-the-morning. There were kitchen gods and street gods, and air gods and earth gods, and gods of the toes and of the hair; and there was a god of stomach-ache, and a god of sweet-meats, who, if you stole from him, whispered a dark word to the god of stomach-ache. There were gods of horses, of pigs, of buffaloes, and of monkeys; and gods of fleas, and doubtless of the smaller fleas that on them prey; and there were ten thousand times as many gods as all those, and more than that. From a wilderness of facts concerning them the Infant had deduced a discovery of exceeding importance — that if any one wanted anything, he could have it if he beseeched the gods. It explained to him his lack of much that other people had. Now immediately there were so many things the Infant desired that it was difficult to arrange them according to rank. For instance, he wanted two extra tails for One-Two, to afford a generous basis for compromise when he wished to lift One-Two by the tail and One-Two wanted his tail for himself. If a cat had three tails, they could be braided into one upon occasion. He wanted a little bag of Invisible Cake — cake which made you invisible when you had eaten it, so that you could do things without interruption. He had begged the amah, Hwah Kwee, for this; but she had only laughed, and had kept it hidden from him. She did not know the depth of his design. The cake was merely a step toward an object dearer to him than all the others together. That object was the Lovely Foreign Lady whom once he had followed in the street until he came to her house, which was the House of Glittering Things, where he had spent the single heavenly day of all his memory. Out of this palace of freedom and delight he had been dragged by an angry father, and Hoo Chee had never been wholly happy since. He wanted the Invisible Cake with reference to the dangerous street gods, who might spoil the plan he had to run away and find the Glittering House again. For, of the two kinds of deities that he had seen

with his very eyes, the street gods were one. The other kind was the kitchen god, who did not amount to much. He was a smoky picture who hung over the brick oven, twice worshiped by the women every moon. They had said to Hoo Chee that whenever he told a lie the kitchen god knew it and told them; and with that thought Hoo Chee had retired into solitude, whence, after long meditation, he had emerged with the statement that a red cotton dragon, stuffed with buffalo feathers, had just come down the chimney and said, «Wow!» in his ear. This was an awful lie, for the dragon had n't been stuffed with buffalo feathers; there had n't been any dragon! But the women had never found it out, and thereafter Hoo Chee's attitude toward the kitchen god was not greatly respectful. But the street gods were more serious: he remembered them from the balcony in the other house, and they dressed in dark blue, and wore round hats, and belts, and gold buttons. They strolled about Chinatown in pairs; and once he had seen four of them issuing from a place across the street where a lottery had thrived, each driving six men tied together by their cues. The street gods were very fierce, said his father, and their principal diet was little boys caught running away. But if one had eaten one's Invisible Cake, one could easily scamper off to seek the house, though the path lay between the legs of a hundred street gods. Ever afterward he should dwell with the Lovely Lady of Cakes and Tea—her whom his father called Fan Kwai, the foreign devil. The Infant had grown to think of her as the Fan Kwai goddess; and if she had appeared to him now, he would have dropped before her and knocked his head nine times upon the floor.

There had been a transformation in the household air, but the Infant, preoccupied with the gods, had only vaguely felt it. All in a fortnight Hoo King, his father, had changed to a sick man in a chair. That distant woman whom the Infant called his mother without knowing the meaning of the word, played on her mandolin with a look of exultation ill concealed; and Hoo King sometimes caught her eyes fastened upon him, and reviled her. Hwah Kwee was demoralized too, for she sometimes stood whispering with a man in the hall. Now, and silently, for reasons of her own, Hwah Kwee kept beckoning to him from the other room; but the Infant pretended not to see her; and he stared at his picture of Kwanyin, and listened to the learned Dr. Wing Shee.

«Therefore,» the doctor was saying, «I be-

lieve that the thoughtful man should make himself beloved, not only at the Confucian and Buddhist and Taoist temples, but at the Christian temples as well. For one would indeed be covered with confusion if, in the final pass, when the false gods shrivel in the flare of the true ones, he should find himself in the ridiculous position of having sacrificed solely to the vanquished. So at a trifling cost I sometimes worship death along with the fan kwai, and I let them count me one of them—they set great store on numbers; and thus my three souls—or one, as they would have it—now stand as safely as a house which has been fully insured with all the reputable underwriters.»

«Then burn joss-money at their altars for me, if you like,» said Hoo King; «but do not forget our gods, though they have forgotten me. It is true that I have not swallowed an oracle whole for thirty years; but did I not do one pious act that ought to last a lifetime? Did I not fast—yes, and take cold baths, and then go to the temple and loan away twelve years of my life, when my father lay fallen of the pestilence? And he lived those twelve years—the twelve I might live now if I had not been a fool! But I have a son; I should not fear to die. Talk to him every day of Confucius. Frighten him well with the punishments of those who neglect their fathers' graves.»

Hoo Chee had understood nothing of this, and at the word «punishment» he hastily left the room. The amah held the door, and softly closed him in with her. Then she whispered in his ear what filled him with amazement—that if he would make no sound they would steal out together for a walk on the streets. He suspected some deceit; it did not seem possible; he could not remember when such a thing had happened. But the amah was evidently keen that he should go.

«I won't go unless I have a little bag of Invisible Cake,» he said, sitting squarely upon the floor.

«Sh! Yes,» said the amah, smiling to herself. Presently she showed him a little paper bag, but he was not to have it unless he kept very still. They were really going, then, thought Hoo Chee, and he never should come back.

«I won't go unless One-Two goes,» he announced, taking the cat in his arms.

Hoo King had suffered a paroxysm, and the doctor was administering a soothing draught, and had pasted on his patient's temples the charmed black plasters the size of dollars.

«Every man fears to die!» Hoo King said sharply. «You know that. The boy is but five. Suppose foul spirits should divert him from my grave; I should wander destitute in the vastness of the ether, ragged, penniless, mocked and spurned! I have enemies. Duk Shang swore to me that I should die unworshiped. For years, on the night of the New Year, he has crept behind me, and hissed, (I have slept, but I am not dead!) then slunk away. Duk Shang cumpers the earth. I want my strength back. He shall not speak so on another New Year's night. I do not want to leave my baby boy! Have you any power? Are you only another vulture, hovering nearer than the rest?»

The learned doctor marveled. His relations had never been confidential with Hoo King. Hoo King was a tong man, and Wing Shee was not. It was through the concealment of his thoughts and the accuracy of his suspicions that Hoo King had waxed rich, and now he was disclosing the secret of his everlasting solicitude—an enmity hardly capable of adjustment, for Duk Shang was a member of Hoo King's own tong.

«But vengeance is so much easier for a spirit flying free,» said the doctor, comfortingly, for this man was undoubtedly moribund. «Indeed, do not men often seek death that they may crouch nightly on the stomachs of their enemies, and give them hideous dreams that drive them mad? Why not, instead of coddling unhappy cares, sit planning for a suitable coffin and such costly grave-clothes as befit your high financial state?»

«Low financial state,» growled Hoo King. «Listen to his mother on that mandolin! She has sulked for seven years, and she cost me a fortune. When I am dying, will she wail to my soul to return? She will laugh. She—ugh! an earthquake!»

The unusual sultriness of the day had fulfilled its promise. The building had shuddered, and was still again. The lanterns swayed a little from the ceiling.

«These fatal omens!» cried Hoo King, jumping up. «I cannot sleep but I dream of disaster. Hoo Chee! Hwah Kwee, fetch the boy, you beast! Where are they?»

Save for the unnatural mother and her mandolin, the other rooms were silent and empty. Hoo King hurried painfully into the hall. A man who hated him, one of his own tong, happened to be ascending the stairs. Immediately Hoo King's countenance lost all expression. He took out his pipe, and leaned over, waiting for the man to arrive.

«You saw my amah, Hwah Kwee?» asked Hoo King.

«Yes, hurrying through Cum Cook Alley, with a cat and a small boy,» said the man, looking into Hoo King's eyes. «She was with Duk Shang.»

«Have you a match?» asked the father.

Hoo King turned leisurely back to the room, and closed the door. The pipe dropped from his fingers.

«Duk Shang!» he gasped. «My little boy—my baby!»

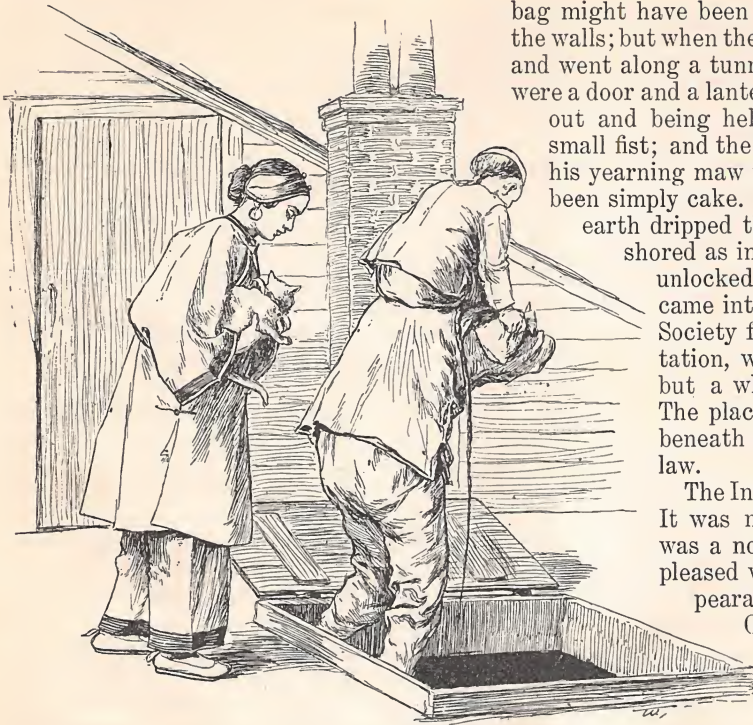
He sank down in a swoon, and the doctor strove with him for a long time.

Hoo CHEE was being borne rapidly through the streets and alleys on the shoulder of Duk Shang, and holding tight his paper bag. One-Two, his claws fast in the garment of Hwah Kwee, came behind, mindful of a similar adventure in which there had been milk, which is worth miles.

«Are we going to the House of Glittering Things?» asked the Infant, joyfully.

But Hwah Kwee had an anxious look, and made no answer. The Infant talked incessantly, and kicked Duk Shang in the ribs, so much was there exciting in the throng abroad. There was a Corean ginseng merchant, with the ribbon of his two-storied hat tied under his chin, to whom Hoo Chee would fain have addressed personal questions; and there was a fight between a See Yup dog and a Sam Yup dog. An enormous street god came quickly to the spot to see the fight, and the Infant resolved to gulp the whole of the Invisible Cake should the god lay hands on him, and thus to dissolve in the street god's grasp. The venders' stands, with their fruit and sugar-cane and slices of cocoanut wrapped in a green leaf, made one hungry, anyway, and the fresh vegetables in the stall gave one thirst. Then they wheeled into Beverly Place; and found countless little children at play, and one of them shouted, «Baby!» at him, because he was being carried; whereat the Infant made a face, and shouted back, «Son of a barber!» A sweet fan kwai came out of a mission-school, and Hoo Chee smiled at her, even though she was not beautiful, as his goddess was; and the fan kwai smiled back, and turned, and showed white teeth.

«I want to go to the Fan Kwai goddess up there where the houses have green grass,» said the Infant, pointing over the short perpendicular distance to the castles of '76. But Duk Shang grimly smiled, and held his course. The Infant was keeping the sharpest kind of outlook for the goddess herself, when sud-



« THEY DESCENDED INTO ANOTHER HOUSE. »

bag might have been from the scraping of the walls; but when they reached the bottom, and went along a tunnel at the end of which were a door and a lantern, the bag was puffed out and being held ostentatiously in a small fist; and the bag was empty, and to his yearning maw the Invisible Cake had been simply cake. Overhead the damp earth dripped through rotten planks, shored as in a mine. Duk Shang unlocked the door, and they came into the chambers of the Society for Underground Meditation, which was not a tong, but a wheel within the tongs. The place lay some thirty feet beneath the town, beyond the law.

The Infant stretched his legs. It was not the House, but it was a novel place, and he was pleased with the deceptive appearance of the paper bag.

One-Two, whose great passion was his very large collection of memories of odors, made a hurried circuit in

denly they faced into a building, and started up worn and battered stairs—a place that made the Infant frown, for this was no road to the House. He would revenge himself: the cake had been forbidden till they reached their journey's end; but he would eat it before, if he got a chance. They went up flights, and more flights, and out upon a roof, where a tanner was plying his trade, and whence they descended into another house, and entered a room no bigger than a closet. There was a man in the room, and a chair, and a bunk near the floor; and the man went out, and Hwah Kwee sat in the chair, and Duk Shang raised the bunk on a hinge and exposed a stairway that led down into black darkness. Hwah Kwee began to snuffle, but she often did that. She had given One-Two to Duk Shang, and had kissed the Infant's cheek and told him not to be afraid. But Hoo Chee was taken with his plot for hypothecating his cake. He passed down into the deep on Duk Shang's shoulder, and he caught a brief glimpse of Hwah Kwee's troubled face in the glimmer of the lamp. She ran away to Oregon that night, and this was the last time he ever saw her.

They went down and down, with no sign of light, fourteen steps, then turn, fourteen steps, then turn. The rustling of the paper

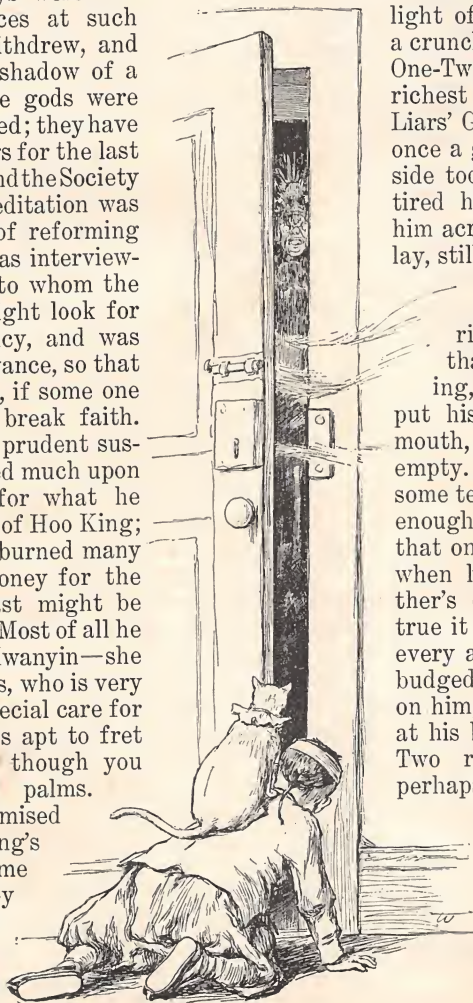
search of new smells. Duk Shang had gone into the adjoining room, where there was another man, who presently began moving about with massive tread, speaking in a loud and singsong voice that roused Hoo Chee's suspicion. Through the door, left a few inches ajar, soon came the smoke of sandalwood, and then of burning paper, and the rapid beating of a piece of resonant wood to the measured crashes of a gong. What had the learned doctor said about the worship of the gods, and about incense and music of the rarest? The Infant crawled on hands and knees, and pushed his head cautiously to where he could peep. Oh, it *was* the gods! a countless host of them, it seemed to him, as his heart beat fast. And you had but to beg of them, and in a flash you would find yourself and One-Two standing at the portal of the House of Glittering Things, with the Lovely Lady radiant and laughing joyous welcome. See how gorgeous their apparel was, and see the scented mist floating in planes across their scowling faces, with the precious metals in their bonnets, and the gloss of their black mustaches glistening in the light of painted candles. Away in a recess at the end sat the thousand-handed Kwanyin, and the din of the holy brass resounded even as the greatness of her power.

A pile of paper bribes consumed in smoke before the favored altars. The burly priest, attended closely by Duk Shang, their eyes fixed on their noses, marched solemnly for the chamber's length, and fell on hands and knees before the throne of Amitahba, knocking their heads upon the floor, and chanting ceaselessly together, «O-me-to-fuh! O-me-to-fuh! O-me-to-fuh! O-me-to-fuh!» till the mystic, monotonous droning set one in a dream. One-Two had climbed on Hoo Chee's back, and viewed the ceremony wonderfully, with his soft paws on his master's shaven nape. Then One-Two sniffed, and jumped over into the joss-room; and the Infant, surprised at One-Two's temerity, looked up and saw, to his abashment, that all the gods were blankly staring, not at the worshipers, but at himself, as if little boys were not wanted in such places at such times. He hastily withdrew, and took refuge in the shadow of a chest. In truth, the gods were busy at being corrupted; they have been going to the dogs for the last two thousand years, and the Society for Underground Meditation was not for the purpose of reforming them. Duk Shang was interviewing all the deities to whom the father of the boy might look for aid in this emergency, and was retaining them in advance, so that Duk Shang felt safe, if some one in heaven did not break faith. While not without a prudent suspicion, he yet counted much upon the gods' disfavor for what he called the parsimony of Hoo King; and Duk Shang had burned many squares of paper money for the gods, that a contrast might be the more accented. Most of all he feared the goddess Kwanyin—she of the thousand arms, who is very mighty, and has a special care for little children, and is apt to fret when they do, even though you cross her thousand palms. The priest had promised Kwanyin, on Duk Shang's behalf, to say her name two thousand times by the abacus; and now that the other ceremonies were over, he had resumed his task, uttering, «Kwanyin! Kwan-

yin!» at unintelligible speed, clicking the buttons at every five, and occasionally throwing up an unspoken hundred with an apparently clumsy thumb. Duk Shang came forth with a smile of confidence on his dark face, with its suggestion of Malay blood; for he carried in his sleeve a bill of absolution as to his crime of kidnapping. He gave a cold glance at the Infant, and departed. In a while, to the Infant's satisfaction, the sleepy priest lumbered by without noticing him, and locked the door and went along the dank passage.

The Infant trod softly, and peeped into the joss-room. Except One-Two, there was no mortal there, only Kwanyin and Amita Buddha, now closed behind their curtains, and thirteen gods against the musty walls, their tinsel glinting in the frugal light of nut-oil lamps. He heard a crunching of fish-bones, and saw One-Two happy among bowls of richest food, at the throne of the Liars' God, or God of Fiction. At once a gnawing at the Infant inside took charge of him, and retired his diffidence, and steered him across to the like repast that lay, still warm, before the God of

Gold. He was about to reach up for a dish of rice, but suddenly he saw that all the gods were scowling, and he moved away, and put his finger sheepishly in his mouth, which, indeed, felt very empty. He wished he could have some tea; but the only liquid good enough for gods was the same that once had nearly choked him when he took a sip from his father's closet. He realized how true it was the gods beheld one's every act; for no matter how he budged, some eye was fastened on him, and he could feel others at his back. Yet there was One-Two regaling unmolested, and perhaps they would not scold if he took just a tiny bit of the dried duck's heart. He dared to pluck a scrap, pretending merely a curious interest in it, ready to drop it if all the gods cried, «Nah!» But no one spoke. They were all observing him, and they all saw the morsel linger a



«THE INFANT . . . PUSHED HIS HEAD CAUTIOUSLY TO WHERE HE COULD PEEP.»



«HE TOOK A LONG DRAUGHT.»

moment, then disappear with a snap of a little pink trap; but they did not say a word. He ate heartily, and soon a greater thirst brought him to a sip of the rice-wine, which was sweetly flavored, if it did burn, and gave him a new and amusing sensation in the region behind his bib. It was funny, but not nearly so good as the white cream the Fan Kwai goddess had given him once upon a time. As soon as he had said his prayer, and the goddess had taken dazzling shape from the thin, dark air, she would bring a bowl of this cream for One-Two, and a big blue pitcher for himself, into which his head would vanish for so long that when he returned the Fan Kwai would be smiling and holding his ankle.

But the gods did not look very encouraging. Maybe he had not been polite. He dropped down, and knocked his head a num-

ber of times upon the floor, then paused inquiringly, then added a few more knocks for good measure. But they had not noticed this homage. The method of the priest had been to keep saying what was probably the magic word of which the learned doctor had spoken. The Infant gazed at the floor, and mused. The lovely Fan Kwai had taught him some words, and everything about her was magic. The words began:

There was a little boy—

or, as he said them without understanding:

Washy litty poy.

Undoubtedly the best sort of magic word was «Washy-litty-poy.» You asked your favor, then repeated the word many times, all the while bumping your crown. He was a little Chinese, and the thing he wanted most he was going to ask for last.

«I want two more tails for One-Two,» he said, addressing the gods in general. «I want them right next to his other tail, and just like it. Washy-litty-poy, washy-litty-poy, washy-litty-poy, washy-litty-poy!»

He kept on as fast as he could, his blood bubbling with excitement, and his head bobbing in unison. What fun a cat would be with three tails! At length he raised his eyes, and for an instant they were startled; but it was only his cue, which had fallen over in front of him; that was all. No tails had dropped from the ceiling and run squirming off to fasten on One-Two. The gods were as glum as ever. Hoo Chee went over and examined the cat; but One-Two had had no communication from the gods; One-Two was asleep.

«Washy-litty-poy, washy-litty-poy?» he said again blankly; but there was no stir among the thrones.

«They need n't be *just* like his other,» he conceded at length. «Washy-litty-poy?»

«They don't have to grow out of the *very* same place,» he said at last, his mind picturing a schooner-rigged cat with tails at equal intervals along its back. «Washy-litty-poy?»

But even then the thirteen stared at him, and not one changed his mien. The Infant stared thoughtfully back at them. He was very dry, and took a long draught of the rice-wine. He wished that the gods would break out and abuse him for it, so that they might have a talk. Old people never *would* pay attention to little people, unless the old ones felt like it, he said to himself, frowning, with the fumes of the wine in his throat. But they could be made to, if one knew how. He

ignored them. He marched around the room as if it contained nothing but bare walls, and he began to sing, «Chah! Chah! Ha-la-loo-chah!» hoping that some god would get down from his throne and order him to stop, which, if it did not end in a spanking, might end favorably to his prayer. But the louder he called, the louder was their silence, even



«HE BEGAN KICKING THE GONG.»

though he gave a passing pound at the noisy gong. He was growing angry, and he stood still, and addressed space.

«Nasty god! Nasty god! Nasty god!» he cried. That would do it. In a moment some one would ask sharply: «Who's a nasty god?» And the Infant would reply: «I did n't mean you.» Then he would flop down and transfix the god with the magic word. But it was patent at last that the thirteen gods had determined not to award him one moment of their attention, if they could help it; and they were holding their

mouths shut, even though they had been agitated into a certain not very comfortable motion. They *were* nasty gods, he told himself passionately. He scrambled up into a heavy, marble-bottom chair next to the hanging gong. The chair, for all its weight, was strangely unsteady, and its pitching heightened his wrath. He began kicking the gong with all his might, shouting, «Nasty god! Nasty god! Nasty god!» full in the face of the God of Liars. «Nasty, shameface, black-heart god!» he screamed furiously, amid the deafening clangor of the gong.

But suddenly he stopped, with popping eyes. He had become unable to kick; he must hold on tight to the chair or be thrown. The floor was plunging like the sea, and the gods were swimming in a way that made him sick. He slid clumsily down, then found himself walking at a frightfully acute angle with the floor—walking, but not arriving; for nothing stayed anywhere; everything was nowhere. Some horrible thing was the matter, and he wanted his father. Only his father was mightier than the gods. No matter in what rage, he wanted his father. The whirling floor flew up and knocked him down.

«No, no; I did n't mean it!» he implored. «I don't want any tails. I don't want any Invisible Cake! I—»

Invisible Cake! He had *had* his Invisible Cake, and he had eaten it. He was invisible—that was why the gods did not hear. He was dizzily, nauseously, awfully invisible, and no one could see him; not even the street gods, not even Hwah Kwee—oh, terror! not even his father!

«I don't want invisible!» he sobbed, clutching at the floor. «Washilypoy! I don't want invisible! I want my father, my father!»

He wept and wept, and the floor rose and fell. But it could not keep rising so high and falling so low forever, and by and by the tears gave out. They dripped and dripped drowsily, as the eaves drip after a shower at night; and now the floor rocked gently, seeming to float toward calmer seas. Then, in the silent chamber of the gods, the Infant fell into a deep dream—a little invisible heap of party-colored clothes, presided over by a meditative cat with only one tail.

HOO CHEE was wakened by the quick exclamations of men. The room was full of them, and there were brighter lights, and himself lay dull-eyed at the feet of Kwanyin, with One-Two curled against his forehead. Duk Shang and the others had sprung to their feet. They confronted one who stood with his hands con-

cealed in his sleeves—the learned Dr. Wing Shee.

«The gods give you peace, pious friends,» the doctor had said in salutation.

«I want to go home!» cried Hoo Chee, running to the doctor, with One-Two galloping behind. «I want my father!»

All the members of the Society for Underground Meditation turned gravely to Duk Shang.

«The learned doctor knows many fatal drugs,» said Duk Shang, with choler ill contained. «Why does he seek death at the hands of others?»

But no man stirred, for Wing Shee's hands remained in his sleeves.

«I did not come exactly unprepared,» he said, with watchful glances. «I have upon my arm a few explosives; you remember how Gong Mai Lee was blown out through a chimney, and has not yet come down, judging from the statements of those who owed him money? I shall go my way in a moment—unless, perchance, speaking of explosives,» said the doctor, with a courteous smile, «we should all ascend suddenly to heaven together; and, gentlemen, should the gods so decree, I could not choose a pleasanter company with which to leave this mortal plane. But listen; I have often seen your meetings through your magic glass. Yet have I told your secrets? No; nor shall I. I came for this boy; for the ransom cannot be paid.»

In an ugly Oriental way all the members laughed.

«His father shall pay what I lost through him,» said Duk Shang, «or I will send him the boy in halves!»

«The money cannot be paid,» said the doctor, «because Hoo King is dead, and his funds are in the foreign godown. He died alone with me, with no relatives performing the customary offices; for the last he heard was his wife's hysterical joy in the other room. He died of shock at the loss of his boy; and the last he said was that the gods had punished him because he showed his love for his son too harshly. He wept tears—Hoo King wept tears, and called piteously for his offspring. Now, gentlemen, with me it is not that I was Hoo King's intimate, and not that I would cheat Duk Shang. I love this boy—I, Wing Shee! Dear comrades in life,» said the doctor, slowly backing, while the Infant held his savior's tunic tight, and hugged One-Two, «prudence impels me to lock the door. The gods give you peace.»

«He lied!» cried Duk Shang, throwing himself against the stout barrier. But it

was too late. The door was locked, and the doctor was on the other side.

The Infant was being carried rapidly over the long stairway. The motion jarred his head too painfully for him to harken to the stifled shouts and the splintering of wood that grew fainter below. Again they were in the room with the bunk. The doctor stooped for a moment over a man who lay with a cut in his head; but Hoo Chee was too wretched to notice. He was going home. He had seen the gods, and they had not given him any tails. There was a vile taste in his mouth. And he was n't going to the House of Glittering Things, where all was light and liberty and fun; he was going home—to a dismal set of too familiar rooms and a back yard that he must not play in. He saw the illumined streets and the shop-windows brilliant, and the throngs of men at leisure and at work; and the buttons of the street gods glistened as they moved. But he did not care. He was a miserable, invisible little boy. Why were they entering a strange house, even more worn and gloomy than his own? What kind of thing had happened to his father, in the words he had not understood? They came into a narrow room, the walls hung with paintings by the doctor's hand; and the doctor set him on the bed, smiling through great goggles, and then began to strip himself of horrid weapons strapped upon his arm, and of a coat of mail. One-Two trod about the bed and sniffed. This was not home; it was another strange place; and wretched things might happen in strange places. And Hoo Chee's head seemed as if it were being beaten with a hammer. He wanted to go home and crawl beneath a table. And his father had not come for him!

«Where is my father?» he asked in vague alarm.

«He has gone away, little boy,» said Wing Shee; «and you and your cat are to live with me, and take walks, and hear stories about the gods; for your father will not return.»

«Have they taken him away in a box?» said Hoo Chee, fearfully. «Have they nailed him up tight in a box?»

«Yes,» said the doctor.

Hoo Chee buried his face in the pillow; and One-Two wriggled, and playfully dabbled at his cue. Up from the street came impossible sounds of childish mirth.

«They have nailed him up tight in a box!» sobbed Hoo Chee. «They have nailed him up tight in a box! And I want my father, my father!»

THE GROWTH OF GREAT CITIES.

BY ROGER S. TRACY, M. D.

(SEE THE CENTURY'S MAP OF GREATER NEW YORK.)

ON January 1, 1898, the city of New York will become in population the second city of the world, yielding precedence to London alone, Paris being third in the scale, and Berlin fourth. Of all these cities New York is much the youngest, having been settled in 1623, while Berlin was founded in the twelfth century, and the original settlement of London and Paris antedates history. The ratio of increase in all these cities has been greatest in the present century, and largely within the latter half of it, London having nearly doubled its population since 1850, Paris more than doubled, New York nearly quadrupled, and Berlin more than quadrupled. In fact, the growth of Berlin since it became an imperial capital has been phenomenal.

It is a matter of rather curious interest that the Berlin of Frederick the Great, at the time of Voltaire's stormy sojourn there, was about as large as the London of Richard II, or as New York was when Washington Irving first introduced to its citizens the immortal Diedrich Knickerbocker. The Paris of the first revolution and of the great Napoleon was about as populous as the London of Samuel Johnson and Goldsmith, and as New York when Daniel Webster was dying; while the London beloved of Elia contained about as many people as the present New York did at the time of the assassination of Garfield, and the Greater New York when Tweed was in his glory.

The growth of these cities has not been

uninterrupted. Wars and revolutions have left wounds which did not heal for years. The periods of depression due to such causes are well shown upon the accompanying diagram, which exhibits the growth of the largest four cities of the world for the past one hundred years. The horrors of the first French revolution reduced the population of Paris from 660,000 in 1784 to 547,756 in 1800, and the subsequent Napoleonic wars stunted its growth until about 1830, when a normal increase began, again to be interrupted when Napoleon the Little slaughtered the young republic in 1851. The war of 1870, it will be seen, left its mark on both Paris and Berlin. The line of the Greater New York dips at 1814, when a census showed a decrease of about 1300 since 1810, and again in 1865, when it was found that the city had lost about 40,000 of its inhabitants since 1860, the preceding war being accountable in each case. London also shows the effect, in a slight degree, of the wars of Napoleon, although her growth has been virtually continuous.

New York is peculiarly situated as compared with these other cities. They are all inland towns, and the bodies of water that separate the different sections are comparatively narrow, and easily bridged or tunneled. New York being on the sea, its different parts are widely separated, and yet they constitute virtually a single commercial settlement bordering almost continuously upon the shores of the great arms of the sea that are here thrust far inland. Moreover, portions of this homogeneous and continuous settlement are situated in different States, and cannot at present be consolidated into one city, although really united by the closest of bonds, that of community of interest. If we combine all the population of the true metropolitan area, we find that it rises very near that of London, thus:

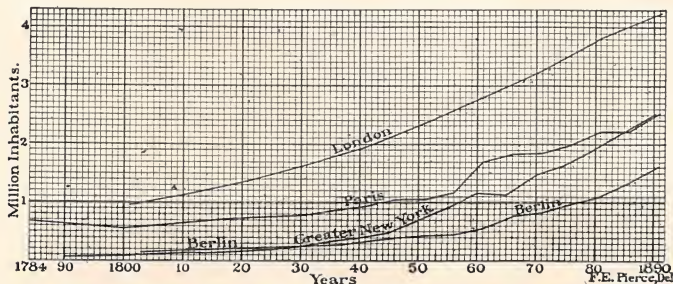


CHART SHOWING THE GROWTH OF LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, AND BERLIN DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

Estimated population of the city of New York,	3,388,771
“ “ “ Hudson Co., N. J. . .	367,314
“ “ “ Newark, N. J.	226,343
“ “ “ Elizabeth, N. J.	47,089
Total population of metropolitan area	4,029,517

This is about the population of London ten years ago, the Greater New York alone very nearly corresponding with the London of 1882.

On the map of the Greater New York a prominent mark will be noticed near the southwest corner of Avenue D and Tenth street. This indicates the center of population of the greater city. It is the point of intersection of two lines, one running north and south, and the other east and west. Each line divides the population into two equal parts, that north of the east and west line being equal to that on the south, and that east of the north and south line being equal to that on the west.

A matter of some interest, though not, perhaps, of great importance, relates to the topography of the four cities that have been compared so briefly. Berlin is built upon a sandy plain about 100 feet above tide-water. It is therefore remarkably level, although in the Tempelhof there was originally a slight elevation, called the Kreuzberg, which has been artificially increased to a height of about 300 feet, and is used as a reviewing-point for the army. The highest elevation in Paris is Buttes-Chaumont, of 404 feet; and in London at Hampstead there is one of 441 feet, which surpasses anything in the Greater New York.

The highest points in the different boroughs are the following:

Borough.	Situation.	Height.
Manhattan	{ About one eighth of a mile north of 181st street, just west of Fort Washington Avenue }	258 feet.
Bronx	{ Near 253d street, about one fourth of a mile east of Riverdale Avenue }	260 feet.
Brooklyn .	{ Near the corner of Prospect Avenue and Ninth Avenue. }	170 feet.
Queens . . .	{ Near the southerly line of Cypress Hills Cemetery }	188 feet.
Richmond	{ About one fourth of a mile east of the corner of Manor Road and Ocean Terrace Road, and one mile south of Castleton }	413 feet.

The following table gives, as nearly as they can be ascertained, various items of information relating to the three European cities, the corresponding data for the city of New York being printed upon the face of the map itself. The statistics of London relate to what is known as Registration London, commonly called London. But it is not so generally known that there is also a Greater London, known in England by that title. The Greater London comprises the entire metropolitan district under the jurisdiction of the metropolitan police. While Registration London covers a territory of 117 square miles with a population of 4,463,169, Greater London covers almost 700 square miles, with a population of 6,291,677. The additional territory is known as the Outer Ring.

The assessed value of real estate in London has been calculated upon the assumption that the annual ratable value of property for the purposes of taxation in 1896 represented three per cent. of its value.

	London.	Paris.	Berlin.
Population	{ Registration London 4,463,169 Outer ring 1,828,508 Greater London, 6,291,677 }	{ 2,511,629 }	{ 1,726,098 }
Area in acres	{ Registration London 74,672 Outer ring 368,749 Greater London, 443,421 }	{ 19,279 }	{ 15,662 }
Parks and open spaces (acres)	5,976	4,739	1,637
Miles of paved streets	1,818	604	500
Miles of public sewers	2,500	599	465
Miles of street railways	24	225
Assessed value of real estate	\$5,335,140,654
Net bonded debt	200,000,000	\$520,677,830	\$69,937,098
Annual expenditure	65,000,000	72,701,700	21,294,333
Daily water-supply (gallons)	203,000,000	136,000,000	30,000,000

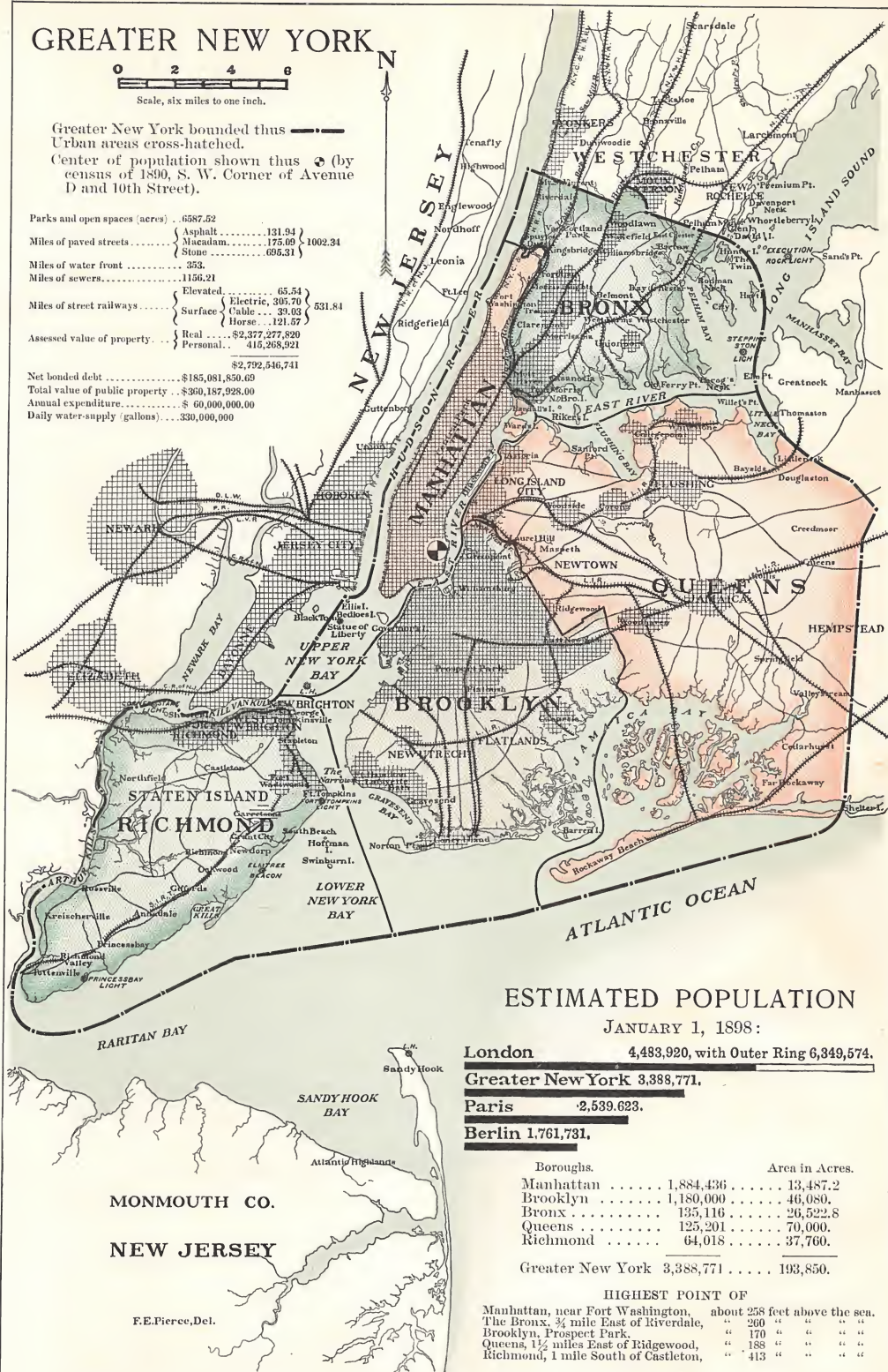
GREATER NEW YORK



Greater New York bounded thus Urban areas cross-hatched.
Center of population shown thus (by census of 1890, S. W. Corner of Avenue D and 10th Street).

Parks and open spaces (acres)	6587.52
Miles of paved streets	Asphalt 131.94 Macadam 175.09 1002.34
Miles of water front	353.
Miles of sewers	1156.21
Miles of street railways	Elevated 65.54 Electric 305.70 531.84 Surface 39.63 Horse 121.97
Assessed value of property	Real \$2,377,277,820 Personal 415,268,921 \$2,792,546,741

Net bonded debt	\$185,081,850.69
Total value of public property	\$360,187,928.00
Annual expenditure	\$ 60,000,000.00
Daily water-supply (gallons)	330,000,000



ESTIMATED POPULATION

JANUARY 1, 1898:

London 4,483,920, with Outer Ring 6,349,574.

Greater New York 3,388,771.

Paris 2,539,623.

Berlin 1,761,731.

Boroughs.	Area in Acres.
Manhattan	1,884,436 13,487.2
Brooklyn	1,180,000 46,080.
Bronx	135,116 26,522.8
Queens	125,201 70,000.
Richmond	64,018 37,760.

Greater New York 3,388,771 193,850.

HIGHEST POINT OF

Manhattan, near Fort Washington,	about 258 feet above the sea.
The Bronx, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile East of Riverdale,	" 200 " " " "
Brooklyn, Prospect Park,	" 170 " " " "
Queens, $\frac{1}{2}$ miles East of Ridgewood,	" 188 " " " "
Richmond, 1 mile South of Castleton,	" 413 " " " "

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE MAP OF GREATER NEW YORK,

SHOWING THE BOROUGHS OF MANHATTAN, THE BRONX, BROOKLYN, QUEENS, AND RICHMOND;
WITH CENTER OF POPULATION, AND STATISTICS.

ANDRÉE'S FLIGHT INTO THE UNKNOWN.

IMPRESSIONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY JONAS STADLING.

FROM the time of his participation in a scientific expedition to Spitzbergen in 1882-83, spending the winter there, Herr Andrée is said to have entertained the plan of a balloon expedition toward the north pole.

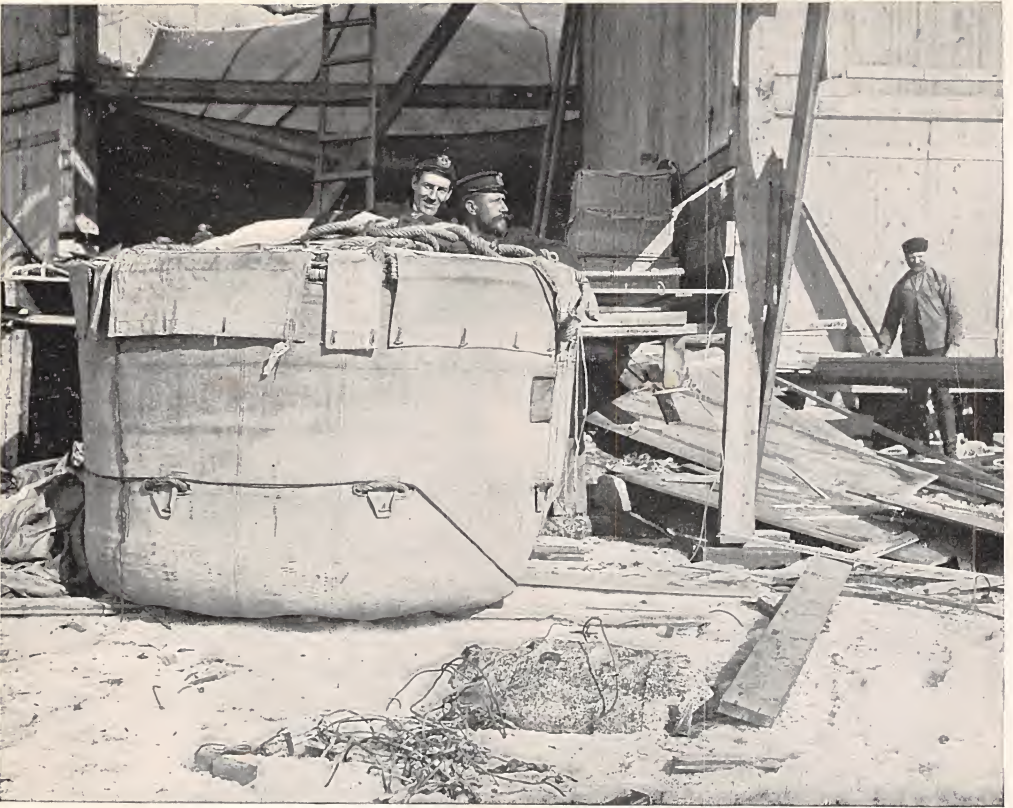
At the close of the eighties Andrée made his first experiments in ballooning. In 1893 he made a series of ascensions for scientific purposes, the expense being paid from the public funds. It was during these experiments, on October 19, 1893, that he was carried away by a westerly wind over the Baltic Sea to Finland, where he had an adventurous landing in the archipelago, spending a cold night on an island, wet, and also injured about the legs. During this trip he made discoveries that led to successful experiments in steering a balloon by means of guide-ropes and sails. On November 29, 1894, he made an involuntary balloon trip

from Gothenburg to the island of Gotland, nearly three hundred English miles across the Baltic. This was also a most adventurous journey.

Andrée's plan of reaching the north pole, or, more correctly, of exploring as much as possible of the northern polar region, by means of a balloon, of course gave rise to much discussion, and called forth differing opinions. In general, among his own countrymen, the people took a skeptical view of the plan, whereas scientists and arctic explorers viewed it favorably. In February, 1895, Andrée laid his matured plan before the Swedish Academy of Science. In August of that year he addressed the International Geographical Congress in London on the subject; and in 1896, as is well known, he endeavored to put the plan in execution, but failed to start on the balloon voyage, owing to unfavorable winds.



VIEW OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE FROM THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.



THE BALLOON-BASKET.

The possibility of renewing his polar expedition in 1897 was secured through the liberality of his former patrons, King Oscar II of Sweden, Mr. Alfred Nobel, who died shortly after having renewed his subscription, and Baron Oscar Dickson, who died shortly after the departure of Andrée and his comrades. Having thus obtained the necessary funds, Andrée began active preparations for a second expedition, continuing at the same time, during last winter, his arduous work as head-engineer at the patent-office of Sweden. Among his preparations were measures to increase the lifting-power and tightness of the balloon, which was sent to Paris, where it was enlarged by three hundred cubic meters, and varnished inside and out. The size of the balloon thus enlarged was twenty-three by twenty-two meters, holding, in round figures, five thousand cubic meters. Otherwise there was no essential change in the preparations and plans of the expedition from those of the previous year.

On May 18, 1897, the expedition left Gothenburg on the gunboat *Svensksund*, ordered by the Swedish government to convey them to Spitzbergen. The cargo-steamer *Virgo* ac-

companied them, with materials for repairing the balloon-house, also an apparatus for producing hydrogen, and other necessities.

On May 26 the two steamers left Tromsø, Norway. The voyage was stormy, but no ice was encountered until, after three days' steaming against the wind, they reached Danes' Gate, some three miles from the station selected by Andrée last summer, and situated on Danes' Island, near the eightieth parallel. Here the whole strait was found packed with ice, so that it was impossible to force a passage all the way in. This made the unloading of the vessels very laborious, everything having to be brought a good distance over the packed masses of ice. Some fear had been entertained as to the fate of the immense balloon-house, erected last summer, and left standing. A building of such a kind, with a height of about eighty-five feet, might have been put to a very hard test during the terrible winter storms. But when the *Svensksund* came within sight of the station Andrée exclaimed, «No; the house is there!» Yes; it was there, but it had become twisted a little. However, by means

of wires and certain appliances it was soon returned right again. After twelve days' labor all damage to the balloon-house was repaired, and most of the cargo had been brought ashore. On June 14 the balloon was brought into the balloon-house, and was then partly filled with air in order to make it possible to revarnish it inside. This done, the filling of the balloon with hydrogen was begun on June 19, and was continued for eighty-nine hours. After the balloon was filled, leakages were discovered by means of chemically prepared cloth placed on the balloon, which showed dark spots where gas escaped; such places were repaired, the work consuming a few days.

On the 1st of July the balloon was ready, and the last preparations to start, such as pulling down the north side of the balloon-house and fastening the basket to its place, were made. But the necessary south wind was wanting. Day succeeded day of monotonous and impatient waiting. The writer, with others, made excursions to the inland ice, and engaged in hunting, while others were busy making scientific observations and mapping out the surrounding regions. But we did not venture far away, because it was necessary always to be sufficiently near the station to be able to return in three or four hours, in case of a favorable wind.

On the 6th of July, shortly after our return from a trip on *ski* (snow-skates) to the inland ice, a southerly wind began blowing. In the evening it increased to a full storm, and during the night it assumed the strength and violence of a hurricane, threatening to destroy both the balloon-house and the balloon, or to send the latter up without passengers. During the greatest suspense, Herr Andrée, a number of sailors, two carpenters, and myself watched all night in the balloon-house, taking all the precautions possible to secure the balloon, which threatened to tear itself loose from its moorings. Once, while engaged in this arduous work, the balloon raised itself several meters from the floor, and lifted, besides all the extra ballast, four men who were climbing on the balloon-net to fasten some ropes. Among these was Andrée, whose right foot was fastened in the net, so that for a moment he was hanging down the side of the balloon.

Happily, this terrible night passed without serious accident. The next morning, the storm having abated a little, Andrée's companions, Mr. Strindberg, Mr. Fraenkel, and Mr. Svedenborg (the latter having accompanied the expedition as a reserve, in case some one of the others should be disabled), were very impatient to start. To their suggestion, how-



ELEVATING THE BALLOON PREPARATORY TO ATTACHING THE BASKET.



SEARCHING FOR LEAKS WITH CLOTH PREPARED WITH CHEMICALS.

ever, Andrée wisely refused to lend ear, the experience during the night having taught him the necessity of taking precautions for securing the balloon in such a storm. After a few hours the wind quieted down, and then turned round and began to blow from the north, which it continued to do for several days. During this time some of us again made a few excursions. During one of them, Mr. Svedenborg, myself, and a young engineer were caught in a severe storm while out on the open sea in a small rowboat. We had a hard pull of it, being soaked with water of 1° centigrade from the waves which washed over us. Finally, in a terrific snow-storm we landed on an island, where we happily found a little driftwood, and were able to make a fire on the ice in a cleft, boiling coffee and roasting some ham on flat stones. In the forenoon of July 10 we reached the station.

After a sound sleep during that night, we were awakened the following morning with a joyous cry which rang out in chorus from the younger members of the balloon expedition: «Southward! A strong and steady south wind!» We rolled out of our beds, jumped into our clothes, and ran up on deck. Andrée had already gone ashore. I hurried after, gave the carrier-pigeons food and water, and went to the balloon-house. Andrée, who the night before had said to one of the younger

members of the expedition, «I feel that it will not be long before we shall go up,» looked a trifle more serious than usual as he walked about inside the balloon-house and looked up at the balloon.

After a few moments' consultation, it was decided to wait for an hour, during which time the three aéronauts were to finish their correspondence and all private preparations. The fated hour passed; another consultation was held on top of the balloon-house. Besides the aéronauts, M. Machuron of Paris, the nephew of M. La Chambre, the balloon-manufacturer, took part in this consultation. Andrée asked each one separately to give his opinion. All were in favor of starting, although the strong wind made the start somewhat risky. Then they came down. Andrée, as he went on board the *Svensksund*, seemed to be more pensive than ever.

The next moment Andrée told the captain of the gunboat, Count Ehrensvard, that he had decided to start. Immediately the order was given to make the final preparations. This was 10:45 A. M. on the 11th of July. Then followed a few hours of intense work and great suspense. In less than an hour the northern side of the balloon-house was pulled down, and in a little over two hours more the balloon had been raised a few meters,

the basket securely fastened to its place, and everything else belonging to the last preparations accomplished.

All being ready to start, Andrée called me aside, and told me that he had decided to call his balloon the *Eagle* (*Örnen*), and authorized me to publish its name; he gave me some messages and salutations to his relatives and friends, whereupon he, Mr. Strindberg, and Mr. Fraenkel, smiling, and without ceremony, warmly shook our hands and bade us farewell. Then Andrée jumped into the basket, and called out, «Strindberg! Fraenkel!»—each jumping quickly into the basket as they were ordered. The extra sacks of sand were then unfastened by Strindberg and Fraenkel, and the balloon was held only by three strong ropes manned by a number of sailors.

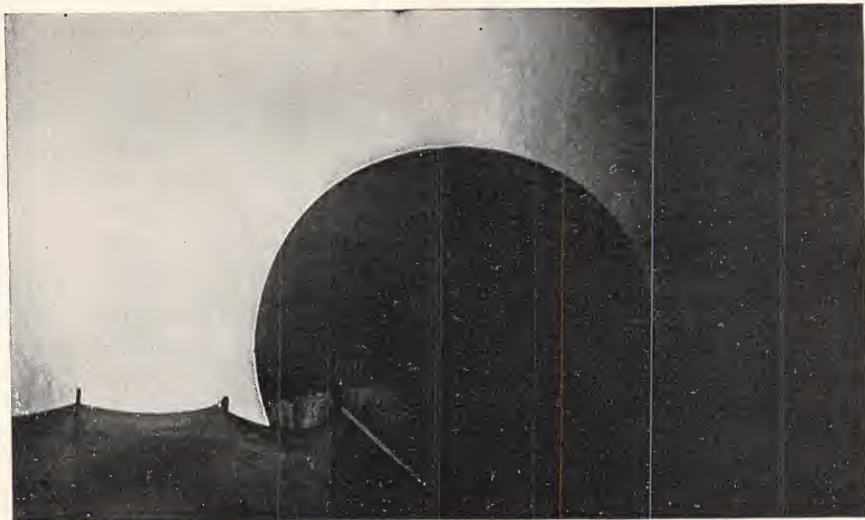
Andrée now instructed the sailors to cut the ropes when he should say, «Three!» There followed a few moments of suspense and painful waiting for a favorable moment when the wind should not blow so hard. Exactly at 2:30 in the afternoon Andrée called out with calm and steady voice, «Cut!—one, two, three!» A simultaneous snap, and the

gigantic balloon rose majestically out of its prison, while Count Ehrensvarld shouted, «*Lefve Andrée!*» («Good luck to Andrée»), followed by a strong Swedish fourfold «Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!» while the daring aeronauts shouted back from above, «*Helsa gamla Sverige!*» («Salute old Sweden!») as the balloon lifted and started before the strong wind, on its way to the unknown regions of Ultima Thule—a voyage more daring than any since old Pytheas, more than twenty-two hundred years ago, sailed out of the port of Massilia (Marseilles), steering toward the unknown regions of the north.

As the balloon was being cut loose I ran up on the side of the mountain behind the balloon-house, from which point I saw it ascending, and took a number of pictures of it as it started. With its weight of about five tons, the gigantic balloon rose majestically to a height of about six hundred feet; then it suddenly descended until the basket touched the surface of the water. This depression was no doubt caused by the great resistance of the three heavy guide-ropes, each measuring more than nine hundred feet, and which in some way or other



BEFORE THE START—SAILORS READY WITH KNIVES TO CUT THE ROPES.



THE BALLOON ASCENDING FROM THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

must have caught upon something during the ascension; for it was found that a large part of them had been severed from the balloon and left on the shore. Notwithstanding this mishap,—which it is hoped caused no injury, since to the balloon were attached eight ballast-lines, each two hundred and fifty feet long, which might be used to lengthen the guide-

ropes,—the ascension was accomplished successfully, in spite of the strong wind. When the balloon had been relieved from the tension of the tangled guide-ropes, it rose again, following the current of the air between the mountains, first northeast and then north, whereupon it rose to some fifteen hundred feet, enabling it to pass over the mountainous island of Fogelsang, after an hour finally disappearing in a north-northeast direction.

The photographs which I took from the height behind the balloon-house show the balloon rising from the balloon-house, then rising from the water after its depression, and finally at different distances on its way northward. Its speed was about twenty-five miles an hour.

About fifty cubic meters of gas were consumed every twenty-four hours while the balloon was standing filled, from which escape of gas it was calculated that the balloon would float about thirty days. This ability to float was no doubt reduced considerably through the loss of the guide-ropes, if that loss was not counteracted by attaching the ballast-ropes to the remnants of the three guide-ropes.

The aeronauts were impatient to start this year. They had decided to wait for really favorable winds until the 17th of July. After that date they were prepared to start with a less favorable wind.

In my talks with them about the risks and dangers of their undertaking, they said at various times:

“We have taken all into account. We are prepared to face whatever may happen.”



HERR ANDRÉE (THE SECOND PERSON FROM THE RIGHT) AND HIS COMPANION HERR STRINDBERG (IN THE BACKGROUND).



THE BALLOON AFTER IT WAS DEPRESSED BY THE WIND.

these last years thought, worked, and calculated in preparing for this expedition, we have, so to speak, mentally lived through all possibilities. Now we only desire to start, and have the thing finished some way or other."

While talking about home and the loved ones their faces would assume a more serious expression, and a faint quiver of the voice might be noticed; but there was no wavering of purpose.

"When may we begin to hope to hear from you?" I asked.

"At least not before three months; and one year, perhaps two years, may elapse before you hear from us, and you may one day be surprised by news of our arrival somewhere. And if not,—if you never

"Suppose the balloon should burst," I asked; "what then?"

"We shall be drowned or crushed."

"Suppose you alight on the pack-ice, far away in the desolate polar regions; what will you do?"

"We shall do our best, and work our way back as far as possible. Having during

hear from us,—others will follow in our wake until the unknown regions of the north have been surveyed."

Those who think the expedition a feat of foolhardiness should remember that, humanly speaking, all possible precautions were taken toward securing a safe voyage. A new and larger balloon might have been



THE BALLOON PASSING DANES' GATE.



THE BALLOON TWO AND A HALF MILES DISTANT.



THE BALLOON AT A DISTANCE OF FIVE MILES.

made during the previous winter, but Andrée preferred to enlarge the old one; besides, a larger balloon would have been still more difficult to handle.

In the month of January, 1896, the owners of the Stockholm daily «Aftonbladet» bought one hundred and four trained carrier-pigeons in Holland, and sent them to the most northern lighthouse in the world, «Fruholmen,» Norway, in the same latitude as North Cape, where they were kept until the expedition started from Tromsø on June 14, 1896. There being no carrier-pigeons in Norway, and no time for training a new stock, which would have taken two or three years, it was necessary to use pigeons from another country. During the months of April and May, when both day and night had become light, several of these pigeons were sent with fishermen and whalers out into the polar sea, and then set free. Several flew south; one of these was caught, three days after its escape, a thousand miles south of the starting-point. The pigeons that had laid eggs at their new home almost invariably returned there. About eighty that thus seemed to feel at home in Norway were selected and sent last year with the expedition to Spitzbergen. A large number of these pigeons

were sent up at different times from Spitzbergen, and all, except three which stayed, flew first high up, and then south. None, however, were captured in Norway; but carrier-pigeons were seen both in northern Norway and in Sweden at times corresponding with the flight of the Spitzbergen messengers.

On our return, in 1896, from Spitzbergen to Tromsø, the remaining carrier-pigeons, which had thriven admirably in the polar regions,



THE BALLOON AT A DISTANCE OF SEVEN MILES.

were left in the last-named town during the past winter; and thirty of the strongest and best were sent back this summer with the balloon, being lodged in small two-storied baskets fastened under the balloon above the stores. It is, of course, very doubtful whether these carrier-pigeons will ever reach inhabited parts of the globe, but they might alight on vessels in the arctic seas. If regular stations for training carrier-pigeons were established in the arctic regions in summer, favorable results would no doubt be obtained from their use.

*Yours very truly,
S. A. Andrée.*

ANDRÉE'S SIGNATURE.

THE STORY OF CHITRAL.

THE HEROIC DEFENSE FOR SEVEN WEEKS BY THE BRITISH
GARRISON OF FORT CHITRAL ON THE INDIAN BORDER.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

ON January 10, 1895, there reached Calcutta the news that Nizam-ul-Mulk, ruler of Chitral, had been murdered by his younger brother, Amir-ul-Mulk, who had thereupon established himself as *de facto* sovereign, or *Mehtar*—a Persian title signifying «Greater.»

With an estimated area of nine thousand square miles, and a population of about seventy thousand, Chitral has been well described as a «sea of mountains,» and as being the northeast bastion of British India. Its northern boundary is the Hindu-Kush, on the west it is touched by Badakshan, on the east lies Gilgit, while on the south its frontiers march with those of Dir, Bajaur, and the independent republics of the Indus-Kohistan.

Until 1885 Chitral, as being a transfrontier state, had also lain outside the direct sphere of Indo-British influence; but that year brought with it the possibility of war between England and Russia, and then it was determined to open up friendly relations with a state which lay in the direct line of a Muscovite advance on India—relations which, based as they were on a liberal distribution of rupees and rifles, received open expression in the appointment of a native agent at the Mehtar's court; while in 1893, the strategic value of Chitral having meanwhile been enhanced by the eastward advance of the Russians to the Pamirs, or «roof of the world,» the place of this native agent was taken by an English political officer with an armed escort.

At this time the Mehtar of Chitral was Nizam-ul-Mulk, a son of the previous sovereign, Aman-ul-Mulk, who in the previous year had been taken off by one of his seventy children; for the dagger, the tulwar, the *jezaib*, and the poisoned chalice have ever been freely employed in the settlement of all dynastic questions among the Chitralis—a Mohammedan people of Aryan race, distinguished above all others, as one traveler has remarked, by «their unabashed disregard for the sanctity of private life,» so that their chronicles are «artistically diapered with records of intrigue, assassination, and

crime.» But never was the record blacker than in the year succeeding the «removal» of Aman-ul-Mulk, the aforesaid father of seventy children, and the most redoubtable polo-player among all the frontier tribes. The troubled twelvemonth of usurpation, murder, and intrigue among the various claimants to the Chitrali throne finally ended in its acquisition by Nizam-ul-Mulk, under the auspices of the English.

But this youthful Mehtar had only been in possession of his throne for a little over a year when the Chitrali mania for assassination again asserted itself, and he was killed by his brother, Amir-ul-Mulk, while out hawking on New Year's day. Thus again the question of Chitral was suddenly forced upon the attention of the government at Calcutta. In these circumstances one of its first acts was to despatch to Chitral Surgeon-Major Robertson, its political agent at Gilgit, about two hundred and twenty miles eastward of the former place. Dr. Robertson had been to Chitral before, and knew its politics well. On arriving this time, he felt inclined, all things considered, to recognize the usurper Amir-ul-Mulk; but presently the situation was complicated by the sudden appearance of two other Richmonds on the field. One of these was Umra Khan of Jhandol in Bajaur, a mountain chieftain of the Rob Roy type, who, summoning to his standard his warlike clansmen, marched a force of them northward into Chitral, his pretext for this act of invasion being that, as a brother-in-law at once of the murdered and the usurping Mehtar, he was entitled to some voice in the domestic politics of the country.

On the other hand, there simultaneously appeared with equal suddenness in Chitral the «wicked uncle» of the new Mehtar, Sher Afzul, who had shot dead the immediate successor of Aman-ul-Mulk,—he of the seventy children,—but subsequently had lost courage and fled to Kabul. The Ameer of Afghanistan had promised the British government to see to it that this red-handed refugee should not again go free. But the word of an Oriental

despot is ever a slippery thing; and, as a matter of fact, Sher Afzul found no difficulty in escaping from Afghanistan and reappearing on the Chitral stage just at the moment when his return thither was least agreeable to the British government.

For some little time Dr. Robertson wisely "sat on the fence," his courage meanwhile yielding precedence to his caution. He entered into negotiations with the three chief native actors in the Chitrali drama, through which there ran as complicated a thread of various motives as ever distracted human judgment. To Sher Afzul Dr. Robertson wrote a polite note; but the «wicked uncle» replied only by sending a confidential emissary, who proved to be a most arrogant person, laying down conditions which were tantamount to the extinction of England's influence. To this demand Dr. Robertson replied by sending British officers with small parties of Indian troops south to Gairat, half-way between Chitral and Kala Drosh, which was being held by a number of Chitralis against the possible designs of Umra Khan and Sher Afzul. But to the side of the latter these fickle Chitralis presently went over; and then the British officers deemed it prudent to retire on Chitral, which they reached on March 1, taking possession of the fort. They had scarcely done so when they were greeted by the ominous tidings that the northward road behind them to Mastuj-Gilgit, held by a detached portion of Dr. Robertson's escort, had been treacherously broken up and closed. Next day Amir-ul-Mulk resigned; and being suspected of surreptitious relations with Umra Khan, he was placed under a guard, while his younger brother, Shujah-ul-Mulk, was recognized by Dr. Robertson as provisional Mehtar pending the final decision of the Indian government.

On the following day, March 3, word was brought in that Sher Afzul and his men were approaching Chitral from the south; and here some description may be given of the locality. The fort and village of Chitral are situated on the river of the same name, in a valley about two miles broad, with high mountains on each side. This part of the valley is dotted with peaceful-looking little hamlets, and covered with trees. The village itself consists of flatroofed houses and hovels, but it boasts of an inclosed serai (bazaar or

inn), the only one in the Kush States, where the Peshawur or Pathan caravans deposit their goods.

A DISASTROUS RECONNAISSANCE.

WITH what strength and with what intent had Sher Afzul ascended the Chitral Valley



CHITRAL AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

by its lovely Alpine road? To satisfy his very natural curiosity on these important points, Dr. Robertson determined to send out a reconnoitering force; and for this purpose Captain Colin Campbell of the Central India Horse, commanding the military escort of the political agent, sent out two hundred men of the Fourth Cashmere Rifles (imperial service troops), under Captain Townshend, on the errand of searching into the situation on the southwestern front. Captain Campbell himself, as well as Dr. Robertson, accompanied the reconnaissance, which, though planned with great care, ended in disaster and repulse.

An advance-guard of one section (five-and-twenty men) was thrown forward, under Captain McDonald Baird, a Scottish name of high account in Indian warfare from Seringapatam downward; while a reserve of fifty rifles was left in the serai under a native subahdar (captain); and with the rest of his little force Captain Townshend advanced in extended order. Commanded to block the southward road to Kala Drosh on the right of the river, he occupied the eastern spur of the face on which the British agency stands, dominating

the front with a clear fire-zone of over one thousand yards. Townshend was now ordered to detach another five-and-twenty of his men to reinforce Baird, who had pushed up to some high ground on the right, and then to advance on a house in which it had been said that Sher Afzul would be found. Toward this building, accordingly, about a mile and a half distant, Townshend cautiously pushed half his company (now reduced to one hundred men) in the firing-line, and the other half in support; but on reaching the house he found it empty.

About five hundred yards farther on Townshend could see a number of men moving about among the trees and houses of a hamlet, and toward this village he now continued his reconnoitering advance. At this time he could see Baird's party dotted up on the hillside on the northern slopes of a nullah (watercourse gully), and some men on the southern side, evidently Chitralis. Soon thereafter he heard shots on these hill-slopes; and so, concluding that the men in front of him were enemies, he opened fire on them with a section volley. This was promptly returned from the hamlet; and now Townshend advanced in the ordinary way, bidding his men to use cover as much as possible, and pouring in successive volleys upon the white-robed and standard-waving holders of the village until he got within two hundred yards of it, where he courted the shelter of a revetted bank. But the enemy made excellent practice with their Snider and Martini rifles from behind their loopholed walls, and numbers of Townshend's men began to drop. Nevertheless he held stanchly on to the ground which he had won with his hundred men until Baird, sweeping ever forward and round with his fifty rifles by the west right, should turn the flank of the village, when Townshend would up and at it with the bayonet. But Baird, the Blücher of this little Waterloo, tarried still, and came not—we shall presently see why; and meanwhile small parties of the foe, in knots of four and five, began to overlap Townshend's left flank toward the river, as well as his right toward the hills, and to enfilade him with a galling, well-directed fire.

It was now about 6:30 P. M.,—the reconnaissance had started soon after four o'clock,—darkness would soon fall, the situation was growing serious; and a message to this effect was sent to the rear. Up then came Captain Campbell, and ordered the village to be rushed. The bullets had pinged and whistled long enough, and now for the bayonet. Towns-

hend gave orders to reinforce preparatory to the rush; but the Cashmere supports,—untried troops, who had never enjoyed a very high reputation on the frontier before being taken in hand by English officers,—sheltering themselves among some low walls about one hundred and fifty paces to the rear, did not respond with warlike alacrity to the British call. «I kept on repeating the order,» said Townshend; «but no one came.»

Back, therefore, ran Captain Campbell, to rout them up to the front; but with all his efforts he could manage to bring forward only about a dozen, and, what was much worse, he himself, in leading them up, was struck down by a bullet through the knee. «I then sent Colonel Jagdat Singh,» said Townshend, «who got up only one or two men. It was no good waiting for any more, so I went round among the men, telling them that we must take the houses by rushing straight in, and then I sounded the charge. We were met by a most close and destructive fire as we scrambled over the bank and rushed on. General Baj Singh was shot dead by my side, and Major Bhikham Singh was mortally wounded. After about thirty or forty yards the men began to take cover, lying down behind stones; and the charge could not be carried home, though I tried all I could to get the men on.»

More disgusted than despairing, Townshend now ordered his men to withdraw to the shelter of the revetted bank whence they had made their ineffectual, because half-hearted, rush; and as darkness was falling, and the enemy were fast overlapping him, there was nothing for it but retirement toward the fort. Captain Campbell was set upon a pony, and though suffering intense pain from his wound, he greatly helped Townshend in rallying the men and keeping them together. «I then,» said the latter, «retired my men by alternate parties, keeping up a heavy fire while the men dribbled off to the rear in twos and threes by word of command, remaining with the last myself.» While crossing the polo-ground the party was blazed at from all sides, and one or two of the enemy's swordsmen, who had now swarmed out in the most audacious manner, made a bold but unsuccessful dash at Dr. Robertson, who, though a civilian, had been doing yeoman's service in rallying the men and bringing up ammunition and supports. The gathering darkness alone saved the party from annihilation—the darkness and fifty men of the Fourteenth Sikhs, under Lieutenant Harley, who had been left in

charge of the fort, and who, sallying out to the serai, extended into line, and kneeling with fixed bayonets, fired volleys in the direction of the advancing foe with the utmost coolness until Townshend's men had passed, when they themselves retired by alternate sections in perfect order, belching out their Parthian volleys in the deepening darkness as they went.

It was 7:15 when the fort was regained by Townshend's party, and at eight o'clock Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch also returned, staggering along under the burden of poor Captain Baird, who had been mortally wounded early in the action; hence the failure of his flanking force of fifty men to coöperate at the expected moment with that of Townshend in a bayonet rush upon the loopholed village. But for that most unfortunate wounding of the gallant Baird, the Chitral drama might have taken a very different course. Whitchurch had brought in Baird by a circuitous route of nearly three miles, in the face of great difficulties and dangers. With a little guard of a dozen devoted Ghoorkas, several of whom were killed and wounded, they had to fight their desperate way back to the shelter of the fort. Repeatedly had they to set down their wounded charge and rush with the bayonet on *sungars*, or stone breastworks, thrown up right across their path, Whitchurch himself frequently using his revolver with effect. Baird was again twice hit by bullets. That the little party reached the fort at all was regarded as a miracle. But a still greater miracle, almost, was the coming in, or rather creeping in, two hours later, of Jemidar (Lieutenant) Rab Nawaz Khan of the Fifteenth Bengal Lancers,—Robertson's political news-writer, —who, in crossing the polo-ground, had been set upon by the enemy's swordsmen, and received no fewer than eighteen tulwar slashes, but who lived to tell the tale and positively thrive upon his wounds. Out of the one hundred and fifty of Townshend's two hundred men who had actually been engaged, twenty-three were killed and thirty-three wounded. What the corresponding loss of the foe was could not be ascertained; but the British expenditure of ammunition on this disastrous day had been 15,935 Snider rounds, or about 106 cartridges per man engaged, though much of this was lost through the men lying down with open pouches.

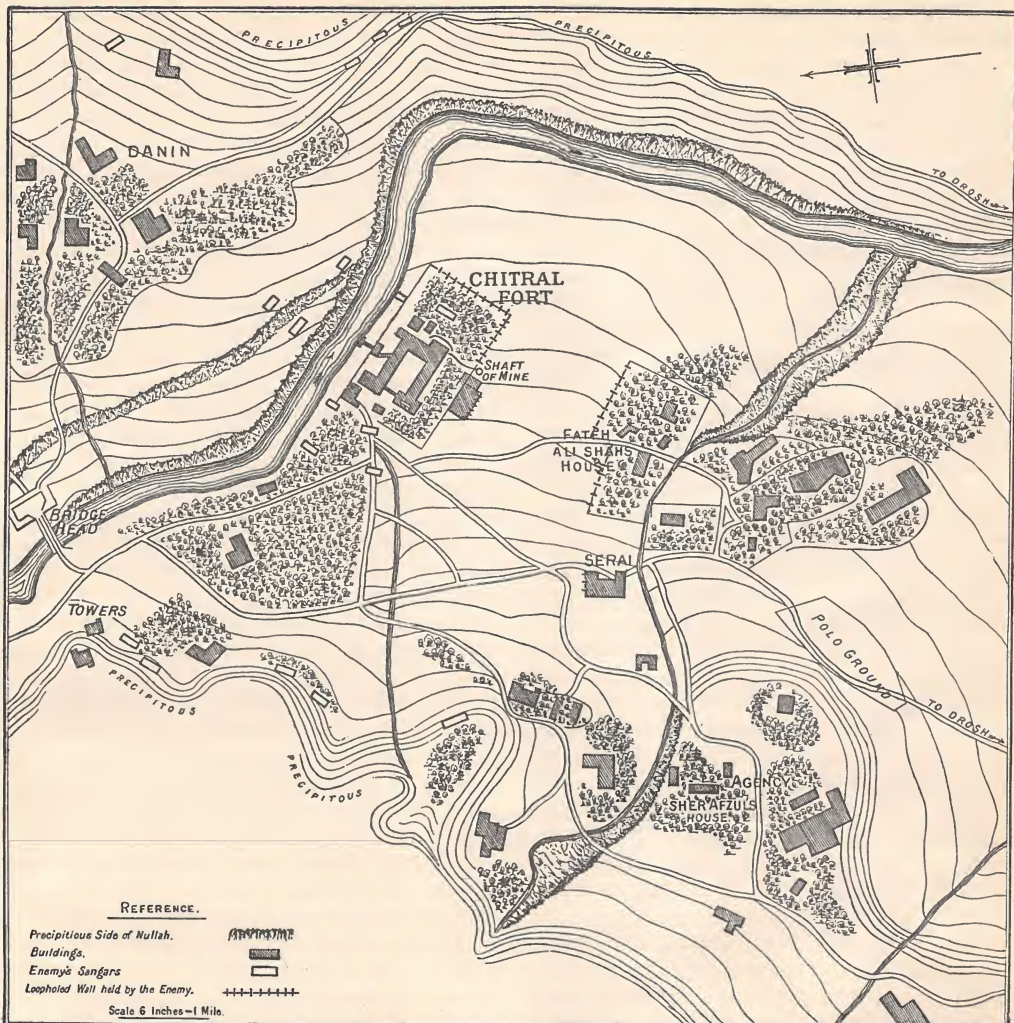
THE FORT AND ITS DEFENDERS.

DR. ROBERTSON'S Indian escort had suffered a serious repulse and Sher Afzul and his

men were loudly jubilant; the fort of Chitral was now in a state of siege. Standing on the right bank of the river, about forty yards from its edge, this gloomy fastness, built like all others in this mountainous region, was a massive structure about eighty yards square. Its walls, eight feet thick, were about twenty feet high, while each of its angles was guarded by a tower as high again as the walls. A fifth tower stood outside the north face of the fort to cover the path down to the river. These walls were made partly of stone, partly of a wooden framework, the stones not being cemented, but held together by cross and longitudinal beams. In the towers, which were very strong, more woodwork was used than in the walls, the corners being entirely composed of blocks of wood. The fort was divided into two parts: one half—the southern—contained the royal apartments, the harem, etc., and, as the keep or redout, commanded the other half. On the south face was a garden inclosed by a wall and summer-house, while on the east face was another wall-surrounded garden, one hundred and forty yards long. As the fort stood in the lowest part of the valley by the river's edge, and the ground ascended from it on either hand, it could be commanded from nearly all sides by Martini-Henry fire, and from some points even by the shorter Snider range. Such, then, was the fort which Captain Townshend, who succeeded to Campbell (wounded) in the command of Dr. Robertson's escort, was now called upon to defend; and on the night of March 3, after the disastrous action of the day, the beleaguered garrison consisted of:

Dr. Robertson.	
Captain Campbell (severely wounded).	
Captain Baird (mortally wounded).	
Captain Townshend.	
Lieutenant Gurdon.	
Lieutenant Harley.	
Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch.	
Fourteenth Sikhs	100
Fourth Cashmere Rifles.	301
Hospital followers, assistants, and servants .	38
Puniyalis	16
Chitralis	52
Munshis and Chupraines (messengers) . .	12
Commissariat and transport	7
Other Cashmere troops	7
General staff, Cashmere officers, etc. . . .	5
Total	545

But of this force the total fighting strength was only about three hundred and seventy rifles, and the number of Englishmen at their head only five; for Captain Campbell was too severely wounded to be of any use, save in



DRAWN BY LIEUTENANT HARLEY. BY PERMISSION FROM THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW."

Younis, Brevito, Day & Son, Ltd.

FORT CHITRAL AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

council, while the first morning of the siege opened with the passing of poor Baird. Though in great pain, and aware that he was dying,—for he had been hopelessly wounded in the abdomen,—he remained perfectly tranquil, and his last words to his chief, Dr. Robertson, were: « Good-by, sir; I hope your plan of defense will succeed.» Thanks to the heroic devotion of Whitchurch, who was presently recommended for the Victoria Cross in recognition of as shining an act of bravery before the foe as had ever won that highest and most coveted of all military distinctions in the gift of the Empress-Queen, Baird had enjoyed the felicity of being brought in to die among his brother officers, «to hear their praises of his gallantry, and to have the op-

portunity of sending, through them, one last message to his far-off home in England.» It was simply the fortune of war, he said, and he desired no other than the soldier's death that was before him.

It was in the spirit in which Baird had died that his brother officers now set themselves to the task of holding the fort that was invested by the exultant warriors of Sher Afzul and Umra Khan. Hold it they would till death by steel or starvation, or until the arrival of relief. On half-rations the supplies in the fort would last for two months and a half, and of ammunition there were three hundred rounds per Martini and two hundred and eighty per Snider rifle. On the other hand, it was computed that the enemy had

quite a thousand rifles of both kinds, with a plentiful supply of cartridges, so that they could fire without stint. The worst of the situation was that the foe enjoyed so many natural facilities for attacking and harassing the fort, and the greater portion of the investing force were unrivaled adepts at the art of besieging; for their main contingent had been contributed by Umra Khan, who himself remained in the south to bar the advance of any relieving English force, but sent his chief general, Abdul Majid Khan, up to Chitral, with a body of his best besieging experts. Umra Khan's country is dotted all over with such fastnesses as that of Chitral, which his fighting-men are forever attacking; hence their marvelous display of military science, which soon began to excite the wonder and admiration of the besieged.

The enemy had everything in their favor, more especially in respect of the cover which on all sides surrounded the fort, forming a natural maze of zigzags and parallels up to within a short distance of the very walls. To minimize the danger resulting from this state of things was, therefore, Captain Townshend's first care; and he at once set to work to demolish as much as he could of the walls and outhouses surrounding the fort, though it was found impossible to fell the fine chinar-trees. But this work of demolition was one of great difficulty and danger, as most of it had to be done under fire, and the enemy showed the utmost audacity in the construction of sun-gars close up to the fort. Their fire, too, was of the most searching and accurate character, so that it became virtually impossible for the defenders to put a rifle-barrel through any loophole which had not been reduced to the smallest possible size.

Strictly speaking, there were only three British officers engaged in the service of the defense—Captain Townshend, with Lieutenants Gurdon and Harley (Whitchurch and Robertson being surgeons); and these three divided the day into watches as on board ship, each going on duty for four hours, though, as a matter of fact, they rarely had the full eight hours off owing to the continuous "excursions and alarms," and the urgent need for constant watchfulness.

INGENIOUS EXPEDIENTS FOR DEFENSE.

CAPTAIN TOWNSHEND made his preparations in the most thorough manner compatible with the limited resources at his command. He organized a fort police, as well as a system of putting out fires—fire being perhaps the

greatest danger which the garrison had to dread. Bheesties (water-carriers) slept beside their filled mussucks (skins), while patrols went round night and day watching for accidents from fire. The stench was horrible, owing to the necessary demolition of what the Chitralis had been pleased to call their latrines, and new sanitary arrangements had to be made to guard against pestilence, more terrible and destructive than the sword.

The sepoys (Indian troops) were spared as much fatigue-work as possible, manual labor being done by the non-combatants. Internal communications were organized, hand-mills were made for grinding grain, and all extra servants and odd hands were allotted to this duty. Pickets were told off to various important points, such as the gates, parapets, waterway, water-tower, and stable; while double guards were placed over the ammunition, the Chitralis, and their late ruler, Amir-ul-Mulk—all these guards and pickets claiming about one hundred and seventy men, so that only two hundred were available for the repulse of attacks, sorties, etc. Every kind of cover that could be devised was thrown up: traverses and paradors were constructed out of beams taken from the buildings demolished; wooden traverses were erected on all the tower-tops; boxes and commissariat bags were filled with earth; carpets, doors taken off hinges—all were utilized for cover. Tents, too, turned inside out, served as screens, since the enemy never fired when they could not see their mark.

About an hour before dawn on the fourth day of the siege (March 7), having in the meantime thrown up several sun-gars over against it, the enemy made a bold attempt to fire the outside tower covering the way down to the river on the north front. One or two of the enemy had carried up bundles of wood in the darkness, and under cover of a feint fusillade on another part of the fort,—which was, however, silenced by section volleys from the parapets, the men starting up from their alarm-posts, where they slept,—another Pathan glided up, and fired the fagots in the passage under the water-tower. But Townshend opened the water-gate and sent out bheesties with mussucks to extinguish the flames, which they did to his entire satisfaction, receiving ten rupees apiece afterward for their achievement.

This incident opened Townshend's eyes to the twofold necessity of securing continued access to the river,—for there was no water-supply in the fort itself,—and of taking further precautions against the nocturnal

firing of the towers. Accordingly he at once set about the construction of a covered way down to the water, and the further elaboration of a fire-picket system. Moreover, as the besiegers were clearly bent on using the darkness as a cloak for their incendiary operations, he would abolish darkness altogether by the use of fire-balls, to be thrown over the parapets when an attack was feared. These balls, consisting of resinous wood-shavings, tow, etc., compressed into a bag made of sacking, tied with stout string at the mouth, were kept ready on the parapets, with bottles of kerosene oil and matches close at hand. When the enemy attacked in the darkness, these bags were lighted by a British officer, who soaked them with oil, applied the matches, and hurled them over the battlements. They then gave a clear light for about half an hour; but afterward this method was improved upon by the construction of projecting platforms, on each parapet, to sustain beacon-fires. This proved a great success, as they gave out a capital light in front of the parapets, while not revealing the loopholes, as these were behind the blinding glare of the beacons' blaze. These fires were kept burning every night throughout the siege.

On the night of March 11 Townshend succeeded in knocking down the outer walls of the garden on the west and southwest sides of the fort. Though exposed all the time to a heavy fire, the working party stuck to its task well, and returned without loss. Three nights later the enemy made another determined but unsuccessful attack on the water-tower. A body of men estimated at between two and three hundred sallied forth from the sungars and grove to the eastward, sounding a trumpet, shouting, yelling, and beating their tom-toms. "Come on! come on! let us fire the waterway!" sang out one of their leaders in Pushtu. But Townshend's men were on the alert, and rained down upon their vociferous assailants such a shower of bullets as made them at once desist from their audacious enterprise. After this the waterway was further strengthened and picketed, as on the possession thereof, more than on anything else, depended the safety of the garrison.

"Taking into consideration," said Townshend, "the large number of sentries, guards, and patrols we had to keep going in the fort, that the morale of the Fourth Cashmere Rifles had suffered somewhat from the disaster of the 3d, and that our siege would in all probability be a very long one, I decided in my mind that the energy to be displayed

in sorties must depend on circumstances, and that the energies of the men must be husbanded as much as possible, as in always having to return after a sortie the men would soon be disheartened. Neither could we afford to lose a single man; and there were only three British officers, including myself, doing duty with the garrison. I therefore decided that we should begin sallying as soon as we heard of a force from Gilgit nearing us, or if a sortie meanwhile became absolutely necessary from the close approach of the enemy's sungars."

BAD NEWS OF A RELIEVING COLUMN.

BUT alas! this expected force from Gilgit, or rather from Mastuj, on the road thither, never came. Townshend was aware that Mastuj, sixty-five miles distant, which had formerly been the residence of the political agent and his escort, was still held by a small garrison under several British officers, and from these he doubtless expected some relief; but a day or two after the last attack on the water-tower the disheartening intelligence reached the fort, from the "wicked uncle's" lines, that Captain Ross had been killed in the attempt to lead a party south to Chitral from Mastuj, as well as fifty-six out of his seventy men; and, worse than all, that Lieutenants Fowler and Edwardes, who had similarly started for Chitral two days after the siege began, but without knowing of that circumstance, with a convoy of sixty boxes of Snider cartridges and engineer stores, had been treacherously captured by the enemy. It presently appeared that these two officers had been set upon by the enemy on the Mastuj-Chitral road at a place called Reshun; that they had defended themselves with desperate valor against overwhelming odds for three long days and nights, losing six killed and thirteen wounded; that they had subsequently concluded a truce with the Chitralis, on the false assurance of the latter that peace had now been concluded at Chitral; and that subsequently when witnessing a polo-match to which they had been invited, they were treacherously set upon, thrown to the ground, bound with cords, and haled away into captivity at the camp of Sher Afzul, their men being cut up, and their invaluable stores of Snider cartridges (34,000 rounds) passed on, not to the besieged, but to the besiegers, of Chitral.

"We could hardly bring ourselves to believe the story," said Townshend, "it was so astonishing." A series of palavers now en-

sued between the besiegers and the besieged, Sher Afzul believing that the news, which he had been careful to communicate to the holders of the fort, would so depress their spirits as to incline them to listen with favor to his proposals. But he had entirely mistaken the character of the men with whom he had to deal.

A TRUCE AND ANOTHER RELIEF PARTY.

WHAT Umra Khan's general wanted was the retirement of the garrison to Mastuj; while what Dr. Robertson equally desired was the release of Lieutenants Fowler and Edwardes, whom, dressed in native clothes, the garrison had beheld arriving under an escort from the north; but from all the pourparlers and correspondence on the subject which took place during the truce of six days—a truce which did not make the garrison relax their vigilance in the least—nothing whatever resulted, and at 5:30 P. M. on March 23 the white flag of truce over the fort was hauled down.

But presently a finer and worthier flag was hauled up. This was a Union Jack which the officers in the meantime had managed to patch together out of some tags and scraps of colored material; and which from the top of the north tower, proved a source of added resolution to all in the fort, just as it conveyed the emphatic message, «No surrender!» to those without during the rest of the siege, which was still to last about three weeks longer,—it had already lasted four.

It was a Colin Campbell who led the Highlanders to the relief of Lucknow; it was now the turn of the Highlanders to hurry to the relief of another Colin Campbell at Chitral. Already these Highlanders—the Gordons, the Seaforth's, and the Scottish Borderers, forming the flower of a hastily mobilized field column of fourteen thousand men under General Sir Robert Low—were swiftly marshaling at Peshawur, and were just on the eve of dashing on to storm the Malakand Pass at the point of the bayonet, and then, brushing the hordes of Umra Khan aside, to hurry on to relieve the beleaguered garrison of Chitral. But of the relief which was thus in store for it this garrison had not the faintest surmise. Sher Afzul had taken very good care to communicate to the beleaguered force all the news that was calculated to sap its constancy and power of resistance; but though he and Umra Khan were now aware that the Highland bagpipes would soon be sounding among the mountains of Chitral, and that another relief column was

also on its way from Gilgit under Colonel Kelly, the wily couple took the utmost precaution against the slightest wind of these expeditions reaching the inside of the fort.

REPELLING ASSAULTS BY SAPPING, FIRE, MISSILE, AND ESCALADE.

UTTERLY ignorant as they ever were that relief of this kind was on its way to them, depressed by the disasters which had overtaken the garrison of Mastuj, driven to their wits' end by the exhaustion of their medical stores, reduced to shorter rations than ever, they had, as the letter runs, «to commence eating horse-flesh, so killed and salted ponies.» Harassed by perpetual night attacks, worked upon by the wiles of the «wicked uncle,» and otherwise taught to look upon their situation as desperate, the British officers in the fort nevertheless set their teeth with a calm determination to be true to the traditions of their martial race. Their quiet courage communicated itself to the rest of the garrison, especially to the Sikhs, who were the backbone of the defense, and whose spirits, like those of their officers, seemed to rise in proportion to the deepening gloom of the situation. «But for them,» said the British officers after the siege, «not one of us would be here now.»

The enemy now set to work to approach the fort by something like a regular process of sap, till, on April 6, they had placed a breastwork of fascines—huge bundles of brushwood—only thirty yards from the main gate, and connected this by a covered way with a sun-gar two hundred yards to the rear. Next morning, about five o'clock, Townshend was having a look at the general aspect of things from the flag (north) tower, when a number of the enemy opened a heavy matchlock-fire from the chinar-trees in front. This seemed to him to herald an attack on the covered waterway at last; so he went down to turn out the inlying picket and send all hands to their various alarm-posts. Believing in the efficacy of noise as a means of generating terror, the enemy kept up a din of shouting, yelling, and tom-tomming; but the sepoys in the water-tower and the Sikhs on the west parapet gave the besiegers steady volleys, which made them decamp toward the bazaar. Some of them had crept up to within about twelve yards of the main gate, and one Sikh was shot through the thigh with a Snider bullet.

But all this noisy demonstration was only a feint. The real object of attack this time was

the gun-tower (southeast), which the enemy had resolved to fire. Rushing out from behind the summer-house with bundles of fire-wood, they piled these against the tower, which was largely constructed of resinous pine; and it was soon well on fire, and blazing up all the more fiercely as there was a strong wind blowing. Things began to look very ominous. Townshend sent up the whole of the inlying picket with their greatcoats full of earth, as well as sacks of earth and water-mussucks. At one time the fire was got under, but it blazed up again, the flames mounting up into the spaces between the

of the incendiary kind. Yet the very next day the besiegers made another attempt to fire the same tower, but were again beaten off by repeated volleys, the beacon platforms having in the meantime been so improved as to allow of a direct plunging fire being brought to bear on any besiegers who might venture up to the base of the walls with their bundles of fagots. For the fifth or sixth time, too, the fire-brigade was re-organized, being now placed under the supervision of Surgeon-Captain Whitechurch.

It was toward midnight of April 10 when the silence was suddenly broken by a tre-



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOS. FALL, LONDON.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, LONDON.

SURGEON-MAJOR GEO. SCOTT ROBERTSON.

CAPT. COLIN POWYS CAMPBELL.

CAPT. JOHN MACDONALD BAIRD.

beams and the tower. The beacon platforms became the targets for a perfect hail of Snider bullets from the summer-house, at only fifty yards, which went smashing through the planks, and wounded nine of the defense, including Dr. Robertson, who had rushed up to superintend the putting out of the fire.

The besieged had to keep picking holes in the wall inside the tower and pouring water down as the flames mounted up, while they got above the fire by means of ladders, and worked downward from the top story to meet the flames. After several hours the fire was extinguished. «The enemy,» said Townshend, «showed great courage and enterprise in firing our tower, as our sentries had shown great slackness and want of vigilance.»

Renewed precautions against fire were now taken, wooden pipes being made to let a flow of water on to any part, heaps of earth being piled up for the same purpose, and heaps of stones to be dropped down upon the heads of any more audacious assailants

mendous outburst of yelling, shouting, and drumming to emphasize the rifle-fire which the besiegers now again opened upon the fort from all sides. This was at once met on the part of the garrison by section volleys from the east and west parapets, as well as by a sharp fire at the gun-tower corners. Issuing from their sungars, Sher Afzul's Lutko men had received orders to assault the waterway; but their courage was cowed by the rain of Snider and Martini bullets which was poured down upon them, and presently they sidled off toward the serai, their retiring pace accelerated by some volleys from the Sikhs, who continued to court every opportunity of showing their fellow-sepoys from Cashmere how soldiers ought to behave. On one occasion even those in hospital, throwing aside their bandages and crutches, rushed out to take part in the defense; though this evidence of their enthusiastic bravery failed to save them from a severe rating from their stern old native officer for disobedience

to orders. Six men killed and seventeen wounded was now the sum of the casualties since the beginning of the siege on March 3, and it was already the middle of April.

It was the salvation of the holders of the fort that the enemy were unprovided with artillery of any kind, and had to rely solely upon their rifle- and fagot-fire. But this they now began to vary by slinging stones into the fort, and thus harassing the British officers, who used the courtyard as a mess-room. Safe from the trajectory of rifle-fire, this courtyard could nevertheless be reached by the mortar-like orbit of a sling-projected missile; and the turning on of this fire of stones, which were catapulted in with great velocity, was pretty conclusive evidence to the besieged that their domestic arrangements were well known to the enemy; and that, in spite of all precautions, there must be treacherous correspondence between the inside and the outside of the fort.

On the other hand, not a scrap of news was allowed to filter in, although by this time the besiegers themselves were well aware of the rapid approach of Sir Robert Low's and Colonel Kelly's relieving columns, the former from Peshawur, the latter from Gilgit. Gathering themselves together, therefore, for one last desperate effort, the enemy began to prepare huge scaling-ladders, broad enough to carry two or three men abreast, as well as a huge pent-roof, like an ancient Roman testudo, or tortoise-shell, to prop up against the walls of the fort and afford protection to the escaladers.

Suddenly the besieged heard a great noise—not the yelling and piping and drumming and general hullabaloo which the besiegers had of late been keeping up all night. Jemidar Rab Nawaz Khan, of the Fifteenth Bengal Lancers, gave the opinion that the noise was designed to drown the dull sound of mining.

Thereupon Townshend warned the sentries in the gun (southeast) tower to be on the alert; likewise the sentries in the tambour at the main gate. At midnight on the 16th one of the sentries in the lower story of the gun-tower reported the sound of a dull, subterraneous knocking. Townshend went up, and listened for some time, but confessed that

he could hear nothing. About eleven on the morning of the 17th the native officer in the gun-tower reported to the commander that he, like the sentry, could hear the noise of underground picking. Again Townshend mounted to the lower story of the tower, and listened intently. Yes; there it was this time—*pick, pick, pick*. He made a calculation, and found that the mine had already reached within twelve feet of the tower. Dr. Robertson came up to the tower, and he and Townshend agreed that there was but one thing to do: the summer-house must be rushed and the mine destroyed.

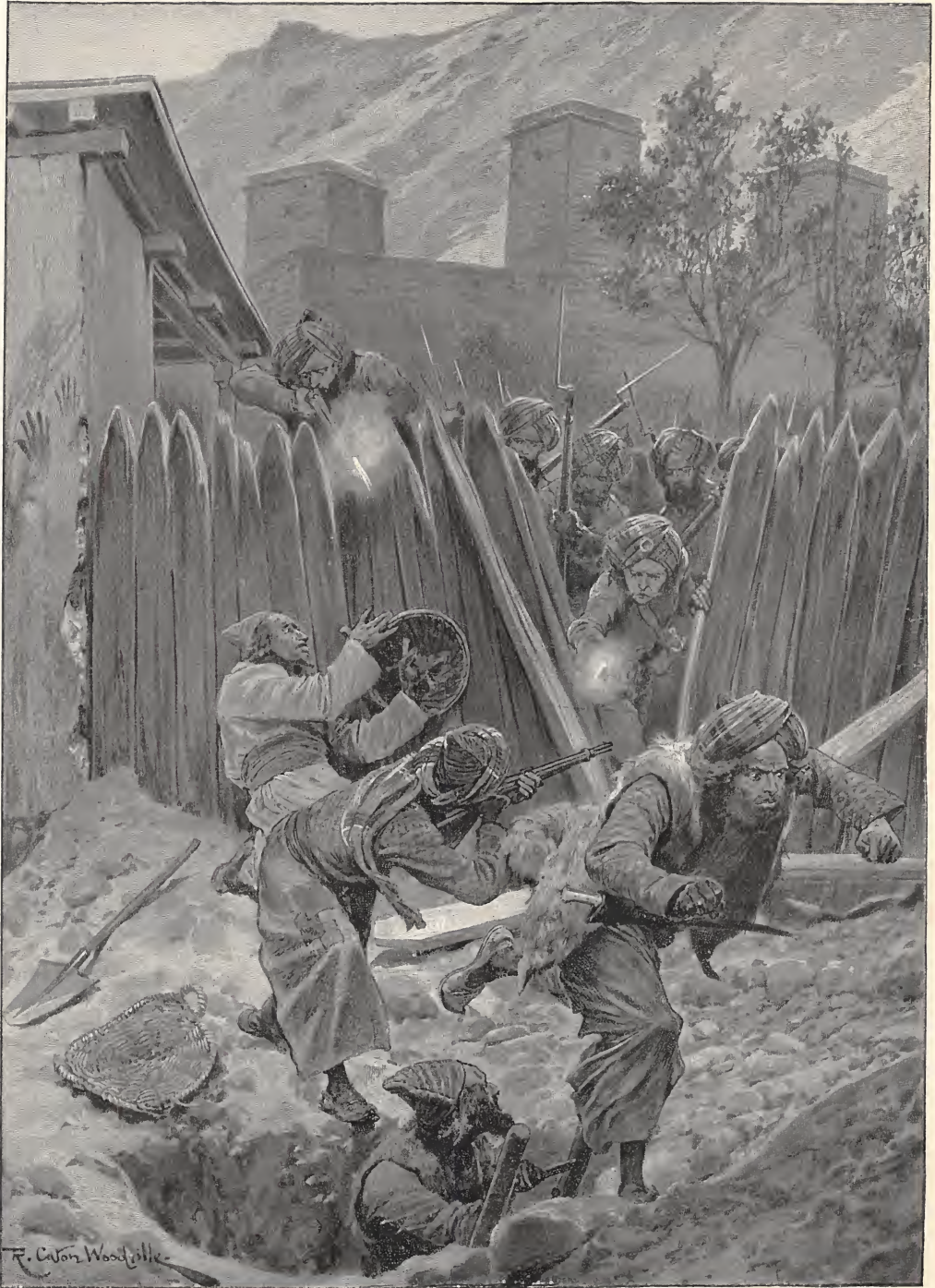
THE SORTIE.

To Lieutenant Harley was assigned the honor of leading this enterprise at the head of a party of forty Sikhs and sixty of the Cashmere Rifles. The latter had rather hung back on the day of disaster which led to the siege; they would now have an opportunity of retrieving their reputation. It was assumed that the shaft of the mine would be found in or about the summer-house, only about fifty yards distant. Men were told off, to carry out three powder-bags each of one hundred and ten pounds, forty feet of powder-hose, matches, picks, and spades. Harley's instructions were to rush the summer-house with the bayonet only, and to reserve his fire for the defense thereof,

forty rounds being issued to each of his men; to go straight for the gap in the wall, with no dividing up of the party and no support; to take a prisoner or two if possible; to hold the garden house on its front toward Fateh Ali Shah's house, and, with the rest of his men, to destroy the mine by pulling down the uprights or wooden supports, if any, or to blow it in, as he saw fit, but without hurry; and if harassed by fire from the garden sungar, to send a party to silence it, first sounding the "cease fire" twice as a sign to the riflemen on the parapets to suspend their supporting fusillade. Townshend sent for all the native officers going out with Harley, and explained to them the object and methods of the sortie. All officers carried matches, while one was told off to bring up the rear and see that none hung back. Harley himself



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOURNE & SHEPHERD, INDIA.
CAPTAIN CHARLES VERE FERRERS
TOWNSHEND.



DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE SORTIE TO DESTROY THE MINE.

assumed the dress of a native officer, as otherwise he would have become the mark of every rifle in and about the garden house.

It was about 11 A. M. on the 17th when Townshend had at last heard the picking in the mine, and by 4 P. M. everything was ready within the fort to put an end to that picking once and for all. At the latter hour the garden gate was quietly opened, and Harley dashed out at the head of his men—the Sikhs in front—with fixed bayonets. A rush across the fifty yards, a few hurried shots from the garden house, the fall of a couple of Sikhs, who were shot dead on either side of Harley as he raced forward, sword in hand, and the garden house was won. It had been in the holding of about forty Pathans, who, not daring to front this sudden and impetuous outfall of the besieged, had bolted along the garden wall after several of them had been bayoneted. They stopped at the farther end of the garden, threw up fascines, and opened a heavy and sustained fire on the house, Harley's men now replying vigorously. Two Pathans were shot in the house, and two prisoners taken.

In the meantime the garrison had gone to its stations on the parapets, and kept up a lively fire, killing several of the enemy as they ran across toward the bazaar. It was several times reported from the towers that a considerable number of the foe were heading to the river-bank from Fateh Ali Shah's house, as if with intent to make a counter-attack on the waterway; so Townshend took the necessary steps, and at the same time sent three different messages to Harley to hasten his work of destroying the mine.

It had taken some little time to discover this, but at length the shaft was found, carefully overlaid with fascines, just outside the house behind the garden wall. Readily responding to Harley's call for volunteers, several of the Sikhs jumped down with him into the opening, and despatched from thirty to forty of the enemy as they rushed out of the mine—these tulwar-armed Pathans, however fierce, being no match for their sturdy, bayonet-wielding antagonists. The powder was then brought and placed in the mine; but much precious time was lost in laying it, as it was found that the mackintosh sheet-hose had been ruptured. The powder was placed a few feet along the mine, but it was found impossible to open it up, and Harley began to despair for the first time during the siege, the more so as messengers from the fort were now following hard on one

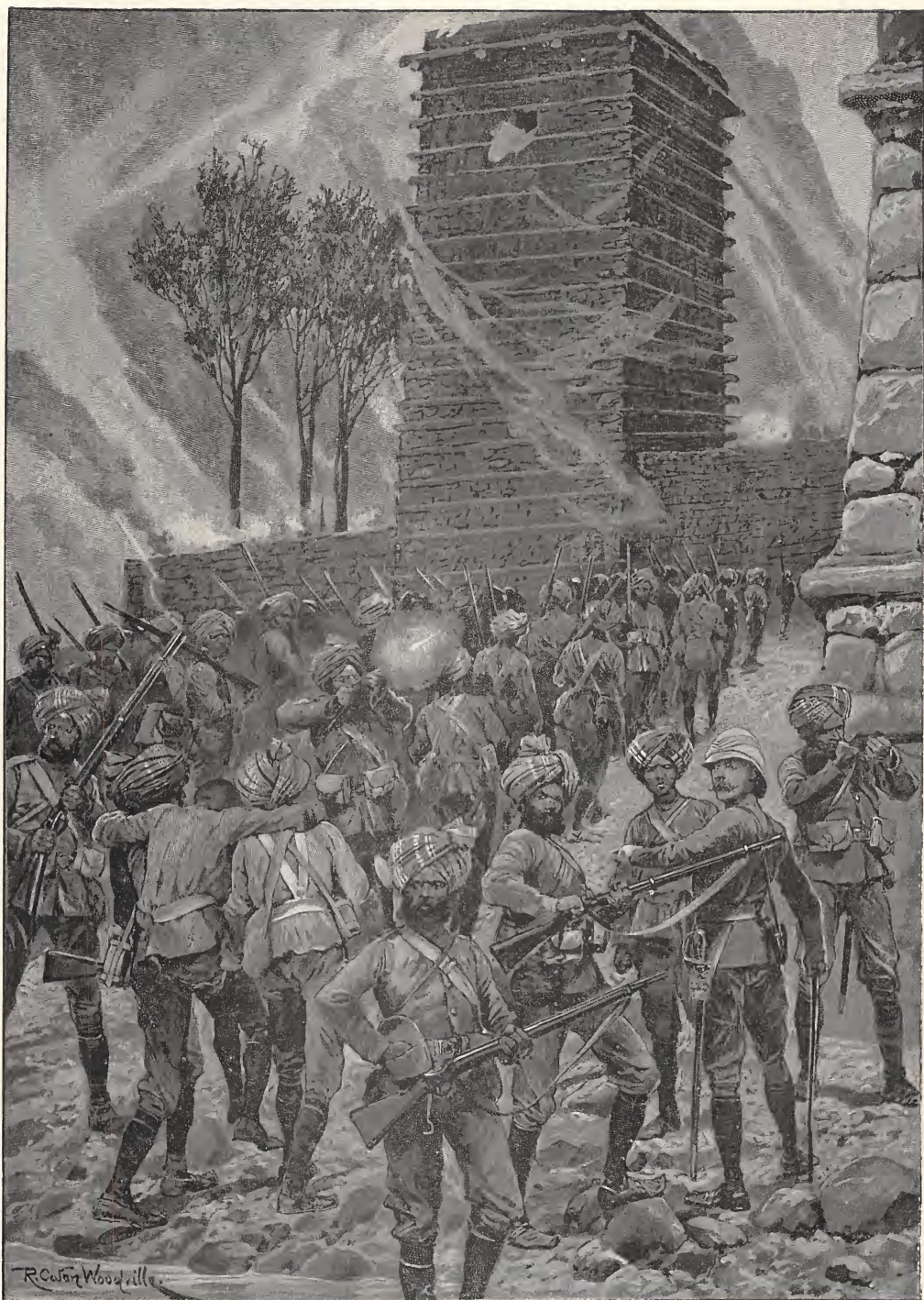
another's heels, calling attention to gathering dangers, and urging him to be quick.

But presently accident came to his aid. Two of the enemy's engineers, who had held back in the mine, came rushing out, and were fired at by the Sikhs; the powder in the mine was ignited by the shots, and a loud explosion followed, knocking down Harley himself, and singeing the clothes of several of his men. Under the impression that his mission had thus unfortunately failed of its main object, the powder being untamped, Harley now sounded the rally, and ordered his men to return to the fort, which they did at a cool, steady double, under a perfect hail of bullets, carrying with them as trophies of their valor all the arms and accoutrements of the enemy's killed and wounded.

But what was Harley's surprise and delight, on regaining the fort, from which he had been absent about an hour and a half, to find that his mission had been completely successful, the whole mine having been burst right open to the foot of the gun-tower, and lying exposed like a trench! Two of the enemy had been killed in the mine by the explosion. Harley and his party had done their work very well, but at a cost of eight killed and fourteen wounded, while the loss of the enemy was estimated at about sixty, the majority of whom had fallen by the bayonet. The next day Townshend set to work to run a subterranean gallery round the tower, so as to bar any future attempt at mining.

ARRIVAL OF KELLY'S COLUMN.

THAT day (the 18th) and night passed very quietly, the besiegers, it was surmised, being busy with the burial of their dead, the tending of their numerous wounded, and the general recuperation of their resources. But about three o'clock on the morning of the 19th, Lieutenant Gurdon, who had the middle watch, reported to his chief that a man had come up to the fort wall, bawling out that he had important news to tell. Was this another of the innumerable wiles which Sher Afzul had practised upon the besieged? All precautions were taken; the man—Roostem by name—was admitted through the main gate; and then he told how Sher Afzul and Umra Khan's general had decamped at the news that a relieving force from Gilgit was within a couple of marches of Chitral. At first the statement was disbelieved; but as nothing of the enemy could be seen or heard, it gradually gained credence, and the famished British officers first showed their joy by sitting down to a good meal. Then they



DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

RETURNING AFTER A SORTIE FROM THE WATER-GATE.

tried to sleep; but not being able to do so in the excitement of success, they got up and fell to a second time, calling the first meal supper and the other early breakfast. At dawn of day patrols were sent out, and returned with corroboration of Roostem's story. All the sungars were deserted, and not a man of the enemy was to be seen about Chitral. The siege, which had lasted forty-six days, and added another leaflet to the laurel crown of England's military glory, was at an end. Out of 370 combatants forming the British agent's escort, the beleaguerment, including the affair of the 3d of March, had entailed a loss of 104 killed and wounded of all ranks.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of April



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. PATTISON PETT.

LIEUTENANT BERTRAND E. M. GURDON.

20, Colonel Kelly, at the head of a relieving force of about six hundred men and two mountain guns from Gilgit, marched into Chitral, where he could cap the story of the fort, which was modestly told him by its defenders, with the narrative of one of the finest feats of mountain marching and fighting recorded in all the annals of Indian warfare. In the face of incredible natural difficulties and hostile opposition, he had in less than a month marched 220 miles, and crossed the Shandur Pass, 12,400 feet high, the greater part of the route being blocked by deep snow.

Kelly's officers found Townshend and his comrades pale and wan, with a set look, as of men who had gone through a period of great mental and physical strain, but otherwise imbued with the same cheerful and indomitable spirit that had sustained them throughout the six-and-forty days of their



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.

LIEUTENANT HARLEY.

beleaguerment. No wonder the Empress-Queen hastened to send her warmest congratulations and her thanks to all who had been concerned in the defense and relief of Chitral; that the garrison of the fort, officers and men, were awarded six months' extra pay, apart from the other honors awaiting them; and that General Low, on subsequently arriving with his Highlanders and reviewing all the troops—garrison and relieving columns—on the scene of the siege, could hardly find words to express his admiration of the men who had gallantly hauled up the Union Jack, and held the fort so long for England and her Indian empire.



DRAWN BY KENYON COX.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT KREWALD, BONN.

SURGEON-CAPTAIN WHITCHURCH.

RUBÁIYÁT OF DOC SIFERS

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WITH PICTURES BY C. M. RELYEA.



I.



EF you don't know Doc Sifers I 'll jes argy, here and now,
You 've bin a mighty little while about here, anyhow!
'Cause Doc he's rid these roads and woods—er *swum* 'em, now and then—
And practised in this neighborhood sence hain't no tellin' when!

II.

In radius o' fifteen mile'd, all p'int's o' compass round,
No man er woman, chick er child, er team, on top o' ground,
But knows *him*—yes, and got respects and likin' fer him, too,
Fer all his so-to-speak dee-fects o' genius showin' through!

III.

Some claims he's absent-minded; some has said they wuz afeard
To take his powders when he come and dosed 'em out, and 'peared
To have his mind on somepin' else—like County Ditch, er some
New way o' tannin' mussrat-pelts, er makin' butter come.



He's curious - they haint no mistake about it! - but he's got
Enough o' extra brains to make a jury - like as not. -
They's no describin' Sifers, - fer, when all is said and done,
He's jes hiss'f. Doc Sifers - ner they haint no other one!
- James Whitcomb Riley.

IV.

He 's cur'ous—they hain't no mistake about it!—but he 's got
 Enough o' extry brains to make a *jury*—like as not.—
 They 's no *describin'* Sifers,—fer, when all is said and done,
 He 's jes *hissef*, *Doc Sifers*—ner they hain't no other one!

V.

Doc 's allus sociable, polite, and 'greeable, you 'll find—
 Pervidin' ef you strike him right and nothin' on his mind,—
 Like in some *hurry*, when they 've sent fer Sifers *quick*, you see,
 To 'tend some sawmill-accident, er picnic jamboree;



VI.

Er when the lightnin' 's struck some hare-brained harvest-hand; er in
 Some 'tempt o' suicidin'—where they 'd ort to try ag'in!
 I've *known* Doc haul up from a trot and talk a' hour er two
 When raily he 'd a-ort o' not a-stopped fer «*Howdy-do!*»

VII.

And then, I've met him 'long the road, *a-lopin'*,—starin' straight
 Ahead,—and yit he never knowed me when I hollered «*Yate,*
Old Saddlebags!» all hearty-like, er «*Who you goin' to kill?*»
 And he 'd say nothin'—only hike on faster, starin' still!

VIII.

I 'd bin insulted, many a time, ef I jes wuz n't shore
 Doc did n't mean a thing. And I 'm not tetchy any more
 Sence that-air day, ef he 'd a-jes a-stopped to jaw with *me*,
 They 'd bin a little dorter less in my own fambily!

IX.

Times *now*, at home, when Sifer's name comes up, I jes *let on*,
 You know, 'at I think Doc 's to *blame*, the way he 's bin and gone
 And disapp'inted folks—'Ll-jee-mun-nee! you 'd ort to then
 Jes hear my wife light into me—«*ongratefullest o' men!*»



X.

'Mongst *all* the women—mild er rough, splendifferous er plain,
 Er them *with* sense, er not enough to come in out the rain,—
 Jes ever' shape and build and style o' women, fat er slim—
 They all like Doc, and got a smile and pleasant word fer *him!*

XI.

Ner hain't no horse I 've eyer saw but what 'll neigh and try
 To sidle up to him, and paw, and sense him, ear-and-eye:
 Then jes a tetch o' Doc's old pa'm, to pat 'em, er to shove
 Along their nose—and they 're as ca'm as any cooin' dove!

XII.

And same with *dogs*,—take any breed, er strain, er pedigree,
 Er racial caste 'at can't concede no use fer you er me,—
 They 'll putt all predju-dice aside in *Doc's* case and go in
 Kahoots with him, as satisfied as he wuz kith-and-kin!

XIII.

And Doc 's a wonder, trainin' pets!—He 's got a chicken-hawk,
 In kind o' half-cage, where he sets out in the gyarden-walk,
 And got that wild bird trained so tame, he 'll loose him, and he 'll fly
 Clean to the woods!—Doc calls his name—and he 'll come, by-and-by!

XIV.

Some says no money down 'u'd buy that bird o' Doc.—Ner no
 Inducement to the *bird*, says I, 'at he 'd let *Sifers* go!
 And Doc he say 'at he 's content—long as a bird o' prey
 Kin 'bide *him*, it 's a *compliment*, and takes it thataway.

XV.

But, gittin' back to *docterin'*—all the sick and in distress,
 And old and pore, and weak and small, and lone and motherless,—
 I jes tell *you* I 'preciate the man 'at 's got the love
 To «go ye forth and ministrare!» as Scriptur' tells us of.

XVI.

Dull times, Doc jes *mianders* round, in that old rig o' his:
And hain't no tellin' where he 's bound ner guessin' where he is;
He 'll drive, they tell, jes thataway fer maybe six er eight
Days at a stretch; and neighbors say he 's bin clean round the State.

XVII.

He picked a' old tramp up, one trip, 'bout eighty mile'd from here,
And fetched him home and k-yored his hip, and kep' him 'bout a year;
And feller said—in all *his* ja'nts round this terreschul ball
'At no man wuz a *circumstance* to *Doc*!—he topped 'em all!—

XVIII.

Said, bark o' trees 's a' open book to Doc, and vines and moss
He read like writin'—with a look knowed ever' dot and cross:
Said, stars at night wuz jes as good 's a compass: said, he s'pose
You could n't lose Doc in the woods the darkest night that blows.

XIX.

Said, Doc 'll tell you, purty clos't, by underbresh and plants,
How fur off *warter* is,—and 'most perdict the sort o' chance
You 'll have o' findin' *fish*; and how they 're liable to *bite*,
And whether they 're a-bitin' now, er only after night.

XX.

And, whilse we 're talkin' *fish*,—I mind they formed a fishin'-crowd
(When folks *could* fish 'thout gittin' *fined*, and seinin' wuz allowed!)
O' leadin' citizens, you know, to go and seine «Old Blue»—
But had n't no big seine, and so—w'y, what wuz they to do?



XXI.

And Doc he say he thought 'at *he* could *knit* a stitch er two—
 «Bring the *materials* to me—'at 's all I 'm astin' you!»
 And down he sets—six weeks, i jing! and knits that seine plum done—
 Made corks, too, brails and ever'thing—good as a boughten one!

XXII.

Doc 's *public* sperit—when the sick 's not takin' *all* his time
 And he 's got *some* fer politics—is simple yit sublime:—
 He 'll *talk* his *principles*—and they air *honest*;—But the sly
 Friend strikes him first, election-day, he 'd 'commodate, er die!



XXIII.

And yit, though Doc, as all men knows, is square straight up and down,
 That vote o' his is—well, I s'pose—the cheapest one in town;—
 A fact 'at 's sad to verify, as could be done on oath—
 I 've voted Doc myse'f—*And I was criminal fer both!*

XXIV.

You kin corrupt the *ballot-box*—corrupt *yourse'f*, as well—
 Corrupt *some* neighbors,—but old Doc 's as oncorruptible
 As Holy Writ. So putt a pin right there!—Let *Sifers* be,
 I jucks! he would n't vote ag'in his own worst inimy!

XXV.

When Cynthy Eubanks laid so low with fever, and Doc Glenn
 Told Euby Cynth 'u'd haf to go—they sends fer *Sifers* then! . . .
 Doc sized the case: «She 's starved,» says he, «fer *warter*—yes, and *meat*!
 The treatment 'at she 'll git from *me* 's all she kin drink and eat!»

XXVI.

He orders Euby then to split some wood, and take and build
A fire in kitchen-stove, and git a young spring-chicken killed;
And jes whirled in and th'owed his hat and coat there on the bed,
And warshed his hands and sailed in that-air kitchen, Euby said,

XXVII.

And b'iled that chicken-broth, and got that dinner—all complete
And clean and crisp and good and hot as mortal ever eat!
And Cynth and Euby both 'll say 'at Doc 'll git as good
Meals-vittles up, jes any day, as any *woman* could!

XXVIII.

Time Sister Abbick tuk so bad with striffen o' the lung,
P'tracted Meetin', where she had jes shouted, prayed, and sung
All winter long, through snow and thaw,—When Sifers come, says he:
«No, M'lissy; don't poke out your raw and cloven tongue at me!»



XXIX.

«I know, without no symptoms but them *injarubber-shoes*
You promised me to never putt a fool-foot in ner use
At purril o' your life!» he said. «And I won't save you *now*,
Unless—here on your dyin' bed—you consecrate your vow!»

XXX.

Without a claimin' *any creed*, Doc's rail religious views
Nobody knows—ner got no *need* o' knowin' whilse he choose
To be heerd not of man, ner raise no loud vainglorious prayers
In crowded marts, er public ways, er—i jucks, *anywheres!*—

XXXI.

'Less 'n it *is* away deep down in his own heart, at night,
Facin' the storm, when all the town 's a-sleepin' snug and tight—
Him splashin' hence from scenes o' pride and sloth and gilded show,
To some pore sufferer's bedside o' anguish, don't you know!

XXXII.

Er maybe dead o' *winter*—makes no odds to *Doc*,—he 's got
To face the weather ef it takes the hide off! 'cause he 'll not
Lie out o' goin' and p'tend he 's sick hisse'f—like *some*
'At I could name 'at folks might send fer and they 'd *never* come!

XXXIII.

Like pore Phin Hoover—when he goes to that last dance o' his!
That Chris'mus when his feet wuz froze—and Doc saved all they is
Left of 'em—«'Nough,» as Phin say now, «to *track* me by, and be
A' *advertisement*, anyhow, o' what Doc 's done fer me!»

XXXIV.

«When *he* come—knife-and-saw»—Phin say, «I knowed, ef I 'd the spunk,
'At Doc 'u'd fix me up *some* way, ef nothin' but my *trunk*
Wuz left, he 'd fasten *casters* in, and have me, spick-and-span,
A-skootin' round the streets ag'in as spry as any man!»

XXXV.

Doc sees a patient 's *got* to quit—he 'll ease him down serene
As dozin' off to sleep, and yit not dope him with mor-*pheen*.—
He won't tell *what*—jes 'lows 'at he has «airn't the right to sing
(O grave, where is thy victery! O death, where is thy sting!)»

XXXVI.

And, mind ye now!—it 's not in scoff and scorn, by long degree,
'At Doc gits things like that-un off: it 's jes his *shority*
And total faith in Life to Come,—w'y, «from that *Land o' Bliss*,»
He says, «we 'll haf to chuckle some, a-lookin' back at this!»

XXXVII.

And, still in p'int, I mind, one *night o' 'nitiation* at
Some secert lodge, 'at Doc set right down on 'em, square and flat,
When they mixed up some Scriptur' and wuz *funnin'*-like—w'y, he
Lit in 'em with a rep'imand 'at ripped 'em, A to Z!

XXXVIII.

And onc't—when ginerall loafin'-place wuz old Shoe-Shop—and all
The gang 'u'd git in there and brace their backs ag'inst the wall
And *settle* questions that had went onsettled long enough,—
Like «wuz no Heav'n—ner no torment»—*Jes talkin' awful rough!*

XXXIX.

There wuz Sloke Haines and old Ike Knight and Coonrod Simmes—all three
Ag'inst the Bible and the Light, and scoutin' Deity.
«*Science*,» says Ike, «it *dimonstrates*—it takes nobody's word—
Scriptur' er not,—it '*vestigates* ef sich things could occurred!»

XL.

Well, Doc he heerd this,—he 'd drapped in a minute, fer to git
A tore-off heel pegged on ag'in,—and, as he stood on it
And stomped and grinned, he says to Ike, «I s'pose now, purty soon
Some lightnin'-bug, indignant-like, 'll ('*vestigate*) the moon! . . .

XLI.

«No, Ike,» says Doc, «this world hain't saw no brains like yourn and mine
With sense enough to grasp a law 'at takes a brain divine.—
I 've bared the thoughts of brains in doubt, and felt their finest pulse,—
And mortal brains jes won't turn out omnipotent results!»

XLII.

And Doc he 's got respects to spare the *rich* as well as *pore*—
Says he, «I 'd turn no *millionaire* onsheltered from my door.»—
Says he, «What 's wealth to him in quest o' *honest* friends to back
And love him fer *hissef*?—not jes because he 's made his jack!»

XLIII.

And childern.—*Childern?* Lawzy-day! Doc *worships* 'em!—You call
Round at his house and *ast* 'em!—they 're a-*swarmin'* there—that 's all!—
They 're in his *lib'ry*—in best room—in kitchen—fur and near,—
In office too, and, I p'sume, his operatin'-cheer!

XLIV.

You know they 's men 'at *bees* won't sting?—They 's plaguey *few*,—but Doc He 's one o' *them*.—And same, i jing! with *childern*;—they jes flock Round Sifers *natchurl*!—in his lap, and in his pockets, too, And in his old fur mitts and cap, and *heart* as warm and true!

XLV.

It 's cur'ous, too,—'cause Doc hain't got no childern of his own—'Ceptin' the ones he 's tuk and brought up, 'at 's bin left alone And orphans when their father died, er mother,—and Doc he Has he'pped their dyin' satisfied.—«The child shall live with me

XLVI.

«And Winniferd, my wife,» he 'd say, and stop right there, and cle'r His th'oat, and go on thinkin' way *some* mother-hearts down here Can't never feel *their own* babe's face a-pressin' 'em, ner make Their naked breasts a restin'-place fer any baby's sake.

XLVII.

Doc's *lib'ry*—as he calls it,—well, they 's ha'f a dozen she'ves Jam-full o' books—I could n't tell *how* many—count yourse'ves! *One whole shef*'s works on medicine! and most the rest 's about First settlement, and Indians in here,—'fore we driv 'em out.—

XLVIII.

And Plutarch's Lives—and life also o' Dan'el Boone, and this—Here Mungo Park, and Adam Poe—jes all the *lives* they is! And Doc 's got all the *novels* out,—by Scott and Dickison And Cooper.—And, I make no doubt, he 's read 'em ever' one!

XLIX.

One't, in his office, settin' there, with crowd o' eight er nine Old neighbors with the time to spare, and Doc a-feelin' fine, A man rid up from Rollins, jes fer Doc to write him out Some blame p'scription—done, I guess, in minute, nigh about.—

L.

And *I* says, «Doc, you 'pear so spry, jes write me that recei't You have fer bein' *happy* by,—fer that 'u'd shorely beat Your *medicine*!» says I.—And quick as *s'eat*! Doc turned and writ And handed me: «Go he'p the sick, and putt your heart in it.»

LI.

And then, «A-talkin' furdur 'bout that line o' thought,» says he, «Ef we 'll jes do the work cut out and give' to you and me, We 'll lack no joy, ner appetite, ner all we 'd ort to eat, And sleep like children ever' night—as puore and ca'm and sweet.»

LII.

Doc *has* bin 'cused o' *offishness* and lack o' talkin' free And extry friendly; but he says, «I 'm 'fear'd o' talk,» says he,—«I 've got,» he says, «a natchurl turn fer talkin' fit to kill.—The best and hardest thing to learn is trick o' keepin' still.»

LIII.

Doc *kin* smoke, and I s'pose he *might* drink lick—jes fer fun.
 He says, « *You* smoke, *you* drink all right; but *I* don't—neether one »—
 Says, « *I like* whisky—(good old rye)—but like it in its place,
 Like that-air warter in your eye, er nose there on your face.»

LIV.

Doc 's bound to have his joke! The day he got that off on me
 I jes had sold a load o' hay at «Scofield's Livery,»
 And tolled Doc in the shed they kep' the hears't in, where I 'd hid
 The stuff 'at got me «out o' step,» as Sifers said it did.

LV.

Doc hain't, to say, no «*rollin' stone*,» and yit he hain't no hand
 Fer '*cumulatin'*.—*Home* 's his own, and scrap o' farmin'-land—
 Enough to keep him out the way when folks is tuk down sick
 The suddentest—'most any day they want him 'special quick.

LVI.

And yit Doc loves his practice; ner don't, wilful, want to slight
 No call—no matter who—how fur away—er day er night.—
 He loves his work—he loves his friends—June, winter, fall, and spring:
 His *lovin'*—facts is—never ends; he loves jes *ever'thing* . . .

LVII.

'Cept—*keepin' books*. He never sets down no accounts.—He hates,
 The worst of all, collectin' debts—the worst, the more he waits.—
 I 've knowed him, when at last he *had* to dun a man, to end .
 By makin' him a loan—and mad he had n't more to lend.

(To be concluded in the next number.)





MAXIMILIAN GOLD COIN. OWNED BY MR. CHARLES C. BURNS.

AN IMPERIAL DREAM.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

PART I.

PRELUDE.

IN offering these pages to the public, my aim is not to write a historical sketch of the reign of Maximilian of Austria, nor is it to give a description of the political crisis through which Mexico passed during that period. My only desire is to furnish the reader with a point of view the value of which lies in the fact that it is that of an eye-witness who was somewhat more than an ordinary spectator of a series of occurrences which developed into one of the most dramatic episodes of modern times.

Historians too often present their personages to the public and to posterity as actors upon a stage,—I was about to say as puppets in a show,—whose acts are quite outside of themselves, and whose voices express emotions not their own. They appear before the footlights of a fulfilled destiny; and their doubts, their weaknesses, are concealed, along with their temptations, beneath the paint and stage drapery lent them by the historian who, knowing beforehand the dénouement toward which their efforts tended, unconsciously assumes a like knowledge on their part. They are thus often credited with deep-laid motives and plans which it may perhaps have been impossible for them to entertain at the time.

To those who lived with them when they were *making* history, these actors are all aglow with life. They are animated by its passions, its impulses. They are urged onward by personal ambition, or held back by selfish considerations. They are not characters in a drama; they are men of the world whose official acts, like those of the men about us to-day, are influenced by their affections, their family complications, their prejudices, their rivalries, their avarice, their vanity. The circumstances of their private life temporarily excite or depress their energies, and often give them a new and unlooked-for direction; and the success or failure of their undertakings may be recognized as having been the result of their individual limitations, of their personal ignorance of the special conditions with which they were called upon to cope, or of their short-sightedness.

In this lies the importance of private recollections. The gossip of one epoch forms part of the history of the next. It is therefore to be deplored that those whose more or less obscure lives run their course in the shadow of some public career are seldom sufficiently aware of the fact at the time to note accurately their observations and impressions.

These thoughts occurred to me when, at the request of the Editor of THE CENTURY, I one night took up my pen, and gathering about me old letters, photographs, and small tokens faded and yellow with age, plunged deep into the recollections of my youthful days, and evoked the ghosts of brilliant friends, many of whom have since passed away, leaving but names written in lines of blood upon a page of history. As they appeared across a chasm of thirty years, the well-remembered faces familiarly smiled, each flinging a memory. They formed a motley company: generals now dead, whose names are revered or execrated by their countrymen; lieutenants and captains who have since made their way in the world, or have died, broken-hearted heroes, before Metz or Sedan; women who seemed obscure, but whose names, in the general convulsion of nations, have risen to newspaper notoriety or to lasting fame; soldiers who have become historians; guerrilleros now pompously called generals; adventurers who have grown into personages; personages who have sunk into adventurers; sovereigns who have become martyrs.

They had all been laid away in my mind, buried in the ashes of the past along with the old life. The drama in which each had played his part had for many years seemed as far off and dim as though read in a book a long time ago; and yet now, how alive it all suddenly became—alive with a life that no pen can picture!

There were their photographs and their invitations, their old notes and bits of doggerel sent to accompany small courtesies—flowers, music, a Havana dog, or the loan of a horse. It was all vivid and real enough now. Those men were not to me mere historical figures of whom «one reads.» They fought historic battles, they founded a historic though ephemeral empire; their defeats, their triumphs, their «deals,» their blunders, were now matters of history: but for all that, they were of common flesh and blood, and the strange incidents of a strangely picturesque episode in the existence of this continent seemed natural enough if one only knew the men.

Singly or in groups, the procession slowly passed, each one pausing for a brief space in the flood of light cast by an awakening memory. Many wore uniforms—French, Austrian, Belgian, Mexican; some were dancing gaily, laughing and flirting as they went by. Others looked care-worn and absorbed by the preoccupations of a distracted state, and by the growing consciousness of the thankless responsibility which the incapacity of their rulers at home, and the unprincipled deceit of a few official impostors, had placed upon them. But all, whether thoughtful or careless, whether clairvoyant or blind, whether calmly yielding to fate or attempting to breast the storm, were driven along by the irresistible current of events, each drifting toward the darkness of an inevitable doom which, we now know, was inexorably awaiting him as he passed from the ray of light into the gloom in his «dance to death.»



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY LADRY DISDERI.

NAPOLEON III.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

EUGÉNIE.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.

DUC DE MORNAY.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

AGUSTIN DE ITURBIDE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Mexican revolutionist, born in 1783; emperor in 1822. He was forced to resign in 1823, and allowed to retire to Europe with a large pension, on condition that he should not return. In 1824, in attempting to enter Mexico, he was arrested and shot.

EL DORADO.

DURING the winter of 1861-62, my last winter in France, one of the principal subjects of conversation in Parisian official circles was our civil war, and its possible bearing upon the commercial and colonial interests of Europe, or rather the possible advantage that Europe, and especially France, might hope to derive from it.

A glance at M. de Lamartine's famous article written in January, 1864, and re-printed a year or two later in his «Entretiens

Littéraires,» will help us to understand how far Frenchmen were from appreciating not only our point of view, but the true place assigned by fate to the United States in contemporary history. Nothing could so plainly reveal the failure of the French to understand the natural drift of events on this side of the Atlantic, and account for the extraordinary, though short-lived, success of Napoleon's wild Mexican scheme. In this article, written with a servile pen, the poet-statesman attacked the character of the people of the United States, and

brought out Napoleon's motives in his attempt to obtain, not for France alone, but for Europe at large, a foothold upon the American continent. With a vividness likely to impress his readers with the greatness of the conception as a theory, he showed how the establishment of a European monarchy in Mexico must insure to European nations a share in the commerce of the New World. The new continent, America, is the property of Europe, he urged. The Old World should not recognize the right of the United States to control its wealth and power.

An article by Michel Chevalier, published with the same purpose in view, threatened Mexico with annexation by the United States unless the government of the country underwent reorganization.

Both authors were frequent visitors at my guardian's house in Paris, which accounts for the impression made upon my youthful mind by their written utterances at that time. M. Chevalier was a distinguished political economist. He had visited Mexico, and knew the value of its mining and agricultural wealth without sufficiently recognizing the actual conditions to be dealt with, and he fully indorsed the imperial conception. "The success of the expedition is infallible," he said. He explained the resistance of the Mexicans by their hatred of the Spaniards, and demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the burden of the venture must fall upon France, who should reap the glory of its success.

Modern civilization, he urged, includes a distinct branch—the Latin—in which Catholicism shines. Of this France is the soul as well as the arm. "Without her, without her energy and her initiative, the group of the Latin races must be reduced to a subordinate rank in the world, and would have been eclipsed long ago." In comparing upon a map of the world the space occupied by the Catholic nations two centuries ago with the present area under their control, "one is dismayed at all that they lost and are losing" every day. "The Catholic nations seem threatened to be swallowed up by an ever-rising flood." ("Revue des Deux Mondes," April, 1862, page 916.)¹

DREAMER AND SCHEMER.

WHEN the Mexican empire was planned our civil war had been raging for nearly two

¹ It is interesting to find him quoting Humboldt's prophecy that "the time will come, be it a century sooner or later, when the production of silver will have no other limit than that imposed upon it by its ever-increasing depreciation as a value." (April, 1862, page 894.)

years. From the standpoint of the French rulers, the moment seemed auspicious for France to interfere in American affairs. The establishment of a great Latin empire, founded under French protection and developed in the interest of France, which must necessarily derive the principal benefit of the stupendous wealth which Mexico held ready to pour into the lap of French capitalists,—of an empire which in the West might put a limit to the supremacy of the United States, as well as counterbalance the British supremacy in the East, thus opposing a formidable check to the encroachments of the Anglo-Saxon race in the interest of the Latin nations,—such was Napoleon's plan, and I have been told by one who was close to the imperial family at that time that the Emperor himself fondly regarded it as "the conception of his reign."

Napoleon III labored under the disadvantage of reigning beneath the shadow of a great personality which, consciously or unconsciously, he ever strove to emulate. But however clever he may be, the man who, anxious to appear or even to be great, forces fate and creates impossible situations that he may act a leading part before the world, is only a schemer. This is the key to the character of Napoleon III and to his failures. He looked far away and dreamed of universal achievements, when at home, at his very door, were the threatening issues he should have mastered. The story is told of him that one evening, at the Tuileries, when the imperial party were playing games, chance brought to the Emperor the question, "What is your favorite occupation?" to which he answered, "To seek the solution of unsolvable problems." It is also related that in his younger days a favorite axiom of his was: "Follow the ideas of your time, they carry you along; struggle against them, they overcome you; precede them, they support you." True enough; but only upon condition that you will not mistake the shrill chorus of a few interested courtiers and speculators for the voice of your time, nor imagine that you precede your generation because you stand alone. He dreamed of far-away glory, and his flatterers told him his dreams were prophetic.

"A BED OF ROSES IN A GOLD-MINE."

NAPOLEON III saw across the seas the mirage of a great Latin empire in the West, and beheld the Muse of history inscribing his name beside that of his great kinsman as the restorer of the political and commercial equilibrium of the world, as well as the benefactor who



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

MIGUEL MIRAMON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Mexican general, born in 1832. He fought against Juarez, and after defeat, in 1860, fled from Mexico. Maximilian made him grand marshal, and minister to Berlin. He returned to Mexico in 1866, and was shot with Maximilian in 1867.

had thrown El Dorado open to civilization. With the faith of ignorance, he proposed to share with an Austrian archduke these imaginary possessions, and to lay for him, as was popularly said in 1862-63, «a bed of roses in a gold-mine.» Unmindful of warnings, he pushed onward for two years, apparently incapable of grasping the fact that the mirage was receding before him; and finally found his fool's errand saved from ridicule only by the holocaust of many lives, and raised to dignity only by the tragedy of Querétaro.

AN INCIDENT AT THE ODÉON.

ALL this we now know, but in 1861-62 the Napoleonic star shone brilliantly with the

full luster cast upon it by the Crimean war and the result of the Italian campaign. It is true that occasionally some strong discordant note issuing from the popular depths would strike the ear, and for the time mar the pæans of applause which always greet successful power. For instance, at the Odéon one night, during the war with Austria, I was present when the Empress Eugénie entered. The Odéon is in the Latin Quarter, and medical and law students filled the upper tiers of the house. As the sovereign took her seat in a box a mighty chorus suddenly arose, and hundreds of voices sang, «Corbleu, madame, que faites vous ici?» quoting the then popular song, «Le Sire de Franboisy.»

The incident, so insulting to the poor woman, gave rise to some disturbance; and although the boys were quieted, the Empress soon left the theater, choking with mortification. M. Rochefort, who refers to this incident in his memoirs, adds that as the imperial party came out, another insult of a still more shocking character was thrown at the Empress. This, of course, I did not witness.

Such occurrences were usually treated by the press and the government sympathizers as emanating from youthful hot-brains, or from the lower ranks of the people, and therefore as unworthy of attention. But those hot-brains represented the coming thinkers of France, and the «common» people represented its strength. On the whole, however, in 1862 the more powerful element had rallied to and upheld the government. The court and the army were so loud in their admiration of the profound policy of the Emperor that those who heeded the croakings of the few clear-sighted men composing the opposition were in the background.

It so happened that my lines had been cast among these, and it is interesting now, in looking back upon the expressions of opinion of those who most strenuously opposed French interference in American affairs, to see how little even these men, wise as they were in their generation, appreciated the true conditions prevailing in Mexico. None seriously doubted the possibility of occupying the country and of maintaining a French protectorate. The only point discussed was, Was it worth while? And to this question Jules Favre, Thiers, Picard, Berryer, Glais-Bizoin, Pelletan, and a few others emphatically said, «No!»

THE NEW «NAPOLEONIC IDEA» BASED ON AN OLD MEXICAN IDEA.

THE «Napoleonic idea,» however, had not burst forth fully equipped in all its details from the Cæsarean brain in 1862. It would be unfair not to allow it worthy antecedents and a place in the historic sequence. As far back as 1821, when the principle of constitutional monarchy was accepted by the Mexicans under the influence of General Iturbide, a convention known as the «plan of Iguala» had been drawn, in which it was agreed that the crown of Mexico should be offered first to the Infante of Spain, brother of Ferdinand VII, and, in case of refusal, to the Archduke Charles of Austria. In 1854 General Santa Anna, then dictator or president for life, had given full powers to Gutierrez de Estrada

to treat with the courts of Paris, London, Vienna, and Madrid for the establishment of a monarchy in Mexico under the scepter of a European prince; and Gutierrez de Estrada, with the consent of the French government, had offered the throne of his country to the Duc de Montpensier, who wisely declined.

In 1859 General Miramon confirmed the powers given by General Santa Anna to the Mexican representative; and then it was that, for the first time, the Emperor commended to his attention the Archduke Maximilian.

It were also unfair not to admit that the varying success of the conflict between the two factions struggling for supremacy in Mexico was likely to deceive the European powers, and made it easy for men whose personal interests were at stake to misrepresent the respective strength of the contending parties and the condition of the country. But no leader of men has, in the eyes of history, a right to be deceived either by men or by appearances; and granting that Napoleon might at first have been misled, he had timely warning, and the opportunity to withdraw, as did the Spaniards and the English, without shame, if without glory.

MEXICAN ANARCHY.

AFTER Mexico, led by the patriots Hidalgo and Morelos, had thrown off the Spanish yoke, it became for forty years the scene of a series of struggles between contending factions which reduced the country to a state of anarchy. Once rid of their Spanish viceroys, the Mexicans found themselves little better off than they had been under their rule. For centuries the Mexican church had played upon the piety of the devout for the furtherance of its own temporal interests, until one third of the whole wealth of the nation had found its way into its hands. It was against the clergy, and against the retrogressive spirit represented by it, that in 1856 a widespread revolutionary movement was successfully organized, as a result of which, in 1857, a liberal constitution was drawn up and accepted by the people.

The clerical or reactionary party, although it counted among its adherents many of the best old Spanish families composing Mexico's aristocracy, would probably soon have ceased to be a serious practical obstacle in the way of reform had it not been for the wealth of a corrupt clergy, by means of which its armies were kept in the field. Be this as it may, the reign of constitutional order represented by President Comonfort in 1856 was



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

GENERAL BENITO PABLO JUAREZ.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A Mexican liberal politician, of pure Indian blood, born in 1806. He was president several times. He captured and executed Maximilian, and died in office in 1872.

short-lived. General Comonfort abdicated in 1858. Benito Juárez, by virtue of his rank of president of the Supreme Court, then became constitutional president *ad interim*.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN OBSERVER.

By a pronunciamiento General Zuloaga, with the help of the army, took possession of the government and of the capital, while Juárez maintained his rights at Querétaro. War raged between the two parties, with rapidly varying success. A letter dated November 19, 1860, written by my brother, a young American engineer who had gone to Mexico to take part in the construction of the first piece of railroad built between Vera Cruz and

Mexico, gives a concise and picturesque account of the situation:

Things look dark—so dark in fact that for the present I do not think it advisable to risk any more money here. There is a fair prospect of the decree of Juárez being annulled. If so, our bonds go overboard. There is a prospect of Juárez signing a treaty. If so, our bonds go up 15 or 20. It is *rouge et noir*—a throw of the dice. The liberals have been beaten at Querétaro, where Miramon took from them twenty-one pieces of artillery and many prisoners, among them an American officer of artillery, whom he shot the next day, *as usual*. Oajaca has fallen into the hands of the clergy. The liberals under Carbajal attacked Tulancingo, and were disgracefully beaten by a lot of ragged Indians. They are losing ground everywhere; and if the United States does not



FROM THE PAINTING BY REGNAULT.

GENERAL PRIM.

BY PERMISSION OF LECADRE & CO.

Spanish soldier and statesman, born in 1814. He commanded the Spanish expeditionary army in Mexico. After his return to Spain he was assassinated in 1870.

take hold of this unhappy country it will certainly go to the dogs. There is a possibility of compromise between Juarez and Miramon, the effect of which is this: the constitution of '57 to be revised; the sale of clergy property to their profit; the revocation of Juarez' decree of July about the confiscation of clergy property to the profit of the state; religious liberty, civil marriage, etc.

A gloomy picture, and true enough, save in one respect. The liberals might be beaten everywhere, but they were not losing ground; on the contrary, their cause rested upon too

solid a foundation of right and progress, and the last brilliant exploits of General Miramon were insufficient to galvanize the reactionary party into a living force.

On December 22, 1860, Miramon was finally defeated by General Gonzales Ortega, and shortly after left the country. On December 28 the reforms prepared in Vera Cruz by Juarez, proclaiming the principles of religious toleration, and decreeing the confiscation of clergy property, the abolition of all religious orders, and the institution of civil

marriage, etc., were promulgated in the capital by General Ortega; and on January 11, 1861, Juárez¹ himself took possession of the city of Mexico. The liberals were triumphant, and the civil war was virtually at an end.

The defeated army, as was invariably the case in Mexico, dissolved and disappeared, leaving only a residuum of small bands of guerrillas. These preyed impartially upon the people and upon travelers of both parties. Leonardo Marquez almost alone remained in the field and seriously continued the conflict. The principal leaders fled abroad, especially to Paris, where they made friends, and planned a revenge upon the victorious oppressors of the church, whose outrages upon God and man were vividly colored by religious and party hatred. Among these were men of refinement and good address, scions of old Spanish families, who, like M. Gutierrez de Estrada, found ready sympathy among the Emperor's entourage. As a rule, none but «hopelessly defeated parties seek the help of foreign invasion of their own land»; but the Empress Eugénie, who, a Spaniard herself, was a devout churchwoman, lent a willing ear to the stories of the refugees, impressively told in her own native tongue. To reinstate the church, and to oppose the strong Catholicism of a Latin monarchy to the Protestant influence of the Northern republic, seemed to her the most attractive aspect of the projected scheme.

The struggle that had been carried on for so many years in Mexico with varying vicissitudes was not purely one of partizan interest based upon a different view of political government: it was the struggle of the spirit of the nineteenth century against the survival of Spanish medievalism.

NAPOLEON'S PARADOX.

THE French intervention as planned by Napoleon III was, therefore, a glaring paradox, and betrays his absolute ignorance of the conditions with which he was undertaking to cope. As a matter of fact, the party upon whose support he relied for the purpose of developing the natural resources of Mexico, and of bringing that country into line with European intellectual and industrial progress, was pledged by all its traditions to moral and political retrogression.

¹ Benito Pablo Juárez was of Indian birth, and as a boy began life as a *mozo*, or servant, in a wealthy family. His ability was such as to draw upon him the attention of his employer, who had him educated. He soon rose to greatness as a lawyer, and then as a member of the national congress, governor of Oajaca, secretary to the executive, and president of the republic.

It was not long before the pretensions of the church and party complications caused a breach between the *corps expéditionnaire* and its original supporters, which placed the French in the unlooked-for, and by them much deprecated, attitude of invaders and conquerors of the land, equally hated by ally and foe. And yet at the outset one aspect of the situation was favorable to the success of the French undertaking.

THE REFORMS OF JUAREZ.

THE sweeping reforms carried out by Juárez during his brief undisturbed occupation of the country had greatly smoothed the way for the French in their self-imposed task of Mexican regeneration. The new laws had already been enforced regulating the relations of church and state. The confiscation of clergy property, the breaking up of the powerful religious orders, and religious tolerance, all had been proclaimed, as well as the freedom of the press.

Spanish influence, which in these struggles had been exercised strongly against reform, had been abruptly brought to an end by the summary dismissal of Señor Pacheco, the Spanish minister, and the Archbishop of Mexico had been exiled.

JECKER LOOMS UP.

ONE of the first problems, and quite the most important, to be faced by President Juárez, upon his establishment in the capital, had been the raising of funds with which to carry on the expense of the liberal government, and the throwing upon the market of the nationalized church property recommended itself. There was, however, but little confidence, and still less ready money, in the country after many years of civil strife. So much real estate suddenly thrown upon the market depreciated property. The easy terms of sale—a third cash, the balance to be paid in *pagares*—tempted speculators, and gave rise to many fraudulent transactions, and the measure brought little relief to the government.

Although in March, 1861, President Juárez had signed a convention adjusting anew the pecuniary claims of the French residents, on July 17 Congress found itself compelled to suspend payment on all agreements hitherto entered into with foreign powers. The very next day the representatives of France and Great Britain entered a formal protest on behalf of their governments. On July 25, having obtained no satisfaction, they sus-

pended all diplomatic relations with the Mexican government.

Feeling ran high between Mexicans and foreigners. The speculators in Mexican bonds, as well as more innocent sufferers, were loud in their denunciations. The Swiss banker Jecker,¹ who had cleverly managed to enlist the interest of powerful supporters at the court of Napoleon III, and who had become naturalized in order to add weight to his claim to French support, spared no pains in exciting the resentment of the French with regard to this violation of its pledges by the Mexican government.

M. de Gabriac had been replaced by M. de Saligny, a creature of the Duc de Morny, whose personal interest in the Jecker bonds was well known. The new minister arrived in June, 1861. His orders were to enforce recognition of the validity of the Jecker bonds. He avowedly did his utmost to aggravate the situation. Later, during the brief period of 1863-64, when the intervention seemed to hold out false promises of success, he boasted to a friend of mine that his great merit « was to have understood the wishes of the Emperor, and to have precipitated events so as to make the intervention a necessity.»

FRANCE INSULTED.

THIS he accomplished, thanks to an incident insignificant in itself, but which he duly magnified into an unbearable insult to the French nation. On the night of August 14, 1861, a torch-light procession to celebrate the news of a victory of the government troops under General Ortega over Marquez halted before the French legation, and some voices shouted, «Down with the French! Down with the French minister!» M. de Saligny added that a shot had been fired at him from one of the neighboring *azoteas*, and he

produced a flattened bullet in evidence. Although an investigation was immediately instituted, the result of which was to show the lack of substance of the minister's charges, the French government, then anxiously hoping for such an opportunity, supported its agent. The incident was magnified by the French papers into an «*attaque à main armée contre Saligny*,» and at the instigation of France a triple alliance was concluded with England and Spain. On October 31, 1861, a convention was signed in London, whereby the contracting parties pledged themselves to enforce the execution of former treaties with Mexico, and to protect the interests of their citizens. To this, as a pure matter of form, the United States were invited to subscribe. Our government, of course, declined the invitation to take advantage of the disturbed condition of the Mexican republic to enforce its claim. Mr. Seward was not then in a position to show more fully his disapproval of the action of the allied powers.²

JOHN BULL'S COMMON SENSE.

THE sound common sense of John Bull, his clearer appreciation of foreign possibilities, or perhaps the superior intelligence and honesty of his agent in Mexico, shine out brilliantly in a letter of Sir John Russell, written to the representative of England at the court of Vienna, previous to the armed demonstration made by the triple alliance. The letter was in truth prophetic, and showed a statesmanlike grasp of the situation. He pointed out that the project of placing the Archduke Maximilian upon the throne of Mexico had been evolved by Mexican refugees in Paris; that such people were notorious for overrating the strength of their partizans in their native land, and for the extravagance of their

¹ Jecker's interests suffered most by the decree of President Juarez of July 17, 1861. Under Miramon he had negotiated, on behalf of the clerical party, the issue of new six-per-cent. bonds of 75,000,000 francs, destined to take up the old discredited government bonds, twenty-five per cent. being paid in silver by the holders, and the interest of which was guaranteed partly by the state, partly by the house of Jecker. The latter was to receive a commission of five per cent. upon the transaction—3,750,000 francs. The profit to the government should have been 15,000,000, had not a clause been inserted enabling Jecker to deduct his commission in advance, as well as half of the interest for five years,—11,250,000 francs,—which, as we have seen, was guaranteed by the state; so that, as a matter of fact, the government received only 3,570,000 francs. When, in May, 1860, and without the slightest warning, the house of Jecker failed, the interests of a large number of Frenchmen whose funds were intrusted to it were jeopardized; and as their only hope rested upon the profit to

be derived from the issue of the bonds referred to, the decree of January 1, 1861, annulling the contract under which they had been issued, not only ruined the house of Jecker beyond recovery, but deprived its creditors of all remaining hope. Jecker then went to France. There he skilfully managed to win over to his cause some personages influential at the court of France. The Duc de Morny, whose speculative spirit was easily seduced by the golden visions of large financial enterprises in a land the wealth of which was alluringly held up to his cupidity, took him under his powerful protection. There is little doubt that this was an important factor in the Mexican imbroglio. It is interesting to know that a just Nemesis overtook Jecker, whose unworthy intrigues had brought about such incalculable mischief. He was shot by order of the Commune in 1871.

² The French claims against the Mexican government amounted to 50,000,000 francs.

hopes of success; that her Majesty's government would grant no support to such a project; that a long time would be necessary to consolidate a throne in Mexico, as well as to make the sovereign independent of foreign support; and that, should this foreign support be withdrawn, the sovereign might well be driven out by the Mexican republicans. The Spanish general Prim, when later, upon the spot, he was able to appreciate the difficulties of the situation and had decided to withdraw, wrote to the Emperor a strong letter in which his views to the same effect were powerfully expressed.

Such warnings, however, were lost amid the glittering possibilities of so glorious an achievement. Napoleon, following his own thought, had already approached the Austrian archduke and his imperial brother with regard to the former's candidacy, and had trusted to chance as to the complications that might arise with his allies. It was not long before these became clearly defined.

Omitting all details as to the final rupture of the allies, and the march of the French upon the capital,—when instead of the promised enthusiastic welcome, a sullen acquiescence in the inevitable everywhere greeted the foreign invaders,—I proceed with the personal narrative.

THE AUTHOR LEAVES PARIS FOR MEXICO.

ON March 4, 1862, one of my brothers, then on his way to the United States, and incidentally the bearer of despatches from Mr. Corwin, our minister to Mexico, was attacked and, after a sharp fight, murdered by a small band of highwaymen near Perote. I was then in Paris, where I had been left to finish my education under the care of old and dear friends. In consequence of this tragedy it was deemed advisable that I should join my family.

M. Jubinal, my temporary guardian, was a distinguished antiquary and scholar, the founder of a museum in his native town, and the author of works upon ancient arms and tapestries, which are still authorities. He was an *homme de lettres* connected with a leading paper, and a deputy in the Corps Législatif for the department of the Hautes-Pyrénées. He was a self-made man, and thoroughly well made was he—witty, kind, just, and learned in certain lines; and his warm Southern blood colored his personality with a shade of materialism which his refined tastes never allowed to sink to the level of coarseness.

He was to me the kindest of guardians and dearest of «chums,» and made my Sundays

and vacations real holidays. He often took me bric-à-brac-hunting to old shops unknown to all save the Parisian curiosity-seeker, and happy hours were spent on the quays among the old book-stands in that fascinating occupation for which the French bookworm has coined the word *bouquiner*. And then the charming evenings spent at the theaters and ended at Tortoni's with this truest of «boulevardiers,» who knew every one and everything, and whose inexhaustible fund of anecdote was enlivened by a spontaneous, easy wit and verve that made his companionship a delight.

His wife was the daughter of Comte Rousselin de St. Albin, a man of considerable influence during the reign of King Louis-Philippe, whose close personal friend he was.

M. de St. Albin's house in the Rue Vieille du Temple, where his family lived when we first knew them, had originally formed part of the famous Temple, which in medieval times was the abode of the Templars. It was an interesting place, full of historic memories. Within these legendary walls he had accumulated countless relics of those among his early associates who were then so fast becoming heroes in the French annals. Being an intimate friend and a connection of the Comte de Barras (see «Mémoires,» page 20), the chief executive under the Directory, it was to him that the latter, by will dated February 2, 1827, intrusted not only his secret memoirs,¹ but all his private and official papers. At the death of M. de St. Albin (1847) this important collection passed into the possession of his children.

I well remember, as a little girl, being shown some of the choicest pieces in the series, among which were interesting original portraits. One paper especially made an indelible impression upon my childish mind, and I can now recall the feeling of awe with which I gazed upon the appeal to arms in the name of the Commune, drawn up by Robespierre and his colleagues on the night of the 8th Thermidor, a document which has since been published by M. Duruy in the «Mémoires de Barras.» Robespierre had just written the first syllable of his name below those of his colleagues when the Convention was attacked, and the blood-stains which bespattered the sheet, and told of the final tragedy of the leader's life, appealed to my childish imagination, and are still vivid in my memory.

Notwithstanding her father's relation to the Orleanists, Hortense de St. Albin and her

¹ These memoirs have only recently been published by M. Duruy, who married M. Jubinal's daughter, the granddaughter of Comte Rousselin de St. Albin.

brother were closely connected with the new order of things. She had entertained personal relations with the Empress before her elevation to the imperial throne, and her brother, Comte Louis-Philippe de St. Albin, was librarian to her Majesty. These close affiliations with the court did not prevent M. Jubinal, in his political capacity, from gradually sliding into the ranks of the opposition. Later he was one of the few who often voted against the measures of the government in the legislative struggles brought about by the intervention of France in Mexican affairs. Whether this attitude was wholly due to his superior common sense, or whether behind his political convictions there lingered a tinge of chagrin at a disappointed hope of senatorial honors once held out to his ambition by the French emperor, it is difficult to tell. It is probable that the latter motive formed, unknown to him, a foundation upon which his wisdom and political principles rested, and which lent them added solidity.

Before I left France I was, at his house, the interested though silent listener to many a violent discussion upon the stirring theme. The critics of the Napoleonic policy loudly denounced the fraudulent transactions connected with the issue of the Jecker bonds. They more than intimated that the great of the land were mixed up in the disgraceful agiotage that had led to these serious difficulties, and that all this brilliant dust of a civilizing expedition to a distant El Dorado was raised about the Emperor by his entourage to conceal from him what was going on nearer home.

One of their strongest arguments was that the invasion of Mexico by the French army must necessarily give umbrage to the United States, with which traditions of friendship had long existed; and they urged that, whatever the crippled condition of the Union, such a course could not fail eventually to lead to dangerous complications.

AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

ONE day in March, 1862, before the news of the rupture between the French and their allies had reached Paris, M. Jubinal invited me to accompany him to the Hôtel des Ventes, Rue Drouot, where an important collection of tapestries and other objects of art was on view to be sold. There were comparatively few amateurs in the rooms when we entered. My companion was pointing out to me the beauties of a piece which he particularly coveted when some one came behind us and called him by name. We both turned around

and faced a middle-aged man whose dress, manner, and general bearing showed him to be a personage of some importance. M. Jubinal, who evidently knew him well, addressed him as «M. le Duc,» and his strong likeness to the Emperor, as well as a few stray words, soon led me to guess, even before my guardian had gone through the form of an introduction, that he was no less a personage than the Duc de Morny.

The Duc de Morny's position during the period that elapsed between the revolution of 1848 and 1865 was one unique in France; and yet it is doubtful whether his fame would have been as world-wide as it has become had it not been for the part he played in the Mexican imbroglio.

Brought up as a child by a charming woman of graceful intellect and literary pretensions, he had met early in life the Duc d'Orléans, who had led him into the gay Parisian world of which he was the leader. After a brief military career in Africa, he resigned from the army, and divided his interest between politics and speculation. He employed his leisure moments in writing very indifferent plays, which, although published under a *nom de guerre* (St. Remy), he depended upon the servility of the Parisian press to carry through. He was not a deep thinker, nor was his intellectual horizon a broad one; but his views were liberal, his shallow mind was brilliant and versatile, and to the graceful frivolity of a man of the world he united a taste for the serious financial and political problems of his time. He belonged to that set of bright young politicians who, toward the end of the reign of Louis-Philippe, passed, as was cleverly said, «from a jockey club to the Chamber of Deputies,» declaring that France was a victim of old-fogysm, and flattering themselves with the thought that they would infuse the vigor of youth into politics. These would-be founders of a new era called themselves «progressive conservatives» (*conservateurs progressistes*).

At the time when I met him he was president of the Corps Législatif, where, without the slightest pretension to oratorical talent, he wielded an immense influence. He was what we call here a «leader» in every sense of the word—at court, on the Bourse, and in the political as well as in the social world.

On that morning he was with the Duchess, bent upon the same errand as ourselves, and seeing us, he had come to ask M. Jubinal to give them his opinion upon the value of a possible purchase. After discussing the subject, which was all-engrossing for the mo-

ment, the Duchess turned to me and politely drew me into conversation. Her kindly manner set me at ease, and she soon extracted from me the information that I was about to sail for Mexico. At this she became much excited, and exclaiming, « Oh, I must tell M. de Morny! » she immediately moved to where he and M. Jubinal had wandered, saying, « Just think! this young girl is going to Mexico on the *Louisiane* alone, under the care of strangers. » A gleam of interest brightened the great man's dull eye as for a moment it rested upon me. He asked me a few questions; but as the Duchess rather commanded my attention, he soon turned to M. Jubinal, and I overheard my guardian telling him of the tragic events which had caused my rather sudden departure, at the same time expressing some anxiety with regard to my own safety. « Oh, » said the Duke, « by the time she arrives there we will have changed all that. Lorencez is there now; our army will then be in the city of Mexico; the roads will be quite safe. Have no fear. »

A mild, half-playful argument followed, in the course of which my guardian, I thought, was not quite as uncompromising in his criticism as he was when surrounded by those who shared his own opinions. But the Duke was very affable, and the Duchess was very charming, with her Northern beauty, her delicate, high-bred features, and her wealth of blonde hair. No wonder if he could not be stern.

It was the first time that I had met the man whose influence then ruled over the destinies of France and Mexico, and the incident naturally impressed itself upon my memory. Upon my arrival in Mexico, where I found men puzzling over the extraordinary lack of concert between the allied invaders, which baffled their understanding, I remembered those words of the Duc de Morny, uttered even before a suitable pretext had been furnished General de Lorencez for breaking through the preliminary treaty which bound France to England and Spain, and, of course, before the news of the final rupture could possibly have reached Europe. M. de Lorencez, it is now known, had gone to Mexico with orders to march without delay upon the capital.

STARTING ON A LONG JOURNEY.

THE Gare d'Orléans presented a scene of more than usual animation when, on the morning of the 13th day of April, 1862, our fiacre landed us at its entrance, en route for St. Nazaire. The Compagnie Transatlantique, formed by the house of Péreire, was giving a grand inaugural banquet to celebrate the opening of the

new line of steamers that was to carry passengers direct from France to Mexico. The *Louisiane* was to sail on her first trip on the following day. A special train was on the track awaiting the distinguished guests of the company, and it is safe to say that two thirds of the celebrities of the day in the world of finance, of politics, and of journalism were gathering upon the platform.

M. Jubinal, himself an invited guest, had decided to take me with him, as he was anxious to see me safely on board. The presence of a young girl among them naturally excited some curiosity among the small clusters of men who here and there stood by the carriage doors chatting with one another, ready to take their places; and as we passed by, my companion was the object of inquiring looks from those with whom he was on familiar terms. But this curiosity invariably gave way to evidences of more earnest interest when they were told that I was to sail for Vera Cruz on the following day.

Our companions in the railway-carriage were journalists whom M. Jubinal knew, and a deputy whose name now escapes my memory. Each one had much advice to bestow and many wise opinions to express, the remembrance of which afforded me endless amusement after I had reached my destination, so far were they from meeting the requirements of the case. And all, whatever their personal views with regard to the intervention, confidently expressed the conviction that upon reaching the capital I should find the French flag flying over the citadel.

During the ride down to St. Nazaire the conversation ran wholly upon the subject of Mexico, and of the magnificent opportunities to French commerce and speculation opened up by the expedition. Of these our present errand was an earnest. In listening to them, one might have thought that Napoleon had found Aladdin's lamp, and had deposited it for permanent use at the Paris Bourse. Mining companies, colonization companies, railroad companies, telegraph companies, etc., — all the activities that go to constitute the nineteenth-century civilization, — were in a few short years to develop the mining and agricultural resources of the country. A new outlet would open to French industry, and the glory of French arms would check the greed of the Anglo-Saxon, that arrogant merchant race who would monopolize the trade of the world. The thought was brilliant, grand, generous, noble, worthy of a Napoleonic mind. There were millions in it!

Later, upon reaching Vera Cruz, I remem-

bered that nothing had been said of the yellow fever and the rainy season, or of the magnitude of the sparsely populated country which it was necessary to clear of predatory bands who then virtually held it, or of the expense in men and millions which must be incurred to maintain order while all these great schemes were being carried out. My eloquent fellow-travelers unhesitatingly asserted that Mexico yearned for all this prosperity; it was extending its arms to France; the French army would receive one long ovation in its triumphant march to the capital amid vivas and showers of roses. All who *knew* said so. How lucky was mademoiselle to be going there at this auspicious moment, to witness such great and stirring events!

M. Jubinal looked somewhat incredulous, but the atmosphere created just then by the occasion was certainly against him. Here was a large company of French capitalists, backed by one of the most substantial houses in France, opening direct communication between that country and Mexico, when hitherto most of the traffic had been conducted through an English medium. To my youthful mind it *did* seem then as though M. Jubinal had the worst of the argument.

Upon leaving my brilliant companions to find my way to the steamer, however, the scene changed as suddenly as though a wizard's wand had wrought its magic. The weather seemed threatening; a dull gray sky hung low over the bay, and the chopping, white-capped waves reflected the leaden color of the clouds.

There were only forty passengers on board, and, comparatively speaking, little of the animation that usually precedes the outgoing of an ocean steamer. I found without difficulty the French banker and his Mexican wife who had kindly consented to chaperon me during my lonely journey; and I soon discovered that she and I were the only women passengers on board.

Our fellow-travelers were uninteresting—mostly commercial agents or small tradesmen representing the old-established petty commerce with Mexico. The new order of things was suggested, somewhat ominously, only by the presence of two young surgeons on their way to increase the effective force of the military hospital in Vera Cruz.

Evidently the predicted exodus to El Dorado had not yet begun. Where was the ad-

vance-guard of the great army of emigrant capitalists now about to start, and of which I had just heard so much?

DISILLUSION.

THIS was the first serious disillusion of my life, and it left a deep and permanent impression upon my mind. What was the relation between the great banquet of Péreire & Company and this train full of statesmen, literati, and other distinguished men,—this blast of the press heralding a great and joyful event in the commercial life of the French nation,—and this old patched-up ship, with its scant load of commonplace and evidently old Franco-Mexican tradesmen, lying in lonely dullness against the gray sky on that gloomy evening?

Those men were rejoicing over us while we lay here at anchor. They were drinking to phantoms evoked by their own imagination, and their glowing speeches would to-morrow stir the fancy of thousands of readers who, seeing through their eyes, would view the dark hulk of our old ship framed in a glittering golden cloud. Where I now stood, almost alone in the gloom, the vivid imagination of those men yonder in the banquet-hall at that very hour perceived the mirage of the speculative fever crowding the decks of the Péreire steamers with imaginary colonists eager to convert their savings into mining stocks and Mexican railroad bonds, and rushing to the land of Montezuma to sow and reap a rich harvest for France.

How many wretches were induced to risk their money upon such representations?¹ Oh, the dreariness, the loneliness, of that first night at anchor in the Bay of Biscay! The misgivings that filled my heart! Who was right? What should I find over there? Surely these statesmen, capitalists, journalists, legislators, should know what they were doing.

And yet, beyond the line of the western horizon, which only a few hours before they had peopled with glittering visions, there slowly rose in the darkness the phantom of an arrested coach, of panic-stricken travelers, of fierce murderers assaulting a young man, of a dead body on the roadside, and this empty ship, seemed more real at that moment than all that I had yet heard or read.

¹ «L'Opinion Nationale», August 30, 1866, stated that 300,000 bondholders invested in Mexican securities which in 1866 were waste paper.

THE ROMANCE OF A MULE-CAR.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



IT was early summer in the old French quarter of New Orleans, and they walked side by side along the narrow street of Toulouse toward that little harbor shut up and secreted in the very heart of the old town, and known as the Basin.

He was not a native of the Crescent City, although it was his purpose to make it his home, and he had never seen the Basin. She was a Creole of the Creoles, and her twenty-two springtimes had all been passed on the shores of the great river. Of herself she never would have thought of making a visit to the old Basin; but as he wished to see it, she was glad to see it with him. There were so many other places in this beautiful city which he had seen but seldom or not at all, and which were far more attractive than this little piece of town-inclosed water, that it might have seemed strange to her, had she not known him so well, that he had asked her to walk with him along this almost deserted street to the quiet harbor.

They had met by accident that afternoon, and it had been a long time since he had had such an opportunity of having her for an hour or two all to himself. He considered this opportunity such a rare piece of good fortune that his strongest present wish was to banish every fellow-being from the vicinity of himself and of her. The life and gaiety of the town were, at that moment, distasteful to him. The crowded streets of the shops, the beautiful promenades, the smooth Shell-road, the shores of the glittering Pontchartrain, lively with bright eyes, bright colors, and merry voices, were all places to avoid. In the old street of Toulouse there was not a living being but himself and her.

But the distance from Rampart street to the Basin was very short, and almost before he knew it they stood by the side of the little harbor, which reaches forth to the outer world of water by means of a long and slender canal stretching itself away, almost unseen, among the houses.

Here were some of those quaint vessels which dreamily float down from the inland

waters of the State, and, having reached the widened surface of the Basin, drop into a quiet nap by the side of the old gray piers. With their cargoes piled high up on their sterns, and the shadows of their masts stretching far, far down into the tranquil water, as if they were endeavoring to reach a bottom of mysterious and unknown depth, they lay, with the houses and the streets around and about them, as quietly as if they had been resting on the surface of a lagoon far away in the depths of the forest.

But the Basin was not entirely devoid of human life. A man in a straw hat sat in a shaded spot on one of the vessels, smoking a cigarette, and apparently waiting for some one who had been sent for. In the middle of the street, on the other side of the dock, were two men talking, one of whom was probably the messenger who had been sent for the person who was expected. There was a woman's head at the window of one of the houses which overlooked the water; and from an open doorway came a little child toddling in the direction of the Basin.

This was not the place he had expected it to be. From what he had heard of it, he had imagined it a lonely spot with trees upon the water's edge, and in the air that perfume of roses which had helped to make the city dear to him. But there were people here—people with eyes and leisure; and in the air were many odors, but none of roses. There were scents of tar, of sugar, and of boards warmed by the sun, but none of these were in tune with his emotions.

They stood silent, and looked down upon the water. His soul was on fire to speak; but how could he stand here and say what he had to say? That man upon the vessel had already looked at them; and suppose, just as he was in the middle of what he had to say, that toddling child should fall into the water!

She saw that he was ill at ease, and that he did not care for basins.

"You have never seen the old St. Louis Cemetery," said she. "It is just over there; that is the wall of it. Shall we go and see it?"

But his mind was not attuned to ceme-

teries; he had never felt himself so much alive; his soul was like a panther drawn together for a spring.

"It is like the olden time, that cemetery," she said. "It is so still, so lonely; there seems to be nothing there but—"

"Let us go," he said eagerly.

They turned their backs upon the Basin, and, crossing the street, approached the gateway in the brick wall which surrounds the quaint and venerable resting-place of so many of the ancient inhabitants of the Creole quarter.

The gate was open, and they saw no one in the little lodge. They passed in, and walked among the tombs, which reared themselves on every side as if they might have been habitations for living people who had shrunk small, requiring but little room. He had never seen such tombs, all built above ground on account of the watery nature of the soil; and as they walked along a narrow avenue bordered on each side by these houses of the dead, many gray with age, and some of them half covered with clinging vines, she pointed out to him how nearly all of the names inscribed upon them were French or Spanish, and how far, far back were some of the dates beneath them. He had the tastes of an antiquarian, and the quaintnesses of history were a joy to him. The whole scene appeared as foreign to him as if he had been in another land, and all his sympathies stood ready to be called forth. But they heard no call; his soul was still full of a desire to speak of something which had nothing to do with the past, nothing to do with tombs, gray stones, or clinging vines.

"Let us go this way," said he, turning into a narrower path.

At this moment the form of one of the inhabitants of the tombs seemed to rise up before them. It was very tall and very narrow, and the upper part of it was the head of a very old negro, bony, and adorned with patches of gray hair. Its osseous frame appeared to be covered by loose, hanging clothes instead of flesh. It took off its little cap, and saluted them in Negro-French. It was the guardian of the cemetery.

The young man was astonished and disgusted. If he could have done it, he would have hustled this intruding apparition into an empty tomb. But his companion smiled, and greeted the bony sexton in his own queer dialect.

This ancient keeper of the ancient tombs was as courteous as if he had been one of the stately personages now resting in his

domain. He would show them the cemetery; he would take them everywhere; they should see all. He knew it all, he had lived here so long; with his own hands he had put so many of them away.

The two young people followed him. In the soul of one of them there was bitter impatience.

"Must that creature go with us?" he whispered to his companion. "Is it necessary? Can I not give him some money and send him away?"

"Oh, no," said she, softly; "that would not be right; we cannot do that. This is his kingdom; he is very proud to show it."

They walked on, his face clouded.

"But the place is small," he said to himself, "and there must soon be an end to these avenues. Then he must leave us, and we can rest."

No young mistress of a newly furnished house could have exhibited her possessions with more satisfaction and delight than did this undulating structure of bones and clothes show forth the peculiar features of his mortuary establishment. Many of the tombs were made up of rows of narrow tunnels, each wide enough to receive a coffin, one row above another, the whole as high as a tall man could reach. These were family vaults; but the old sexton explained, that, although they had so many apartments, the families often became so large, as time went on, that the accommodations were not sufficient.

When one of the tombs happened to be full, he explained, and there was another applicant for admission, the oldest tunnel was opened, and if any part of the coffin was left, it was taken out, and the "remenz" (by which the old sexton meant the bony residuum of the occupant) were pushed to one side, and the new coffin thrust in and sealed up. Then the ancient coffin was burned, and the new and the old inhabitant of the tunnel dwelt together in peace.

She listened with gentle attention, although she had heard it all before; but, standing by her side, he fumed. How utterly irrelevant were these dreadful details to the thoughts which filled his brain!

They passed a tomb smaller than some of the others, and so old that she stopped to look at it. The stone slab on which was the inscription was so covered with moss and shaded by vines that the words could scarcely be read; but she stooped, and he stooped with her, and they saw that this was the last resting-place of a noble Spanish

gentleman whose virtues and lineage had never been obscured except by the lichens and ferns which spread themselves about the lower part of his tomb.

The sexton was happy to see them interested in this tomb; it was his favorite sepulcher. He spoke to them in broken Creole-French, in broken English, and in Negro-French—the very dust and debris of the different languages. The young man could understand scarcely a word the old negro said, but she picked out his meaning from the shattered lingual fragments.

He had been a great man, this ancient Spanish gentleman, the sexton said. Once everybody in this town looked up to him. Grand family he had. All people looked up at them too. Now family all gone; nobody come here to take care of tomb. Tomb would have disappeared, as the family had gone, had not he himself looked to it that the storms and the vines did not destroy it and cover it up out of sight. A very noble man he had been, this Spanish gentleman. Then, suddenly turning to the two young people, the old man inquired if they would like to see "him"; and, without waiting for an answer, he stepped to the back of the tomb.

"Come," said she to her companion. "The gentleman receives; we must not be impolite."

Unwillingly he followed her.

The top of this tomb was low and of a dome-like form, and at the back of it many of the bricks were loose. Looking about to see that there were no intruders near, for the receptions of the Spanish gentleman were very select, the old man removed a number of the loose bricks. Pointing to the large orifice thus made, he invited his visitors to look in and see "him." The vault was rather spacious, and on the dry and dusty floor the Spanish gentleman was reposing in a detached condition. The sexton thrust in his long arm, scarcely less bony than those of the *hidalgo*, and took out a skull, which he handed to the lady. After this he presented the young man with a thigh-bone, which, however, was declined. The day was becoming a hollow tomb to this lover; its floor was covered with dismal bones instead of the life and love which he had hoped for on this bright and sunny afternoon in early summer. He was morose.

"The Spanish gentleman must have had two heads," he said to his companion. "See; far back there is another skull!"

"Hush," said she; "we must not notice that; we must be polite at this reception."

The old man put the skull back into the tomb, replaced the bricks, and they passed on.

In one corner of the cemetery they came upon a charming little inclosure, a true garden of greenery, which adjoined a small chapel. There were a fence and a gate, and there was a suggestive shadowiness in the rear of the quiet chapel which seemed to strike a note of perfect accord with the young man's emotions.

"Ah," said he, "let us go in here; it will be pleasant to rest in the shade after so much walking. Will you tell the sexton that we do not care to see any more tombs just now?"

She did not answer, but the old man spoke quickly. He had something to say. His voice was raised; he became excited. He declared that it was true what he was going to tell them; hardly could they believe it, but it was true. One day two young people came to the cemetery, and they went into the garden of the chapel, and they sat down in the shade and made love. He saw them, and he told them that they must not make love in the garden of the chapel; but they would not listen to him—they would not regard him at all; they sat and made love; and when he insisted that this was not the place to make love, they still made love. Then he went for the police, and when he came back with the officer, the love-making was over, and they had gone; but the priest he locked that garden gate, and no visitors went in any more. Was it not dreadful, he said, all his bones quivering with earnestness, that Christian people should do that? The young man turned disgusted to her.

"I cannot bear any more tombs or skeletons, alive or dead. Let us go out into the world of life."

"Yes," said she; "the hours slip on; it is time that I go to my house."

The old sexton took the money that was offered him,—far more than he had expected,—but he was not satisfied; there was so much of the cemetery which they had not seen. But they would come again, he said, as he raised his little cap; then he would show them the rest.

"If it is not to be," the young man said in his heart, "then will I gladly come again, and stay; but otherwise never."

Now they walked together in the broad and beautiful street of the Ramparts, and they moved slowly in the direction of Canal street, that great central artery of movement and life. It should have been a joy to walk with her, but he was disappointed. There

were people on the sidewalks, there were people on the piazzas, electric cars passed them; and she talked to him about the houses, some of which had little histories; but houses, histories, electric cars, and the people they met and the people who looked down upon them, were all as the taste of bitter herbs in his mouth. This was the first time he had been so completely alone with her, and the afternoon was passing. If he had had his day to live over again, he would have stopped short in the old street of Toulouse, and would there have said what he had to say. There had been absolutely nobody in the street of Toulouse.

They reached Canal street, and they stood together, waiting until a car should come which would take her to her home. With whirring and roaring the cars passed this way and that, but the one she waited for did not come. He would have been glad to stand there waiting for the rest of the day. He could not speak as he would speak, but he was near her.

Presently there was heard the gentle tinkling of a bell. She almost clapped her hands.

«It is a mule-car!» she said. «I will go in a mule-car. It will not be long before the mule-car shall disappear. Look at it as it comes; see how that it is funny!»

Slowly the mule-car jingled toward them, and as it came it was truly funny. Among the last of its kind which once circulated placidly all over the old city, with its mule trotting deliberately in front of it, and its shabby sides suggestive of no memories of fresh paint, it formed a striking contrast to the swiftly rolling electric cars, shining in bright colors, and gay with signs and lettering.

He stopped the car, and helped her in. As he seated himself by her side she raised her eyebrows a very little, as if she would say to herself that although it was not absolutely necessary for him to come with her,—for it was out of his way,—yet that was his affair, and she would no more interfere with him than she had interfered with the Spanish gentleman who had received that afternoon.

There were not many people in the mule-car, for most persons preferred swifter methods of transportation; but it carried some passengers. All these persons—there were four of them—sat on the opposite side of the car; none of them had a newspaper to read, and they seemed to have nothing upon their minds but the two young people who were seated quietly side by side not very far

from one of the front windows. It must have been a pleasure to look at them, for in countenance and raiment they were prepossessing in a high degree; but there are pleasures which should be pursued with moderation—at least, the young man thought so. He knew that if he said to her anything which was not commonplace there would be a gleam of intelligence in the faces opposite.

Slowly the mule-car trundled along the shaded avenue into which it had turned, and then, at a cross street, it stopped, and, wonder of wonders! two of the passengers got out. It was hard to believe that such persons would be willing to pay their money for so short a ride, and yet perhaps they had come up all the way from the river-front.

Now the bell on the mule tinkled again, and again the car rolled on. The passenger who was nearest the door was an elderly woman, very stout, with a dark and lowering visage. The other was a man, thin and nervous, who frequently looked out of the front window near which he sat. He had been the least objectionable of the four original passengers, for the reason that he had sometimes turned his eyes away from the couple on the other side of the car.

It was not long before the car began to go slower and slower, and then it stopped. The man in the front corner turned quickly, and stared out of the window.

«Ha!» he exclaimed, «it is a ship!» and with that he rose, picked up a paper package by his side, and left the car.

The other occupants all looked out of the windows, and they saw why the car had stopped. It had reached the little canal which stretches along between the houses from the Basin to the bayou of St. John, and the drawbridge was open to allow the passage of one of the queer, stern-freighted vessels pursuing its sluggish way toward the little harbor. Its bowsprit had barely reached the draw, but it was moving.

The mule, the driver, and the car now settled themselves into a condition of repose. Repose was pleasant on such a warm and breezeless summer afternoon, and the driver, his back resting against the front of the car, dropped into a doze. These incidents of enforced inactivity were familiar to him, and he knew how to take advantage of them. But the mule, although glad to rest upon his four motionless legs, had no desire to sleep. He gazed upon the slowly advancing vessel, and then, turning his head from side to side, he glanced first into one and then into the other of the front windows of the car. Now

he looked again at the vessel; he cast his eyes upon the drawbridge, which seemed glad to rest for a time in a new position; and then he stood reflective, but not for long. The occupants of the car seemed to interest him, and again he turned his gaze upon them.

The faces of the two young people had undergone a slight change since the mule had first regarded them. They were evidently under the influence of emotions which were growing upon them. She was very quiet, gazing straight before her; but in her cheeks there were some slight indications of the pallor of expectancy. It was different with him: he was clearly agitated. His eyes moved quickly and anxiously from the vessel in the canal to the stout woman near the door of the car. He said but little, and one might have supposed that his heart was beating more rapidly than usual.

The woman with the basket was very much annoyed, and did not take any pains to conceal it. Even the mule could see that she was growling inwardly, and now and then she gave vent to an exclamation of impatience; but she showed no signs of intending to get out. Even had she lived but one short block on the other side of the canal, that woman was a woman who wanted the full value of the five cents she had paid for her passage to her home. She could now cross the canal on another bridge if she chose. If she were in such a hurry, why did she not get out and walk the rest of the way? Her basket was a little one.

But although her face grew darker, and her muttered exclamations became more frequent, she did not move. To the eyes of the young man, she looked as if she had been pressed upon the seat in a partially melted condition, and had hardened there. His heart was heavy as he turned his eyes away from her. How could he have expected that such an opportunity should *almost* have come to him! No one would get into a car that was standing still by an open draw. The driver was asleep. If he could have hired a carriage to take that impatient, fretting woman to the bosom of her family—aye, if he could have bought a carriage to take her home, he would not have hesitated in this supreme moment.

Few words passed between the two young people. He was very restless. He looked out of the open door, fearing, he could not have told himself why, that another mule-car might soon come along. Then he looked out front. The vessel was nearly through the draw. Of himself he wished that it had

stuck fast, that it had gone aground, that it could move no more for hours; then that she-demon must get out and walk. The mule again looked back into the car. He saw the agitation of the young man; he saw the steady gaze and the now fluctuating pallor of his companion; he saw also the indignant irritation of the stolid woman with the basket. He turned away his head, and gazed reflectively before him.

The vessel moved entirely out of the draw; the bridge came slowly and noiselessly back into its position; the man at the draw went away. Everything was quiet and still; an additional hush seemed to have come upon the scene. The mule gazed straight before him at the bridge now ready for his advance, but he moved not even enough to give the slightest tinkle to his bell; the driver slept.

The woman with the basket had been looking out at the back. Perhaps she thought that if another car came something might happen to hurry matters; but now she turned, and beheld the vessel clearly past the draw, and moving on to conceal itself between the houses. Why did not the car go on? She did not see that the bridge had come into its place. A thought flashed upon her.

"They wait for another ship!" she exclaimed. "This is terrible! It is that life has not enough of length for this." And with a sudden snap of her teeth, she rose and got out.

The motion given to the car by the descent of the heavy woman awoke the driver, who suddenly opened his eyes, stood up straight, and seeing that the way was clear before him, started his mule. This animal, slowly turning his head backward to look at the stout woman, who was indignantly making her way toward the sidewalk, went off at a great rate, as if he were impressed with the idea that he must make up lost time; then, when it was impossible for the woman to overtake the car, he slackened his speed. As he did so he turned his head, he gazed into the front window of the car, he saw the young people side by side and alone; then, with a gentle wave of his long ears, as though he would say, "It is all arranged, my children," he discreetly turned away his head, and trotted on.

The pallor on the face of the beautiful Creole changed to a flush. If she had obeyed the dictates of her heart she would have clapped her hands, exclaiming, "What a beautiful mule!" But she knew how to control the dictates of her heart, and said nothing. He moved quickly in his seat, like a man

who would make a bound into paradise as the gates were closing; and as she, at the same moment, turned her head, he looked into her eyes. There was a light in those eyes—a tremulous light which shone inward, so that he looked back and back and back into the very innermost recesses of her soul. There he saw what he wanted to see! He said no word, but he clasped her right hand in both of his own. She did not withdraw it; her face was still turned toward him.

Gently the mule moved his head; with a backward glance of one eye he saw everything. Then again he looked in front of him, and lowering his ears, he let them drop between his eyes and the front windows of the car, so that it would be impossible for him, even by accident, to see what was going on within. If the young man perceived this considerate act, he did not appreciate the fact that he saw it, but there came upon him the feeling that for a moment he was free to forget everything in the world but himself and her; and folding her in his arms, he gave her the first warm kiss of love. Yes; thus it was, in broad daylight, and in a mule-car, these two plighted their troth!

Now the car rolled on, but it seemed no more to move on iron rails. It might have glided over soft masses of fleecy clouds, so gentle, so joyous was its motion. The tinkling of the bell on the mule changed into sweet strains of music from the harps of angels; the waters of the little branch canal, which ran along the middle of the wide avenue, sent up, in all their original fragrance, the odors of every flower or fruit which had ever fallen upon their tranquil surface, and the leaves of the tall live-oaks overhead changed their dull summer green, as if they had been suddenly transmuted, by a wind from some magic sky, into delicate sheets of sparkling emerald. For him there were no people in this great world except themselves. But she, as they sat there with their hands still clasped, threw over those hands a corner of her light summer wrap. Even in this sudden heaven she did not forget the world.

The mule looked back again. He saw both their faces, and he raised his ears to their normal position. Even to those ears his bell had never sounded so musical.

Suddenly, in the midst of all the fleecy clouds, the angel music, the delicate fragrance, the emerald green, and the low, impassioned speech, she started to her feet.

«We have reached the Esplanade,» she said; «I must get out.»

As they stood together upon the sidewalk, the mule gave them one last look, and then moved on upon his tinkling way.

«No,» said she; «you must not walk to my house with me. It is not right that I should promenade with one so happy.»

With one long look, more effulgent than the overhanging sun, he left her. Like a swift stag breathing the strong wind of the hills, he ran after the mule-car, quickly caught up with it, and sprang inside. She was gone, but he would sit where she had been sitting; so long as he might, he would ride on in that heavenly car. But the young man could not sit still; he went out on the platform, and talked to the driver.

«Yes,» said the man; «it will not be long that I shall drive this car. It will soon be taken off. The people here now have no use for mule-cars.»

He did not know why it was, but, for some reason which he did not try to comprehend, the heart of the young man warmed toward that mule. He wished that it had a more comely tail.

WHEN he and she were married they went to live in a little house far out upon a wide and flowery avenue. This cottage stood but one story high, but it spread itself here and there upon a grassy lawn, and lilies and roses and all manner of fragrant flowers and sweet-smelling bushes crowded about it, as though they would look into its windows, and so imbue themselves with fresh fragrance and fresh beauty. Love sat upon the little doorstep to say «not at home» to every inharmonious visitor; and if there were but one blue patch in the sky, it hung tenderly above that roof. Rearward of the house there nestled a little yard of green, and above its odoriferous shrubbery there often raised themselves a pair of long, soft ears; these belonged to the mule of the mule-car. «Since they have use for him no more,» she had said,—it was not necessary now for her to control the dictates of her heart,—«he must come to us; he must be our own.»

Even though in the mule-car she had sat gazing straight before her, she had seen far more than her companion could see. She could appreciate, she could understand; and when, sitting together on their piazza in the quiet moonlight, she would hear the tinkle of a bell from behind the house, she would take him by the hand, and they would both remember how the angels once played their harps under the live-oaks of Claiborne Avenue.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.

BY THE HONORABLE A. W. TERRELL,
Lately United States Minister at Constantinople.



IN the nineteenth day of March last, while attending the ceremony of the Selemlik in Constantinople, near the Yildiz Palace, I was informed by a master of ceremonies that I would be received in audience by the Sultan of Turkey after he had finished his devotions in the mosque.

On entering the palace at the appointed time, attended by Munier Pasha, the introducer of foreign diplomats, and by Mr. Gargiulo, my official interpreter, my reception was cordial; and during a conversation which lasted more than two hours many things were said by the Sultan regarding the treatment of the Armenian race by the Turkish government which he desired should be made known to the people of the United States. An expression of that desire was renewed by him on the fifteenth day of June last, on the eve of my departure for home. He was assured that his wishes would be observed in such manner and at such time as would be proper after my official relations with his government had ceased.

In now complying with that promise, it is deemed proper first to introduce to the reader Sultan Abdul Hamid, by quoting from an article in the January, 1895, number of the "Contemporary Review." That article was written by one who is recognized by missionaries as the ablest and most scholarly American divine and educator in Turkey, and who has resided in Constantinople more than twenty years. The extracts are as follows:

"He [the Sultan] has never failed to win the heart of any European who has been admitted to any degree of intimacy with him. All find in him the noble and attractive qualities which they cannot help but admire. . . . Except in religion, he is more of a European than an Asiatic. . . . He is no more of an Oriental despot than the late Czar; and many of the fine qualities discovered in the Czar after his death are equally characteristic of the Sultan. In personal

ability I should say he was the Czar's superior. . . . It is true of the Sultan, as it was of the Czar, that his policy was not adopted through personal ambition or the love of power, but from a sense of duty to religion and country. . . . In Asia Minor the Sultan has had some excuse for the persecution of Armenians in the establishment of their revolutionary committees. . . . He deserves the highest praise. . . . It is a new thing in the world to see a Turkish sultan attempting to cleanse his empire from filth and disease, and rivaling the most advanced countries in the world in his efforts to care for the health of his people. . . . He has done more for the education of his people than all the sultans who have gone before him."

The tourist who visits Turkey finds in Constantinople a resident colony of fifty-two native Americans, all of whom are missionary educators, or Bible-hours people, except two, one of whom is a dentist and the other a saloon-keeper. None of these has ever been presented to the Sultan, or admitted to the Yildiz Palace, which few except diplomats ever enter, and which is, perhaps, more exclusive than any palace in Europe. Over thirteen centuries of fierce attrition between the crescent and the cross have not tended to develop among rival religionists a spirit of mutual love; but, on the contrary, have even made it difficult for them to speak charitably of each other. Whatever may be the cause, certain it is that published descriptions of the Sultan, and of his habits, which have appeared in the American press, usually contain as many errors as sentences.

The Sultan is over fifty years old, of medium height, with clear olive complexion, dark hair, high forehead, and large dark-brown eyes. The habitual expression of his face is one of extreme sadness. Though the pashas who attend his palace when ministers or ambassadors are entertained are decorated with regal splendor, he always appears in plain garb, wearing a red fez, a frock-coat and trousers of dark-blue stuff, and patent-leather shoes. A broad service-

sword with steel scabbard, which he holds sheathed in his hand, completes the costume. Sometimes a single decoration is worn on his breast. When he is seen thus plainly attired in the throne-room of his palace, on the first day of the feast of Bairam, seated on an ottoman covered with cloth of gold, to receive the congratulations of his civil and military chiefs, who are all radiant in uniforms and decorations, the contrast is very striking. No Christians but those of the diplomatic corps ever witness this impressive ceremony, which is conducted with the order that distinguishes a military review, but with an Oriental serenity that an American finds it difficult to understand. On such occasions Osman Pasha stands at the Sultan's left, holding a cloth-of-gold scarf, which all reverently kiss after saluting their ruler.

No sovereign in Europe is more courtly or refined in entertaining his guests, and few can be more agreeable in conversation. In his personal intercourse with foreign representatives he is alike free from that stilted dignity which repels confidence, and from that absence of real dignity which invites familiarity.

When I first dined at the palace, the Sultan sat at the head of the table, with Mrs. Terrell at his right and myself at his left. Osman Pasha, Ismael Pasha, the former Khedive of Egypt, the Grand Vizier, and other ministers of state were the other guests.

Nothing could excel the excellence of the cuisine of which he partook with his guests, the table-service and decorations, the magnificence of the dining-room, or the excellence of his wines, which always remain untasted except by Christian guests. Each pasha wore the insignia of his rank, blazing with stars and decorations, while the

plain costume of the Sultan was alone in harmony with my own. No armed men stood guard at the palace doors, and except a detail from the Imperial Guard, who always salute a foreign representative on his arrival, no soldiers have ever been seen by me within the palace walls on any of the occasions when I have dined there.

I do not hesitate to confirm the opinions of General Lew Wallace and my other predecessors, that the Sultan of Turkey is a ruler of great intellectual ability. I regard him as the ablest sovereign in Europe. My opinion as to whether, and in what degree, he is responsible for the massacres that have desolated his kingdom, was given to Secretary of State Olney. It remains unpublished, and will not be repeated here.

Much of the conversation referred to at the beginning of this article related to matters of a diplomatic nature, which for manifest reasons it would be improper to repeat. The Sultan remarked that he had been much gratified by hearing from Sir Ashmead Bartlett, a member of the British Parliament, that I had spoken in just terms touching his Majesty's action in what he termed the Armenian «disturbances»; and that he naturally expected this on account of the personal friendship between us, which enabled me to know that he did not have it in his nature to be wilfully cruel.¹

He said that the facts about recent disturbances in Turkey have never been faithfully reported by the press of the United States, and that he hoped that I would make known to the American people what he was then about to say. Continuing, he said:

«Early during the Ottoman conquests in Asia Minor, the Armenians, who were being crushed by repeated invasions of the Tatars and the Persians, emigrated in large num-

¹ The conversation with Sir Ashmead Bartlett to which the Sultan referred related chiefly to my letter of December 29, 1895, to a leading missionary in Turkey, while the massacres were progressing. The letter will be found in Part II of the Foreign Relations of the United States for 1895. The following is an extract:

To you, sir, to the consul-general, to the secretary of legation, and, I believe, to President Washburn, I expressed four months ago my conviction that the so-called reforms would, when announced, be followed by a massacre of Armenians and a period of great danger to our missionaries. This view was not entertained by those above referred to, nor by my colleagues; but, acting on my own conviction, instant measures were taken for the security of our countrymen. A residence in the southern portion of the United States at the close of our late Civil War had prepared me to anticipate the fearful era through which we are passing here. I had seen the resentful violence of a proud, dominant race, caused by enforced reforms for a subject race, which was increased by the arrogance of the enfranchised negroes, and which resulted in Ku-Klux outrages.

It was known here that at least one of the great powers would not consent to the use of force to make the reforms proposed for the benefit of the Armenian race effective. And so, on the 21st of October, when very many persons were rejoicing over the irade then issued, which proposed to arm and make officers of a race that had for centuries been subjugated and denied privileges, I demanded and obtained on that day telegraphic orders to every civil and military chief in the Ottoman empire to protect American missionaries. Once before, in anticipation of the reforms, and four times since, like orders were obtained at the Porte by myself, such frequent repetition being deemed necessary to impress officials in the interior. . . . I know that the Department of State feels the utmost solicitude for the protection of all American interests. It has sustained me in every responsibility assumed which had that protection for its object; and I cannot, even by implication, concede that it has neglected the interests of your associates and yourself. It surveys the whole vast field of our nation's complicated embarrassments and duties. Our vision is circumscribed by our isolation. . . . I expressed to Sir Ashmead Bartlett the opinion that no Christian sovereign in Europe could have acted more promptly than did the Sultan in the protection of the lives of all American citizens in the Ottoman empire.

bers, and obtained protection from the Ottoman rulers. They were kindly received, hospitably treated, and received benefits in the protection of their lives and property. No nation continually engaged in war can excel in industrial and commercial pursuits. Thus it occurred that while the early sultans were busy with conquests, all manufacturing and commercial interests were monopolized by Christian races, and chiefly by the Armenians. Their religion was also tolerated, for Mussulmans tolerate the religion of all men who worship God. Thus the Armenians prospered, and remained contented under Mussulman rule for over four hundred years. They became the manufacturers, contractors, and bankers of the Ottoman empire. They enjoyed their religion, openly worshiped for centuries in their ancient churches and monasteries, and built new ones when needed. Their patriarch could always present their complaints at the Sublime Porte, and they were always protected in the enjoyment of their own methods of worshiping God.

«Four books are regarded as sacred by all Mussulmans, namely, the Koran, the book of Confucius, the Talmud of the Jews, and the Bible of the Christians. How could a Mussulman murder Armenians merely on account of their religion, when the Koran prohibits cruelty, and requires that all men who believe in God shall be protected, except during war?

«One of my ancestors—Selim I, the grandson of the conqueror of Constantinople—once thought that his empire would be stronger if all his subjects professed the same religion. Some disturbances raised by Christian races caused him to ask the Sheik-ul-Islam if it would be lawful for him to kill all Christians who refused to be converted to Islam. The Sheik issued a *fetva*, in which he answered that it would not be lawful, and that Christians who were peaceful must be protected.¹ So Selim respected the *fetva*. Fire-worshippers and idolators alone have no right to protection, and Mussulmans are prohibited from eating meat cooked by such people.»

The Sultan then cited many evidences of the favor and partiality extended to, and of the confidence reposed in, the Armenians by himself and by former sultans, to show that their religion was not the cause of their recent misfortunes. He said:

«One Dadian, an Armenian, was given en-

tire control of the imperial powder-factory by my father, Sultan Abdul Medjid. He grew rich. He could make powder that would not throw a ball across this room. Thus he had the army at his mercy. Dadian lived at a village on the coast near this city. I remember that my father took me and my brother, when we were mere boys, to Dadian's house, and we slept there two nights.

«Kuetzroglian, an Armenian, was employed to procure every article of furniture, jewelry, and clothing for the palace. He became a great favorite. He had a residence on the Bosphorus at Tchenguelkein, on the Asiatic shore, and became very wealthy. To his house my father would go frequently when he wished to rest.

«The entire charge of the imperial mint was in the hands of an Armenian named Agop Effendi. His opportunities for obtaining wealth were of course great, and he also became very rich.

«Another Armenian, Gumushgerdan, was the designer and maker of female attire for the imperial palace. He still lives here, and is immensely rich.

«The Balian, who are Armenians, have been in succession from father to son the architects of palaces and buildings for the Ottoman sultans for generations. They built the palaces of Dolma Bagtche, Tcheraghan, Beyler Bey, Yildiz, Flamour, the Sweet Waters of Asia, etc., and one is now my imperial architect.

«My father gave to Dadian a large house at Beshicktesh (a quarter of the city), in which Artin Pasha, my present under-secretary for foreign affairs, who is also an Armenian, now lives. My father, in order to please Dadian, gave him a block of land adjoining his residence, upon which Sultan Medjid built from his private means an Armenian church, so that Dadian in bad weather could go there and worship God without going out of doors. At that time the disposition of the administration was far from sanctioning such partiality, but the confidence reposed in Dadian by Sultan Medjid caused him to bestow that favor.

«My present minister of state in charge of the civil list, Michael Protocol Effendi, is an Armenian. He has exclusive control of all public lands, and of all real estate belonging to me. Many Armenians are retained in office by him, with my approval. I will cause their names and salaries to be furnished you.²

«After all the favors bestowed on the Armenian race by my house, which enriched them, their ingratitude was shown by

¹ History confirms the statement.

² The list referred to was furnished (see page 138), and its correctness verified.

plotting and organizing to destroy the Ottoman empire. The revolutionary movement has been sustained by wealthy Armenians.

"You should remember an Armenian bookbinder who bound for you two beautiful albums. After the disturbances of August last in this city, that man became frightened, and fled to America. He wrote back, saying that, being unable to speak the English language, he could find no work, and wished to return. I directed that he should be permitted to return in safety. He then wrote saying that he had no money. Now, Christian people will scarcely believe it when I say that, being convinced that he was a good man, I directed that one thousand francs be sent to enable him to return home."

The Sultan more than once repeated his declaration that no Christians had ever been persecuted by his government or people for their religious faith, and that their churches and monasteries, which have stood from the early ages of Christianity, had been respected, preserved, and worshiped in; that they had always selected their own patriarchs and bishops, and were always protected in the full enjoyment of their religious freedom.

Referring to the massacres, he said: "The truth, unfortunately, is never published in Christian newspapers about conflicts between my Moslem and Christian subjects. Though no true Mussulman will ever punish any man on account of his religion, if he worships God, yet when people bind themselves together by their religion, and then use it to destroy the Ottoman empire, a different question is presented. While Christian Europe was excited against the Ottoman empire about excesses committed by its soldiers during the Greek revolution of 1827, it had no sympathy to bestow upon the butchery of twenty-seven thousand defenseless Turkish men, women, and children, who were massacred in one city after its surrender."

I here informed the Sultan that my government had published¹ the revelation made by the aged missionary, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, which first appeared in the "Independent" in December, 1893, to the effect that the Armenian revolutionists intended to commit atrocities on the Turks and fire their homes in order to provoke against their own people atrocious retaliation, and thus enlist the sympathy of the Christian world. I added: "Though my government is quite satisfied that atrocities have been committed alike by

Mussulmans and Armenians in Asia Minor, it has never been disposed to meddle with this Eastern Question in any of its phases. I have never expressed the opinion that your Majesty instigated or ordered the massacre of Armenians, but I feel sure that their repetition would prove most unfortunate for the Ottoman empire. Both English and American historians have done ample justice to Moslem magnanimity. They have all contrasted the terrible butchery of seventy-five thousand Moslem men, women, and children in Jerusalem, by Duke Godfrey, after their surrender, with the knightly humanity of Saladin when he recaptured the city, and gave even the soldiers the privilege of being ransomed."

When at Damascus, and looking at the splendid sarcophagus of Saladin, to which I had been admitted by an imperial irade, I had remembered his bearing after victory, and when contrasting his humanity with that of Christian crusaders, felt like standing uncovered before his tomb.

The farce then being enacted in Crete, where Greeks fighting for better government had been fired on from the ships of Christian powers a few days before, being referred to, I remarked: "I really think your imperial majesty has much cause for self-gratulation; for you are the only sovereign the integrity of whose empire is guaranteed by the great powers. No power guarantees the integrity of the domains of France, England, Germany, Russia, Austria, or Italy; but all these not only guarantee the integrity of your empire, but have actually been killing Christian Greeks in Crete to prove that they are in earnest."

He calmly answered: "The desire to guard against a conflict among themselves is natural."

The Sultan referred with manifest pleasure to the success which had attended the culture of the Southern potato yam in the provinces of Smyrna and Mesopotamia, and which had been introduced by me into the empire. I answered that next to having been instrumental in preventing strained relations between our respective governments, I felt most satisfaction in having been the means of introducing a new food crop for the poor, which would make famine impossible where it flourished well. The sad face assumed a look of much benignity as he made the following answer: "To be good to one's fellow-man is the best religion. The Prophet once said that if a man is so mean to himself that he gets drunk and like a hog sleeps by

¹ Foreign Relations of the United States, Part II, 1895.

his liquor and cannot get away, it shall be forgiven if he repents; but he who wilfully breaks the heart of a fellow-man may never be forgiven.»

Thus does this isolated ruler, who is regarded by very many persons as a throned assassin, give utterance to the noblest sentiments, in a voice low and musical, while the kindly and sympathetic expression of his face is a constant puzzle to those admitted to his presence, and who may regard him as cruel.

I am quite aware that much of the foregoing seems unimportant; it is given chiefly because the terrible events that during the last two years have disturbed the Ottoman empire have naturally caused much interest in whatever relates to the appearance or the utterances of the Sultan. During the audience he sat on a sofa richly upholstered with satin brocade. The same material covered the walls. A small table, inlaid in mosaic, on which were cigarettes, which he frequently smoked, was placed between us; and during the audience tea was served in jeweled cups of gold. Munier Pasha, a refined gentleman, was present during the audience. The room occupied was richly furnished in the style of Louis XVI. Paintings, some of which were of great excellence, decorated the walls, and silk rugs and a Turkish carpet of unique design covered the floor.

When it is remembered that in addition to being the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid is the calif or spiritual head of the Mohammedan world, with its one hundred and sixty millions of people, one feels less surprise at the servile adoration with which his subjects approach him. No matter how often during a conversation with a Christian diplomat he may speak to the most exalted of his subjects who may be present, the hand of the person addressed salutes him by quickly and gracefully touching the left breast, lips, and forehead.

The Sultan always converses in the Turkish language, though while yet a prince he studied French; and an incident occurred one night at the Yildiz Palace, when a comedy was rendered in Italian by an Italian troupe, which indicated his knowledge of that language. Among the audience were the Sultan; Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna; Munier Pasha; the young princes of the palace; and I. During a prison scene the Sultan abruptly ceased conversing and became an intent listener; then, turning to me, he remarked, «That always touches my heart.»

His efforts to encourage manufacturing industries have been marked. Works for the manufacture of fine porcelain-ware, in which he takes much interest, have been erected within the palace grounds, under the supervision of Selim Effendi, a Syrian Christian of much intelligence, who is one of the imperial ministers. An imperial library has also been established at Yildiz, the shelves of which are loaded with the works of standard authors of the United States and the chief nations of Europe. Here are found Arabic manuscripts, written when Arabia was the seat of literature, of art, of science, and of poetry, and at a time when European nations were in dense ignorance.

No lovelier view can be seen in any land than that which one beholds from the palace heights. To the south, across the mouth of the Golden Horn, is seen the church of St. Sophia, built by Justinian, and still fragrant with the memories of the early councils of the Christian church which were held in its south gallery. Within its walls more than seventy emperors have been crowned. In full view to the southeast across the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic shore, is the spot where the bishops who once ministered to our barbaric ancestors, and others from Asia and Africa, met at the Council of Chalcedon, in 451, to condemn the heresy of Eutyches. A few leagues beyond the lofty snow-crest of the Bithynian Olympus, which is seen on the other side of the Sea of Marmora, are the ruins of Nicæa, where that other Christian council met in the fourth century to condemn the heresy of Arius. To the south, through a dreamy haze like that in the Gulf of Naples, is seen Seraglio Point, so famed in history, in romance, and in song; while to the east, on the Asiatic shore, is the ancient Chrysopolis, now called Scutari, to which Xenophon led his ten thousand Greeks after his expedition with Cyrus. To the north and east flows with rapid current the dark blue water of the Bosphorus, two miles wide and three hundred feet deep, which, rushing from the Black Sea, which is almost in view, has just laved the cyanean rocks, or Symplegades, between which Jason steered in quest of the Golden Fleece. Below, to the east and extending down to the shore, the eye rests on a forest in which is a pleasure-kiosk of great beauty, and near it are a cataract and a lake. Birds of varied plumage, and the roebuck and the soft-eyed gazelle, roam there at will. There the oleander and the magnolia waved their blos-

soms of crimson and white to remind me of home. There art has everywhere so assisted nature in its arrangement of trees and flowers as to create a restful retreat of surpassing loveliness.

When it is remembered that the Sultan rules over a domain which is inhabited by nearly twenty different races of people, each of whom belongs to a different religious sect, and most of whom speak a language peculiar to themselves; that all except the Turks, having been long subjugated, are therefore restless; and that their discontent has been encouraged by European interference, one must cease to wonder at the race conflicts that have clouded the reign of the present Sultan.

Nowhere in Europe can be found a finer-looking class of men than are the Turkish subjects of the Sultan, or more refined and courteous gentlemen than one sees among their educated classes. Long subjugation must naturally tend to develop degrading

vices in any race; therefore it is not strange that all Europeans who have resided long in Turkey bear witness to the fact that the Turks far excel all their subject races in truth, hospitality, fair-dealing, and courage. It is a race full of contradictions, for it is the most gentle and the most cruel; the most hospitable and the most exclusive; the most tolerant and yet the most fanatical that can be found in any land.

The ruler of this strange race has been called the «Sick Man.» He has one million of improved magazine-rifles, has purchased one million more, and has trained to use them soldiers who are fatalists, and who see heaven through the smoke of battle. If he should ever be forced, in desperate extremity, to visit Seraglio Point, and give to the breeze the mantle of the Prophet which is there guarded, summoning to its defense all the one hundred and sixty millions of the faithful, he would soon be regarded as the most vigorous invalid of modern times.

ADDENDUM.

ARMENIANS IN THE TURKISH CIVIL LIST.

List given to the United States minister, by order of the Sultan of Turkey, which shows the names and salaries, per month, of the Armenians in the employment of the Turkish government in the civil list, both in the central office in Constantinople and its branches in the provinces, on the 15th of March, 1897.

	PIASTERS.		PIASTERS.
Micacel Pasha, Minister of Civil List.....	24,000	Siroon Effendi, clerk store Hercke.....	400
Artin Zeku Effendi, Director of the Bureau of Real Property.....	3,000	Ussup Effendi, architect of Factory.....	2,500
Meguerdiz Hikimian Effendi, Inspector of Forests.....	3,000	Dicran Effendi, architect of buildings.....	1,700
Agop Effendi, Assistant Director, Bureau Real Property.....	2,000	Hurchia Effendi, builder.....	750
Joseph Effendi, Director of Branch, Smyrna.....	2,500	Meguiditch, painter.....	500
Kevork Effendi, Director of Branch, Adrianople.....	2,500	Meguiditch, painter.....	750
Leon Effendi, director of farm of Courbaly.....	2,000	Baron, bath-man.....	750
Kirkor Pasliyaian, director of farm of Salonica.....	2,500	Hazar, bath-man.....	300
Avedis Effendi, accounting officer, real property, at Aleppo.....	2,250	Hamparvzun, manufacturer of wooden shoes.....	300
Andon Effendi, member of the commission.....	2,000	Arakel, cabinet-maker.....	300
The accounting officer, Mossoul.....	2,500	Melouk, chimney-sweeper.....	300
Nicolaki Effendi, Director of Bureau of Architecture.....	1,850	Carabet, box-maker at the Yildiz Palace.....	600
Nayum Effendi, clerk Accounting Bureau.....	1,500	Mithran, a watchmaker.....	300
Parsuk Effendi, clerk Legal Bureau.....	1,500	Miguiditch, jeweler.....	850
Yossef Effendi, chief clerk, depot provisions.....	1,500	Vartar, chief man for the coffee-cups.....	1,500
Kiosseyan Effendi, clerk real property.....	1,400	Agop, chief man.....	1,000
Carabet Effendi, account officer, Hercke factory.....	1,400	Obiner, groom at the imperial stables.....	150
Abraham Effendi, inspector, Baba I Attik.....	1,200	Miguiditch, gardener.....	150
Sahak Effendi, clerk accounting bureau.....	1,100	Dicraa, watchmaker.....	800
Stepan Effendi, clerk of deposits.....	1,100	Carabet, pump-maker.....	360
Mohses Arslam, clerk of deposits.....	1,100	Carabet, corporal fireman.....	370
Agop Effendi, secretary property, office at Smyrna.....	1,000	Artin, corporal fireman.....	310
Meguiditch Effendi, secretary property.....	1,950	Mincar, corporal fireman.....	310
Melcon Effendi, clerk in the secretary's office.....	900	Minnas, corporal fireman.....	310
Behran Effendi, purchasing officer.....	800	Leon, pump-mender.....	360
Apik Abro Effendi, clerk of the six branches.....	800	Garabet, collector of Malgara.....	400
Horsak Effendi, engineer at Salonica.....	750	Vanghell, gardener.....	350
Nicolaki Effendi, chief clerk, Abou Calcal.....	800	Garabet, gardener at Gebel-Has.....	550
Armenak Effendi, assistant director at Ineuquai.....	900	Stepan, gardener at Gebel-Has.....	200
Ohanes Effendi, clerk farm at Vodina.....	800	Stepan, central guard in the commission at Bagdad.....	150
Thomas Effendi, officer in Hercke factory.....	950	Artin, guard at Ak-keupruu.....	150
Bedros Effendi, officer.....	700	Garabet, guard in the model farm at Aleppo.....	250
Ohanes Effendi, carpenter in Hercke factory.....	700	Garabet, guard in the Hercke factory.....	700
Basil Effendi, cashier at Aleppo.....	700	Dundlian Effendi, physician.....	2,000
Kerop Effendi, cashier Bagdad.....	700	Hamparsoon, physician.....	1,500
Abdelnoor Effendi, C. A. in administrative office.....	700	Vahan Bey, physician.....	1,000
Ohanes Effendi, collector.....	600	Uudjian Manuel Effendi.....	800
Artin Baconian, office engineers.....	600	Artin Effendi, apothecary.....	500
Carabet Effendi, chief clerk, Ipsala.....	600	Elia Effendi, physician.....	250
Diran Mehendissian, clerk store of provisions.....	400	Kevork Effendi, surgeon.....	500
Agop Yaver Effendi, assistant at Choorloor.....	750	Dicran Effendi, physician.....	200
Nahoum Effendi, clerk at Aleppo.....	550	Avadis, watchman.....	250
Artin Effendi, inspector at Antakia.....	500	Kirkor, watchman.....	250
Goglia Zeki Effendi, second clerk, Choorloor.....	400	Sahak, coffee-maker.....	170
Levon Effendi, purchaser at Aleppo.....	350	Antranik, sweeper.....	200
Mihran Effendi, guard of forest, Baba I Attik.....	300	David, cook.....	200
Carabet Effendi, clerk contract stores, Bagdad.....	300	Margoz, cook.....	120
Thomas Effendi, expert officer.....	300	Hatchik, servant of the cupboard.....	300
Abraham Effendi, writer at Ineuquai.....	350	Antranik, servant of the cupboard.....	300
Dicran Effendi, clerk, account office, Mossoul.....	350	Serkiz, servant of the cupboard.....	300
Serkis Effendi, cashier at Mossoul.....	400	Ohanes, cook.....	150
Hakik Effendi, assistant clerk at Bagdad.....	135	Artin, cook.....	230
Shnisan Effendi, assistant engineer, Bagdad.....	600	Vartan, cook.....	80

(Amounting to 1,327,860 piasters per annum. The piaster is a silver coin equal to a little less than four and one half cents of United States money.)

110,655

“HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN.”

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

I KNEW a much-loved mariner,
Who lies a fathom underground;
Above him now the grasses stir,
Two rose-trees set a bound.

From a high hill his grave looks out
Through sighing larches to the sea;
Now for the ocean's raucous rout
All June the humblebee

Drones round him on the lonely steeps,
And shy wood-creatures come and go
Above the green mound where he keeps
His silent watch below.

An elemental man was he—
Loved God, his wife, his children dear,
And fared through dangers of the sea
Without a sense of fear.

And, loving nature, he was wise
In all the moods of wave and cloud;
Before the pageant of the skies
Nightly his spirit bowed;

Yet reckoned shrewdly with the gale,
And felt the viking's fierce delight
To face the north wind's icy hail,
Unmoved to thought of flight.

But wheresoe'er his prow was turned,
His thoughts, like homing pigeons, came
Back where his casement candle burned
Through many a league its flame.

Exiled from all he loved, at last
The summer gale has brought him home,
Where on the hillsides thickly massed
The elders break in foam.

The lonely highways that he knew
No longer hold him, nor the gale,
Sweeping the desolated blue,
Roars in his slanting sail.

For he has grown a part of all
The winter silence of the hills;
For him the stately twilights fall,
The hemlock softly shrills

In mimicry of gales that woke
His vigilance off many a shore
Whereon the vibrant billows broke.
Now he awakes no more.

He wakes no more! Ah, me! his grief
Was ever that the sea had power
To hold from him the budding leaf,
The opening of the flower.

And so he hungered for the spring—
The hissing, furrow-turning plow,
The first thin notes the bluebirds sing,
The reddening of the bough.

Wave-deafened, many a night he stood
Upon his watery deck, and dreamed
Of thrushes singing in the wood,
And murmurous brooks that streamed

Through silver shallows, and of bees
Lulling the summer afternoon
With mellow trumpeting of ease,
Of drowsiness the boon.

And dreamed of growing old at home,
The wise Ulysses of his crew
Of children's children, who would roam
With him the lands he knew;

And, wide-eyed, face with him the gale,
And hear the slanting billows roar
Their diapason round his rail—
All safe beside his door.

Now he has come into his own,—
Sunshine and bird-song round the spot,
And scents from spicy woodlands blown,—
Yet haply knows it not.

But round the grave where he doth keep,
Unsolaced by regret or woe,
His narrowed heritage in sleep,
The little children go.

They shyly go without a sound,
And read in reverent awe his name,
Until for them the very ground
Doth blossom with his fame.

MOZART.

BY EDVARD GRIEG.

EDVARD GRIEG, the author of the following article in THE CENTURY'S series of articles on great musicians, is the foremost exponent of Scandinavian music. His life has been given to building up the artistic movement in Scandinavia, which has found expression in all forms of art, though perhaps most powerfully in letters. In artistic convictions and principles, and most powerfully in patriotic instinct, Grieg has necessarily found himself opposed to the Wagnerian propaganda. The present review of Mozart is perhaps more sympathetic because Mozart, in awakening the spirit of German music, did what Grieg proposed to himself and accomplished for his own native land. Grieg as a musician is discussed in Dr. William Mason's article in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1894.—THE EDITOR.



HAT kind of face would Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart make after hearing an opera by Wagner?" asks an English writer. I shall not attempt to answer for the first three, but it is safe to say that Mozart, the universal genius whose mind was free from Philistinism and one-sidedness, would not only open his eyes wide, but would be as delighted as a child with all the new acquisitions in the departments of drama and orchestra. In this light must Mozart be viewed. To speak of Mozart is like speaking of a god. When *Gretchen* asks *Faust*, "Do you believe in God?" he answers, "Who dares name him, who confess him?" In these profound words of Goethe I would express my feelings toward Mozart. Where he is greatest he embraces all times. What if this or that generation be sufficiently *blasé* to desire to overlook him? Beauty is eternal, and the edicts of fashion can obscure it only for a moment. As far as our day is concerned, it is well that Wagner has engraved Mozart's name on his shield. His belief in Mozart is unmistakably attested in his writings, and he has thereby placed himself in emphatic opposition to the musicians of our time, who are so advanced that they care no longer to hear Mozart's music, and reluctantly grant it a place in their concert programs. It is to be hoped that this arrogant ignorance has not found a root in the healthy musical youth of the free West, and I therefore speak to my honored readers under the presumption of their sympathy with the unapproachable master.

In using the word "unapproachable" I may possibly hurt the feelings of some. For what shall we say, then, of Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner? In a certain sense Mozart is, even compared with these heroes, unapproachable. In Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner we admire principally the depth and energy

of the human mind; in Mozart, the divine instinct. His highest inspirations seem untouched by human labor. Unlike the masters cited, no trace of struggle remains in the forms in which he molded his material. Mozart has the childish, happy, Aladdin nature which overcomes all difficulties as in play. He creates like a god, without pain.

Let us dwell a moment on that world of beauty which we call Mozart. His life extended from 1756 to 1791. What a short span of time! What an ocean of works! Had Mozart spent his whole life doing nothing but writing music, the quantity of it would be astounding. But when we realize how much time was taken up by professional tours, we have the best proof of the incomparable rapidity of his workmanship. Schubert, who did not live even as long as Mozart, equals him in this respect; but Schubert's life was quiet and secluded.

Next to the remarkable talent of the child Mozart his precocity first excites our wonder. No less surprising than his concert performances on the piano is his early mastery of the technic of composition. The phenomenon can be explained only by his education. Such a training perhaps no other composer, not even Mendelssohn, has had. We know that Mozart's father, who was himself an excellent musician, devoted his whole life and activity to the task of making, first of all, a man of his son, while at the same time guiding and developing his artistic gifts. When we find young Mozart writing in a letter, "After God, papa comes at once," we understand how he appreciated this father; and in his touching filial love we find one of the pillars on which rests the purity of his art. His early mastery of technic and of the pure beauty of form he thus doubtless owes to the education he received in his loving home. His early and perfect mastery of the technic of composition suggests an interesting

comparison with Wagner. Both these masters won immortality with their operas. Both threw themselves with all the enthusiasm of youth into this branch of art. Wagner's experience, acquired by early activity as a conductor, has its counterpart in the strict training Mozart received through his travels begun in childhood as a musician. The result in each case is clearness. Both these musicians are from the outset complete masters of the complicated apparatus required for the writing of an opera—an apparatus which most composers learn to control only by long and laborious effort, with hard struggles and disappointments. Let us place the two juvenile masterworks, "The Elopement from the Seraglio" and "Tannhäuser," side by side. There is no wavering in either, but perfect certainty in aim and in choice of means. On the basis of this technical mastery the individuality of each master develops with wonderful rapidity. The step from "Tannhäuser" to "Lohengrin" is just as great as that from the "Elopement" to "Figaro." "Lohengrin" and "Figaro"! The warm light of fully conscious personality is diffused from every bar of these two masterworks. If we review further the creative activity of their composers, what melancholy seizes us in contemplating Mozart's fate! All the principal works of Wagner were yet to be written; also, it is true, the two greatest of Mozart's—"Don Juan" and "The Magic Flute"; but after these his life was cut short at the beginning of his manhood. The death of Mozart before he had passed his thirty-fifth year is perhaps the greatest loss the musical world has ever suffered. Of modern masters the one who in respect to form most resembles Mozart—Mendelssohn—lived only a little longer; and it was lucky for him that he died then, for he had already reached his zenith. How different with Mozart! To his last hour his genius continued to develop. In "The Magic Flute" and the "Requiem" we have a presentiment that new hidden springs are on the point of bursting forth. That Mozart learned to know and love Bach so late in his life must be regarded as a leading circumstance in connection with this fact. With what deep fervor he allowed this man—of whom Beethoven said, "Not Bach [brook], but Ocean, should be his name"—to strike root in his own personality, we see, among other things, in the delightful fugued choral in the last act of "The Magic Flute." It was Wagner's polyphonic power that secured him his later triumphs;

and this same power would have led Mozart to new victories if he could have been permitted to live longer. For it was this power which, notwithstanding the influence of the Italian school, lay in the depth of his German soul, and which Bach first helped him to find in the privacy of his own personality.

It is said that unprincipled persons took unfair advantage of Mozart in the last years of his life, and thus accelerated his death. The author of the more than dubious libretto of "The Magic Flute," Schikaneder, certainly helped to secure to the world this masterwork of Mozart's. But if he was, as is said, one of those who dared to exploit Mozart for their selfish purposes and thus draw him down to their own level, then woe to him and his memory! In that case we can understand why, when he heard of Mozart's death, he went about like one possessed, exclaiming, "His ghost pursues me everywhere—stands always before my eyes!" Yet even if he helped to break down Mozart's health and thus to shorten his life, he did not succeed in clouding his ideal imagination, as "The Magic Flute" proves. Schikaneder is mere superficiality. With Mozart even the superficial becomes symbolical, and a deep ethical spirit pervades the whole work.

When I hear people exclaim, "Yes; but the wretched text!" I answer, "Very true; but do you not understand that the text is recomposed by the music, ennobled by it, and raised high above triviality?" If music did not possess this capacity, many of its greatest masterworks would be entirely unpalatable. I can well understand that a bright man of letters, who is unable to hear how the text is refined and vivified by the tones, who looks at it from a purely literary point of view, may find it a disagreeable task to listen to "The Magic Flute"—nay, even to operas with much better texts. A great composer understands how to animate any detail of the poem, be it ever so dull; and he who attends an operatic performance with a predominating literary interest runs the risk of losing the most inspired moments. For, strange as it may sound, such passages often are built up most impressively on the most ordinary literary substratum. There are excellent texts which absolutely demand music. It is related of a great modern poet who for the first time heard Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," and had gone to the theater free from all prejudice, that after he had gazed for a while with the most serious and expectant face on the scene which, by its duration, is capable of producing, on one to whom it is not idealized by the

music, an impression which is not only fatiguing, but positively parodistic, he suddenly, in spite of the tragic situation, was unable to suppress a smile. This smile changed into laughter which at last shook the bench, so that a friend who accompanied him had to whisper in his ear, «But, X——, we can go away!» «Yes, we can go away,» groaned the poet, who at that moment realized the painful situation. And in the midst of the act the two men made their way through the parquet. May this episode furnish food for thought to those in particular who listen to an opera like «The Magic Flute» first from a literary, then from a musical, point of view! «Yes; but the text!» We must get so far in our understanding of the stage-work, compounded of words and tones, that at a certain moment the music supplements the words, or *vice versa*; otherwise works like «The Magic Flute» will remain to many a book with seven seals.

When we compare Mozart and Wagner, the truth of the proverb that «extremes meet» forces itself upon us. That these two masters represent «the extremes» is easily understood by any lover of music, but it may perhaps be necessary to indicate where they «meet.» Truly Weber must be regarded as Wagner's immediate predecessor; but if Gluck is named, and not improperly, as the man on whose shoulders Wagner stands, then we must not forget how much he owes to Mozart. For the greatness of Mozart lies in the fact that his influence in the dramatic part of music extends to our time. I have in mind, for example, the developed recitative where Mozart more and more trod paths which it remained for Wagner to develop in his dialogue still further for the modern music-drama. Certain recitatives of *Donna Anna* and *Elvira* in «Don Juan» are the originals after which our whole conception of the recitative has been modeled. That Wagner also understood how to appropriate Mozart directly is, oddly enough, proved by a passage in «Lohengrin» which, although genuinely Wagnerian in coloring, yet in its conception has its musical counterpart in «Don Juan.» Compare, for instance, in the second act of «Lohengrin,» *Ortrud's* words,

Stärkt mich im Dienste eurer heil'gen Sache,
Vernichtet der abtrünnigen schnöden Wahn!¹

with the close of the first act of «Don Juan,» the music to the words of *Donna Anna* and the chorus, «Bebe, schwarzer Missethäter!»²

¹ Strike them with death who profane your altars!
And strengthen my soul to avenge your wrongs!

² «Tremble, wretched evil-doer!»

I mention this casually in order to show that the messieurs Wagnerites would do well to whisper softly when they talk about ignoring Mozart. This ignoring would be too ridiculous to consider, were it not that so many of the best operatic conductors of our time are one-sided Wagnerians. How often have I heard in Germany perfect performances of Wagner's music-dramas under the direction of the same conductors who huddle a Mozart opera in a workaday manner! Nay, here and there these operas are even intrusted to second-rate conductors, the chief being reserved for Wagner. Under such circumstances it is asking too much to expect to come away from a Mozart performance with an impression corresponding even approximately to the value of the opera. It is enough to drive one to despair to think that such a state of affairs is tolerated—nay, even approved. But what a satisfaction it is, too, to be able to mention exceptions! As one of the most eminent of these I name Arthur Nikisch. To him the great is great, whether its name is Wagner or Mozart. His masterly interpretations of Wagner's «Ring of the Nibelungs,» of «Tristan,» of the «Meistersinger,» will live in the memory of all who were so lucky as to reside in Leipsic during the period of his conductorship at the opera. But no less assuredly will they remember his performance of «Don Juan,» his devoted interpretation and careful attention to details, not least in the elaborated recitatives. On these occasions the house resounded with the same rejoicings that one hears after a Wagner opera. May the time come soon when at least those masters who belong to history will be treated with equal justice by their sole representatives, the musical directors, in whose hands their fate is placed! May these gentlemen be brought to a realizing sense of their great responsibility! If our generation acts as if it had outgrown Mozart, we find here the main secret of that attitude. If a Wagner opera were done as negligently as Mozart's often are, not only musically but scenically, we should see strange things; and such things we shall see when the inevitable reaction sets in. Then Wagner will get what is Wagner's, and Mozart what is Mozart's. Let but a more objective and reverential period displace the Wagnerian agitators! All art that belongs to history should be viewed historically. All acquisitions of our time, such as orchestration, harmony, etc., had their counterparts in Mozart's time. He too was once new—so new that his boldness aroused a strong opposition among many con-

temporary musicians; and Wagner will some day be viewed at the same distance, and judged historically. Then it will be shown how much it means to stand firm like Mozart in spite of changing times. It is not difficult to stand if one is surrounded by the complete sympathy, the full appreciation, of the whole young generation—a generation, moreover, which has been educated for the task of making converts to the master's cause, and not resting until his ideas have been impressed on all.

Mozart had no pupils, and he had to leave his works to the accidental caprices of posterity. A new generation found new tasks in the sphere of the musical drama. Not alone was Mozart neglected: we know, alas! how his operas were performed in the European opera-houses. The scandalous production of *«The Magic Flute»* in Paris showed that Mozart had no one to champion his cause and his ideals. Mozart's operas had a fate similar to that of the superb Catholic architectural works of the middle ages, which after the Reformation were brutally plastered over by the Protestants. Posterity did all it could to mar their beauty.

But, you may ask, whence comes this lack of reverence for Mozart in so many talented young musicians? Here is the heart of the matter. Many of us have in our early youth loved—nay, worshiped—Mozart, but afterward we ate of the modern fruit of knowledge, an indulgence which, like that in the garden of Eden, drove us from our paradise. Some of us, luckily, avoided a complete surfeit, and found the way back. I frankly confess that I too suffered this change: I loved Mozart, then for a time lost him, but found him again, nevermore to lose him. A modern musician can easily find the cause of these changes in the attitude of young people toward drawing and color. We begin our artistic schooling by learning the lines. Our teachers exhibit to us the great masters of the past, who are unexcelled in this matter. We study them, and learn to love and imitate them. Modern art is still unknown to us, and is, indeed, kept from us as much as possible. But when we gain our first peep, behold! the vivid, brilliant colors to which our time has given the place of honor appeal temptingly from every canvas. We are intoxicated, completely enthralled, forget former ideals, and deliver ourselves over unconditionally to the seductions of sense-enchanting colors. This is what happened to the last generation, and the newest of the new composers more than ever find

their joy in drowning themselves in the color-sea, in which no ideas or forms or lines can save them any more, or prevent them from sinking deeper and deeper. «Color, color, and again color,» seems to be their motto. It is true that with great search one may still recognize some lines, but sadly out of drawing, as a rule. But there are signs of an impending change. A small minority already feels the craving for pure lines so strongly that we may hope before long to see it lead to some result. I do not mean that the art that is to come will, like a Rinaldo, shrink from color as from a seductive siren who, at the sound of the plain, chaste melody of the knights of the cross loses all her charms. No; this new art will, first of all, preach the gospel of the true joy in life, will unite lines and colors in marriage, and show that it has its roots in all the past, that it draws sustenance from old as well as from new masters.

What I have so far written relates, in the first place, to Mozart's dramatic works, although it may with full justice be applied also to his orchestral works. In the complicated conditions of our time it is natural to become a specialist. Thus we see Wagner concentrating himself entirely on the opera. The older school was more comprehensive, and it is true of Mozart in particular that his greatness as an operatic composer must not mislead us into neglecting the other sides of his activity. Here we have a new proof of Mozart's universality. In church music, chamber music, in the concert-hall, everywhere, he is equally great. Luckily, in the lapse of time Mozart has been less mutilated in the concert-hall than in the theater, thanks, in the first place, to the worthy virtuosi, many of whom were also excellent musicians. Under the protection of these masters several of the most beautiful piano-forte concertos, sonatas, string quartets and quintets of Mozart have been able to keep their place in the minds of concert-goers as revelations of the highest beauty. Yes, even in the sphere of the romanza, in which new times have produced new masters who opened new paths for it, a little song like *«The Violet»* can hold its own victoriously in comparison with Schubert, Schumann, Franz, and Brahms.

Divers composers of our time have attempted, by subjecting Mozart to a modernizing process, to make him more palatable to a public jaded by strong spices. A dangerous undertaking! Thus the Russian master Tschaikowsky has, with admirable discretion

and refined taste, united into an orchestral suite, in a modern instrumental garb, a group of Mozart's piano and choral pieces, some of them comparatively unfamiliar. The writer of this article has himself attempted, by using a second piano, to impart to several of Mozart's pianoforte sonatas a tonal effect appealing to our modern ears; and he wishes to add, by way of apology, that he did not change a single one of Mozart's notes, thus preserving the respect we owe to the great master. It is not my opinion that this was an act of necessity; far from it. But provided a man does not follow the example of Gounod, who transformed a Bach prelude into a modern, sentimental, and trivial show piece, of which I absolutely disapprove, but seeks to preserve the unity of style, there is surely no reason for raising an outcry over his desire to attempt a modernization as one way of showing his admiration for an old master. Mozart's orchestral works, however, show us that he has colors fresh enough to captivate the ear to-day and probably for an immeasurable time to come. From Mozart's instrumentation we can still learn much as regards clearness and euphony. Those who wish to study beauty of tone may open Mozart's scores wherever they please, and they will find rich profit. And this orchestral tone-beauty has the invaluable property of not being the one essential. An orchestral score of Mozart's transferred to the piano is not reduced to absolute nothingness (like, for example, a score of Berlioz and his imitators), for his music is of such a nature that it can be deprived of its colors without losing its attractiveness. A glance at his three wonderful symphonies in E flat major, G minor, and C major (this last being called by posterity the Jupiter Symphony, because it appears perfect, as if created by a god) proves this completely. They show us the master at the height of his power. All three were written in the summer of 1788—that is, three years before his death. It is difficult to decide which of these symphonies deserves the most admiration. We note at once the great step from Haydn's to Mozart's treatment of this the highest of instrumental forms, and our thoughts are involuntarily transferred to the young Beethoven, who, without any specially noteworthy break, rises from where Mozart left off to those proud summits which none but he was destined to reach. In the introduction to the E flat major symphony, just before the first allegro, we come upon harmonic combinations of un-

precedented boldness. They are introduced in so surprising a way that they will always preserve the impression of novelty. The minuet of this symphony, as arranged for the piano, has made the tour of the world on the concert programs of many virtuosi. In the G minor symphony Mozart shows himself to us in all his grace and sincerity of feeling. It is worth noting what astonishing effects he gets here by the use of chromatic progressions. Excepting Bach, who here, as everywhere, is the fundamental pillar on which all modern music rests, no one has understood as well as Mozart how to use the chromatic scale to express the highest effect in music. We must go as far as Wagner before we find chromatic harmonies used for the expression of ardent feeling (*Innigkeit*). In the case of Spohr, who made extensive use of them, and who in so many respects followed Mozart, they remain without any deep significance.

In the Jupiter Symphony we are astounded, above all, by the playful ease with which the greatest problems of art are treated. No one who is not initiated suspects in the finale, amid the humorous tone gambols, what an amazing contrapuntal knowledge and superiority Mozart manifests. And then this ocean of euphony! Mozart's sense of euphony was, indeed, so absolute that it is impossible, in all his works, to find a single bar wherein it is sacrificed to other considerations. Not so with Beethoven, who, indeed, never hesitated to push aside euphony for the sake of reaching higher ends. With him began the new era, the motto of which might be expressed in the words, "Truth first, then beauty." And here we find Schumann as the first who followed in Beethoven's footsteps.

Of Mozart's chamber compositions we single out for special admiration the string quartet in G minor (note the wonderful chromatics of the first theme), the pianoforte quintet in E flat major, and the pianoforte quartet in G minor. It is a curious fact that whenever Mozart conceives a movement in G minor he always surpasses himself. In the beautiful middle movement of the pianoforte quintet it pleased him to introduce the motive of *Zerlina's* aria in "Don Juan," "Wenn du fein fromm bist, will ich dir helfen,"¹ and how bright is this reverie! Of his string quartets the so-called six famous ones are justly admired. The introduction to the C major quartet also contains bold chromatic effects, which even liberal musi-

¹ If you are real good I will assist you

cians of his time were unable to digest. The musical historian Fétis won for himself the fame of

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome,

by his foolhardy attempt to change this introduction, which he considered «impossible»: a typical critic, who lies down like a wet dog on just the best places!

Of the pianoforte concertos the one in D minor is the most famous and beautiful. I should advise, by the way, to use Mozart's original, and not Hummel's edition, which is provided with superfluous ornamentations and other arbitrary changes. A characteristic illustration of Mozart's method of workmanship may be introduced here. Not long ago I saw in Vienna the manuscript of the concerto in question. In the finale Mozart was in some way or other interrupted in his writing. When he again took up his pen he did not continue where he had left off. A stroke of the pen over the excellent piece, a new finale, the one which we all know! No laborious search for the lost thread! It seems as if Mozart preferred to complete a large form in a single large mood. No wonder, therefore, that even the most practised eye and ear cannot discover the subtlest points of connection. The simple large mood and the simple large line are, too, most intimately allied. We can only wonder at this method of workmanship, which it is given to only a few of the select to employ.

In his pianoforte trios Mozart took a sort of siesta, if I may so express myself. On the other hand, he has often given us his best in his sonatas for the violin, and no less in those for the pianoforte. We are amazed at the great step from the naïveté of Haydn to the depth of thought in Mozart. That he is not always equally deep must not surprise us; quite the reverse. We read in Mozart's biography of his desperate situation, which compelled him to write for the Cherethites and the Pelethites, seldom from an inner impulse.

Before bringing this paper to a close, I shall dwell a moment on Mozart's swansong, the work which, vital with the spirit of eternity, was conceived and born when the cold hand of death was already extended toward the master; his «Requiem» even in its incompleteness, shows us, as perhaps no other work of his does, what incalculable treasures he took with him to his grave. Which parts of this work are Mozart's, and which not, is a question that may now perhaps be considered settled. Yet, in face of all the jewels which the

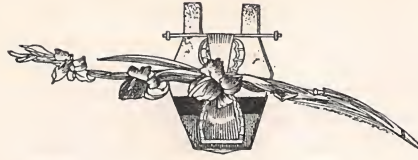
«Requiem» contains, we cannot help expressing our surprise that the same master who could write a «Requiem æternam,» a «Rex tremendæ,» a «Recordare,» a «Confutatis,» a «Lacrymosa,» whose nobility is beyond all description—that this same master could incorporate in the same work a number like the «Tuba mirum,» with its more than modest beginning, with the really desperate obbligato trombone (or bassoon), and its thoroughly worldly pomp. If this is really Mozart, only one explanation seems possible—that he used a fragment composed in a much earlier period in order to save trouble. This number seems also to show a strong Italian influence.

Mozart stands before us like an embodiment of childish joy in life, amiable benevolence, and unpretentiousness. He was able to conduct his «Magic Flute» in Schickaneder's «board theater» without compromising his artistic dignity. Could he look down to us, he would surely say: «Ye modern masters, why all this commotion? Why clothe yourselves with this mail of outward dignity? It does nothing for your art; it merely kills genuine human feeling, which is the real salt of art.»

Though Mozart was not esteemed at his true value while he lived, posterity has placed him in its pantheon as one of the greatest masters of all times. If, therefore, in discussing him and his relation to our time, I have intimated that he is not yet esteemed as he ought to be, I repeat that my remarks are aimed only at that class of modern musicians who have both the power and the capacity to produce his greatest works in a superior style in the theaters, and who nevertheless do not do it. Beethoven is more fortunately situated. The trinity, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, has been placed by the new romantic school as an article of faith in its catechism. But this leaves Mozart short of his deserts, and a considerable time will probably elapse before neoromanticism will resolve to adopt Mozart into its alphabet. The young band of neoromanticists reminds me, in its blind one-sidedness, of Andersen's fairy-tale «The Snow Queen,» in which we are told of a magic mirror with which a flock of demons flew through the air. Up there they indulged in all sorts of pranks, and finally, in their wantonness, let the mirror drop to the earth, where it broke into a million fragments. One of these pieces flew into the eye of a good little boy, and resulted in his seeing everything distorted, not only with his bodily, but with his mind's eye. The beautiful seemed to him ugly, the great small, while his healthy senses were disor-

dered by precocious knowledge, finicalness, and a hypercritical spirit. One might almost fancy that many of our influential young musicians have a piece of that magic mirror in their eyes, which prevents them from see-

ing the beauty of Mozart in its full light. May their fate, then, be like that boy's! A lucky accident removed the fragment. The precocious goblin disappeared, and the child spirit again took up its abode in his soul.



ON THE RE-READING OF BOOKS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.



FTER one has passed the middle period of life, or even long before that, it is interesting to note what books he spontaneously recurs to and re-reads. Do his old favorites retain anything of their first freshness and stimulus for him, or have they become stale and dead, or completely outgrown? On taking down for the third or fourth time a favorite author the present winter, I said to myself, «There is no test of a book like that: can we, and do we, go back to it?» If not, is it at all probable that future generations will go back to it? One's own experience may be looked upon as the experience of the race in miniature. If one cannot return to an author again and again, is it not pretty good evidence that his work has not the keeping qualities? One brings a different self, a different experience, to each re-reading, and thus in a measure brings the test of time and humanity. Yet there is always some difficulty in going back. It is difficult to go back, after some years, to live in a place from which one has once flitted. Somehow things look stale to us. Is it our dead selves that we encounter at every turn? Even the old homestead has a certain empty, pathetic, forlorn look. In the journey of life there is always more or less pain in going back; and I suppose it is partly because in every place in which we have lived we have had pain, and partly because there is some innate dislike in us to going back; the watchword of the soul is onward. If the book has given us pain, we cannot return to it; and our second or third or fourth pleasure in it will be in proportion to the depth and genuineness of our first. If our pleasure was in the novelty

or strangeness or unexpectedness of the thing, it will not return, or only in small measure. Stories of exciting plots, I find, one can seldom re-read. One can go back to the «Vicar of Wakefield»; but can he read a second time «The Woman in White»? In such books there can be only one first time. Pluck out the heart of a mystery once, and it never grows again. Curiosity and astonishment make a poor foundation to build upon. The boy tires of his jumping-jack much sooner than of his top or ball. Only the normal, the sane, the simple, have the gift of long life; the strained, the intemperate, the violent, shall not live out half their days. We never outgrow our pleasure in simple, common things; if we do, so much the worse for us; and I think it will be found that those books to which we return and that stand the test of time have just this quality of simple, universal, every-day objects and experiences, with, of course, some glint of that light that never was on sea or land—the light of the spirit. How many times does a reading man return to Montaigne, not to make a dead set at him, but to dip into him here and there, as one takes a cup of water from the spring! Human nature is essentially the same in all ages; and Montaigne put so much of his genuine, unaffected self into his pages, and put it with such vivacity of style, that all men find their own in his book; it is forever modern. We return to Bacon for a different reason—the breadth and excellence of his wisdom, and his masterly phrases. The excellent is always modern; only, what is excellent?

A man of my own tastes re-reads Gilbert White two or three times, and dips into him many times more. It is easy to see why such a book lasts. So much writing there is that

is like half-live coals buried in ashes; but here there are no ashes, no dead verbiage at all; we are in immediate contact with a live, simple, unaffected mind and personality. But this general description applies to all books that last; they all have at least one quality in common—living reality. What is special to White is his fine, scholarly style, busied with the common, homely things of everyday country life. The facts are just enough heightened and related to the life of this man to make them of perennial interest.

We probably go back to books from two motives: one, because we want to recover some past mood or experience to which the book may be the key; and one, from the perennial sources of pleasure and profit which a good book holds, or association and inspiration.

I suppose it was with some such motives as these that I recently opened the «Autocrat» after the pages had been closed to me for over a quarter of a century. To recover as far as possible the spirit of the old days, I got out the identical numbers of the «Atlantic» in which I had first read those sparkling sentences. Life to me had the freshness and buoyancy of the morning hours in those first years of the great Boston magazine. I recall how impatiently I waited for each number to appear, and how, on one occasion at least, I ran all the way home from the post-office with the new issue in my hand, so eager was I to be alone with it in my room. I remember, too, how I resented the criticism of a school-mate, then at Harvard College, who said that Holmes was not the great writer I fancied him to be, but only a *Boston* great writer.

Well, I found places in the «Autocrat» that would not bear much pressure—thin places where a lively rhetoric alone carried the mind over. And I found much that was sound and solid, that would not give way beneath one under any pressure he could bring.

When Dr. Holmes got hold of a real idea, as he often did, he could exploit it in as taking a way as any man who has lived; but frequently, I think, he got hold of sham or counterfeit ideas; and these, with all his skill in managing them, will not stand the pressure of time. (His classing poems with meerschaum pipes, as two things that improve with use, is an instance of what I mean by his sham ideas.)

As a writer Dr. Holmes always reminded me of certain of our bird songsters, like the brown thrasher or the cat-bird, whose performance always seems to imply a spectator and to challenge his admiration. The viva-

cious doctor always seemed to write with his eye upon his reader, and to calculate in advance upon his surprise and pleasure. If the world finally neglects his work, it will probably be because it lacks the deep seriousness of the enduring productions.

Yet this test of re-reading is, of course, only an approximate one. So great an authority as Hume said it was sufficient to read Cowley over, but that Parnell after the fiftieth reading was as fresh as at the first. Now, for my part, I have to go to the encyclopedia to find out who Parnell was, but of Cowley even desultory readers like myself know something. His essays one can not only read, but re-read. They make one of the unpretentious minor books that one can put in his pocket and take with him on a walk to the woods, and nibble at under a tree or by a waterfall. Solitude seems to bring out its quality, as it does that of some people.

In our intellectual experiences there can probably be but one first time. We go back to an author again and again; yet in all, save a few exceptional cases, the pleasure of the second or third reading is only a lesser degree of the first. On the other hand, a favorite piece of music one may hear with the same keen delight any number of times. It is probably because music is entirely sensuous. It is the same with perfumes, flavors, colors, etc.: they never lose their first freshness to us. But a book or a poem we absorb and exhaust more or less—that is, as to its intellectual content; and if we return to it, it is probably for some charm or quality that is to the spirit what music or perfume or color is to the senses, or what a congenial companion is to our social instincts. We shall not go back to a book that does not in some way, apart from its mere intellectual service, relate itself to our lives.

Time tries all things, and surely does it sift out the false and fugitive in books. Contemporary judgment is usually unreliable. It is like trial by jury, the local and accidental play so large a part in the verdict. The next age, or the next, forms the higher court of appeal. In the same way a man's future self corrects or sets aside his verdict of to-day. If in later life he reaffirms his first opinion, the chances are that time is on his side. There is, of course, a sense or a degree in which all books that one has once read become sucked oranges; but some become much more so than others. I doubt if many of us find books that, like a few people, become dearer to us as time passes, and to which we always return with increasing interest. And

the reason is that one's mental and spiritual outlook is not continually the same, while his social and human wants, like his wants of food and warmth, do remain the same. One in a measure absorbs the book and puts it behind him. It is like a place he has visited: he has had the view, and until the impression is more or less obliterated he does not care to repeat it. But one's friend is always a fresh stimulus: he keeps the past alive for him (which the book can also do in a measure), and he consecrates the present (which the book cannot do). Indeed, the sense of companionship which one can have in a book is but a faint echo or shadow of the companionship he has with persons. Yet this sense of companionship does adhere to some books much more vividly than to others. They are our books; they were written for us; they become a part of our lives, and they do not drop away from us with the elapse of time, as do others. Different readers have felt this way about such writers as Emerson, Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Whitman; but it may be a question how writers who make the intense personal appeal that these men make will wear. Are they too special and individual for future generations to recognize close kinship with? Will each age have its own doctors and saviors, and go back only for lovers and for the touch of nature that makes all the world kin? I know not; yet it is apparent that he who stands upon the common ground where all men stand, and by the magic of his genius makes poetry and romance out of that, has the best chance to endure. Only so far as the writers named, or any writers, represent states of mind and spirit that are likely to return again and again, and not be outgrown in the progress of the race, are we likely to come back to them, or the future to feel an interest in them. A path or a road becomes obsolete when there are no more travelers going that way; and an author becomes obsolete when there are no more readers going *his* way.

For my part, I find myself returning again and again to the works of the men named, but, of course, with the cooled ardor that years bring to every man. I feel that I am less near the end with Whitman than with any of the others; he is the most stimulating to my intellect, because he suggests the most far-reaching problems. I re-read Wordsworth as I walk again along familiar paths that lead to the sequestered and the idyllic. I climb the Whitman mountain when I want a big view, and a wide horizon, and a glimpse of the unknown.

I think the service most of us get from Carlyle is a moral rather than an intellectual one. He was to his generation more like a much-needed drastic tonic remedy than like a simple hygienic regimen; we get the virtue of him now in a thousand ways without re-reading him. Hence there are more chances of our outgrowing him than of our outgrowing some lesser but more normal men. In a measure, I think, this is true of Emerson, but not entirely so. Emerson has charm; he has illusion; he has the witchery of the ideal. He is like the wise doctor whose presence, whose reassuring smile, and whose cheerful prognosis do more for the patient than anything else. We want him to come again and again. To re-read his first essays, his «Representative Men,» his «English Traits,» and many of his poems, is again to hear music, to breathe perfume, or to walk in a spring twilight when the evening stars sit enthroned upon the hill.

One winter night I tried to re-read Carlyle's «Past and Present» and certain of his «Latter-Day Pamphlets»; but I found I could not, and thanked my stars that I did not have to. It was like riding a spirited but bony horse bareback. There was tremendous go in the beast; but oh, the bruises from those knotty and knuckle-like sentences! But the «Life of Sterling» I have found I can re-read with delight; it has a noble music. Certain of the essays, also, like the ones on Scott, Burns, and Johnson, have a perennial quality. Parts of «Frederick» I mean to read again, and the «Reminiscences.» I have re-read «Sartor,» but it was a task, hardly a pleasure. Nearly four fifths of the book, I should say, is chaff; but the other fifth is real wheat, if you are not choked in getting it. Yet I have just read the story of an educated tramp who carried the book in his blanket thousands of miles, and knew it nearly by heart. Carlyle wrote as he talked; his «Latter-Day Pamphlets» are harangues that it would have been a delight to hear, but in the printed page we miss the guiding tone and emphasis, and above all do we miss the laugh that mollified the bitter words. One can stand, or even welcome, in life what may be intolerable in print; put the same thing in a book, and it is the pudding without the sauce, and cold at that. The colloquial style is good, or the best, if perfectly easy and simple. In reading aloud, we teach our children to read as they speak, and thus make the words their own. The same thing holds in writing: the less formal, the less *written*, the sentences are, or the more they are like familiar speech, the more genuine

and real the writing seems, the more it becomes one's own; but when the form and manner of spoken sentences are very pronounced, they become tiresome when transferred to print. Carlyle will doubtless hold his place in English literature, but he is terribly handicapped in some of his books by his crabbed, raw-boned style.

What reading man does not re-read Boswell's «Johnson» two or three times in the course of his life? The charm of this is that it is so much like the spoken word, and so filled with the presence of the living man. Another volume of a similar kind, which I have read three times and dipped into any number of times, is Eckermann's «Conversations with Goethe.» It is a pregnant book; in fact, I know no such armory of critical wisdom anywhere else as this book contains. Its human interest may not be equal to Boswell, though I find this very great; but as an intellectual excitant it is vastly superior. It is a profitable experience for one who read Dickens forty years ago to try to read him now. Last winter I forced myself through the «Tale of Two Cities.» It was a sheer dead pull from start to finish. It all seemed so insincere, such a transparent make-believe, a mere piece of acting. My sympathies were hardly once touched. I was not insensible to the marvelous genius displayed in the story, but it left me cold and unmoved. A feeling of unreality haunted me on every page. The fault may have been my own. I give myself reluctantly to a novel, yet I love to be entirely mastered by one. But my poor success with this one, of course, makes me think that Dickens's hold upon the future is not at all secure. A man of wonderful talents, but of no deep seriousness; a matchless mimic through and through, and nothing else. But I am bound to add that my boy, a youth of eighteen, reads his books with great enthusiasm.

Natural, irrepressible humor is always welcome; but the humor of the grotesque, the exaggerated, the distorted, is like a fashion in dress: it has its day. How surely we tire of the loud, the too pronounced, the merely peculiar, whether it be in carpets and wall-papers, or in books and art! The common, the average, the universal, quickened with a new spirit, imbued with a vernal freshness—that is the stuff of enduring works.

One often wonders what is the secret of the vitality of such a book as Dana's «Two Years Before the Mast.» Each succeeding generation reads it with the same pleasure. I can myself re-read it every ten or a dozen

years. Parkman's «Oregon Trail» has much of the same perennial charm. I am just now reading a book—«The Western Avernus,» by Morley Roberts—that has a good deal of the same quality. There is nothing factitious or put on in these books—certainly not in the two former; one does not feel quite so sure about the latter.

How far perfect seriousness and good faith do carry in literature! Why should they not count for just as much here as in life? They count in anything. The least bit of acting and pretense, and the words ring false. The effort of the writer in books like «Two Years Before the Mast» is always entirely serious and truthful; his eye is single; he has no vanities to display before the reader. Compare this book with such a record as Stevenson's «Inland Voyage» or his «Travels with a Donkey.» Here the effort is mainly literary, and we get the stimulus of words rather than of things; we are one remove more from reality.

General Grant's «Memoirs,» I think, are likely to last, because of their deep seriousness and good faith. The effort here is not a literary one, but a real one. The writer is not occupied with his manner, but with his matter. Had Grant had any literary vanity or ambition, is it at all probable that his narrative would cleave to us as it does? The near presence of death would probably kill a man's vanity, if he had any; but Grant never had any.

I have always felt that Tennyson's famous poem «Crossing the Bar» did not ring quite true, because it was not conceived in a spirit serious enough for the occasion. The poetic effort is too obvious; the pride of the verse is too noticeable; it bedecks itself with pretty fancies. The last solemn strain of Whitman, wherein he welcomes death as the right hand of God, strikes a far deeper chord, I think. As in the biblical writers, the literary effort is entirely lost in the religious faith and fervor. We do not want a thing too much written; in fact, we do not want it written at all, but spoken directly from the heart. It is in this respect that I think Wordsworth's poetry, at its best, is better than Tennyson's. It is more inevitable; it wrote itself; the poetic intention is not so obvious; the art of the singer is more completely effaced by his inspiration.

There are probably few readers of the critical literature of the times who do not recur again and again to Matthew Arnold's criticism, not only for the charm of the style, but for the currents of vital thought

which it holds. One may not always agree with him, but for that very reason he will go back to see how it is possible to differ from a man who sees so clearly and feels so justly. Of course, Arnold's view is not final, any more than is that of any other man; but it is always fit, and challenges your common sense. After the muddle and puddle of most literary criticism, the reader of Arnold feels like a traveler who has got out of the confusion of brush and bog into clean and clear open spaces, where the ground is firm, and where he can see his course. «Where trees grow biggest», says Emerson, «the huntsman finds the easiest way»; and for a similar reason the way is always easy and inviting through Arnold's pages.

But his theological criticism has less charm; and, for my part, I doubt if it will survive. I once seriously tried to re-read his «Literature and Dogma», but stuck before I had got half-way through it. I suppose I found too much dogma in it. Arnold makes a dogma out of what he calls the «method and secret of Jesus», his «method of *inwardness*» and «*secret of self-renunciation*»; and iterates and reiterates these phrases till one never wants to hear them again. His besetting sin of giving a quasi-scientific value to certain literary terms here has free rein, and one finds only a new kind of inflexibility in place of the one he condemns. Sir Thomas Browne directed a free play of mind upon the old dogmas, and the result was the «Religio Medici», a work which each generation treasures and re-reads, not because of the dogma, but because of the literature; it is a rare specimen of vital, flexible, imaginative writing. It is full of soul, like Emerson's «Divinity School Address», which sought to dissolve certain of the old dogmas. In both these authors we are made free as the spirit makes free; but in Arnold's criticism we are made free only as a liberal Anglicanism makes free, which is not much.

The books that we do not like to part with after we have read them, that we like to keep near us,—like Amiel's «Journal», say,—are probably the books that our children's children will like to have around. A Western

woman once paid an Eastern author this rare compliment. «Most of the new books», she said, «we see at the public library; but your books we always buy, because we like to have them in the house.» Probably it is the personal element in a book—the quality of the writer—that alone endears it to us. If we could not love the man, is it probable that we can love his book?

Of our New England poets, I find myself taking down Emerson oftener than any other; then Bryant; occasionally Longfellow for a few poems; then Whittier for «The Playmate» or «Snow-Bound»; and least of all, Lowell. I am not so vain as to think that the measure of my appreciation of these poets is the measure of their merit; but as this writing is so largely autobiographical, I must keep to the facts. As the pathos and solemnity of life deepens with time, I think one finds only stray poems, or parts of poems, in the New England anthology that adequately voice it; and these he finds in Emerson more plentifully than anywhere else, though in certain of Longfellow's sonnets there is adequacy also. This one, on «Summer»,

River, that stealest with such silent pace

easily fixed itself in my mind.

I think we go back to books not so much for the amount of pleasure we have had in them, as the kind of pleasure. There is a pleasure both in books and in life that is inconsistent with health and wholeness, and there is a pleasure that is consistent with these things. The instinct of self-preservation makes us cleave to the latter. I do not think we go back to the exciting books—they do not usually leave a good taste in the mouth; neither to the dull books, which leave no taste at all in the mouth; but to the quiet, mildly tonic and stimulating books—books that have the virtues of sanity and good nature, and that keep faith with us.

At any rate, an enduring fame is of slow growth. The man of the moment is rarely the man of the eternities. If your name is upon all men's tongues to-day, some other name is likely to be there to-morrow.



GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

ELIZABETH BEALE BORDLEY (MRS. JAMES GIBSON).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

(SEE THE FRONTISPIECE.)

"STUART was preëminent as a colorist, and his place, judged by the highest canons of art, is unquestionably among the few recognized masters of portraiture."

If any reason were needed, beyond the forum of our own judgment, for the presentation to the public of a series of reproductions, in the best manner of the wood-engraver's art, of some of the choicest examples of the American master's work, it could be found in this quotation from the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Coming, as it does, from the other side of the ocean, it is entitled to the greater weight as being unbiased by national prejudice. But as the contentious spirit is always rife, especially in the realm of art, where all are self-constituted critics, the gauntlet may be thrown down, challenging Stuart's right to consideration as the foremost of *American* painters, knowing, as we do, that he was born before our allegiance was thrown off, and that his schooling and first practice in art were both had in the mother-country.

His English work shows plainly the influence of his English contemporaries, and might easily be mistaken, as it has been, for the work of Romney or of Gainsborough; but his American work—almost the very first he did after his return—proclaims the virility and robustness of his independence. The rich coloring, so marked in his best portraits painted here, replaces the tender pearly grays so predominant in his chief work done there. The delicate precision of his early brush gives way to the masterful freedom of his later one. His English portraits might have been limned by Romney or by Gainsborough; but his American ones could have been painted only by Gilbert Stuart.

Stuart is undeniably most original and at his best in his strong masculine portraits; but there are refinement and tenderness in his treatment of women that reveal the subtle genius of the master quite as well. He is so much the better known as a painter of men, that to many it will be a surprise to find how beautifully he delineated women; and the picture selected to introduce the present series is of especial value in connection with the view of his art expressed, for it has within itself his English and American qualities rarely combined.

Elizabeth Beale Bordley was born in Annapolis, Maryland, October 17, 1777. She was a daughter of John Beale Bordley, one of Washington's agricultural correspondents; and when a girl of thirteen accompanied her family to Philadelphia, where she formed a close friendship with Eleanor Custis; and there is a tradition that the two friends had their portraits painted by Stuart for each other, and subsequently exchanged them, each taking her own. At the age of forty she was wedded to James Gibson, a distinguished lawyer, and died in Philadelphia at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

Her portrait by Stuart, reproduced, is one of the most attractive examples of that painter's refined manner, the delicacy of the modeling being, as in all of Stuart's work, of that quality which does not freely lend itself to the wood-engraver's art. He painted absolutely without lines,—“there are no lines in nature,” was his aphorism,—his work being painted in with a full brush from the beginning, so that, as in nature, one form is lost in another, or rather they are imperceptibly blended together.

No better opportunity can be found for the study of Stuart's art than is afforded by the collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, at Philadelphia, where can be found sixteen examples from his easel, including the portrait of Miss Bordley. This group is undoubtedly the best representation of Stuart's work in any gallery. Stuart painted in Philadelphia from 1795 to 1805, when he was in the fullness of his powers; and the portrait reproduced was painted, doubtless, early in the decade, when the subject was about budding into womanhood. Its simplicity is one of its greatest charms—simple in pose, in habit, and in treatment. The sheer white muslin of the dress is relieved only by the blue ribbon which gathers it around the waist, and by the brown hair, lightly powdered in front, falling over the neck and shoulder. The bloom of youth and health is upon the cheek, and the silvery shadows are as warm as though they were of gold. Even the stone pillar and the distant landscape glow in unison with the painter's scheme, and show what a consummate artist was Gilbert Stuart.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Sultan Speaks.

THE fact that severe criticism of the Ottoman government has appeared in *THE CENTURY*, in connection with the Armenian massacres and other matters, does not make it less, but more, desirable that place should be given to the highly interesting deprecatory statements by the Sultan himself, printed in this number of *THE CENTURY*, in connection with the article by the Hon. A. W. Terrell, lately Minister of the United States to Turkey.

There is significance in the fact that, in granting this interview, it was the deliberate intention of the Sultan to appeal, in a friendly spirit, to the public opinion of America in answer to popular attacks upon the Turkish government.

But this is not the first time that *THE CENTURY* has been able to lay before its readers the reply of an autocratic Old-World government to printed criticism. This magazine having published articles reflecting upon Russian treatment of political suspects and offenders, as well as Russian treatment of the Jews, a member of the Russian diplomatic corps was permitted to make brief reply in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1893, in an article entitled, «A Voice for Russia.» While this was, of course, not an «official» document, it was an officially permitted statement which might be described, in the phraseology of diplomacy, as *officieux*.

But the utterance of the Sultan has even more importance, as coming directly from the supreme authority in an empire. It is interesting not only in its political bearings, but also, with Mr. Terrell's accompanying remarks, as throwing light upon the personality, upon the psychology, of a ruler who is now playing a part in the very foreground of the world's theater of great events.

Tennyson.

FORTUNATE in life and in death, Alfred Tennyson is fortunate again in the volumes dedicated by filial devotion to his lofty and undimmed memory. These volumes are not only worthy in their contents, but in their reticence. Doubtless a sharper interest might have been given by the retention of some of those momentary judgments on the part of the subject of a memoir, or of his correspondents, the record of which pleases the cynical and leaves a rankling pain in the hearts of survivors or surviving friends; but the good feeling and good judgment of the son, and of the friends who have been consulted, have resulted in a dignified and satisfactory memorial to the laureate—one which can work injury to none, which lifts no veil of too sacred privacy, and which, with his printed books, completes the picture of a noble mind.

This «Memoir»¹ is the history of the mind of an artist—an artist pure and simple. The intensest pleasure in

the reading of such a book must be for those who really love poetry, and especially for those who care something for the method of its making. One could imagine how Tennyson himself might have devoured such a book, were it written of another.

It is no surprise to find how soon the poet felt that verse was to be his employment; that when a boy he would «reel off hundreds of lines»; that at eight he «covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers»; that at fourteen and fifteen he wrote poems and plays of promise; that «from his earliest years he felt that he was a poet, and earnestly trained himself to be worthy of his vocation.»

To the man of letters hundreds of details are of lively interest—the new proofs of the author's sense of color in nature; of his interest in and grasp of scientific phenomena; of his delight in verbal music; as well as his carefully preserved comments on poets, old and new, and on the art of verse. To all readers there is a lesson in these details—a lesson of professional devotion to all workers, in whatever work under the sun.

The suggestion of personal charm is here; of a nature capable of great and loyal love. There was at times a «gruffness» of manner in the poet, which is little more than hinted at in these volumes; but as that was a superficial trait, the records of deep-hearted comradeship and family affection give for us the profound and permanent traits.

«An artist pure and simple,» we say; yet the great impression made by this book is that of a nature magnificently dowered with expression; of a career held steady to artistic aims; but also of an artist to whom this expression was a sacred power, given not only for the pleasure, but for the ennobling of humanity. Here was a creator of beauty not only for the pure delight in beauty, no utilities being permitted to impair the form; but the beauty was by no means to carry impairment with it to the soul of the recipient; and all the better if, indeed, the beauty had the highest uses, the most noble inspirations, for mankind.

How well we can now see that Tennyson's life was a line of his own clear and exquisite verse; for in every way a man can—in his attitude toward his art, as to all else—he exemplified

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

He was «born well,» and in a family remarkable for refinement; his own heredity and associations helped him to a pure life: yet there was no lack of fire. There was plenty to «control»; but he fed in himself the passion for purity and the things of the spirit.

Tennyson had not only a true poet's respect for his art, and an unusual sense of responsibility, of consecra-

¹ «Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir,» by his Son. London, Macmillan & Co. (Ltd.); New York, The Macmillan Co.

tion, and of service to humanity at large, but he had a keen sense of the nation. The great poet was a good citizen, a genuine patriot: interested in the large politics of the day; deeply interested in the men who were fighting for the nation in field or forum. His relations with the Queen were as self-respectful as they were heart-loyal, and deeply creditable to both. Not the least charming part of the book is the correspondence with his good neighbor on the Isle of Wight, Victoria of Osborne. He was no perfunctory laureate: his noblest patriotic poem, it now appears, was written with entire spontaneity and out of admiration for the great duke.

Much of all this we knew from the rich artistic utterance of a long lifetime. But by means of this delightful «Memoir» our knowledge is fuller and more accurate. The poet's son—Hallam, Lord Tennyson—has done his duty in a way which should be an example; and many choice spirits among Tennyson's closest friends have added their recollections and impressions with generous and loving hands. Such a book is a new and priceless gift from the spirit of one of the loveliest and purest poets who have set human speech to immortal music.

WE have spoken of Tennyson's good fortune in his nativity and in his associations. In the papers in the November and December CENTURY, by Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor, there is given a fuller account than we have elsewhere seen of the immediate family of Tennyson, whose members were men and women of exceptional character and charm. In the December instalment will be found appreciative mention of her who, it is now more clearly understood, was the strongest and best influence of his life, his most valued critic, his highest inspiration.

Mr. O'Connor's papers, which, by the kind permission of the son, describe the home and the home life of the poet at Freshwater, will be found to constitute a valuable supplement to the «Memoir.»

Some Good Literary Advice.

THE letters of Dr. Holmes printed in the October CENTURY, and the just-published «Memoir» of Tennyson, each have some very kind and wise words to amateur makers of verse, of whom the number seems to increase rather than diminish in our day.

It is the opinion of some critics that the more persons there are who can write fairly good poetry, the fewer there are who can write excellent verse; and that in our day the democratic tendencies lower while extending literary production. However this may be, there is in our time a surprising number of men and women of culture who can occasionally produce poems that have not only feeling, but a certain amount of art; while there is a still greater number who are constantly «indulging in verse,» as it is suggestively called, without ever getting above the level of the amateur.

Dr. Holmes, in his books, has said some very clever and kind things about these ineffectual poetizers. In his letter to a New Orleans friend he says one thing that, if taken to heart by the amateur verse-maker, would save him from many a conspicuous error. He states it as an axiom that the more personal and inti-

mate the feelings which a poet reveals, the higher the art required to justify their exposure.

It seems that although Tennyson was much tried by the pater of uninspired verse that showered upon him, nevertheless he sometimes took the trouble to say kind and useful words to the amateur. Here is his letter to an old Sheffield blacksmith:

I should have a heart harder than your anvil if I were not deeply interested by what you tell me. I thank you for your pretty verses. The spirit which inspires them should give the lesson of cheerful resignation and thankfulness and faith to all.

Being able to do this by writing such verses, you will always have work of the noblest and best to do.

Accept from me my best wishes, and believe me

Truly yours, TENNYSON.

But his touching and wise letter to a workingman who asked him whether he should adopt poetry as a profession is of such wide application that a part of it might be kept as a circular by other men of letters for use on like occasion. The correspondence is a typical episode and shows the great heart of the poet:

I write in compliance with your request, tho' I fear that I can say little to comfort you. Believe me, however, that I am grieved for your loneliness and your sorrow.

Let me hope that you, having, as I think, found the God of Love, will feel day by day less lonely among your fellow-men; for, loving God, you cannot but grow in love towards them, and so forget yourself in them, since love begets love.

As to your poem, it is so much the habit of the age to try and express thought and feeling in verse, each one for himself, that there are not, I suspect, many listeners (for such work as yours), and therefore poetry is not generally profitable in a money point of view. By all means write, if you find solace in verse; but do not be in a hurry to publish. Poetry should be the flower and fruit of a man's life, in whatever stage of it, to be a worthy offering to the world.¹

A Historic Warning.

THE tragic ending of the royal family of France, so graphically described by Miss Bicknell in this number of THE CENTURY, contains a warning which ought ever to be kept in the attention of a people devoted to the forms of elective government.

It is a warning of greatest import to commonwealths that are masters of their own political destinies, because in times of social disturbance they are most prone to forget that the safety of organized society depends on a general deference to its traditions, and is always endangered by a resort to extra-legal remedies dictated by popular clamor.

Mob rule is always tyrannical and brutal whether exerted against monarchical forms of restraint or against the laws of a republic. Men possessed with a sense of a real or fancied grievance come together to offer a «living petition» to the constituted authorities, public or private, for «justice.» No matter how peaceful the original intentions of a «living petition,» the basic idea of a multitude marching upon a center of property or law is to back up a demand for benefit or privilege by a show of physical force. The threat involved is instinc-

¹ These extracts are made with the permission of the publishers.

tive to men gathered in numbers for a common purpose, whether they go open-handed or armed with weapons; and once they are baffled, the impulse to use their conscious power is spontaneous; then, if the torrent of human passion is not dissipated by a counter-force exerted by the guardians of the law, the mob satisfy themselves with vengeance; and after their passion is exhausted, law and order resume their ordinary sway on the ruins. This is the inevitable course of mob rule, whether the social disease it represents is localized or spread through the whole body politic.

If Louis XVI had been a wise and firm ruler to the same extent that he was a brave and conscientious man, he might have held the allegiance of France to her ancient traditions until the new ideas of human rights and citizenship had worked a needed change in the state; but his kindly temporizing with "marching petitions," and deference to unlawful agitation, fostered the wilfulness of mob rule until the new love of liberty became a demon of tyranny, and the vision of human brotherhood a living torment. The fate of the poor king and queen and their helpless children—almost the saddest in history—is typical of the extreme penalty any community may suffer when its citizens

temporize with mob attempts to right wrongs or inflict punishments contrary to law.

The story of the mobs of the French Revolution has a horrible psychological likeness to the record of the cruelties of those avenging mobs which have recently shocked the better public opinion of America. From the French Revolution is often derived the moral of the peril to society that lies in justice postponed. Mobs and lynchings have sometimes been promoted in America by the postponement of justice or the suspicion of its postponement, though this does not fully account for the great number of American lynchings and the novel barbarity of some of them.

The mainstay of order in a republic must be the general feeling that laws are impartial, and corruption does not make them or interfere with their administration. So that in good citizenship, in the extinction of bribery, of blackmail, and of political corruption, the assurance of justice as between man and man and as between the citizen and the government—in these will be found the best guaranties of social order; in these, —in the regard for law which grows from confidence and respect,—and in the firm upholding of the public peace by the constituted authorities.

OPEN LETTERS

James Hammond Trumbull.

THE TRIBUTE OF A NEIGHBOR.

NEWS has reached this shut-in corner of the world of the death of an illustrious neighbor and friend of mine, Dr. Trumbull of Hartford. He was probably the richest man in America in the matter of knowledge—knowledge of all values, from copper up to government bonds. It seems a great pity that this vast property is now lost to the world—that it could not have been left to some college, or distributed among deserving paupers, of whom we have so many. The increment of it was so distributed, and with a free hand, as long as the billionaire lived: one may say that of Dr. Trumbull. He spent his riches in a princely way upon any that needed and applied. That was a great and fine feature of his character, and I am moved to say this word about it lest it be forgotten or overlooked. He wrote myriads of letters to information-seekers all over the world—a service of self-sacrifice which made no show, and is all the more entitled to praise and remembrance for that reason.

I asked him a question once myself about twenty years ago. I remember it yet—vividly. His answer exhibited in a striking way his two specialties—the immensity of his learning, and the generous fashion in which he lavished that and his time and labor gratis upon the ignorant needy. I was summering somewhere away from home, and one day I had a new idea—a *motif* for a drama. I was enchanted with the felicity

of the conception—I might say intoxicated with it. It seemed to me that no idea was ever so exquisite, so beautiful, so freighted with wonderful possibilities. I believed that when I should get it fittingly dressed out in the right dramatic clothes it would not only delight the world, but astonish it. Then came a stealthy, searching, disagreeable little chill: what if the idea was not new, after all? Trumbull would know. I wrote him some cold, calm, indifferent words out of a heart that was sweltering with anxiety, mentioning my idea, and asking him in a casual way if it had ever been used in a play. His answer covered six pages, written in his fine and graceful hand—six pages of titles of plays in which the idea had been used, the date of each piracy appended, also the country and language in which the felony had been committed. The theft of my idea had been consummated two hundred and sixty-eight times. The latest instance mentioned was English, and not yet three years old; the earliest had electrified China eight hundred years before Christ. Dr. Trumbull added in a foot-note that his list was not complete, since it furnished only the modern instances; but that if I wished it, he would go back to early times. I do not remember the exact words I said about the early times in my answer, but it is not material; they indicated the absence of lust in that direction. I did not write the play.

Years ago, as I have been told, a widowed descendant of the Audubon family, in desperate need, sold a per-

fect copy of Audubon's «Birds» to a commercially minded scholar in America for a hundred dollars. The book was worth a thousand in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Hammond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far South wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some one had told her was worth a hundred dollars, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Eliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if it was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth a thousand dollars; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British Museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her thousand dollars without delay, and intact.

WEGGIS, SWITZERLAND.

S. L. Clemens.

Herr Andrée at the Congress of 1895.

NONE of the delegates to the Sixth International Geographical Congress at London, in August, 1895, can have forgotten the interesting, in fact sensational, general session when Herr Andrée presented his plan for a balloon expedition to the north pole; nor can they have failed to retain a vivid impression of the hero of that arctic field day, who has since sailed away into the unknown ether more courageously than his viking ancestors sailed out into the great ocean.

Herr Andrée came to London to present his scheme to the assembled geographers of all countries, virtually unknown to them, or at best considered a visionary, and his project chimerical; but before the tall, heroic-looking Swede had finished reading his carefully written English paper the majority of his listeners had to admit the feasibility of the plan, and their sympathies were all his, captured by Andrée's interesting personality, his force and determination, his courage and enthusiasm. They saw a typical fair-haired Swede, keen-eyed, strong-jawed, tall beyond the average, broad-shouldered and muscular, with an alertness, a spring and positiveness, in his movements that proved him the man of daring, the one for emergencies. Plainly he was the man who could succeed, who knew neither fear nor vacillation, who had well considered everything, and who, inspired by his great idea, was willing to venture his life to carry it out. He did not look like a dreamer, a visionary, an enthusiast, with an impracticable, impossible scheme; and as he developed his idea and explained it to every least detail, his seemed as reasonable as any other attempt to reach the pole.

The discussion which followed was the most exciting one of the congress, and not even the sharp debate on «African day» between Count Pfeil and Mr. H. M. Stanley, aroused such interest and brought forth such a demonstration. Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir Erasmus Ommaney, General Greely, Admiral Markham, Colonel Watson, Dr. John Murray, Dr. Neumayer, Mr. Silva White, and others of experience and theory, took part in the discussion, and there was much criticism, even open ridicule and denunciation, along with honest, carefully weighed doubts and fears.

Herr Andrée gave close attention to each speaker, making pencil notes the while; and when Sir Clements Markham asked him to the platform to answer his critics, all nervousness was gone, and he was keyed by the occasion to speaking a clearer and more fluent English than his carefully read paper led one to expect. He took up each objection, disposed of it, and crossed it off his penciled list, the silence of the audience while he spoke, and the rounds of applause that followed his telling arguments and retorts, showing how closely he held his listeners.

«If anything happens to my balloon, how will I get back?» he asked. «Well, when something happened to your ships how did *you* get back? and *you*?» addressing his words and his forefinger directly at certain of his critics whose arctic experiences had barely fallen short of Sir John Franklin's. «I risk but three lives in *my* (foolhardy) attempt, and you risked—how many? A ship-load!» And the audience gave emphatic proof of appreciation of the points scored by him.

With a final stroke of his pencil the impassioned Andrée crushed the note-paper in his hand, and slowly repeating the words, «He hopes I may succeed in *trying* to raise the money, and at least make the attempt»; he paused a second, and with a vigorous swing of the whole arm, added in exultant tones, «Well, I—*haf—gott—the—money!*»

Then all those sedate and learned geographers, Sir Joseph Hooker, Dr. Neumayer, and the most venerable of them, applauded and cheered until the great hall of the Colonial Institute rang; and Sir Clements Markham's face beamed with enjoyment at this dramatic climax, and the storming of the congress by the intrepid Swede.

Herr Andrée had left the stage with the same energetic tread with which he mounted it, and was on a back bench, wiping his brow and taking deep breaths like an athlete just come from the stadium, long before the applause ceased. He did not manifest any resentment toward critics or detractors,—not if such opponents possessed any polar or aerial experience likely to benefit him,—and he cheerfully turned the other ear to anything helpful or suggestive that he could obtain from them. The audience was not a little amused, after the program had turned to quiet paths, to watch the tall Swede tip-toe round the hall to the front bench, slip in beside Judge Daly, and secure through him an introduction to the arctic explorer who had most severely condemned the balloon plan, and forthwith engage this polar pessimist in a long and earnest conversation.

Herr Andrée was in England for the sake of his polar expedition only. He was sought for, but not always found, at the many social entertainments that crowded the afternoons and evenings of the congress week; and he was the most talked about lion in London that month, and the most interesting figure of the great geographic gathering. Although agreeable in manner and conversation, Herr Andrée was a bit chilly and absorbed, as very well became one whose thoughts were in realms far beyond our ken.

His balloon of 1896 differed a little from the one first described to the Stockholm Academy and the Geographical Congress; and the delay of a year in the actual start enabled him to make further improvements before the huge silk bubble of 1897 was cut loose and sailed away

on its incredible journey. Whether he returns at once, spends a winter on the ice, as Nansen did, or two winters, one may as confidently expect to see Herr Andrée at the Geographical Congress at Berlin in 1899 as he was positive in stating that he would be there.

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.

Another University in Washington, and How to Secure It.

THE agitation that has been vigorously carried on by the Hon. John D. Hoyt during the last few years has awakened a great deal of interest in the possibility of establishing a national university in Washington. Clear and ample statements have been put forth respecting the intellectual attractions of the capital. The development of the idea from the days of George Washington until the present has been carefully studied. A large number of persons, more or less engaged in the advancement of higher education, have expressed their sentiments with more or less emphasis; and a small committee, including several gentlemen of the highest distinction, have consented to act as a body of promoters. A bill has been drafted, circulated, modified, and presented for the consideration of Congress, and it has passed the first stages of senatorial legislation. Now comes a halt.

Three things have been demonstrated by this agitation.

First, there is a strong desire, not only among the residents of the Federal city, but among the lovers and promoters of learning throughout the country, that the libraries, collections, instruments, and apparatus belonging to the government should be opened to students, not as a favor, nor by exception, nor as a passing entertainment, but for study and experiment, according to suitable regulations, and especially under the guidance of such able teachers as may be already engaged in the service of the government, or may be enlisted hereafter for the particular offices of education. So far as this there would be a unanimous, or nearly unanimous, assent.

Second, the universities existing in Washington and near to it, including those of New England, would regard with disfavor, and probably with distrust, an effort to establish, by congressional action, the University of the United States. In some places there would be positive opposition. Already the capital has the old Columbian University, with its liberal charter, its buildings and funds, its faculty and alumni; the Georgetown University, likewise vigorous; the Catholic University, which has sprung with a bound, under the direct patronage of the Pope, into a position of great distinction and influence; the Methodist University, which is not likely to drag, if a strong, wide-spread and popular religious denomination can be relied upon; and the Howard University, devoted to the interests of the colored race. At the distance of an hour's ride the Johns Hopkins University offers the advantages of libraries, laboratories, and teachers of renown. What will any one of these institutions say, what will be the force of their collective opposition, if another aspirant is placed in the field? What will Pennsylvania, Columbia, Princeton, Yale, and Harvard say when the issue is finally made up? What will be the attitude of Ithaca, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Evanston, Minneapolis, and other

Western seats of learning if the bounty of the United States draws off their faculties and their students?

Third, outside of academic circles, as well as inside, there is a great distrust of the principle that Congress should provide for and direct university education. The fears may be foolish. It is easy to laugh at them. Apprehensions may be pronounced groundless; nevertheless it will be difficult to get rid of them. There will be an ever-present expectation of political interference, first in the governing body, then in the faculty, and finally in the subjects and methods of instruction. It is true that partizan entanglement may be avoided, but it will be difficult indeed to escape the thralldom?

Is it possible to reconcile these conflicting views? Can the natural and wide-spread desire to participate in the intellectual resources of the capital be gratified without awakening the antagonism of the universities already established, and without involving congressional control or political interference?

There is a way—not a way of compromise, but of combination.

The Smithsonian Institution was founded «for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge.» It has an admirable, an unblemished record of more than half a century. It is under the patronage of the government, but it is managed by a board of regents selected for their wisdom, character, and public spirit, and for their interest in the progress of literature and science. They have never shown any ecclesiastical, partizan, or sectional bias. They have never encountered the ill will of the public. They have received generous gifts from individuals. They have administered their funds with economy and prudence. They have always been progressive. Each successive administration has adapted its arrangements to the demands of the times.

The first secretary began the publication of learned memoirs which might not otherwise see the light; he encouraged the study of American antiquities and aborigines; he promoted international exchanges of books and journals; he initiated the plan of weather observations that has grown into the actual Weather Bureau. The second secretary developed two great institutions, the United States Fish Commission and the National Museum, each the offspring of the Smithsonian. The third secretary has established the Zoölogical Gardens, has carried on fundamental inquiries into the nature of light, and has made such important researches respecting aerial locomotion that the «flying-machine» is already here.

Now let the Smithsonian take another step forward. Let it organize a plan by which the literary and scientific institutions of Washington may be associated and correlated so far, and so far only, as relates to the instruction and assistance, under proper restrictions, of qualified students. If a plan can be set forth upon which these institutions are agreed, the funds for its support will be forthcoming. Costly buildings are not necessary. The current expenses will not be large. The same liberality which has hitherto promoted the Smithsonian will certainly be continued. At any rate, an experiment will not be expensive.

The outlines of such a plan may now be indicated as a basis for further suggestions. To begin with, a head of this branch of service must be announced. This may

well be the secretary; but if he is already too much occupied, let there be an assistant secretary in charge of advanced instruction and research. He must be the organizing and administrative officer. Next the inventory, already published, of the literary and scientific resources of Washington must be reexamined, and the conditions on which these resources may be opened must be clearly stated. A certain number of teachers must be enlisted who will give, for proper consideration, instruction and guidance in their specialties. There should be no attempt to provide a general or liberal course of education, but only opportunities and encouragement for the prosecution of certain specific courses. Consequently there will be no curriculum, no public examinations, no degrees. On the other hand, there must be abundant opportunities. Any person of either sex, from any place, of whatever age, without any questions as to his previous academic degree, should be admissible: provided, however, that he demonstrate his fitness to the satisfaction of the leader in the subject of his predilection. Evidence of preparation in one department will be totally different from that required in another.

Of course the objection will be made that this is "not a university." Is it not? What is a university? Etymologically and originally, a university was simply an association, a society, a corporation. It might be for almost any dignified purpose. Gradually the term was restricted to a society of scholars. *Societas magistrorum et discipulorum* (the union of masters and pupils) is all that is essential to the idea of a university.

Such a learned society may be developed more readily around the Smithsonian Institution, with less friction, less expense, less peril, and with the prospect of more permanent and wide-spread advantages to the country than by a dozen denominational seminaries or one colossal University of the United States.

To the special opportunities that the Smithsonian and

its affiliations could offer, every university, at a distance or near by, might be glad to send its most promising students for a residence of weeks, months, or years, never losing control of them. Many other persons, disconnected with universities, but proficient to a considerable degree in one study or another, would also resort with pleasure and gratitude, and with prospect of great advantages, to the rare opportunities which Washington affords for study and investigation in history, political science, literature, ethnology, anthropology, medicine, agriculture, meteorology, geology, geodesy, and astronomy.

Daniel C. Gilman.

«Washington Portraits.»

IN my article on «Washington Portraits,» in THE CENTURY for February, 1892, I published a reproduction of a very elaborate hard-paste porcelain plaque of Washington, which I unequivocally ascribed to the Bristol potter Richard Champion. The owner of the piece—Mrs. Kennon—was, however, insistent that she knew nothing whatever about it, further than that it came from Mount Vernon, which fact was stated in a note.

During a recent investigation of the unpublished letters to Washington in the State Department, I found a letter from Champion to Major William Jackson, private secretary to Washington, sending to «the President of the United States,» when he was on a visit to South Carolina in 1791, where Champion then resided, this plaque and the one of Franklin mentioned in my article, thus confirming the opinion I had formed upon an examination of the piece. Champion states the interesting fact that these plaques were «made from a beautiful native porcelain which is to be found in America.» Both Champion and Wedgwood experimented with kaolin from the Cherokee country.

Charles Henry Hart.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Abbie's Accounts.

A MONOLOGUE.

SCENE: *Sitting-room.*

(*Curtain rises, discovering Abbie at her desk.*)

Abbie: There is one comfort about being a married woman—that is, of course there are more than one—a good many; but one especially, I mean. And that is to have a right to some of the luxuries of life. Now, a husband is n't like an elder sister. Of all creatures that tyrannize over their kind, an elder sister is the very worst. A husband is rather—well, rather bossy,—Alfred says «bossy,» and it's a real good word,—but then you prefer that from them. Besides, one's husband is a man, you know; and one expects men to be a little masterful. Alfred is, sometimes, and—I think I like it. It is such a comfort to have some one else to take the responsi-

bility for things, you know. And that reminds me. Alfred said I should keep accounts, now I'm married. Where has that account-book gone to, anyway? I'm sure I put it here under this pile of invitations to those five-o'clock nuisances—I just hate them! The impudence of that Hanson woman—with her teas! She seems to think tea is a kind of legal tender! I've sent her cards for the last six—where in the world is that account-book? Oh, I remember; I left it in the pocket of my blue serge—or was it my gray cashmere? That old cashmere! I meant to leave it at home, but Ellen packed it in. It's worse than the «Colonel's Opera-cloak.» Let me see—it's in the closet up-stairs. (*Starts toward the door; then returns.*) No; it is n't in the cashmere—that has n't any pocket; it was torn out. I remember now; I put it in the top drawer of my desk—one of them.

(Opens a top drawer.) No. Where can the old thing— heavens, what a lot of old stamps! I had forgotten those. Those are for that Van Blankenstyne girl. When she gets a billion she's going to endow a negro orphan in the South. He must be grown up by this time! Let me see; I began to collect those stamps in eighteen hundred and—I don't know when. It must be years and years—long before Susie was married, and her oldest is—I don't know how old. Too old for dolls, anyway, because I know I thought of giving her a doll for Christmas, and then changed to a book. Where is that old book? Probably in the other drawer. (Opens the other drawer, and finds it.) Here you are! How good the Russia leather smells! I like red leather; it's so business-like. (Spreads it out on the desk.)

Now where's the ink? (Looks into the inkstand, and turns it upside down, making a face when she finds it empty.)

Never mind. A pencil is just as good—and better if I should make mistakes. I wonder if I remember my multiplication-table? Seven times used to be a—horror! Seven times seven are forty-nine, and seven times eight are fifty. That is n't right. Fifty-two, I guess. Let me see. (Counts on her fingers.) They did n't use to let me count on my fingers at school. I'm glad I'm married. Forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, three, four, five, six. Seven times nine are fifty-six. (Turns to her desk again.)

Now, what do you put down first? It's either «debtor» or «creditor» to Alfred. He gave me thirty-five dollars yesterday morning, all in fives. So, am I his creditor or debtor? He gives it to me, you see, so I am his debtor for it. Of course. And he's my creditor. All right; here goes! (Writes for a moment.)

Now that looks real sweet!—«Alfred Appleby, Creditor.» And on the other page, «Abbie Appleby, Debtor.» But, let me see—where am I to put down what I spent it for? I know they use only two pages; I remember hearing papa talk about taking a trial balance, and you can't balance three things—unless you're a juggler. I think I'll tear these two pages out. No I won't; it's only in pencil; I can rub it out. (Rubs vigorously, and then blows off the pages.)

I don't wonder papa gets tired over his accounts. It must be awful to be a bookkeeper, and get all covered with red ink.

(Looks around, and sees a package.) Goodness! I forgot that Chinese silk for the curtains. I must look at it before I go on with my accounts. I am tired of figuring, anyway. (Opens the package, and spreads out the silk.)



DRAWN BY GEORGE BLADEN FOX.

«LET ME SEE.»

How cheap these silks are nowadays! This was only—only forty-five cents a yard, and there's enough to make a dress. I wonder how I'd look in it? (Drapes it around her.)

There! (Strikes attitudes before the glass.) I look like a duchess at least. I wonder what duchesses look like, anyway? I wish I could travel and see things. It must be splendid to be rich—real rich, so that you don't care a bit how much you spend, and don't have to keep accounts. Oh, that reminds me—I must go on with my account-book. I promised Alfred that I would have it ready for him this evening when he came home. But he won't care even if I don't have it ready. Now, that's the difference. If it were papa, why, I'd just have to be ready. What a comfort it is that your husband is n't your father! And how absurd it would be to be your own grandchild—or something like that! (Goes to desk, and takes up the account-book.)

Why—I thought I had done a—lot! And I rubbed it all out. Never mind; a new broom sweeps clean! Oh, I remember—it was that debtor and creditor thing that stopped me. After all, what difference does it make? Alfred does n't care. I'll just choose one of them, and put it down. (Writes.) «Abbie Appleby, Debtor.» And now, on the other side (writes), «Alfred Appleby, Creditor.» There. Next I put down what he gave me. He gave me—let me see (chewing the end of her pencil)—it was \$35 before I bought the lace for that trimming; and it cost \$2.99 a yard, and I bought 2½ yards. My! that's a puzzler! How did we use to do it at school? What a lot papa spent on my school bills!—and much good it did me! Let me see—here is the way Miss Gumption used to do them (imitating): «If 2½ yards of lace cost \$2.99 a yard, and if Alfred gave Abbie \$35, how much did Abbie have to start with?» (Suddenly, as she sees through the problem.) Humph! that's easy. She had \$35, of course! After all, an education is worth

something! I suppose that is what men call logic. I think guessing's easier.

Well, the answer is \$35; and it goes down under—(pause)—under—(then, recklessly) «Creditor.» There! Alfred is my creditor for \$35. That is plain. (*Writes it down.*) Next comes the lace. Alfred is n't creditor for that, I know. So down it goes. (*Writes. Then, after a moment of reflection, she speaks abruptly.*) How ridiculous! «Abbie Appleby, debtor, to lace, \$2.99 multiplied by 2½»—but I'm not. I can't be debtor when I paid for them; and the idea of making Alfred creditor for several yards of lace, when he does n't know anything about them, is too absurd for any use!

I sha'n't change it, anyway. How much does it make? Two dollars multiplied by two yards is four—four what? It can't be done. You can't multiply yards by dollars, I'm sure. I remember that much. Why, Miss Gumption used to tease us dreadfully about that. She used to say, «Two oranges multiplied by four apples makes what?» And then the other girls—the ones she did n't ask—would all laugh. And how that ridiculous Susie Brewer did giggle! That was all she knew—arithmetic, and things like that. She could n't do a thing with Virgil—not a thing!

But—I must n't wander so. I wish I knew more about accounts. Alfred will think I'm a perfect ignoramus. It's his own fault. If he wanted somebody to keep accounts, he ought to have married Susie Brewer; but he could n't bear her—he never could. Said she gave him the creeps just to look at her frizzes. Still, it's a good thing to be systematic; and that reminds me—I did n't bring my watch. (*Rises and searches for it.*) I know I put it somewhere. (*Tries to recollect where.*) Ah, I know! It fell out of my pocket when I was taking off my jacket. It must be on the floor near the bureau. (*Searches there, and finds it. Picks it up.*) I hope it is n't hurt! (*Looks at the cover.*) No; none of the pearls are out. Now, what was it I wanted it for? Oh, yes; to wind it. I'm glad it's a stem-winder. (*Tries to wind it.*) But it won't move but a click or two. It must be wound. (*Puts it to her ear.*) Yes—why (in a tone of great surprise), it's going! The sweet little thing! I guess I must have wound it some time or other. (*Opens the watch.*) But it can't be so late. (*Shakes the watch, and puts it to her ear again.*) Yes, it's going. I must really hurry, or I sha'n't have my accounts ready.

Where was I? (*Examines book.*) \$2.99 multiplied by 2½ is—I never can do it in the world! Why, it's fractions—and decimals—mixed! (*Sighs. Then, after a moment, seizes the pencil confidently.*) I wonder I did n't think of that before! Of course \$2.99 is practically the same as three dollars, and 2½ is nearly three yards; and three times three are nine yards. (*Perplexed; then her face clears.*) What a goose! Dollars, of course!—nine dollars; and except for car-fares and the caramels, that's really all I spent. Call it ten dollars. (*Writes it down.*) Then, \$35 less \$10 is \$25, and that's what is called the capital. No, that's not the right word. (*Thinks.*) I think the word bookkeepers use is «deficit»—but it does n't sound right. It commences with B, I'm sure. It must be—«bonus»; that's it! (*Writes.*) «To bonus, \$25.» Now I must see if I have that much cash. (*Laughs.*) Why, how foolish of me! That's the very word; I've heard papa say it often and

often. (*Scratches out the last entry, and rewrites.*) There—that's better: «To cash, \$25.»

Where's my pocket-book? Here. Now let's see. (*Counts her change, stops suddenly, and examines one piece of money.*) I knew she was a hateful thing—that impudent thing at Brady's! She's given me a fifty-cent piece with a hole in it! What a sly, deceitful thing she must be!—and yet they ask people to have sympathy for those wretches! No doubt that brazen creature makes a good living by passing bad fifty-cent pieces on customers! It's certainly a wrong thing to do. And how can I get rid of it? (*Reflects.*) Alfred says they take all kinds of money at liquor-stores; I suppose they pass them off on drunken men. I might give it to Alfred. (*Stops and laughs.*) Well, what am I to do? I can't put that down as «debtor» or «creditor», because neither Alfred nor I has anything to do with it. And I'm sure I can't put it down to that girl at Brady's—but I might; I can open a sort of account with her: «Brady's shop-girl, debtor, one plugged fifty-cent piece.» And then I should have to open an opposite page with «Abbie Appleby, creditor, fifty cents—out.» (*Bell rings.*) Oh, that's Alfred! I remember I borrowed his latch-key—and I have n't finished my accounts!

No matter; I've made a good beginning. And he won't blame his little wife—bless him! He did n't marry me because he thought I was a good bookkeeper. I hear his step; I'll go meet him. The darling! (*Exit.*)

Tudor Jenks.

The Paradox.

THERE grows a weed, so gossips tell,
To wound the hand that lightly plucks;
But bind it with a proper spell,
And poison from the vein it sucks.
'T was Cupid's self, that threw the dart,
Gave me the simple for my smart.

When storms are high, so seamen tell,
And billows crumple all the main,
But dive beneath the angry swell,
And thou wilt find it calm again.
Since, Love, thou art a troubled sea,
My only refuge is in thee.

A chapman, Holy Writ doth tell,
Found treasure in the earth concealed;
But all he had he needs must sell
Ere he might have the precious field.
Since thou hast cost me all I own,
O Love, what riches have I known!

George Meason Whicher.

Vaudeville.

'T is said the pitying angels smile at that which makes us weep.

A thought just the reverse of this occurs to me the while

Upon a show of vaudeville my wearied eyes I keep:
Surely the pitying angels weep at that which makes us smile!

Madeline S. Bridges.

To Jessica, Gone Back to the City.

SENCE fair Jessica hez left us
 Seems ez ef she hed bereft us,
 When she went, o' half o' livin';
 Fer we never knowed she 'd driven
 Into us so much content,
 Till fair Jessica hed went.

(Knowed a feller once thet cried
 When his yaller dog hed died.)

We hain't near ez bright an' chirky,
 An' the sun shines blue an' murky,
 Kind o' sadly an' dishearted,
 Like ets sperret hed departed;
 Just ez ef ets joy hed ceased
 Sence fair Jessica 's gone East.
 (Not but what ets always sober
 Sort o' weather in October.)

Then the posies, too, seems human,
 An' hez all quit o' their bloomin';
 An' the trees they show a pallor
 An' hev turned a heart-sick yaller,
 Sayin', «No use livin' on
 Ef fair Jessica hez gone.»
 (Folks thet knows sez this ez all
 Very common in the fall.)

Truth ez, I 'm a-feelin' sadly;
 Things ez goin' kind o' badly
 Round my heart an' other vitals
 (Brings on poetry recitals
 O' my woes 'most ev'ry day)
 Sence fair Jessica 's away.
 (Kind o' think thet I will haf ter
 Smoke a leetle less hereafter.)

But, with fun aside, you know,
 We're blamed sorry she must go;
 An' we hope she 'll think, maybe,
 'Z well o' us ez we o' she.

Ellis Parker Butler.

«All 'at 's out 's in free!»

«HIDE-AN'-SEEK,» 'r «high-spy,»—
 Good old game of long ago.
 Keep your eye peeled like a cat;
 Git caught if you come pokin' slow.

Creep behind a locus'-tree,
 'R in the wagon-box; 'r hide
 Under some old burdax clump,
 An' find a hen's nest there; 'r slide

Down the 'tater-hole, an' rip
 Your new jeans pants, jest made that day—
 Remember once, in 'tater time,
 I got a lickin' thataway.

Change coats, maybe,—coats an' hats,—
 Then scrooch behind the picket fence
 So 's to show up jest enough
 To fool the baseman; consequence,

He hollers, «One, two, three fer Tom,»
 When it 's me; an' then we yell

An' 'hoop it up till he gits hot.
 It 's lots o' fun, I want to tell.

Makes my old heart tickle yit
 To think how me an' John an' Wall
 Went into the stable once,
 An' took a board up in the stall,

An' crep' in under in the dark,
 Where nobody could n't see,
 An' laid there till Al had to yell,
 «All 'at 's out 's in free!»

Hair as white now as the snow
 'At piles up in an empty nest;
 Don't do nothin' any more
 But set out here an' dream an' rest;

An' purty soon I 'll slip away
 To hide fer good where all is still
 Under them big oaks 'at stand
 Knee-deep in ferns on Folin's Hill.

An' when the judgment-day comes by,
 An' last one they can't find is me,
 I hope 'at Uncle Gabe 'll say,
 «All 'at 's out 's in free!»

L. T. Weeks.

An Irish Love-Song.

IN the years about twenty
 (When kisses are plenty)
 The love of an Irish lass fell to my fate—
 So winsome and sightly,
 So saucy and sprightly,
 The priest was a prophet that christened her Kate.

Soft gray of the dawning,
 Bright blue of the morning,
 The sweet of her eye there was nothing to mate;
 A nose like a fairy's,
 A cheek like a cherry's,
 And a smile—well, her smile was like—nothing but Kate.

To see her was passion,
 To love her, the fashion;
 What wonder my heart was unwilling to wait!
 And, daring to love her,
 I soon did discover
 A Katharine masking in mischievous Kate.

No Katy unruly,
 But Katharine, truly—
 Fond, serious, patient, and even sedate;
 With a glow in her gladness
 That banishes sadness—
 Yet stay! Should I credit the sunshine to Kate?

Love cannot outlive it,
 Wealth cannot o'ergive it—
 That saucy surrender she made at the gate.
 O Time, be but human,
 Spare the girl in the woman!
 You gave me my Katharine—leave me my Kate!

Robert Underwood Johnson.



IN THE NATIONAL SCOTTISH GALLERY, EDINBURGH.

GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. GRAHAM.

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MERRY CHRISTMAS IN THE TENEMENTS.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

IT was just a sprig of holly, with scarlet berries showing against the green, stuck in, by one of the office boys probably, behind the sign that pointed the way up to the editorial rooms. There was no reason why it should have made me start when I came suddenly upon it at the turn of the stairs; but it did. Perhaps it was because that dingy hall, given over to dust and drafts all the days of the year, was the last place in which I expected to meet with any sign of Christmas; perhaps it was because I myself had nearly forgotten the holiday. Whatever the cause, it gave me quite a turn.

I stood, and stared at it. It looked dry, almost withered. Probably it had come a long way. Not much holly grows about Printing-House Square, except in the colored supplements, and that is scarcely of a kind to stir tender memories. Withered and dry, this did. I thought, with a twinge of conscience, of secret little conclaves of my children, of private views of things hidden from mama at the bottom of drawers, of wild flights when papa appeared unbidden in the door, which I had allowed for once to pass unheeded. Absorbed in the business of the office, I had hardly thought of Christmas coming on, until now it was here. And this sprig of holly on the wall that had come to

remind me,—come nobody knew how far,—did it grow yet in the beech-wood clearings, as it did when I gathered it as a boy, tracking through the snow? «Christ-thorn» we called it in our Danish tongue. The red berries, to our simple faith, were the drops of blood that fell from the Saviour's brow as it drooped under its cruel crown upon the cross.

Back to the long ago wandered my thoughts: to the moss-grown beech in which I cut my name, and that of a little girl with yellow curls, of blessed memory, with the first jack-knife I ever owned; to the story-book with the little fir-tree that pined because it was small, and because the hare jumped over it, and would not be content though the wind and the sun kissed it, and the dews wept over it, and told it to rejoice in its young life; and that was so proud when, in the second year, the hare had to go round it, because then it knew it was getting big,—Hans Christian Andersen's story, that we loved above all the rest; for we knew the tree right well, and the hare; even the tracks it left in the snow we had seen. Ah, those were the Yule-tide seasons, when the old Domkirke shone with a thousand wax candles on Christmas eve; when all business was laid aside to let the world make merry one whole



Christmas Mottos.

week; when big red apples were roasted on the stove, and bigger doughnuts were baked within it for the long feast! Never such had been known since. Christmas to-day is but a name, a memory.

A door slammed below, and let in the noises of the street. The holly rustled in the draft. Some one going out said, «A Merry Christmas to you all!» in a big, hearty voice. I awoke from my reverie to find myself back in New York with a glad glow at the heart. It was not true. I had only forgotten. It was myself that had changed, not Christmas. That was here, with the old cheer, the old message of good-will, the old royal road to the heart of mankind. How often had I seen its blessed charity, that never corrupts, make light in the hovels of darkness and despair! how often watched its spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion in those who had, besides themselves, nothing to give! and as often the sight had made whole my faith in human nature. No! Christmas was not of the past, its spirit not dead. The lad who fixed the sprig of holly on the stairs knew it; my reporter's notebook bore witness to it. Witness of my contrition for the wrong I did the gentle spirit of the holiday, here let the book tell the story of one Christmas in the tenements of the poor.

It is evening in Grand street. The shops east and west are pouring forth their swarms of workers. Street and sidewalk are filled with an eager throng of young men and women,

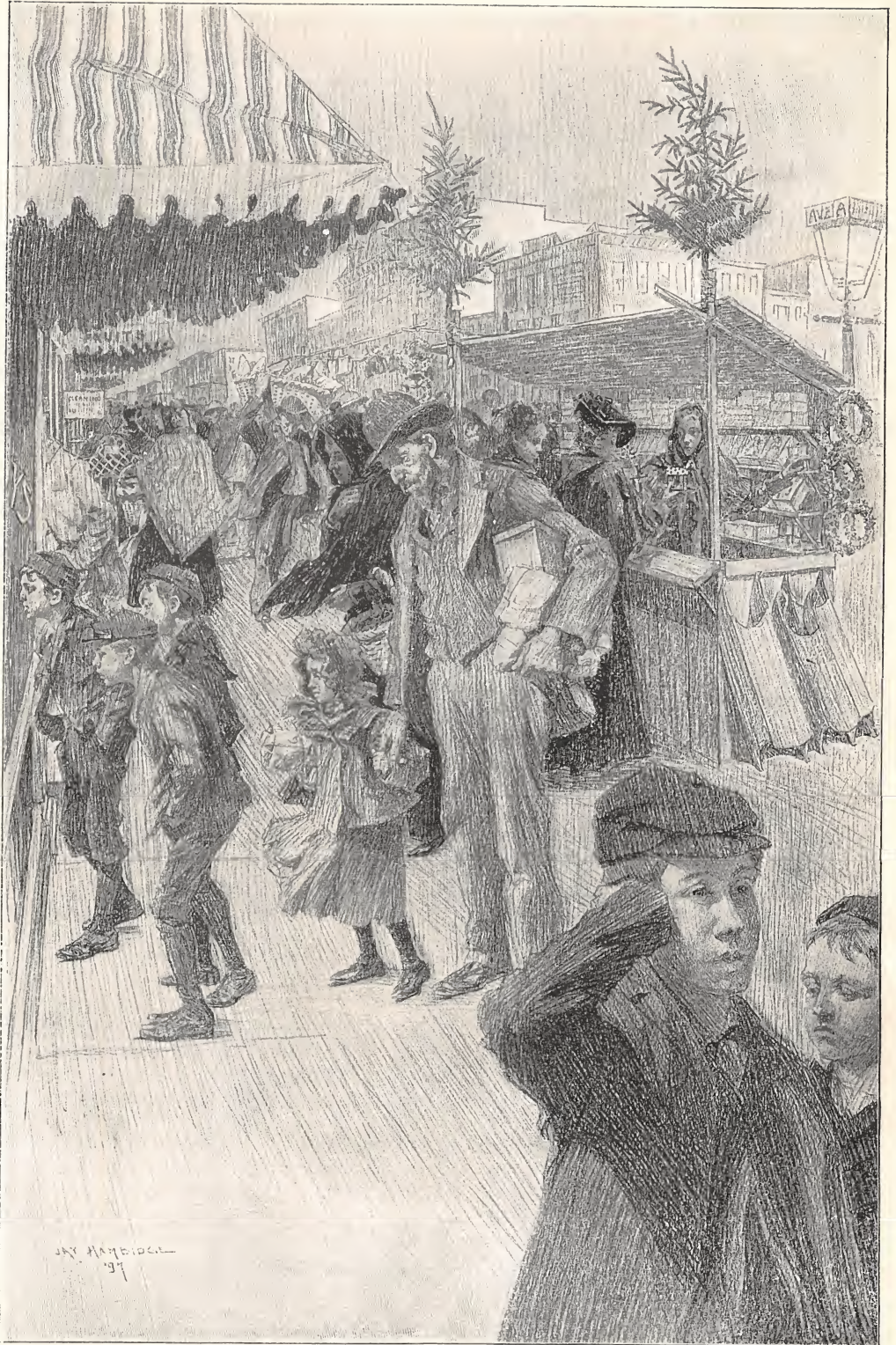
chatting gaily, and elbowing the jam of holiday shoppers that linger about the big stores. The street-cars labor along, loaded down to the steps with passengers carrying bundles of every size and odd shape. Along the curb a string of peddlers hawk penny toys in push-carts with noisy clamor, fearless for once of being moved on by the police. Christmas brings a two-weeks' respite from persecution even to the friendless street-fakir. From the window of one brilliantly lighted store a bevy of mature dolls in dishabille stretch forth their arms appealingly to a troop of factory-hands passing by. The young men chaff the girls, who shriek with laughter and run. The policeman on the corner stops beating his hands together to keep warm, and makes a mock attempt to catch them, whereat their shrieks rise shriller than ever. «Them stockin's o' yourn 'll be the death o' Santa Claus!» he shouts after them, as they dodge. And they, looking back, snap saucily, «Mind yer business, freshy!» But their laughter belies their words. «They gin it to ye straight that time,» grins the grocer's clerk, come out to snatch a look at the crowds; and the two swap holiday greetings.

At the corner, where two opposing tides of travel form an eddy, the line of push-carts debouches down the darker side-street. In its gloom their torches burn with a fitful glare that wakes black shadows among the trusses of the railroad structure overhead. A woman, with worn shawl drawn tightly



«A Large-sized Santa Claus for Ten Cents.»

about head and shoulders, bargains with a peddler for a monkey on a stick and two cents' worth of flitter-gold. Five ill-clad youngsters flatten their noses against the frozen pane of the toy-shop, in ecstasy at something there, which proves to be a milk-wagon, with driver, horses, and cans that can be unloaded. It is something their minds can grasp. One comes forth with a penny goldfish of pasteboard clutched tightly in his hand, and casting cautious glances right and left, speeds across the way to the door of a tenement, where a little girl stands waiting.



HOLIDAY SHOPPERS ON AVENUE A.

"It 's yer Chris'mas, Kate," he says, and thrusts it into her eager fist. The black doorway swallows them up.

Across the narrow yard, in the basement of the rear house, the lights of a Christmas tree show against the grimy window-pane. The hare would never have gone around it, it is so very small. The two children are busily engaged fixing the goldfish upon one of its branches. Three little candles that burn there shed light upon a scene of utmost desolation. The room is black with smoke and dirt. In the middle of the floor oozes an oil-stove that serves at once to take the raw edge off the cold and to cook the meals by. Half the window-panes are broken, and the holes stuffed with rags. The sleeve of an old coat hangs out of one, and beats drearily upon the sash when the wind sweeps over the fence and rattles the rotten shutters. The family wash, clammy and gray, hangs on a clothes-line stretched across the room. Under it, at a table set with cracked and empty plates, a discouraged woman sits eyeing the children's show gloomily. It is evident that she has been drinking. The peaked faces of the little ones wear a famished look. There are three—the third an infant, put to bed in what was once a baby-carriage. The two from the street are pulling it around to get the tree in range. The baby sees it, and crows with delight. The boy shakes a branch, and the goldfish leaps and sparkles in the candle-light.

"See, sister!" he pipes; "see Santa Claus!" And they clap their hands in glee. The woman at the table wakes out of her stupor, gazes around her, and bursts into a fit of maudlin weeping.

The door falls to. Five flights up, another opens upon a bare attic room which a patient little woman is setting to rights. There are only three chairs, a box, and a bedstead in the room, but they take a deal of careful arranging. The bed hides the broken plaster in the wall through which the wind came in; each chair-leg stands over a rat-hole, at once to hide it and to keep the rats out. One is left; the box is for that. The plaster of the ceiling is held up with pasteboard patches. I know the story of that attic. It is one of cruel desertion. The

woman's husband is even now living in plenty with the creature for whom he forsook her, not a dozen blocks away, while she "keeps the home together for the childer." She sought justice, but the lawyer demanded a retainer; so she gave it up, and went back to her little ones. For this room that barely keeps the winter wind out she pays four dollars a month, and is behind with the rent. There is scarce bread in the house; but the spirit of Christmas has found her attic. Against a broken wall is tacked a hemlock branch, the leavings of the corner grocer's fitting-block; pink string from the packing-counter hangs on it in festoons. A tallow dip on the box furnishes the illumination. The children sit up in bed, and watch it with shining eyes.

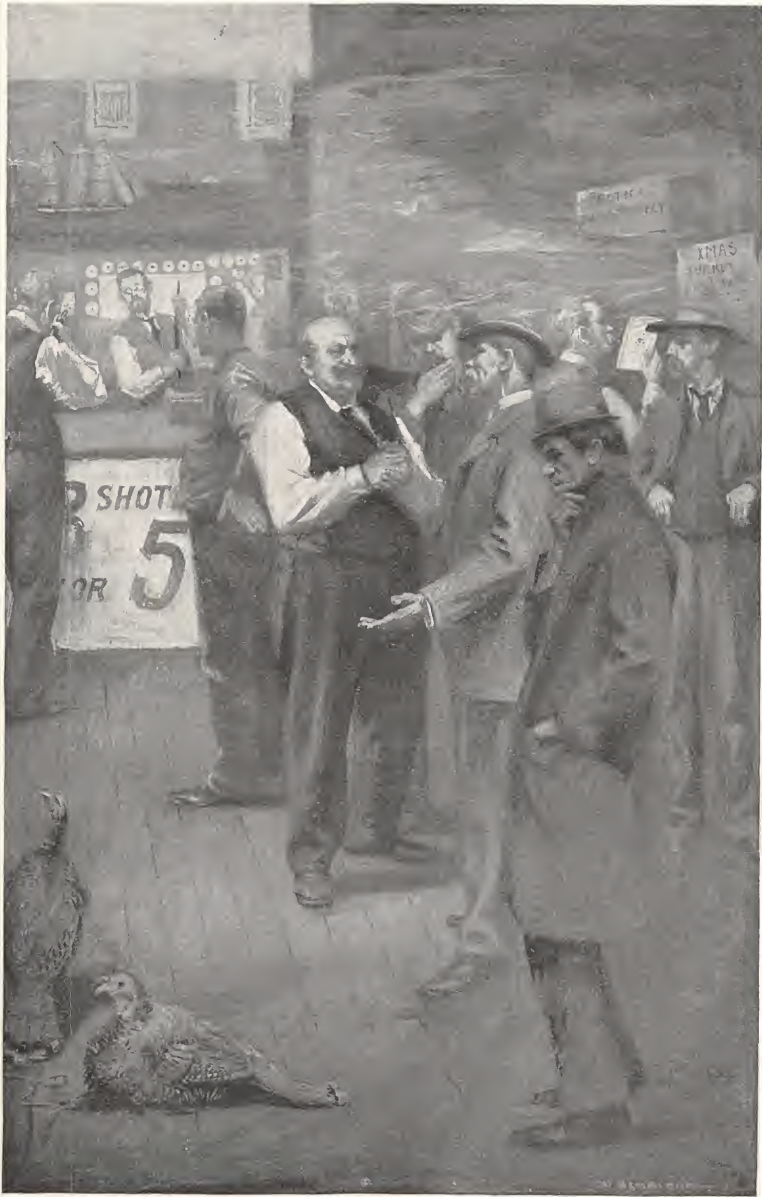
"We're having Christmas!" they say.

The lights of the Bowery glow like a myriad twinkling stars upon the ceaseless flood of humanity that surges ever through the great highway of the homeless. They shine upon long rows of lodging-houses, in which hundreds of young men, cast helpless upon the reef of the strange city, are learning their first lessons of utter loneliness; for what desolation is there like that of the careless crowd when all the world rejoices? They shine upon the tempter, setting his snares there, and upon the missionary and the Salvation Army lass, disputing his catch with him; upon the police detective going his rounds with coldly observant eye intent upon the outcome of the contest; upon the

wreck that is past hope, and upon the youth pausing on the verge of the pit in which the other has long ceased to struggle. Sights and sounds of Christmas there are in plenty in the Bowery. Juniper and tamarack and fir stand in groves along the busy thoroughfare, and garlands of green embower mission and dive impartially. Once a year the old street recalls its youth with an effort. It is true that it is largely a commercial effort—that the evergreen, with an instinct that is not of its native hills, haunts saloon-corners by preference; but the smell of the pine-woods is in the air, and—Christmas is not too critical—one is grateful for the effort. It varies with the opportunity. At "Beefsteak John's"



Holly.



A CHRISTMAS «TURKEY-SHOOT» ON THE BOWERY.

it is content with artistically embalming crullers and mince-pies in green cabbage under the window lamp. Over yonder, where the mile-post of the old lane still stands,—in its unhonored old age become the vehicle of publishing the latest «sure cure» to the world,—a florist, whose undenominational zeal for the holiday and trade outstrips alike distinction of creed and property, has transformed the sidewalk and the ugly railroad structure into a veritable bower, spanning it with a canopy of green, under which

dwell with him, in neighborly good-will, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Gentile tailor next door.

In the next block a «turkey-shoot» is in progress. Crowds are trying their luck at breaking the glass balls that dance upon tiny jets of water in front of a marine view with the moon rising, yellow and big, out of a silver sea. A man-of-war, with lights burning aloft, labors under a rocky coast. Groggy sailormen, on shore leave, make unsteady attempts upon the dancing



The Man with Mechanical Insects.

balls. One mistakes the moon for the target, but is discovered in season. «Don't shoot that,» says the man who loads the guns; «there's a lamp behind it.» Three scared birds in the window-recess try vainly to snatch a moment's sleep between shots and the trains that go roaring overhead on the elevated road. Roused by the sharp crack of the rifles, they blink at the lights in the street, and peck moodily at a crust in their bed of shavings.

The dime-museum gong clatters out its noisy warning that «the lecture» is about to begin. From the concert-hall, where men sit drinking beer in clouds of smoke, comes the thin voice of a short-skirted singer warbling, «Do they think of me at home?» The young fellow who sits near the door, abstractedly making figures in the wet track of the «schooners,» buries something there with a sudden restless turn, and calls for another beer. Out in the street a band strikes up. A host with banners advances, chanting an unfamiliar hymn. In the ranks marches a cripple on crutches. Newsboys follow, gaping. Under the illuminated clock of the Cooper Institute the procession halts, and the leader, turning his face to the sky, offers a prayer. The passing crowds stop to listen. A few bare their heads. The devoted group, the flapping banners, and the changing torch-light on upturned faces, make a strange, weird picture. Then the drum-beat, and the band files into its barracks across the street. A few of the listeners follow, among them the lad from the concert-hall, who slinks shamefacedly in when he thinks no one is looking.

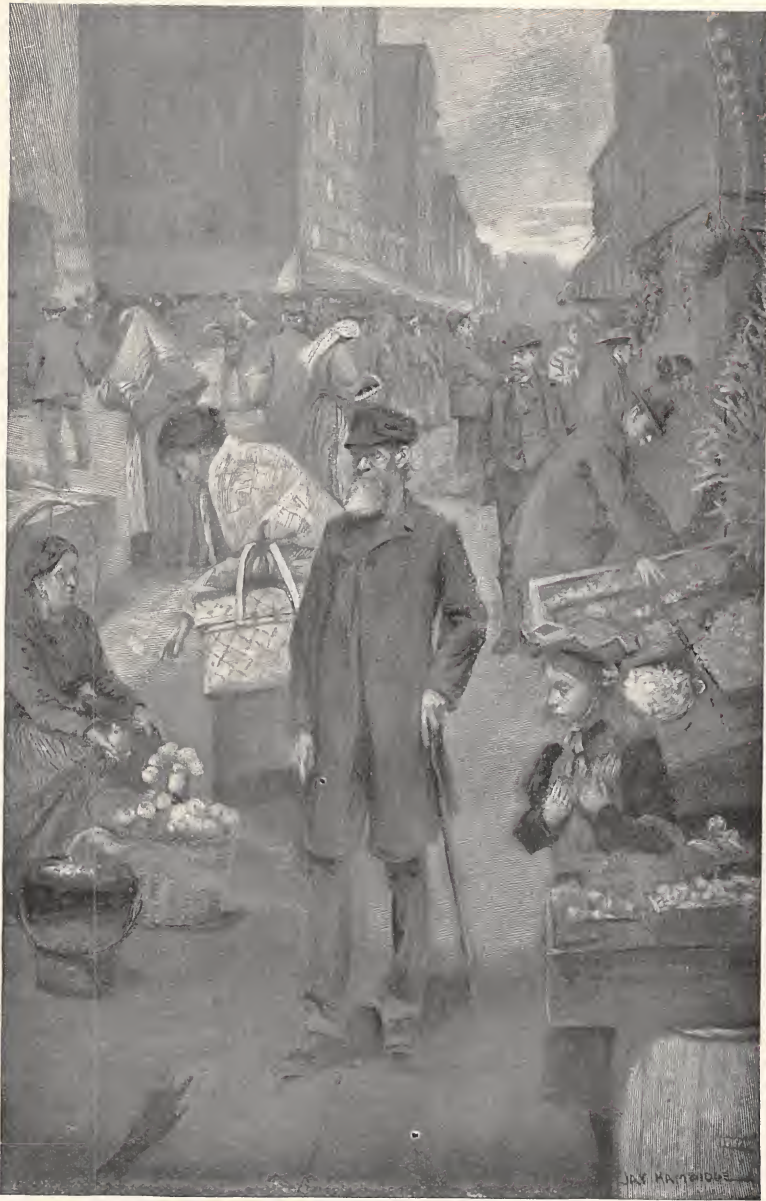
Down at the foot of the Bowery is the «panhandlers' beat,» where the saloons elbow each other at every step, crowding out all other business than that of keeping lodgers to support them. Within call of it, across the square, stands a church which, in the memory of men yet living, was built to shelter the fashionable Baptist audiences of a day when Madison Square was out in the fields,

and Harlem had a foreign sound. The fashionable audiences are gone long since. To-day the church, fallen into premature decay, but still handsome in its strong and noble lines, stands as a missionary outpost in the land of the enemy, its builders would have said, doing a greater work than they planned. To-night is the Christmas festival of its English-speaking Sunday-school, and the pews are filled. The banners of United Italy, of modern Hellas, of France and Germany and England, hang side by side with the Chinese dragon and the starry flag—signs of the cosmopolitan character of the congregation. Greek and Roman Catholics, Jews and joss-worshippers, go there; few Protestants, and no Baptists. It is easy to pick out the children in their seats by nationality, and as easy to read the story of poverty and suffering that stands written in more than one mother's haggard face, now beaming with pleasure at the little ones' glee. A gaily decorated Christmas tree has taken the place of the pulpit. At its foot is stacked a mountain of bundles, Santa Claus's gifts to the school. A self-conscious young man with soap-locks has just been allowed to retire, amid tumultuous applause, after blowing «Nearer, my God, to thee» on his horn until his cheeks swelled almost to bursting. A trumpet ever takes the Fourth Ward by storm. A class of little girls is climbing upon the platform. Each wears a capital letter on her breast, and has a piece to speak that begins with the letter; together they spell its lesson. There is momentary consternation: one is missing. As the discovery is made, a child pushes past the doorkeeper, hot and breathless. «I am in (Boundless Love,» she says, and makes for the platform, where her arrival restores confidence and the language.

In the audience the befrocked visitor from up-town sits cheek by jowl with the pigtailed Chinaman and the dark-browed Italian. Up in the gallery, farthest from the preacher's desk and the tree, sits a



The Toy-monkey Seller.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN MULBERRY BEND.

Jewish mother with her three boys, almost in rags. A dingy and threadbare shawl partly hides her poor calico wrap and patched apron. The woman shrinks in the pew, fearful of being seen; her boys stand upon the benches, and applaud with the rest. She endeavors vainly to restrain them. «Tick, tick!» goes the old clock over the door through which wealth and fashion went out long years ago, and poverty came in.

Loudly ticked the old clock in time with the doxology, the other day, when they

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cleared the tenants out of Gotham Court down here in Cherry street, and shut the iron doors of Single and Double Alley against them.

Never did the world move faster or surer toward a better day than when the wretched slum was seized by the health officers as a nuisance unfit longer to disgrace a Christian city. The snow lies deep in the deserted passageways, and the vacant floors are given over to evil smells, and to the rats that forage in squads, burrowing in the



IN THE ATTIC.

neglected sewers. The «wall of wrath» still towers above the buildings in the adjoining Alderman's Court, but its wrath at last is wasted.

It was built by a vengeful Quaker, whom the alderman had knocked down in a quarrel over the boundary line, and transmitted its legacy of hate to generations yet unborn; for where it stood it shut out sunlight and air from the tenements of Alderman's Court. And at last it is to go, Gotham Court and all; and to the going the wall of wrath has contributed its share, thus in the end atoning for some of the harm it wrought. Tick! old clock; the world moves. Never yet did Christmas seem less dark on Cherry Hill than since the lights were put out in Gotham Court forever.

In «the Bend» the philanthropist undertaker who «buries for what he can catch on

the plate» hails the Yule-tide season with a pyramid of green made of two coffins set on end. It has been a good day, he says cheerfully, putting up the shutters; and his mind is easy. But the «good days» of the Bend are over, too. The Bend itself is all but gone. Where the old pigsty stood, children dance and sing to the strumming of a cracked piano-organ propelled on wheels by an Italian and his wife. The park that has come to take the place of the slum will curtail the undertaker's profits, as it has lessened the work of the police. Murder was the fashion of the day that is past. Scarce a knife has been drawn since the sunlight shone into that evil spot, and grass and green shrubs took the place of the old rookeries. The Christmas gospel of peace and goodwill moves in where the slum moves out. It never had a chance before.

The children follow the organ, stepping in the slush to the music,—bareheaded and with torn shoes, but happy,—across the Five Points and through «the Bay,»—known to the directory as Baxter street,—to «the Divide,» still Chatham street to its denizens though the aldermen have rechristened it Park Row. There

other delegations of Greek and Italian children meet and escort the music on its homeward trip. In one of the crooked streets near the river its journey comes to an end. A battered door opens to let it in. A tallow dip burns sleepily on the creaking stairs. The water runs with a loud clatter in the sink: it is to keep it from freezing. There is not a whole window-pane in the hall. Time was when this was a fine house harboring wealth and refinement. It has neither now. In the old parlor down-stairs a knot of hard-faced men and women sit on benches about a deal table, playing cards. They have a jug between them, from which they drink by turns. On the stump of a mantel-shelf a lamp burns before a rude print of the Mother of God. No one pays any heed to the hand-organ man and his wife as they climb to their attic. There is a colony of them up there—three families in four rooms.

«Come in, Antonio," says the tenant of the double flat,—the one with two rooms,—«come and keep Christmas." Antonio enters, cap in hand. In the corner by the dormer-window a «crib» has been fitted up in commemoration of the Nativity. A soap-box and two hemlock branches are the elements. Six tallow candles and a night-light illuminate a singular collection of rarities, set out with much ceremonial show. A doll tightly wrapped in swaddling-clothes represents «the Child.» Over it stands a ferocious-looking beast, easily recognized as a survival of the last political campaign,—the Tammany tiger,—threatening to swallow it at a gulp if one as much as takes one's eyes off it. A miniature Santa Claus, a pasteboard monkey, and several other articles of bric-à-brac of the kind the tenement affords, complete

the outfit. The background is a picture of St. Donato, their village saint, with the Madonna, «whom they worship most.» But the incongruity harbors no suggestion of disrespect. The children view the strange show with genuine reverence, bowing and crossing themselves before it. There are five, the oldest a girl of seventeen, who works for a sweater, making three dollars a week. It is all the money that comes in, for the father has been sick and unable to work eight months, and the mother has her hands full:



SHOPPERS IN A JEWISH METAL SHOP, CHRISTMAS EVE.

the youngest is a baby in arms. Three of the children go to a charity school, where they are fed, a great help, now the holidays have come to make work slack for sister. The rent is six dollars—two weeks' pay out of the four. The mention of a possible chance of light work for the man brings the daughter with her sewing from the adjoining room, eager to hear. That would be Christmas indeed! «Pietro!» She runs to the neighbors to communicate the joyful tidings. Pietro comes, with his new-born baby, which he is tending

while his wife lies ill, to look at the maestro, so powerful and good. He also has been out of work for months, with a family of mouths to fill, and nothing coming in. His children are all small yet, but they speak English.

«What,» I say, holding a silver dime up before the oldest, a smart little chap of seven—«what would you do if I gave you this?»

«Get change,» he replies promptly. When he is told that it is his own, to buy toys, his eyes open wide with wondering incredulity. By degrees he understands. The father does not. He looks questioningly from one to the other. When told, his respect increases visibly for «the rich gentleman.»

They were villagers of the same community in southern Italy, these people and others in the tenements thereabouts, and they moved their patron saint with them. They cluster about his worship here, but the worship is more than an empty form. He typifies to them the old neighborliness of home, the spirit of mutual help, of charity, and of the common cause against the common enemy. The community life survives through their saint in the far city to an unsuspected extent. The sick are cared for; the dreaded hospital is fenced out. There are no Italian evictions. The saint has paid the rent of this attic through two hard months; and here at his shrine the Calabrian village gathers, in the persons of these three, to do him honor on Christmas eve.

Where the old Africa has been made over into a modern Italy, since King Humbert's cohorts struck the up-town trail, three hundred of the little foreigners are having an uproarious time over their Christmas tree in the Children's Aid Society's school. And well they may, for the like has not been seen in Sullivan street in this generation. Christmas trees are rather rarer over here than on the East Side, where the German leavens the lump with his loyalty to home traditions. This is loaded with silver and gold and toys without end, until there is little left of the original green. Santa Claus's sleigh must have been upset in a snow-drift over here,

and righted by throwing the cargo overboard, for there is at least a wagon-load of things that can find no room on the tree. The appearance of «teacher» with a double armful of curly-headed dolls in red, yellow, and green Mother-Hubbards, doubtful how to dispose of them, provokes a shout of approval, which

is presently quieted by the principal's bell. School is «in» for the preliminary exercises. Afterward there are to be the tree and ice-cream for the good children. In their anxiety to prove their title clear, they sit so straight, with arms folded, that the whole row bends over backward. The lesson is brief, the answers to the point.

«What do we receive at Christmas?» the teacher wants to know. The whole school responds with a shout, «Dolls and toys!» To the question, «Why do we receive them at Christmas?» the answer is not so prompt. But one youngster from Thompson street holds up his hand. He knows. «Because we always get 'em,» he says; and

the class is convinced: it is a fact. A baby wails because it cannot get the whole tree at once. The «little mother»—herself a child of less than a dozen winters—who has it in charge cooes over it, and soothes its grief with the aid of a surreptitious sponge-cake evolved from the depths of teacher's pocket. Babies are encouraged in these schools, though not originally included in their plan, as often the one condition upon which the older children can be reached. Some one has to mind the baby, with all hands out at work.

The school sings «Santa Lucia» and «Children of the Heavenly King,» and baby is lulled to sleep.

«Who is this King?» asks the teacher suddenly, at the end of a verse. Momentary stupefaction. The little minds are on ice-cream just then; the lad nearest the door has telegraphed that it is being carried up in pails. A little fellow on the back seat saves the day. Up goes his brown fist.

«Well, Vito, who is he?»

«McKinley!» shouts the lad, who remembers the election just past; and the school adjourns for ice-cream.



A Prayer of Thanksgiving that he
«lives in a Free Country.»

It is a sight to see them eat it. In a score of such schools, from the Hook to Harlem, the sight is enjoyed in Christmas week by the men and women who, out of their own pockets, reimburse Santa Claus for his outlay, and count it a joy—as well they may: for their beneficence sometimes makes the one bright spot in lives that have suffered of all wrongs the most cruel—that of being despoiled of their childhood. Sometimes they are little Bohemians; sometimes the children of refugee Jews; and again, Italians, or the descendants of the Irish stock of Hell's Kitchen and Poverty Row; always the poorest, the shabbiest, the hungriest—the children Santa Claus loves best to find, if any one will show him the way. Having so much on hand, he has no time, you see, to look them up himself. That must be done for him; and it is done. To the teacher in this Sullivan-street school came one little girl, this last Christmas, with anxious inquiry if it was true that he came around with toys.

«I hanged my stocking last time,» she said, «and he did n't come at all.» In the front house, indeed, he left a drum and a doll, but no message from him reached the rear house in the alley. «Maybe he could n't find it,» she said soberly. Did the teacher think he would come if she wrote to him? She had learned to write.

Together they composed a note to Santa Claus, speaking for



THE SCHOOL FOR ITALIAN CHILDREN—AN ICE-CREAM FEAST.

a doll and a bell—the bell to play «go to school» with when she was kept home minding the baby. Lest he should by any chance miss the alley in spite of directions, little Rosa was invited to hang her stocking, and her sister's, with the janitor's children's in the school. And lo! on Christmas morning there was a gorgeous doll, and a bell that was a whole curriculum in itself, as good as a year's schooling any day! Faith in Santa Claus is established in that Thompson-street alley for this generation at least; and Santa Claus, got by hook or by crook into an Eighth-Ward alley, is as good as the whole Supreme Court bench, with the Court of Appeals thrown in, for backing the Board of Health against the slum.

But the ice-cream! They eat it off the seats, half of them kneeling or squatting on the floor; they blow on it, and put it in their pockets to carry home to baby. Two little shavers discovered to be feeding each other, each watching the smack develop on the other's lips as the acme of his own bliss, are «cousins»; that is why. Of cake there is a double supply. It is a dozen years since «Fighting Mary» the wildest child in the Seventh-Avenue school, taught them a lesson there which they have never forgotten. She was perfectly untamable, fighting everybody in school, the despair of her teacher, till on Thanksgiving, reluctantly included in the general amnesty and mince-pie, she was caught cramming the pie into her pocket, after eying it with a look of pure ecstasy, but refusing to touch it. «For mother» was her explanation, delivered with a defiant look before which the class quailed. It is recorded, but not in the minutes, that the board of managers wept over Fighting Mary, who, all unconscious of having caused such an astonishing «break», was at that moment engaged in maintaining her prestige and reputation by fighting the gang in the next block. The minutes contain merely a formal resolution to the effect that occasions of mince-pie shall carry double rations thenceforth. And the rule has been kept—not only in Seventh-Avenue, but in every industrial school—since. Fighting Mary won the biggest fight of her troubled life that day, without striking a blow.

It was in the Seventh-Avenue school last Christmas that I offered the truant class a

four-bladed penknife as a prize for whittling out the truest Maltese cross. It was a class of black sheep, and it was the blackest sheep of the flock that won the prize. «That awful Savarese», said Miss Haight, in despair. I thought of Fighting Mary, and bade her take heart. I regret to say that within a week the hapless Savarese was black-listed for banking up the school door with snow, so that not even the janitor could get out and at him.

Within hail of the Sullivan-street school camps a scattered little band, the Christmas customs of which I had been trying for years



MRS. BENOIT.

to surprise. They are Indians, a handful of Mohawks and Iroquois, whom some ill wind has blown down from their Canadian reservation, and left in these West-Side tenements to eke out such a living as they can weaving mats and baskets, and threading glass pearls on slippers and pincushions, until, one after another, they have died off and gone to happier hunting-grounds than Thompson street. There were as many families as one could count on the fingers of both hands when I first came upon them, at the death of old Tamenund, the basket-maker. Last Christmas there were seven. I had about made up my mind that the only real Americans in New York did not keep the holiday

at all, when, one Christmas eve, they showed me how. Just as dark was setting in, old Mrs. Benoit came from her Hudson-street attic—where she was known among the neighbors, as old and poor as she, as Mrs. Ben Wah, and believed to be the relic of a warrior of the name of Benjamin Wah—to the office of the Charity Organization Society, with a bundle for a friend who had helped her over a rough spot—the rent, I suppose. The bundle was done up elaborately in blue cheese-cloth, and contained a lot of little garments which she had made out of the remnants of blankets and cloth of her own from a younger and better day. «For those,» she said, in her French patois, «who are poorer than myself»; and hobbled away. I found out, a few days later, when I took her picture weaving mats in her attic room, that she had scarcely food in the house that Christmas day, and not the car-fare to take her to church! Walking was bad, and her old limbs were stiff. She sat by the window through the winter evening, and watched the sun go down behind the western hills, comforted by her pipe. Mrs. Ben Wah, to give her her local name, is not really an Indian; but her husband was one, and she lived all her life with the tribe till she came here. She is a philosopher in her own quaint way. «It is no disgrace to be poor,» said she to me, regarding her empty tobacco-pouch; «but it is sometimes a great inconvenience.» Not even the recollection of the vote of censure that was passed upon me once by the ladies of the Charitable Ten for surreptitiously supplying an aged couple, the special object of their charity, with army plug, could have deterred me from taking the hint.

Very likely, my old friend Miss Sherman, in her Broome-street cellar,—it is always the attic or the cellar,—would object to Mrs. Ben Wah's claim to being the only real American in my note-book. She is from down East, and says «stun» for stone. In her youth she was lady's-maid to a general's wife, the recollection of which military career equally condones the cellar and prevents her holding any sort of communication with her common neighbors, who add to the offense of being foreigners the unpardonable one of being mostly men. Eight cats bear her steady company, and keep alive her starved affections. I found them on last Christmas eve behind barricaded doors; for the cold that had locked the water-pipes had brought the neighbors down to the cellar, where Miss Sherman's cunning had kept them from

freezing. Their tin pans and buckets were even then banging against her door. «They're a miserable lot,» said the old maid, fondling her cats defiantly; «but let 'em. It's Christmas. Ah!» she added, as one of the eight stood up in her lap and rubbed its cheek against hers, «they're innocent. It is n't poor little animals that does the harm. It's men and women that does it to each other.» I don't know whether it was just philosophy, like Mrs. Ben Wah's, or a glimpse of her story. If she had one, she kept it for her cats.

In a hundred places all over the city, when Christmas comes, as many open-air fairs spring suddenly into life. A kind of Gentile Feast of the Tabernacles possesses the tenement districts especially. Green-embowered booths stand in rows at the curb, and the voice of the tin trumpet is heard in the land. The common source of all the show is down by the North River, in the district known as «the Farm.» Down there Santa Claus establishes headquarters early in December and until past New Year. The broad quay looks then more like a clearing in a pine-forest than a busy section of the metropolis. The steamers discharge their loads of fir-trees at the piers until they stand stacked mountain high, with foot-hills of holly and ground-ivy trailing off toward the land side. An army-train of wagons is engaged in carting them away from early morning till late at night; but the green forest grows, in spite of it all, until in places it shuts the shipping out of sight altogether. The air is redolent with the smell of balsam and pine. After nightfall, when the lights are burning in the busy market, and the homeward-bound crowds with baskets and heavy burdens of Christmas greens jostle each other with good-natured banter,—nobody is ever cross down here in the holiday season,—it is good to take a stroll through the Farm, if one has a spot in his heart faithful yet to the hills and the woods in spite of the latter-day city. But it is when the moonlight is upon the water and upon the dark phantom forest, when the heavy breathing of some passing steamer is the only sound that breaks the stillness of the night, and the watchman smokes his lonely pipe on the bulwark, that the Farm has a mood and an atmosphere all its own, full of poetry, which some day a painter's brush will catch and hold.

Into the ugliest tenement street Christmas brings something of picturesqueness as of cheer. Its message was ever to the poor and the heavy-laden, and by them it is understood

with an instinctive yearning to do it honor. In the stiff dignity of the brownstone streets up-town there may be scarce a hint of it. In the homes of the poor it blossoms on stoop and fire-escape, looks out of the front window, and makes the unsightly barber-pole to sprout overnight like an Aaron's rod. Poor indeed is the home that has not its sign of peace over the hearth, be it but a single sprig of green. A little color creeps with it even into rabbinical Hester street, and shows in the shop-windows and in the children's faces.

The very feather-dusters in the peddler's stock take on brighter hues for the occasion, and the big knives in the cutler's shop gleam with a lively anticipation of the impending goose «with fixin's»—a concession, perhaps, to the commercial rather than the religious holiday. Business comes then, if ever. A crowd of ragamuffins camp out at a window where Santa Claus and his wife stand in state, embodiment of the domestic ideal that has not yet gone out of fashion in these tenements, gazing hungrily at the announce-

ment that «A silver present will be given to every purchaser by a real Santa Claus.—M. Levitsky.» Across the way, in a hole in the wall, two cobblers are pegging away under an oozy lamp that makes a yellow splurge on the inky blackness about them, revealing to the passer-by their bearded faces, but nothing of the environment save a single sprig of holly suspended from the lamp. From what forgotten brake it came with a message of cheer, a thought of wife and children across the sea waiting their summons, God knows. The shop is their house and home. It was once the hall of the tenement; but to save space, enough has been walled in to make room for their bench and bed. The tenants go through the next house. No matter if they are cramped; by and by they will have room. By and by



WAITING FOR A PEEP AT A «REAL SANTA CLAUS.»

comes the spring, and with it the steamer. Does not the green branch speak of spring and of hope? The policeman on the beat hears their hammers beat a joyous tattoo past midnight, far into Christmas morning. Who shall say its message has not reached even them in their slum?

Where the noisy trains speed over the iron highway past the second-story windows of Allen street, a cellar-door yawns darkly in the shadow of one of the pillars that half block the narrow sidewalk. A dull gleam behind the cobweb-shrouded window-pane supplements the sign over the door, in Yiddish and English: "Old Brasses." Four crooked and moldy steps lead to utter darkness, with no friendly voice to guide the hapless customer. Fumbling along the dank wall, he is left to find the door of the shop as best he can. Not a likely place to encounter the fastidious from the Avenue! Yet ladies in furs and silk find this door and the grim old smith within it. Now and then an artist stumbles upon them, and exults exceedingly in his find. Two holiday shoppers are even now haggling with the coppersmith over the price of a pair of curiously wrought brass candlesticks. The old man has turned from the forge, at which he was working, unmindful of his callers roving among the dusty shelves. Standing there, erect and sturdy, in his shiny leather apron, hammer in hand, with the firelight upon his venerable head,



A CHRISTMAS WEDDING AT LIBERTY HALL.

strong arms bared to the elbow, and the square paper cap pushed back from a thoughtful, knotty brow, he stirs strange fancies. One half expects to see him fashioning a gorget or a sword on his anvil. But his is a more peaceful craft. Nothing more warlike is in sight than a row of brass shields, destined for ornament, not for battle. Dark shadows chase each other by the flickering light among copper kettles of ruddy glow, old-fashioned samovars, and massive andirons of tarnished brass. The bargaining goes on. Overhead the nineteenth century speeds by with rattle and

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roar; in here linger the shadows of the centuries long dead. The boy at the anvil listens open-mouthed, clutching the bellows-rope.

In Liberty Hall a Jewish wedding is in progress. Liberty! Strange how the word echoes through these sweaters' tenements, where starvation is at home half the time. It is an all-consuming passion with these people, whose spirit a thousand years of bondage have not availed to daunt. It breaks out in strikes, when to strike is to hunger and die. Not until I stood by a striking cloak-maker whose last cent was gone, with not a crust in the house to feed seven hungry mouths, yet who had voted vehemently in the meeting that day to keep up the strike to the bitter end,—bitter indeed, nor far distant,—and heard him at sunset recite the prayer of his fathers: «Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the world, that thou hast redeemed us as thou didst redeem our fathers, hast delivered us from bondage to liberty, and from servile dependence to redemption!»—not until then did I know what of sacrifice the word might mean, and how utterly we of another day had forgotten. But for once shop and tenement are left behind. Whatever other days may have in store, this is their day of play. The ceremony is over, and they sit at the long tables by squads and tribes. Those who belong together sit together. There is no attempt at pairing off for conversation or mutual entertainment at speechmaking or toasting. The business in hand is to eat, and it is attended to. The bridegroom, at the head of the table, with his shiny silk hat on, sets the example; and the guests emulate it with zeal, the men smoking big, strong cigars between mouthfuls. «Gosh! ain't it fine?» is the grateful comment of one curly-headed youngster, bravely attacking his third plate of chicken-stew. «Fine as silk,» nods his neighbor in knickerbockers. Christmas, for once, means something to them that they can understand. The crowd of hurrying waiters make room for one bearing aloft a small turkey adorned with much tinsel and many paper flowers. It is for the bride, the one thing not to be touched until the next day—one day off from the drudgery of housekeeping; she, too, can keep Christmas.

A group of bearded, dark-browed men sit apart, the rabbi among them. They are the orthodox, who cannot break bread with the rest, for fear, though the food be kosher, the plates have been defiled. They brought their own to the feast, and sit at their own table, stern and justified. Did they but know what

depravity is harbored in the impish mind of the girl yonder, who plans to hang her stocking overnight by the window! There is no fireplace in the tenement. Queer things happen over here, in the strife between the old and the new. The girls of the College Settlement, last summer, felt compelled to explain that the holiday in the country which they offered some of these children was to be spent in an Episcopal clergyman's house, where they had prayers every morning. «Oh,» was the indulgent answer, «they know it is n't true, so it won't hurt them.»

The bell of a neighboring church-tower strikes the vesper hour. A man in working-clothes uncovers his head reverently, and passes on. Through the vista of green bowers formed of the grocer's stock of Christmas trees a passing glimpse of flaring torches in the distant square is caught. They touch with flame the gilt cross towering high above the «White Garden,» as the German residents call Tompkins Square. On the sidewalk the holy-eve fair is in its busiest hour. In the pine-board booths stand rows of staring toy dogs alternately with plaster saints. Red apples and candy are hawked from carts. Peddlers offer colored candles with shrill outcry. A huckster feeding his horse by the curb scatters, unseen, a share for the sparrows. The cross flashes white against the dark sky.

In one of the side-streets near the East River has stood for thirty years a little mission church, called Hope Chapel by its founders, in the brave spirit in which they built it. It has had plenty of use for the spirit since. Of the kind of problems that beset its pastor I caught a glimpse the other day, when, as I entered his room, a rough-looking man went out.

«One of my cares,» said Mr. Devins, looking after him with contracted brow. «He has spent two Christmas days of twenty-three out of jail. He is a burglar, or was. His daughter has brought him round. She is a seamstress. For three months, now, she has been keeping him and the home, working nights. If I could only get him a job! He won't stay honest long without it; but who wants a burglar for a watchman? And how can I recommend him?»

A few doors from the chapel an alley runs into the block. We halted at the mouth of it.

«Come in,» said Mr. Devins, «and wish Blind Jennie a merry Christmas.» We went in, in single file; there was not room for two. As we climbed the creaking stairs of the



THE SCRUBWOMEN'S FESTIVAL.

We never could hope to reach them; Jennie can. They fetch her the papers given out in the Sunday-school, and read to her what is printed under the pictures; and she tells them the story of it. There is nothing Jennie does n't know about the Bible.»

The door opened upon a low-ceiled room, where the evening shades lay deep. The red glow from the kitchen stove discovered a jam of children, young girls mostly, perched on the table, the chairs, in each other's

rear tenement, a chorus of children's shrill voices burst into song somewhere above.

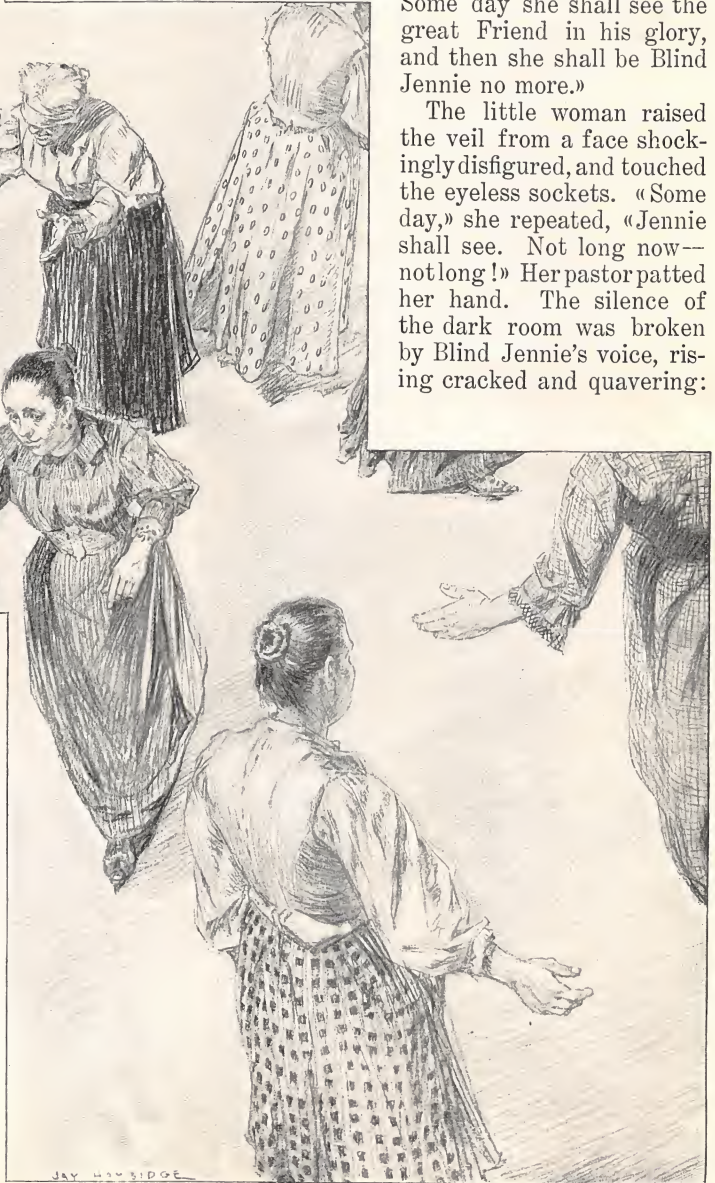
«This is her class,» said the pastor of Hope Chapel, as he stopped on the landing. «They are all kinds.

laps, or squatting on the floor; in the midst of them, a little old woman with heavily veiled face, and wan, wrinkled hands folded in her lap. The singing ceased as we stepped across the threshold.

«Be welcome,» piped a harsh voice with a singular note of cheerfulness in it. «Whose step is that with you, pastor? I don't know it. He is welcome in Jennie's house, whoever he be. Girls, make him to home.» The girls moved up to make room.

«Jennie has not seen since she was a child,» said the clergyman, gently; «but she knows a friend without it. Some day she shall see the great Friend in his glory, and then she shall be Blind Jennie no more.»

The little woman raised the veil from a face shockingly disfigured, and touched the eyeless sockets. «Some day,» she repeated, «Jennie shall see. Not long now—not long!» Her pastor patted her hand. The silence of the dark room was broken by Blind Jennie's voice, rising cracked and quavering:

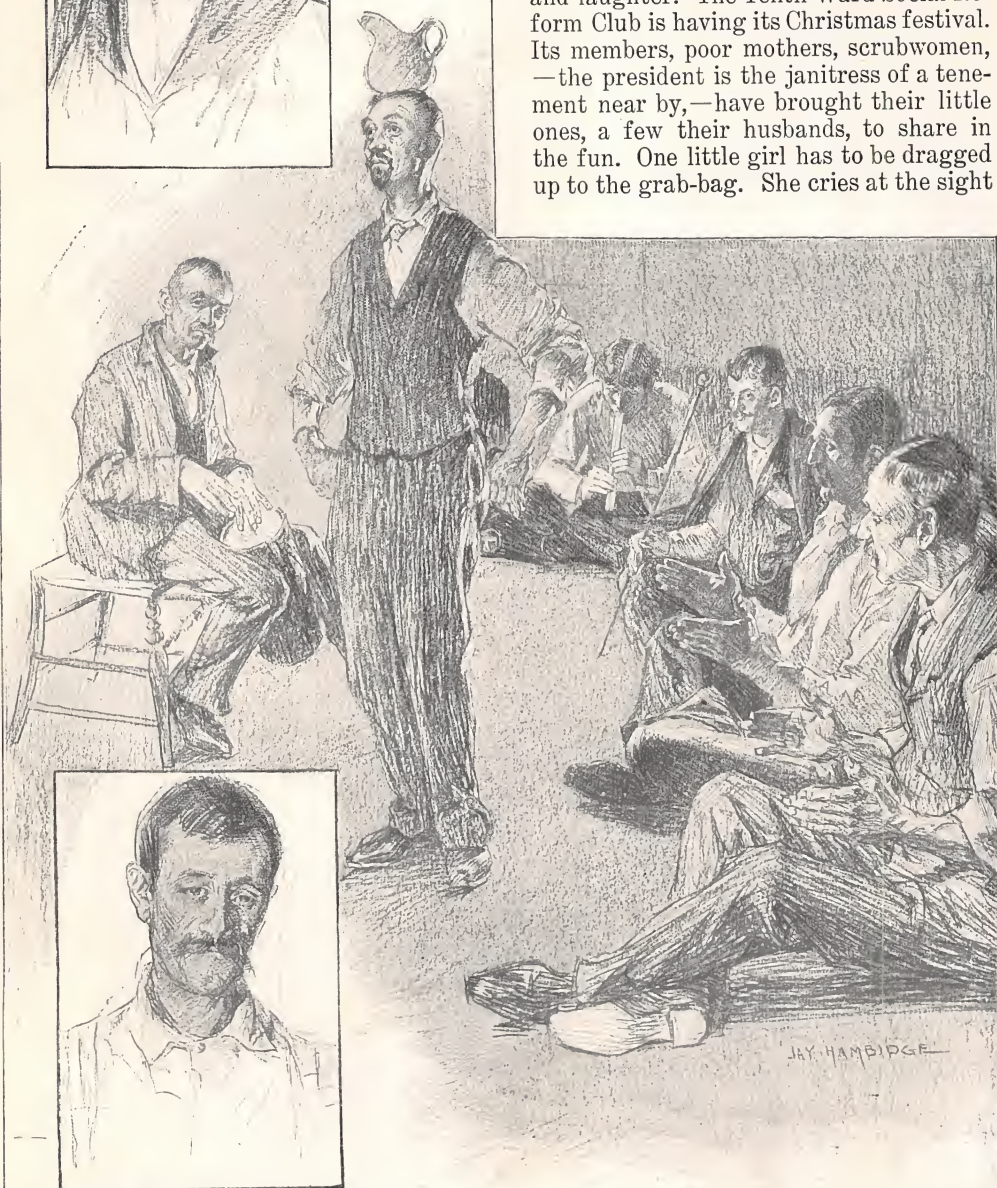




«Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?» The shrill chorus burst in:

It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

The light that falls from the windows of the Neighborhood Guild, in Delancey street, makes a white path across the asphalt pavement. Within there is mirth and laughter. The Tenth Ward Social Reform Club is having its Christmas festival. Its members, poor mothers, scrubwomen, —the president is the janitress of a tenement near by,—have brought their little ones, a few their husbands, to share in the fun. One little girl has to be dragged up to the grab-bag. She cries at the sight



of Santa Claus. The baby has drawn a woolly horse. He kisses the toy with a look of ecstatic bliss, and toddles away. At the far end of the hall a game of blindman's-buff is starting up. The aged grand-mother, who has watched it with growing excitement, bids one of the settlement workers hold her grandchild, that she may join in; and she does join in, with all the pent-up hunger of fifty joyless years. The worker, looking on, smiles; one has been reached. Thus is the battle against the slum waged and won with the child's play.

Tramp! tramp! comes to-morrow upon the stage. Two hundred and fifty pairs of little feet, keeping step, are marching to dinner in the Newsboys' Lodging-house. Five hundred pairs more are restlessly awaiting their turn upstairs. In prison, hospital, and almshouse to-night the city is host, and gives of her plenty. Here an unknown friend has spread a generous repast for the waifs who all the rest of the days shift for themselves as best they can. Turkey, coffee, and pie, with «vegetables» to fill in. As the file of eagle-eyed youngsters passes down the long tables, there are swift movements of grimy hands, and shirt-waists bulge, ragged coats sag at the pockets. Hardly is the file seated when the plaint rises: «I ain't got no pie! It got swiped on me.» Seven despoiled ones hold up their hands.

The superintendent laughs—it is Christmas eve. He taps one tentatively on the bulging shirt. «What have you here, my lad?»

«Me pie,» responds he, with an innocent look; «I wuz scart it would get stole.»

A little fellow who has been eying one of the visitors attentively takes his knife out of his mouth, and points it at him with conviction.

«I know you,» he pipes. «You're a p'lice commissioner. I seen yer picter in the papers. You're Teddy Roosevelt!»

The clatter of knives and forks ceases suddenly. Seven pies creep stealthily over the edge of the table, and are replaced on as many plates. The visitors laugh. It was a case of mistaken identity.

Farthest down-town, where the island narrows toward the Battery, and warehouses crowd the few remaining tenements, the somber-hued colony of Syrians is astir with preparation for the holiday. How comes it that in the only settlement of the real Christmas people in New York the corner saloon appropriates to itself all the outward signs of it? Even the floral cross that is nailed over the door of the orthodox church is long

withered and dead: it has been there since Easter, and it is yet twelve days to Christmas by the belated reckoning of the Greek Church. But if the houses show no sign of the holiday, within there is nothing lacking. The whole colony is gone a-visiting. There are enough of the unorthodox to set the fashion, and the rest follow the custom of the country. The men go from house to house, laugh, shake hands, and kiss each other on both cheeks, with the salutation, «Every year and you are safe,» as the Syrian guide renders it into English; and a non-professional interpreter amends it: «May you grow happier year by year.» Arrack made from grapes and flavored with aniseed, and candy baked in little white balls like marbles, are served with the indispensable cigarette; for long callers, the pipe.

In a top-floor room of one of the darkest of the dilapidated tenements, the dusty window-panes of which the last glow in the winter sky is tinging faintly with red, a dance is in progress. The guests, most of them fresh from the hillsides of Mount Lebanon, squat about the room. A reed-pipe and a tambourine furnish the music. One has the center of the floor. With a beer-jug filled to the brim on his head, he skips and sways, bending, twisting, kneeling, gesturing, and keeping time, while the men clap their hands. He lies down and turns over, but not a drop is spilled. Another succeeds him, stepping proudly, gracefully, furling and unfurling a handkerchief like a banner. As he sits down, and the beer goes around, one in the corner, who looks like a shepherd fresh from his pasture, strikes up a song—a far-off, lonesome, plaintive lay. («Far as the hills,») says the guide; «a song of the old days and the old people, now seldom heard.» All together croon the refrain. The host delivers himself of an epic about his love across the seas, with the most agonizing expression, and in a shockingly bad voice. He is the worst singer I ever heard; but his companions greet his effort with approving shouts of «Yi! yi!» They look so fierce, and yet are so childishly happy, that at the thought of their exile and of the dark tenement the question arises, «Why all this joy?» The guide answers it with a look of surprise. «They sing,» he says, «because they are glad they are free. Did you not know?»

The bells in old Trinity chime the midnight hour. From dark hallways men and women pour forth and hasten to the Maronite church. In the loft of the dingy old warehouse wax candles burn before an altar of

brass. The priest, in a white robe with a huge gold cross worked on the back, chants the ritual. The people respond. The women kneel in the aisles, shrouding their heads in their shawls; the surpliced acolyte swings his censer; the heavy perfume of burning incense fills the hall.

The band at the anarchists' ball is tuning up for the last dance. Young and old float to the happy strains, forgetting injustice, oppression, hatred. Children slide upon the

waxed floor, weaving fearlessly in and out between the couples—between fierce, bearded men and short-haired women with crimson-bordered kerchiefs. A Punch-and-Judy show in the corner evokes shouts of laughter.

Outside the snow is falling. It sifts silently into each nook and corner, softens all the hard and ugly lines, and throws the spotless mantle of charity over the blemishes, the shortcomings. Christmas morning will dawn pure and white.

A RELIGIOUS PAINTER.

FRITZ VON UHDE.

BY W. LEWIS FRASER.

IT is frequently remarked by those familiar with American and European picture exhibitions, that in Europe there is always some one picture which is never without its

eager, interested crowd; while in America, although there is usually some one work around which the painters gather on account of its "painter quality"—technical



IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. L. CRIST DELMONICO.

«GOOD FRIDAY MORNING.»

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.



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ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

« HOLY EVE.»

difficulties met and mastered—or artistic perception, there is seldom or never one which the laity single out and press around to admire or criticize,—rarely, as in Europe, *one* picture which is the center of attraction, *the* picture which the people talk about and go to see.

Whatever the reason, whether our people are less demonstrative, are not so easily surprised, are more stoical than the people of Europe, or whether it is owing to the absence of conventionality, traditions, schools, in our art, the difference does exist.

It would be a difficult matter for one familiar with our exhibitions for the last fifteen years to name any one picture which has produced anything more than a mild enthusiasm on the part of the laity,—made anything like the impression on the public mind such as that made on the Parisian public by Dagnan-Bouveret's picture of the « Last Supper,» or by Fritz von Uhde's «Suffer the Little Ones to Come Unto Me, and Forbid Them Not,» on the people of Munich, Berlin, and Paris. I well remember the crowd which at all times surrounded this latter picture in the

Gemäldeausstellung in Munich in 1889. In order to get a good look at it, «patience» did indeed need to «have her perfect work.» And what a thoroughly interested crowd it was! No mere throng of sight-seers, but strong partizans, ardent admirers, bitter denouncers, both professional and lay. But friend and foe among the people were pretty well agreed that the artist had told his story well; and the artists, that never had soft, diffused golden sunlight, tremulously vibrant, been better, if so well, rendered,—never pearly grays made to float more deliciously in and out amongst the flaxen hair and fresh carnations of baby heads and faces.

The painting showed Jesus of Nazareth seated on an ordinary rush-bottomed chair in a peasant school-house, which he has entered during the religious lesson. One tot, too young to know fear, nestles close to him; another, somewhat older, timorously and hesitatingly takes his proffered hand; the older children hang back, while the teacher urges them to make friends. In the background an old peasant stands, hat to his face, with bowed head, as at a funeral. The

strangeness of the picture doubtless had much to do with its effect on the non-professional public. It forced them to think; and, thinking, they saw in it a deeply devotional motive. For them Von Uhde had unmistakably and convincingly made to live again the carpenter's Son, the God-man, the Friend and Comforter of the common people. Some of them, to be sure,—and they were many,—saw only in the picture the strangeness; they shook their heads, and were far from con-

«Suffer the Little Ones» was the first of Von Uhde's pictures in this genre. It was painted in 1884, although not exhibited in Munich until five years later. His work had been of a very varied nature—soldiers, dogs, singers, peasant children; and although his later work is in the main of a religious character, it may be safely said of him that he is yet one of the most versatile of modern masters. I think it more than probable that Von Uhde's early



OWNED BY MR. CHARLES CONNELLY.

«THE WALK TO BETHLEHEM.»

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

vinced; while others, not a few, saw in the composition but the conceit of a young man bidding for popularity through a blasphemous incongruity. I write of 1889, when Von Uhde was the innovator, and before Firlé or Beraud or L'Hermitte or Edelfelt had fallen into step with him and painted biblical characters in modern costume. No doubt these latter were conscientious; but with the example of Rembrandt, with his old burgomasters at the «Descent from the Cross,» Von Uhde could hardly be accused of originating the incongruity.

life is largely responsible for the religious character of his mature pictures, he having been born in the home of an ecclesiastical functionary in Wolkenburg, Saxony. His father was, I believe, a Lutheran clergyman. Be that as it may, his early career was at variance with the teaching of the central figure of his later painting—He who said, «Put up thy sword»; for in 1867, when but nineteen, he enlisted in the Saxon horse-guards, in which corps he remained ten years, serving through the Franco-Prussian war, and rising to the rank of

captain. It was in Munich, in 1877, that he laid down the sword for the brush, and followed the painter Makart afar off. A little later he made the acquaintance of Munkacsy, who advised him to go to Paris and "study only from nature." In that city, in 1879, he exhibited at the Salon "*La Chanteuse*," and, the following year, "*Chiens Savants*." The influence of Munkacsy is very evident in these early pictures of Von Uhde's; there is the same brilliant painting of surfaces, and an endeavor after the same swing and "go"—so much so that at this time he was regarded as Munkacsy's disciple.

Two years later his manner had changed, and Von Uhde had begun to assert himself. The "*Family Concert*," exhibited in 1881, is as sober, staid, and reserved as a work by Terburg or Metsu, and shows the same careful and conscientious study of nature, and is not without traces of these masters. At this time his work, without showing any of the servility of the copyist, bears evidence of his having been strongly drawn to the work of the old Dutchmen. This is especially evident in his "*Scene at the Inn*," and "*La Couturière*." With the "*Seamstresses*" (in the St. Louis museum), a Dutch subject painted in Holland, Von Uhde breaks away alike from the extreme soberness of the Dutchmen and the bravura of Munkacsy, and for the first time shows his ability to paint light—the distinguishing quality of his present work; and in 1883, in his "*Drum Exercise*," all studio tradition is thrown aside, and in this picture is shown the beginning of the new method, which later played havoc with the traditions of German art by introducing, through the secession movement, a moderate "*plein-airism*," combined with French naturalism and a close study of nature.

With the change of manner came his change of subject; and it is as a painter of religious ideas that he has become known so well that he may be characterized with truth as the great modern Christian painter—not a biblical painter, as he is often called. I think the word "biblical" conveys a wrong impression. It is true that he has painted biblical scenes, but these fail to convey the same emotion as his religious pictures (by "religious" I mean those pictures which transmute sacred story into modern life). The Christ-story—for this is his theme—he makes as fresh and as living as when first acted: maternity, as in the "*Walk to Bethlehem*"; death and mourning, as in the "*Good Friday Morning*"; sympathy, as in the "*Last Supper*"; birth, as in the "*Nativity*"; joy, as in the "*Annunciation*"; benevolence, as in the "*Suffer the Little Ones*";

—the story of the God-man, partaker of flesh and blood," "made like unto his brethren."

Writing to a friend about his picture "*Easter Morning*," Von Uhde says: "I certainly thought of the Easter morning in the Bible; but the picture is simply of three women who visited a grave in the early morning. I would not wish to force anybody to see only the biblical story in this picture. It may perhaps be easier to understand the picture as one which represents every-day life. For the artistic quality of the picture, it is of little importance whether these are the three Marys or three modern women: they have been to a grave."

It is not possible to write of the work of Von Uhde without suggesting the vexed question, Is the literary—is story-telling—a legitimate function of art? For it must be frankly admitted that he is preëminently a story-teller. His palette is a resourceful one; the mysteries of color-blending are open to him, so much so that it is difficult to imagine any form of picture-making that might not be his; but the clever, masterful putting on of paint, of which his less serious work gives abundant proof, is not obvious in his pictures; they possess no dash—no bravura. Even subtle suggestions of light-transmutations, in which he excels, are in them merely incidental; drawing is subsidiary; canvas, brushes, paint, are Von Uhde's means of conveying his meaning through the eye to the brain. Sometimes, in the mere matter of "painting," his work, to the professional eye, conveys a sense of feebleness, as though he feared to divert the mind from the subject by an exhibition of skill. In fact, I must repeat, his pictures are "literary"; and if that be a fault, Von Uhde has the consolation of knowing that for this Raphael and Angelo would not have turned their backs on him. But he is more than literary: he is a homilist, and a preacher of good quality besides. His aim has been to separate the divine Founder of Christianity from the smoke of the incense, from priestly tradition and sacerdotal enthronement, and to make him live again as he lived nineteen hundred years ago, the homeless wanderer, the Man of Sorrows. But is this the legitimate function of art? Be that as it may, I write of what Von Uhde is. If you choose to take him from the painter side alone, he is a great painter, a strong influence; for he has carried the banner of "free light," as the Germans term it, into the hide-bound realm of German art, and let the sunshine into the bitumen-tinted studios of Munich.

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

Author of «A Bachelor Maid,» «Sweet Bells out of Tune,» etc.

III.

DAVENANT thought he could never pass the heavy hours intervening between the dinner at the Granthams' and his next meeting with Sybil.

Since prosperity had begun to dawn on him, he had exchanged his room at a boarding-house for a tiny suite in a bachelor-apartment house. His sitting-room, overflowing with books and pipes, possessed a couch, bookshelves, some easy-chairs, a broad table with an electric drop-light under a green shade, and an open fireplace. When there was no longer room for a friend to sit down, by reason of the accumulation of papers, periodicals, and volumes, Peter would displace these from the chairs, and range them in toppling piles along the vacant floor-spaces. His inner room, containing a brass bed, dressing-table, wash-stand, and large tin tub, was otherwise a howling wilderness of boots and shoes. But this home had been to Davenant till now a very sanctuary of pleasantness and peace, away from the bustling multitude with whom his days were spent. Although he read far less of general literature than in former days, it was there, ready to hand. Often he would take down his books, blow dust from the tops, handle them lovingly, turn the leaves, catch a familiar page, con a few lines of it, then put the tantalizing treasures back in place, cheered by their presence, and feeling as if he had shaken an old friend by the hand. Some day—ah, delicious «some day»!—he would take time to re-read his favorites, and to read some of the new books he could not resist buying, although he had little chance to know more of them than their bindings, print, and title-pages.

There were pictures on the walls, chiefly classic photographs the originals of which he fully intended yet to enjoy; and a portrait of his beautiful Southern mother, dressed in white muslin, and wearing her dark hair rolled under in the fashion called *à l'Impératrice Eugénie*. She had been, like Davenant himself, of the coloring Fortuny conferred upon his «Spanish Lady,» now in the Metropolitan

Museum, though of more regularly beautiful features and contour—a famous New Orleans belle, married to a Carolinian planter of Huguenot descent, and both of their fortunes had gone under in the crash of the Confederacy. Her life as a widow, her death in pinching poverty before Davenant was able to fulfil the ambition of his life to give her the semblance of a comfortable home, were sorrows that had left indelible traces on his heart. Now he had only himself to care for. He never went back to the rice-fields about the closed mansion, that every year clothed themselves anew in living green; to the groves garlanded with flowers and alive with mocking-birds. He did not even mention them.

The Saturday evening before Davenant was to repair to the opera with Sybil and his new patroness found him seated beside his table, preparatory to going out to get his dinner at the club. The book open in his hand was a copy of Theocritus, a singer whose strains he had not wooed in ages. As his eye rambled over the lays of shepherds chanting the praises of their fair, a smile came upon his lips.

«The symptoms have not changed in the least since the beginning of the third century before Christ,» he said to himself.

There was a knock at the door. The janitor's wife—a very fine person when you met her shopping in Twenty-third street, with her fashionable ruffled cape, large Gainsborough hat, and diamond ear-rings, but here less imposing in the simple dishabille of a calico wrapper, over which she wore a beaded bolero jacket—came in. Her face was heated with conflict; her eyes flashed scorn and incredulity upon an object she carried in both hands. It was, as Davenant at once saw, a cast of the «Winged Victory» he had bought that morning, together with a «Venus of Melos,» from a vender in the street, and had ordered to be delivered at his house.

«It's meself brought it up to show it you, Misther Davenant,» cried the angry dame. «An' the other wan—though, sure, she's got a

head on to her, barrin' the arms—I left down below with that saucy Eytalian. An' he pretendin' he don't understand a word of me, and me kapin' on tellin' him he's ch'atin' you, wantin' to l'ave his damaged images and scoot away. (Where 's the head?) says I. (Did you break it afther he paid for it?) says I. (Have you got the pieces in your pocket, an' not the conscience to give 'em up?) says I—»

«It 's all right, Mrs. O'Brien. Fetch up the (Venus) too, and let the fellow go in peace. You see, I bought these ladies cheap by taking them (as is,» interposed Davenant, to stem the flowing tide.

When he had put the two figures upon the top of a bookcase, he paused before them in reverence, because She had admitted having done so before the originals. And before he went off to his evening meal, in closing Theocritus his eye rested upon a passage in the «Song of the Cyclops,» from which he tore out the kernel, as follows:

But to leave loving thee, maiden, when once I had seen thee, had I not the strength . . . even from that hour.

«That fits me, I fear,» he laughed, with spring budding in his heart. Little he cared for consequences. His mood was in tune with boyish abandonment to happiness. Some men, espying him far off in a corner of the club dining-room, sitting alone at his table, and coming over to settle down upon him for a talk about a certain political appointment of their party, were astonished at his vague interest in the affair. They looked at his brilliant eye, his flushed cheek, and wondered if he were about to go under with a physical malady. But Davenant, scoffing at the suggestion, declared and showed himself to be in full possession of his usual splendid health.

«Depend on it, he's heard of another piece of good luck coming to him,» said one to the other afterward. «That fellow wins on every throw.»

Not being in condition to adapt himself to club society, he returned to his writing-table, where an unfinished brief awaited him. A few paragraphs written, that too was cast aside. He went to the window and looked up into a firmament of deepest distances, radiant with stars and star-dust. Sallying forth once more, he walked away from the street where-in arose his tall, modern domicile, over to a broad avenue, which he followed to its end.

Facing Washington Square, he found easily the number of the dwelling he had sought out at the club, in the printed regis-

ter of chosen names, into which he had as yet had occasion to make few predatory excursions.

It was one of a row of staid old family mansions that make of their vicinity a real Faubourg St. Knickerbocker. Their broad fronts of red brick, with white marble steps and facings, their many-paned windows and prim iron railings, the immaculate tone of their muslin window-curtains, contrast pleasantly with the carved stone and wrought-iron, the plate-glass and embroidered laces, of the house-façades up-town.

Having identified the shrine of his idol, and observed that all of its windows were demurely veiled in a thin white stuff drawn close against the inner panes, Davenant strolled over into the square opposite, where, sitting at one end of a bench occupied at the other by a bent man in a slouched felt hat, who was enjoying an evening pipe, he could keep the beloved house in view.

A little farther along the row, a large dwelling, with lights behind every window and an awning run out to the curbstone, showed that an evening party was in progress. By and by, while he was gazing over at the Lewiston house, Davenant observed that its heavy front door was in the act of swinging open. His heart beat dangerously fast, yet the sensation was not unpleasant. In the light streaming from the hall he beheld a fat man-servant in evening clothes waddle out pompously to give directions to a footman in a high hat and long overcoat who arrived from the nether regions of the house. Then appeared a maid carrying a fan; and lastly emerged a slight, graceful figure clothed from head to foot in a long, white satin cloak bordered with fluffy fur, the train of whose gown the maid lifted as the wearer began to descend the steps.

The «spirit in his feet» carried Davenant so rapidly across the space of roadway and sidewalks intervening between them, that when he came up with the little party, Sybil Gwynne, attended by the two servants, was but just turning away from her aunt's door. She started in genuine surprise at thus meeting him.

«Mr. Davenant!» she exclaimed. «You—you were coming here?»

Davenant, although no master of the art of ceremony, knew quite well that he had not the conventional right to present himself at Mrs. Lewiston's without an indication from the mistress of the house that his visit was desired.

«No,» he said straightforwardly; «I was not coming here.»

Sybil laughed like a child. «I don't know whether I like you to be so candid. It leaves me in the attitude of presupposing that you wished to see me again, when, perhaps, you had even forgot our meeting at Mrs. Grant-ham's.»

«I did not dare to offer a visit where I had not been asked,» he said; then added with absolute frankness, «I came simply to look at the outside of your house.»

What possessed Sybil, that, at this, the blood ran up to her cheeks and ears and temples? She was thankful for the half-light of the street.

«I am bound, as you see, to a party in our neighborhood, so near that I had n't an excuse to drive there,» she hastened to say, at the same time moving on in the direction of her destination.

«Might I walk there with you?»

«Oh, of course. Then you are going to Mrs. Crawford's too?»

«Unfortunately not. I never, indeed, had the advantage of hearing Mrs. Crawford's name until you mentioned it.»

What *was* she to do with this strange, truth-telling, fervid being, striding beside her as if he wore seven-league boots, and turning upon her a look of such unqualified delight? In all Sybil's experience of men, the like had not happened to her before. The maid and footman, who followed discreetly, saw nothing out of the way in the rencounter of their young lady with a handsome gentleman, in proper evening dress, who had been passing Mrs. Lewiston's door as she came down the steps. But the young lady herself, all a-flutter with inward excitement, knew better.

«There is n't any chance you are going to dine at the Carnifexes' to-morrow?» he asked appealingly, as they separated a little group of street-gazers in order to pass under Mrs. Crawford's awning.

It had been so ridiculously short, their walk together, and yet both, in the brief time, had felt so much! Sybil was aware of a tremor in her voice when she answered:

«No. But you've not forgotten Monday?»

«Forgotten! Why, I've thought of nothing else. It came to me in court yesterday when I got up to make an argument, and I was on the point of a very bad break. Fortunately, one of the judges was sharpening a lead-pencil, and another was reading a dinner invitation, so I suppose they did not notice; and I rallied soon.»

«Absurd! Good night, then.»

But she did not really consider it absurd. Although this was their second meeting only, she had been thinking of him almost as much as he confessed to having thought of her.

Davenant had no excuse to linger in the staring little crowd about Mrs. Crawford's door. Sybil, running up the steps as light as fairy, vanished from his sight. There was absolutely nothing to live for until they should meet again.

It was characteristic of the man that he did not consider the very decided probability that fate would oppose him in his first love-affair. This chance meeting, his being alone with her for that happy few minutes, under the stars and gas-lamps, feasting his eyes upon her beautiful face and small, shapely head, her young form in its drapery of glistening white, was all-sufficient for the hour.

It was too much to hope that she cared as he did, or at all, as yet. But Davenant, marching away up-town, vowed that she soon should care. He would win her, marry her, crown his life with her dear comradeship. Whatever obstacles were between them should melt before the intense purpose he would bring to bear upon accomplishing his heart's desire.

ONE of the few indulgences our hero had given himself in his improved financial state was a riding-horse. A true Southerner in his love of the saddle, the long intermission in his exercise had been a deprivation he was glad now to make good. At rarer intervals than he liked he got off to visit the stable near the park where he kept his steed, and, there mounting, spend several hours in the open.

On the morning after this unexpected talk with Sybil he fared gaily into bright winter sunshine, traversing the park, and pursuing his way along the banks of the Hudson, thence into the interior, for a long ride. It was his hope thus to rid himself of superabundant vitality; but as the hours progressed, his spirits seemed to him inexhaustible. It was as if he had been born again. All of life before him was a flower-garden, without a blight or decay in any plant of its parterres. Never had it occurred to him there was so much joyance in the world. From a looker-on he was suddenly transformed into a participant. Everything appeared possible that he desired. The yearning for travel he had so long kept under sprang up full-fledged

and confident. With her, what added joy to view the places of his dreams! She should be his guide, interpreter, his higher and finer intelligence, in all these matters. Means wherewithal, the sordid cares of life, did not enter into these pleasurable speculations of Mr. Peter Davenant. He was strong to do all that man had done. Under her inspiration he would be expanded, completed, ready for everything required.

Far up in the country north of the city limits he came upon a wheelman in temporary stress of circumstance. Davenant, who exchanged a word with him, tarried, struck by the bonhomie of the young fellow's manner, the frank look of his wide-open blue eyes.

"I am overtaken by disaster," he had said with a laugh; "because one can't attempt pleasuring near town on a mild Sunday like this without being crowded out. One lot of loud-mouthed revelers set on me, surrounded me, assimilated me. I freed myself of them only at the last road-house, where they halted for refreshment. I have seen most of the nations on the move to-day, though of course it's far worse in summer. When my cordial friends stopped, I fled—with this result."

"Our brotherhood of citizens is certainly not enticing when it goes abroad on such a Sunday as this," said Davenant.

"The plague of it is, the same people would be interesting on their native heath. And I want to be interested. It is n't because they're free and easy with me that I find them dull. I never saw anywhere a class attitude more independent than that of the all-pervading bourgeois in the environs of Paris on the first day of the week. Democratic social equality is at high-water mark there; but it is not aggressive. It does not stick its elbow in your ribs, tread on your toes without apology, shout and hoot its consciousness of being as good as you although you may wear better clothes."

Davenant laughed.

"For so many years I've known nothing else than jostling with the mob of commonplace, I suppose I'm hardened. You, I take it, are a tenderfoot."

"I suppose I am. That is, I have had the bad luck to be pitched head first into this community, to make my living out of it, with the training of an idler in foreign countries."

They talked for a while longer, then, at the bicyclist's suggestion, agreed to rendezvous for luncheon at the roadside hostelry of a Frenchman certified to be capable of a

capital *omelette aux fines herbes*, and good for a decent bottle of red wine.

"If you go there in summer," added his new comrade, "you will have Baptiste, with his napkin, waving you into an arbor made of withered pine-branches overgrown with morning-glories and scarlet-runners, where he has strewn gravel underfoot, and sets out his tables with red claret glasses and bunches of cheap flowers. Now we shall have to be content with a small inside room, if we are lucky enough to get it to ourselves."

When Davenant reached M. Baptiste's little frame-house, standing back from the road in a grove of trees, his companion had already ordered the luncheon and secured the inside room. A tiny table, spread invitingly, awaited them. And when to the omelet was added a dish of cutlets, broiled, not fried, with potatoes bursting from jackets of light golden brown, together with good bread, a plate of fruit, and the promised bottle of French grape-juice, Davenant broke forth rejoicingly:

"I have passed this place a dozen times, and never dreamed of the treasure it contains."

"I have developed him," said his friend. "Last year I found Baptiste struggling with the popular demand for custard-pie and doughnuts. I talked to him in his native tongue; adjured him, by the bones and stewpans of his ancestors, not to forget their cunning because transplanted to a land of far away. He has made quite a reputation by his cabbage *farci aux saucissons*. But I am bound to confess that his American dishes are as bad as you generally find them elsewhere."

Starting upon this substantial basis for acquaintanceship, the two men fraternized rapidly. They talked of many topics, each finding in the other a certain zest of surprise. Davenant had never met any one exactly like this fair, soft-voiced fellow, with the manner of a fainéant and the build of an athlete, whose talk revealed habits and thoughts totally unknown to the hard-worked lawyer. His attitude toward life was that of one who, not being able to help himself, tries to make the best of his regrettable surroundings. Involuntarily, Davenant thought of a plant he had taken long ago from his mother's conservatory and set out in a garden dug by him in the woods. The plant had done its best to live, but could not flourish.

When the time came for them to share the score and part, they shook hands heartily. When the bicyclist was out of sight ahead

of him on the return to town, Davenant remembered they had not exchanged names.

THAT evening, on presenting himself at the house of Mr. Carnifex, to receive a warm welcome from the host and a quieter one from the young hostess, the three sat for a while about a wood fire in a dimly lighted drawing-room before dinner was announced.

There was little in this room to suggest the femininity of its presiding genius. No triplication of curtains at the windows, no portières, no little tables perilously full of silver or china toys; above all, no cushions, which, however much they add to the luxurious repose of modern life, induce as much disturbance—first, because of their bad habit of slipping away from the angles of the human frame where they are designed to be; and secondly, because under no circumstances will a housekeeper admit that she has enough of them.

The friends of Mr. and Miss Carnifex were asked to take their ease in chairs and couches covered in a dark silken stuff that had not been changed in years. A grand piano, a writing-table solidly equipped, and some healthy-looking palms and ferns growing in jars in the windows, gave the chief evidence of a woman's rule there. Upon the Quakerish background of drab-painted walls hung some good pictures. A cabinet, and the mantelpiece crowded with Chinese porcelains of beauty and value, represented the host's fancy in art. The room, in fine, while not in the least «pretty» according to the canons of modern decoration, appeared to represent a leisurely lifetime that had treated itself to a few good things and let the rest alone. The guest now enjoying its repose knew no consciousness of fleeting moments until Mr. Carnifex, crossing the room, tugged at a faded bell-pull wrought in worsted-work.

«Dinner,» he said to the man who answered. «We will wait no longer, dear, for Ainslie,» he added to his daughter.

Simultaneously the door into the hall gave admission to Davenant's bicyclist of the morning. Both men looked pleased and surprised.

«Then I need not introduce you?» said Mr. Carnifex.

«Only to give us names,» answered the newcomer, after he had made easy apologies to Miss Carnifex for his delay. «I at least have been dying to know his.»

The story of their meeting and impromptu luncheon broke the ice of the first moments at table in a large, bare refectory, of which

the conspicuous objects were the coal-hod, an old-fashioned dinner-tray, and a series of Copley and St. Mémin portraits on the walls.

The service of Canton blue porcelain, with the fiddle-patterned silver spoons and forks, dimly recalled to Davenant an old house in Charleston where, as a lad, he was urged to two helpings of everything,—where the maiden hostess wore «sausage-puffs» under her cap,—and where his youthful imagination was intoxicated by the varieties of sweet pickles strung about the board in leaf-shaped dishes of the same azure tint.

The dinner was good, the wines better, the host delightful. Agatha, who talked little, made herself most agreeable. When, afterward, Davenant asked a girl why she had called Miss Carnifex «a man's woman,» he received this answer:

«Oh, because she makes it a point to let men have their way, beginning with that nice old tyrant, her papa.»

The truth was Agatha possessed so wide a scope in her father's house that she had never felt able to contemplate leaving it for another man's. Peter had not been with them ten minutes before discovering that on all practical matters she ruled her parent with a humorous assumption of greater age and knowledge than his own, although letting him go under loose rein whenever his hobbies were concerned.

At twenty-six she esteemed herself an old maid; and the repose which the abandonment of concern on the marriage question gave to her manner induced many men to confide in her their affairs with other women. Hamilton Ainslie, for example, a cousin in the third or fourth degree, had told her about his passion for Sybil Gwynne almost as soon as that emotion had gained a recognized place in his manly bosom.

When Ainslie had come back from Europe to live in New York, Agatha had decided upon making him her «mission.» She considered him as one more sinned against than sinning, a product of the modern custom of absenteeism among Americans who live abroad and bring up their children in alien fashions. She had an idea she could do him good, rouse his dormant patriotism, make him throw off the sloth resulting from having been a citizen of the world when he ought to have been a citizen of the nursery.

Ainslie liked her lectures, her down-setting way with him, her assumption of extreme old age and matronly dignity with a man who was her senior by two years. He treated her

with courtesy and perfect good humor. His only grudge against her was that she could not be brought to concede that Sybil Gwynne was born into the world to make a helpmate for him.

"My dear Hamilton, you would be a pair of babes in the wood," she had said six months before, knitting her forehead and throwing from it a little lock wont to escape and confer upon her handsome, serious face a mutinous expression not displeasing to the eye. "Promise me that you will not commit yourself until you have thought over it a year."

"I may as well promise," he had said. "In the first place, she does not yet see the thing in the light I do. In the next, between us we could n't afford any kind of house or trap, or amusements or travels, such as the girls of her set think indispensable."

"What do men of your set think about them?"

"We don't think," said Ainslie. "The times are too hard upon us. We simply drift."

The talk at Mr. Carnifex's table to-night gave Davenant a fresh sense of the pleasure to be had from rubbing wits and exchanging views with people of his own kind. Mr. Carnifex and his daughter would have meant so much to him had he only been able to claim their acquaintance during the dull evenings of the working-years past! And Ainslie, despite his light touch of and mocking indifference to real things, had stuff in him undoubtedly.

Agatha's only fear, that her father would bring the conversation around to the folly of a young man of ambition and parts fixing his fancy on a girl of fashionable life, was set at rest. Women entered in no shape into the evening's discussion.

When the visitors took leave, they walked together as far as the street where Davenant turned off.

"Good night," he said. "I have to thank you for a very jolly day. What fun it would be, now, were I to meet you—by Jove! I *am* to meet you, for Mrs. Stanley said you are coming—to-morrow night."

"Of course I am coming," answered Ainslie, lightly. "Do not we all fly at Mrs. Stanley's bidding?"

At this point Davenant was guilty of a weakness. He wished to speak aloud a name that had haunted his brain-cells persistently.

"I believe it's to be a small party like to-night's?—nobody besides our hostess, except Miss Gwynne and you and me."

"Miss Gwynne and you and me," repeated Ainslie, assentingly; and the pair separated.

IV.

DAVENANT was taking off his overcoat in custody of two or three of Mrs. Stanley's liveried appendages, when the grille that served as a portal to her spacious vestibule opened to admit Ainslie, as usual on the run and a little out of breath.

"Those hanged cable-cars!" he said. "Nice way for a man to come out to dinner, is n't it? I started right enough, standing on my feet, wedged in by a jam; but gradually the crowd increased till I was squeezed upward, and I ended by crawling out over their shoulders. As I left I heard an Irishman, who had been for a long time hanging on to a strap, cry out to the rest of 'em, 'Be jabbers! have n't *any* of yez homes?')"

A very young flunky, who was depositing Mr. Ainslie's stick in a porcelain jar, smiled at this with sympathetic understanding.

"What a contrast between that mob and this kind of thing!" said Ainslie, as, assured that their hostess would be down-stairs in a minute, they were ushered into an empty room of state. "I know her minutes," Ainslie added; "we might as well take it easy till we see her."

He deposited himself comfortably in the corner of a deep, elastic sofa, shaded from the fire on one side by a plate-glass screen, and from a lamp on the other by a mass of spiky ferns.

Davenant, standing, his back to the blaze, looked about him with interest. The scheme of the room was old French, the fittings in pale brocades and gilt, superbly carried out by masters of their craft. Throughout, the taste was unimpeachable. A powdered marquise of the ancient régime might here have received courtiers and cardinals in high-heeled shoes.

But there was no mistress to complete it. The next arrival was an attaché of one of the foreign embassies at Washington, a swart man with beady black eyes, and black hair cut short and standing stiff upon his head. He was adorned with turquoise studs surrounded by diamonds, and stood shivering on the rug, complaining of the chill of the New York climate.

After another interval, Mr. Cleve appeared. The little gentleman had dressed hurriedly, for the bow of his necktie had worked around under one ear, and the lining of a pocket was displayed upon the tail of his coat.

"Knew it was no earthly use to be here when she asked me," he exclaimed, cheerfully submitting to Ainslie's repair of his disheveled toilet. "For heaven's sake, Ainslie, lend me a handkerchief—I've dropped mine putting it in my pocket; or I'll go send one of those fellows outside up to Jack's dressing-room to get me one of his. Thanks. A man should always carry two. Heard the last Boston story, about that electrical chap showing off his bath-tub."

"Try another, Cleve," said Ainslie, lazily. "Everybody's heard that."

"Well, then, what do you say to Mark Twain's speech before a girls' college the other day?—when he remarked his ambition is to be a professor—of telling anecdotes?"

"Hush!" said Ainslie, mysteriously. "On no account divulge that here!"

"Eh! why not?" asked Cleve, much rattled. "By Jove, Ainslie, you startled me! I believe you just want to run me off the track!"

"My dear man, this is hardly the hour for humorous narration," said Ainslie. "For my own part, I am starving; I had nothing for luncheon to-day but six raw oysters, eaten while standing before a counter. There is within me a gnawing void that stories only irritate and do not fill. If our hostess does not soon show up, I shall go and beg for a biscuit in the pantry."

The arrival of Miss Gwynne, looking so crisply beautiful and unruffled that the hearts of two men leaped up within them at sight of her, was the prelude for Mrs. Stanley's descent like an empress among her guests.

Davenant, who led the way with her across a wide marble hall into a tapestried dining-room, discerned that it was their matron's fancy to single him out to-night for special favor. He envied old Cleve, upon whose cork-screwed coat-sleeve Sybil's hand rested, Ainslie and the diplomat bringing up the rear. What a bore it was going to be to dance attendance all the evening upon an oldish woman's coquetries! (That phrase alone, as it became formulated in Davenant's mind, bewrayed him as an outsider to fashion.)

It was not until they were in Mrs. Stanley's landau on the way to the opera-house—the two young men following in a cab—that he had a moment's speech with Sybil.

"Did you enjoy the Crawfords?" was all he could think of to relieve his overflowing soul.

"Yes—no—I really forget," said she, laughing. "One does not remember a party

two or three days old. I suppose it was like all the rest. You know how exactly they are alike."

"I have never been to a (function) in town," he said simply—"at least of your kind. I suppose I might have done so had I not been too busy and too indifferent—till now."

"Now we are bringing you out," she said gleefully. "We shall conquer, never fear."

"I hope not. It would be a sad interruption to my pursuits. But I shall be deeply grateful for any crumbs you may choose to throw me of your companionship."

"My aunt has an afternoon affair soon, and I asked her to send you a card that you'll get to-morrow. It's a musicale, and there'll be men dropping in as late as seven."

"An afternoon affair," thought he, remembering his recent scorn of such methods of reunion. But he was now wise enough to know that this meant an opening of the door to him, behind which was to be found the chief delight of life—and so accepted the invitation.

The opera, which he had never seen from one of the parterre boxes, having for many seasons frequented it in the parquet stalls or galleries, might have been a dumb-show, except during those numbers when the famous singers occupied the stage. Then, only, the people about him stopped talking; the young men ceased to go and come, and bestow little squeezes of the hand in greeting and saying good-bye to the ladies in the boxes; the whole vast assemblage focused its attention upon the greatest artists of the age. During these thrilling intervals Davenant felt the charm of vicinity to Sybil. Jostled to the rear by succeeding callers, he stood in the shadow, looking at the back of her graceful head and neck, and investing her with all the fantastic attributes of a lover's imaginings. Or else, wandering to some distant part of the house, he would enjoy her beauty from another point of view.

Ainslie, on the contrary, after hanging his hat and coat in the antechamber of the Stanleys' box, resorted with great diligence to calling upon his friends, appearing in turn in most of the boxes of the horseshoe, where he was well received, and seemed to enjoy himself with impartiality.

Once Mr. Cleve, who had been peppering his stories around the half-circle, came upon Davenant stalking about the lobby in solitary state.

"My dear fellow, stop with me, and let us have two whiffs of a cigarette," said Cleve,

benignantly. «If we join any of those club gossips who are out here, we shall be talked to death; they are the most untiring fishers for scandal. And, do you know, I find it simply disgusting the way these millionaire stockholders put their heads together and speak about nothing but their schemes for amusing themselves.

«What are they to do? Their wealth handicaps them for politics. They have no excuse to work. To my mind, their Monte Cristo business is very picturesque.»

«Don't mistake me. I'm not envious. So long as I get asked to their banquets, sail on their yachts, enjoy their operas, or make trips in their private cars, I'm quite comfortable, personally. But one feels oppressed by segregated fortunes. Look at these four chaps next us, for example. Fancy what their united incomes represent! It's fatiguing, I tell you. It robs the rest of us of ambition to make moderate incomes for ourselves. It's produced the dreadful discontent of modern good society. Why, man, in all the boxes where I've called to-night, I can hardly say I've seen one happy woman—one of the nice, jolly, restful kind of matrons, I mean, who can laugh outright, and enjoy fun, and speak naturally. Most of 'em are keeping watch on the others, to see they don't get ahead in the social race. If you want to see what I mean, just look at the difference in the women's faces when the house is quiet.»

Davenant, guiltily aware of having looked at but one woman's face, could not, for the life of him, feel depressed by Mr. Cleve's jeremiads.

«The worst of it is the effect it has upon the young uns,» went on Cleve. «The débutantes, like their mamas, are calculating how to keep along with the richest, most extravagant set in town. Nothing else seems to them worth living for. To see some of those little rosy young faces kindle with scheming or unsatisfied longing makes me sick, I tell you. As to the young men, the whole lot of 'em, from club loungers to fellows that have just left college, are deliberately and confessedly (on the make.) They won't waste themselves on girls whose mothers can't entertain 'em at dinner, or send 'em ball-tickets, or give 'em places at the opera. If the directors here wanted an emblem of high society to adorn the opera-house, they could n't have done better, in my opinion, than set up yonder, over the proscenium arch, the image of a golden calf.»

«And yet you—» began Davenant, laughing.

«I am of (high society)—certainly; but at least I pay my way by courtesy and civility and helping to make things go. Do you know why I like to put in a month in England every summer? Because there the greater the lady, the more unpretending she is. And if they love and covet wealth and place just as much as we do over here, they keep their longings in the background of every-day conversation. I went down this morning, by the way, and booked to sail in May on *Teutonic*.»

«Lucky mortal!» said Davenant.

Although he affected to pooh-pooh them, Cleve's sharp strictures had begun to exert upon him a subduing influence. They made him realize the distance between Sybil and a brainworker who could never hope to offer her any of these requisites of her set. Until now he had been overcome by the dazzling suggestions of his hope that she might grow to care for him. Such homes as those of Mrs. Grantham and Mr. Carnifex had not seemed to him impossible of realization. The sumptuous domicile of Mrs. Stanley had affected him as merely one of the side-shows of modern plutocracy. The interior in which a man of moderate success in a professional career may hope to instal the wife he loves was all-sufficient for Davenant's ambitions. But now that it appeared Mrs. Stanley's belongings were the standard, where was he in the race?

As he approached the box at the beginning of the last act, Ainslie, in high good humor, had but just come out of it.

«My dear fellow,» he said, «it is as well you are going back. Our hostess is in the sulks. She thinks you have ignored her charms.»

«But I was pushed out of my place,» said Davenant, «by all that swarm of men.»

«You should have held it, and let the whole house see you had eyes only for her.»

«Why in the deuce did n't you tell me?»

«Because, at the rate you were swimming along with all these women,—Mrs. Stanley, Miss Carnifex, and Miss Gwynne swearing by you,—I thought you were an old hand. Never mind; there is time enough to redeem yourself. She has got only the attaché now, who bores her; while Miss Gwynne has her string full of men. Go and swell Mrs. Stanley's number, and all may yet be well.»

«Otherwise?»

«You will be forgotten before the next opera night.»

«I wonder Miss Gwynne is friends with that sort of a purposeless vagrant,» said Davenant, irrepressibly.

"Miss Gwynne knows nothing better. Miss Gwynne, taken out of these surroundings, would be completely at a loss. Miss Gwynne is intended to grace such an establishment as that we dined in to-night—to lead just such a life as her friend Mrs. Stanley."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Davenant, with warmth.

Something in the glow of his honest face warned Ainslie, who, stopping short, looked at him again.

"Don't, my dear fellow, don't!" he said briefly, with a sort of tightening about his mobile lips. Davenant understood.

As they opened the box door it became apparent that Mrs. Stanley had a new visitor in the person of a man well on in years, smooth-shaven and intelligent-looking, his features marked with a thousand lines of care.

"Surely that is Mr. Mortimer," said Davenant, who saw only the back hair of a celebrated capitalist.

"(Incarnate electricity,) they call him," said Ainslie. "Only death will arrest his progress, though quite a number of fair ladies have tried to do so."

"I know him well," said Davenant.

His enormous success in affairs, his boundless popularity with the New York public, his vast interests in railroads networked over this continent and in other countries, made of this individual a power not to be overlooked. His face had been so variously reproduced for the benefit of his fellow-citizens that there was left for it only the immortality of a postage-stamp. When Davenant resumed his seat behind his hostess, she was saying in a wondering tone to Mr. Mortimer:

"But at five o'clock you were in Albany!"

"When I received your telephone message to dine with you and Miss Gwynne to-night—repeated to me from home—I was; but at 6:23 exactly I left the Albany station in a special consisting of my own car, a common coach for ballast, and the best of the new engines. At the end of two hours, thirty-six minutes, and nine seconds we ran into the Grand Central—too late to dine with you, but not too late, I trust, to present my compliments to the ladies."

"What gallantry!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley. "It is too bad I never can think of asking people till so late." Davenant saw that, although Sybil heard it, she did not honor Mr. Mortimer's flattering announcement by turning around. He also perceived that the

great man bestowed in vain several pathetically anxious glances upon Sybil's profile.

This revelation, coupled with what a flash had revealed to him about Ainslie, could not be said to surprise Davenant. According to his way of thinking, it would have been natural had half the men in the opera-house experienced the same sweet pain. But when, after a few words with Mrs. Stanley, he gained possession of the chair behind Sybil, all the doubts, fears, revelations of the last hours since he had ventured into this her kingdom, fell away. Again he was possessed by the overpowering belief that it was he, and none other, who should assert his claim upon her and win her love. That accomplished, how was it possible for anything else to matter?

"You know Mr. Davenant?" asked Mrs. Stanley of Mr. Mortimer, having seen a friendly nod exchanged between them.

"Yes; but I thought he was a misogynist, or at least a fashion-hater. I have never before seen him in society. He is a man of strong character; aggressive, but always polite; a hard hitter, a fearless adversary, of intense conviction and persistence—"

"Dear me!" interrupted the lady. "I was beginning to think there is nothing in him at all."

"I must go now," said Mr. Mortimer, rising. "A look in at the club, where I arranged to meet some men; then home, to spend half the night at work with my stenographer. There will be a reporter sitting on my doorstep, another in the hall, and a third at the key-hole of my study. Good-by, and ask me to dinner again when I am not in Albany."

As he left the box, Miss Gwynne, forsaking her talk with Davenant, bestowed upon the man of affairs the tips of her white-gloved fingers. Mr. Mortimer, hesitating for a moment as if he would say something he could not exactly put into words, bowed, smiled, and withdrew.

"My dear, you are stony-hearted," said Mrs. Stanley, hardly waiting till their distinguished visitor was out of hearing. "If you but said the word, you'd have man, fortune, railroads, engines, newspapers, and reporters—all at your feet."

"I had as soon live with my ear to a telephone," said Sybil, curling her lip, "or in the engine-room of a ship."

"Ah, no," an audacious listener thought to himself; "there is something better in store for her than an old man's infatuation. I am going to make her life glorious with my love."

DAVENANT no sooner made acquaintance with Sybil's natural protector, than he divined that lady's antagonism toward him. No doubt Mrs. Stanley had informed Mrs. Lewiston of the undisguised emotion Sybil had aroused in him on the two known occasions of their meeting. Sybil had taken care to say nothing to any one of that brief interview in the street the night of Mrs. Crawford's ball, the memory of which excited her more than she liked to admit to herself.

Mrs. St. Clair Lewiston was a high-nosed dame with a roseate countenance, a belle of the fifties, whose figure still gave assurance of being smartly laced. Her hair, much craped, and showing no beginnings or endings, was of a rich copper hue. Her friends thought it better had Mrs. Lewiston selected any other tint. Her costumes were rigorously *à la mode*, her ornaments confined to a few fine emeralds and sapphires long and favorably known in New York. But here her concessions to modernity ceased. While other people were discarding old furniture, Mrs. Lewiston pulled all of hers to the front. Her walls were a museum of early colonial relics. Since she could not equal Mrs. Stanley in American splendor, she had fallen back upon the pose of American aristocracy.

Some excuse might be made for this good lady's habitual stern expression of countenance. Seen driving alone in her victoria, her face revealed the wear and tear of a sad domestic experience. Her husband having died of consequences of dissipation, her only son was now in a fair way to follow the paternal lead. «Young» St. Clair Lewiston did not, however, live at home. When he was not off on other people's yachts and four-in-hands, idling abroad, or lounging at the clubs, his prematurely aged face and form were consigned to the seclusion of chambers in a modish quarter up-town.

Mrs. Lewiston was fond of Sybil, after her lights. The distinction of chaperoning so successful an importation renewed in her some of her vanished zest in social intercourse. The girl, who was lonely for love, had put forth little feelers of affection that attached themselves in a way to her aunt's polished surface. In default of tenderness, which she did not possess, Mrs. Lewiston gave Sybil material bounty. It was not generally known that Sybil's income, owing to the heedless management of her peripatetic mother, had shrunk under poor investments to be a very slim affair. She was virtually dependent on her aunt. Mrs. Lewiston had already conveyed to her her intention, should

Sybil make a suitable marriage, of doing by her as she would have done by a daughter of her own, her son St. Clair being already in possession of an independent fortune larger than was good for him. The only condition put upon this liberal offer was that during the first year or two of Sybil's married life she should form a common establishment with her aunt. «At least,» Mrs. Lewiston had said, «until Annie James grows up» —Annie James being the daughter of an impecunious first cousin who might be depended upon to cede parental rights in that young person so soon as she had acquired inches and accomplishments to justify her in succeeding Sybil as companion.

Mrs. Lewiston felt that in taking this attitude she was acting extremely well; and as long as Sybil showed no sign of intended marriage with any one, her aunt was all the better pleased. Experience had convinced her that a woman is peaceful only when there are no men in the house.

It will be judged, therefore, that, although lapped in luxury, Miss Gwynne was liable to be denuded, like Cinderella, of her finery. So little had the question of money or money's worth entered into Sybil's thoughts, this condition caused her no anxiety. She had been brought up by her mother in ignorance of the common struggles of mankind, since, if ever a pinch of necessity for funds had come to Mrs. Gwynne, she had met it by drawing on her principal.

MRS. LEWISTON, in a high toilet of black silk and gauze, incrusting on the upper and lower portions with beetles of glistening jet, stood near the door of her drawing-room, shaking hands disapprovingly with the guests bidden to her musicale. A prominent object of her attire was the largest of the Lewiston emeralds, worn as a brooch beneath her double chin. As soon as newcomers had been permitted a glimpse at this jewel, they were hastily passed along into the throng.

Davenant, whose name had been duly enunciated to his hostess by her butler, was honored by a stare. While he was still casting about for some speech that would preserve the golden mean between self-respect and gratitude for her civility in asking him, the same functionary cut him short by announcing other guests.

«Miss Gwynne?» Peter managed to ask, by way of fixing his identity as an acquaintance of the house.

«My niece is in there,» gruffly observed the hostess, pointing toward the middle room,

wherein rows of gilt cane-seated chairs formed a barricade about a grand piano and some music-stands.

"This great lady would make a capital matron for a city prison," said the outlaw, mentally. He felt certain she had heard of and disapproved his attentions to her niece.

Beneath an "acacia, waving yellow hair," he now beheld Sybil, garbed in some diaphanous texture of faint amber hue, with a large bunch of purple violets at her breast. While busily engaged in receiving the overflow of people from the front room, and in directing them to seats, she gave Davenant a smile that did not encourage him to follow the example of the crowd and pass up forward.

"May I—should I—stand here by you?" he said eagerly, taking his place in the angle of a chimney-piece at her elbow.

"Not unless you are willing to be useful. Look at Mr. Ainslie, straightening chairs like an angel."

The banality jarred upon Davenant. It was quite out of his line to do anything "like an angel"; but, then, from her lips even nonsense was attractive.

"Let me stay where I can admire Ainslie," he said lightly. Already it was his ambition to fit himself to his surroundings. As one person after another spoke to her, he noted that she had some trifle light as air for each in turn; that she returned interested comments upon information seeming to him like apples of the Dead Sea; that she was, in two words, thoroughly "of" her surroundings.

When Sybil was too much occupied to speak to him, Davenant could not forego hearing the chat that went on in his vicinity. He was measurably impressed by a close and intimate discussion between two ladies who talked, usually speaking both at once, concerning operations in surgery recently performed upon the husband of one and the daughter of the other. Pathological details, rattled off glibly and with evident relish, chilled his blood and revolted his sense of decency. From this the ladies went on to cooks; and by the time they had winged their flight to the remarriage of a celebrated divorcée the first number of the program cut them short. This was the startling apparition of four pretty and fashionably gowned young women, in the attitudes of Burne-Jones's seraphs, playing upon cornets, which performance, having created an American success in Mayfair the year before, had now returned to delight its native wilds. After this the usual list of songs and violin solos wore itself along.

Davenant, who saw Mrs. Grantham sitting in a corner, struggled across to her. Sybil having deserted him, his own coign of vantage had lost its value.

"I breathe free," said he, straightening himself in a doorway close to Katrina's retreat. "My dear madam, you were my fairy sponsor in polite circles. Shall I ever become one of those flexible, supple creatures, with all angles rubbed away, and unwearying calves, who *enjoy* it?"

"I fear I can hardly picture you as the perfected social animal."

"When I saw you I was just about to get upon my hind legs and roar, from fatigue."

"Have you seen Miss Carnifex? She is in yonder somewhere."

"Is she?" said he, without much interest and without looking round.

"Yes. I hear you dined with them Sunday. It is in her own home one sees Agatha at her best."

"Her father is a delightful old boy, I think. Looks like a sucking dove, and delivers himself of the most fiery sentiments. And the air of their house is refreshing."

This was well, but not good enough for Mrs. Grantham.

"Agatha needs only opportunity to develop as much tenderness as she has good sense and tact. It is as well, perhaps, that she did not marry early. She has had too many problems to work out."

"She is indeed an admirable girl," exclaimed Davenant, with interest; and, feeling encouraged, the match-maker went on:

"But if she marries now, Agatha should never separate from her father; it would break him up utterly. The man who seeks her should consider that."

"I should think Mr. Carnifex would be a sprightly addition to any establishment."

"Agatha's husband should make up his mind to hang his hat in Mr. Carnifex's front hall. That old house is its master's shell. Although he has a comfortable fortune, nothing would induce him to move out. But it is really a huge house. Our old-fashioned New York dwellings, with the rooms on either side the hall, must remind you of your Southern homes. Mr. Carnifex's has always made me think of some I have seen in Richmond and Charleston."

"I hope no son-in-law will arise cruel enough to uproot the old gentleman," remarked Davenant, cheerfully.

Mrs. Grantham was silent for a minute. She felt that she had exhausted the subject of Mr. Carnifex's house.

«I met there a very jolly fellow called Ainslie,» resumed Davenant.

«Ainslie!» she exclaimed. «Surely he is not your sort. They tell me he has been following after Sybil Gwynne for months and can do nothing for love of her.»

Davenant's heart gave a guilty throb. Did his kind friend only know how much, in that respect, he was of Ainslie's «sort»!

«Miss Gwynne looks her loveliest to-day,» he said, with an attempt to speak indifferently.

«I hope it is not because that man her mother wanted her to marry has just appeared again. Mrs. Arden tells me he is considered the most likely of all Miss Gwynne's suitors—one that even Mrs. Lewiston might look at without turning him into stone. Hush! There is Mme. Amethyst beginning a song. She is what we have all been waiting for, to make us forget the rest.»

The skylark singing of a favorite prima donna might have been that of any other, for all Davenant heard of it. Presently, when some people came to speak with Mrs. Grant-ham, he wandered off into the tea-room. Sybil, standing near the table, was in the act of pouring cream into a cup held by a fair man of fine proportions and soldierly bearing.

«That's he—that's Captain Cameron,» said a girl, talking to her friend. What followed came to Davenant in snatches:

«He got in this morning, on the *Lucania*, and has lost no time.»

«She looks flushed and nervous. I wonder if it's a (go)?»

«Everybody in Homburg said last summer she had thrown him over twice. Seems it's an old affair. He's one of the easy-going kind, apparently. A beauty; don't you think so?»

«Hum! not that; but he looks sensible and nice; and I like Scotchmen when they are nice. The great thing about him is his prospects. Lord Huntingtower's heir—and Lord Huntingtower's past eighty. First name's John, called Ian. Rather quaint, is n't it? He has an old house in the Vale of Strathmore. The Stanleys spent three days with him last year. Going on to Canada to join the staff of the governor-general.»

«I don't care whether she's refused him or not; any one with half an eye can see she's badly rattled, now. Well as I know Sybil Gwynne, I never saw her look like that before.»

Davenant stood rooted to the floor. For the first time in his life the rage of jealousy swelled in his heart. Not knowing how to deal with it, he walked out of the house.

(To be continued.)



THE OLD YEAR TO THE NEW.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

THE snows of death are drifting deep,
And I have nothing left to gain,
Save the long legacy of sleep
Beyond the reach of joy or pain.

But you, the lithe and strong of thew—
For you the onward-luring star,
The splendors of the sun—for you
Youth's ardors that eternal are:

To note the spring's ecstatic stir,
The faint red maple-buds uncloze;
To be the violet's worshiper,
And play the wooer to the rose;

To watch the swallow, swift of wing,
Soaring across the sky's blue nave;
To hear the minstrel oriole sing,
A rapture in each golden stave;

To know love's sweet companionship
Along the wonder-haloed height;
To press unto the eager lip
The purple fruitage of delight.

Yours the glad sowing of the grain,
The harvest happiness to reap;
While I have nothing left to gain,
Save the long legacy of sleep.

THE AUTHOR OF «A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.»

BY CLARENCE COOK.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. NICHOLAS soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

«Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer and Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder and Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!»
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlfull of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
«*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.*»¹



APPY the man who can add even a single leaf to the ever-green garland of the poetry of home—the verse that children love, and that wakens even in older hearts cheerful memories of childhood! Such,

at least, if no higher, has been the lot of the late Dr. Clement C. Moore, the author of «A Visit from St. Nicholas,» which has now been a household friend of American children for nearly seventy-five years, and promises to be dear to them for many and many a year to come.

Dr. Moore belongs to the group of minor singers whose right to be remembered rests on a very small amount of verse achieved. There are poets who hold their place, and will long hold it, in every anthology by right of two or three poems; others who are known but by one; and others, again, who live but by a single line, or at most by a couplet, in some poem all the rest of which is forgotten. In the case of Dr. Moore, nothing he has written is likely to survive except the «Visit from St. Nicholas»; and this lives, not by right of poetry, but by its innocent realism and its direct appeal to the matter-of-fact

imagination of childhood. For children—and this is as true of girls as it is of boys—rarely love poetry, and they tolerate verse only when it pleases their infant ears with jingle, or when, grown older, its rhymes and «ordered lines» dress up some narrative that has at least the look of being «true.» Even then they are apt to wonder why the story could not have been as well told in plain prose.

Mr. William S. Pelletreau, in the interesting account of Dr. Moore's life which he has just published, tells us that the «Visit from St. Nicholas» was written in 1822 as a Christmas present for his children; and that a young lady visiting the family copied it into her album, and sent it, unknown to Dr. Moore, to the editor of the Troy «Sentinel,» who printed it, without the author's name, in the issue of that journal for December 23, 1823. From the newspaper it found its way to the school readers, and speedily became a great favorite with children all over the country.

Mr. Pelletreau tells us that Dr. Moore was at first annoyed by the appearance of the poem in print, as he had not intended it for the public, and thought it a mere trifle with but slight literary merit. No doubt it was with some misgivings that, twenty years later, he gave it a place in the volume of his collected poems. With the proverbial blindness of

¹ «Poems by Clement C. Moore, LL.D.» New York: Bartlett & Welford, 1844.

writers, he probably thought this playful sally, written to please his youngsters at their Christmas merrymaking, far inferior to its all-forgotten companions, of which he says in his preface: «Some of them have cost me much time and thought, and I have composed them all as carefully and correctly as I could.»

But, alas! for the self-esteem of poets, immortalities and oblivions are not distributed on their own terms. They take much pains to please their peers among the learned and the cultivated, who «scarce allow them half an eye»; while some flower chance-dropped from their hands is picked up by a child in passing, and, to their surprise,—sometimes, it may be, to their disdain,—they find that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings their praise has been ordained. The bright-eyed procession of children—most beautiful, most precious of all the beautiful and precious things in our world—has kept Dr. Moore's unconsidered trifle alive for all these years; and it has earned its right to live by the clearness of its conception and the directness with which the story is told. It is a true piece of Dutch painting in verse, and it is not surprising that it should have been translated into painting so many times. For nothing is left to the copyist's fancy; he has but to trace the poet's lines with his pencil. And, trifle as it is, it has a fair claim to originality as a conception. Dr. Moore's St. Nicholas has become the accepted personification of this kindly purveyor of toys and playthings; and this particular avatar is one in which, so far as we know, the benevolent saint never appeared before. His German prototype is, by comparison, a somewhat stolid and formal personage, who goes through his task of distributing gifts somewhat in the spirit of an expressman delivering his parcels, or of a schoolmaster giving out prizes at commencement. Dr. Moore's St. Nicholas, on the other hand, has animal spirits in plenty, and a most contagious love of fun; and the children are in love with him as soon as they set eyes on him. Many a child must have wondered how the saint contrived to get round to so many houses in a single night; but no story-teller before Dr. Moore ever let him into the secret. That he should have come in a sleigh was likely enough, but a sleigh drawn by reindeer is a fancy as unexpected as it is pretty. The invention of most story-tellers would have got no further than horses. An added touch of reality is the «ashes and soot» on the fur coat of St. Nicholas. The conventional German saint is always miraculously clean when, to the

amazement of the children, he comes walking out of the chimney. «Comes,» do we say? How can he long continue to come out of the chimney in houses where gas-logs, asbestos rag-bags, steam-radiators, and furnace-registers have usurped the life-giving hearth, the center of the home life, the heart of hospitality?

Dr. Clement C. Moore was the only child of the Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, a distinguished prelate of the Episcopal Church, and a conspicuous citizen of New York in the time of the Revolution. After his return from England, where he had been ordained at Lambeth in 1774, he was made assistant minister of Trinity Church, and held that place until the resignation of Bishop Provoost in 1800, when he was installed as rector. In 1800 he succeeded Provoost as bishop, having for some time been his coadjutor, and in the same year was chosen president of Columbia College. His duties in this position being chiefly ceremonial, as he was expressly made exempt from all regular instruction and from the details of college discipline, he continued to serve as president while performing all the arduous duties belonging to the bishopric, until a stroke of paralysis, in 1811, unfitted him for further work. He died in 1816. It may be interesting to note, in passing, that Bishop Moore administered the communion to Alexander Hamilton after the duel with Aaron Burr, and that he was one of the assistants at the inauguration of General Washington as President. He was, according to all testimony, a man of beautifully rounded character; and his earnest devotion to his duties as churchman and as public-spirited citizen made a distinct impression on his time. Bishop Moore had married Charity, the daughter of Major Thomas Clarke, a retired officer of the British army, who had bought a tract of land extending from the present Nineteenth street to Twenty-fourth street, and from what is now the Eighth Avenue to the Hudson River. Here he built what was, for the times, a handsome house, and, according to Mr. Pelletreau, named it «Chelsea,» after the well-known hospital near London. It was build of wood, like nearly all those «old mansions» in describing the «grandeur» of which so much republican ink has been pathetically expended. The house was burned down in the last illness of the owner, who came near perishing in the flames. After his death his widow rebuilt it, and she bequeathed the house and a large portion of the land to her daughter Charity, the wife of Bishop Moore. While the Widow

Clarke occupied «Chelsea Farm» her house was seized by the British on the stormy uprising of the «rebels»; and, like every other householder, she was obliged to accept whatever military guard might be quartered upon her. Many of these householders left their dwellings to the tender mercies of the enemy, and fled; but Mrs. Clarke was advised to remain, and she was fortunate in her enforced guest, who proved to be a gallant officer and a courteous gentleman, who spared her goods, and treated her and her daughters with consideration.

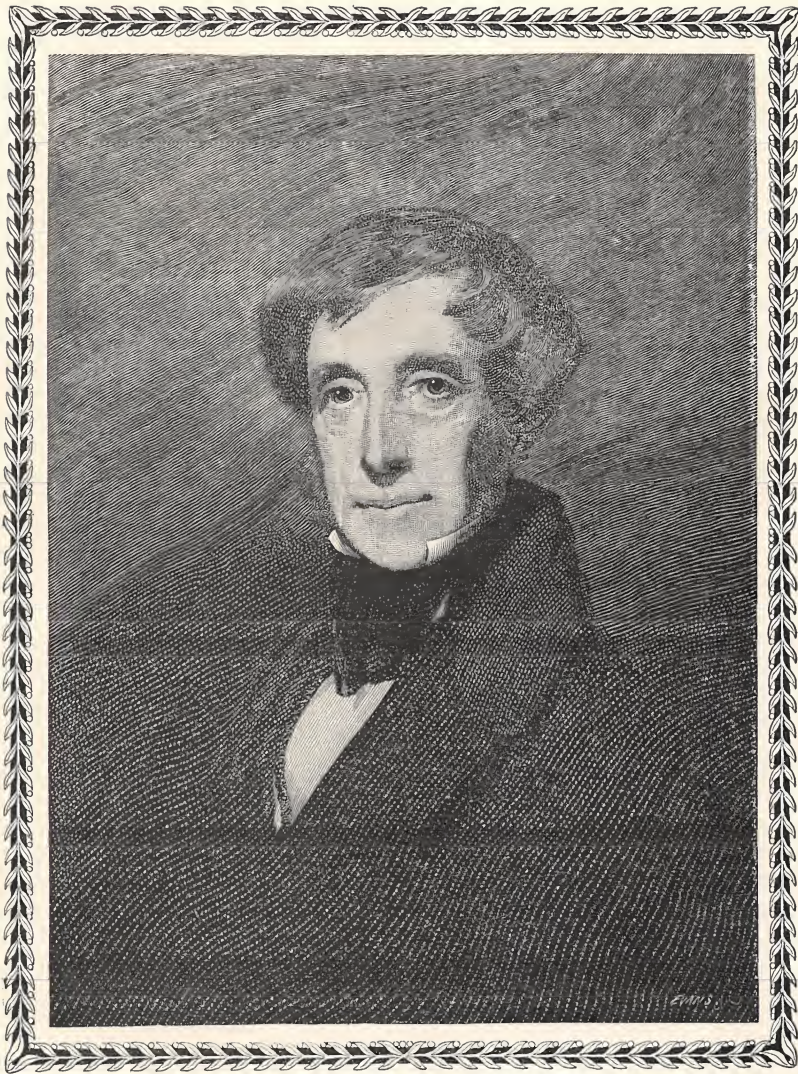
It was in this house that Bishop Moore's only child was born—a son, who was named after his mother's only brother, Clement Clarke. He was born on July 15, 1781. After receiving the elements of his education from his father, he entered Columbia College, and was graduated in 1798. He was fitted for the ministry, but he never took orders; and continuing to live in his father's house, he devoted himself to Oriental and classical studies, and employed his leisure in writing verse, not for profit or publication, but to lighten his severer labors and amuse his children and his friends. His first printed venture was made in 1806, as the anonymous contributor to the book of a friend, which also appeared anonymously—a dingy little volume «on gray paper with blunt type,» printed for E. Sargeant, at No. 39 Wall street, opposite the United States Bank—«A New Translation, with Notes, of the Third Satire of Juvenal, to which are added Miscellaneous Poems, Original and Translated.» It would seem as if the authors were a little afraid of the sound of their own voices; for in the only copy we have been able to find of this book, the names of the translator and his friend are written with ink on the title-page by some one in the secret, but have been obstinately erased, and are to be read only by those who have learned from R. W. Griswold's «Poets of America» what the names must be. By applying this X-ray to the inky blot, the names are clearly to be read of John Duer and Clement C. Moore.

The introduction written by Moore for his friend's translation is apropos of nothing in that translation, but simply serves as a hook on which to hang certain animadversions, as severe as the constitutional good nature of the writer would permit, on a group of lackadaisical poets and poetasters of the town, who, as Mr. Moore and his friend thought, were having too much their own way. The verse they criticized was certainly worthless alike in

form and matter; but it must be said that neither the new translator of Juvenal, nor the author of the poems that accompanied it (who was acknowledged, in a note, to be the writer of the introduction), was by right entitled to be too severe on the disciples of Laura Matilda and the Della Cruscans.

Thirty-eight years later, in 1844, Messrs. Bartlett and Welford—how much pleasure is associated with those names in the mind of once young book-loving New-Yorkers!—published «Poems by Clement C. Moore, LL.D.»; and in this volume were found, among others, all the verses signed «L.» that had appeared in Mr. Duer's book. Here was «A Visit from St. Nicholas,» in the company of verses so perfunctory, written in a style so different, so artificial and tame, so empty of matter, that it would be difficult to believe them written by the same hand, were it not that in «A Trip to Saratoga,» with which the volume opens, there is a distinctly natural tone in the narrative style, and the same is found in the «Lines to Southey,» with which the volume closes. But the «Trip to Saratoga» has little to recommend it beyond proving that Dr. Moore could tell a plain tale in plain words when he was so inclined, or when he was really moved to write. The «Lines to Southey» were written, but never sent, after reading the dedication by that poet of «A Tale of Paraguay» to his daughter, Edith May Southey. In Moore's poem he laments the loss of his wife and two of his children; and his grief has a note that makes its way to the heart in spite of the formal versification that hinders its free motions.

The wonder would have been, perhaps, if anybody in New York at that time had written poetry worth preserving. Certainly the city must have been a pleasant place to live in, half town, half country as it was—a large village fringed with smaller villages or hamlets, with green fields, fruitful farms, and well-kept estates stretching along the once beautiful waters that bounded it on each side. But if it had all the charms of this semi-rural life, it had all the disadvantages of such a condition. We have only to skim the pages of Mr. Philip Hone's diary—Mr. Hone, socially one of the most prominent men of his time, and a warm friend of Dr. Moore—to discover what a Little Peddlingtown the smaller New York must have been in those years. The two great passions that divided the public mind were politics and trade; and as these were strictly interdependent, it is no wonder that, almost homogeneous as the public was in race, and but little separated in its



FROM THE PORTRAIT FROM LIFE PAINTED FOR HIS CHILDREN.

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

interests, it took things with a seriousness that kept the social pot forever boiling over.

But in the midst of all this social turmoil and hubbub, the life of Dr. Moore flowed tranquilly on in his home at Chelsea Farm, among his books, with his music and his flowers, like one of the many small streams that in his day pursued their quiet way through the fields of Greenwich and the streets of the bustling city. His more laborious hours were passed in his work as instructor in the Oriental languages and in Hebrew. In 1809 he published a Hebrew lexicon, in two volumes,—the first that had appeared in America,—and thus became the pioneer in that study here.

In 1818 Dr. Moore presented to the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church,

as a free gift, the entire block bounded by Ninth Avenue, Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, and extending to the Hudson River. In 1821 he became professor of the Oriental and Hebrew languages in the seminary, and continued his work in that field during the rest of his life. He died at his summer home in Newport, Rhode Island, July 10, 1863.

His Hebrew lexicon has long been superseded; his poems are forgotten: but the noble foundation of the Theological Seminary—a gift such as would hardly be possible for even a multi-millionaire to imitate in our crowded city to-day—this gift to the world of scholars, and the «Visit from St. Nicholas» a gift to our children, will long keep green the memory of this learned, modest scholar and friend of his kind.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY TIMOTHY COLE.

THE contrast between Reynolds and Gainsborough is perhaps not so sharply marked as biographers and critics would have us believe. The one was not wholly a creature of training, nor the other wholly a spontaneous manifestation of genius; and while it may make a striking antithesis to say that Sir Joshua painted by the book, and Gainsborough by the look, it also makes a somewhat misleading statement. Both of them learned what they could from past art. Reynolds was the better student, and had greater opportunities; but Gainsborough took whatever came within his grasp, and his art shows nearly as many Continental influences as that of Sir Joshua. He was more self-absorbed, more individual in view, and hence more original; but originality, in the sense of throwing aside all traditions and painting only what one sees in nature, was not characteristic of Gainsborough, or of any other artist in history. Painters «go to nature» after they have found out how other painters traveled there before them. The study on their own account which follows enables them to recombine and to improve upon their predecessors; and in this Sir Joshua was quite as clever as Gainsborough. The real difference between the painters was one of temperament. Their material, subjects, training, and social *milieu* were substantially the same; it was the personal equation that made the variation in what was produced.

Gainsborough, like Reynolds, was a country boy, having been born at Sudbury in 1727. The father was a merchant dealing in cloths, and the mother, we are told, had the womanly accomplishment of flower-painting. These two facts are usually recited in Gainsborough biographies, presumably to suggest that the boy «took after» his mother rather than after his father; but when and how his pictorial inclination made itself manifest are not known. There are stories told of his boyish wanderings in Suffolk woodlands, his fondness for nature, his marvelous sketches of landscapes, and his portrait of a man stealing apples; but the stories have the infant-prodigy smack

about them, and the sketches cannot to-day be positively identified. It appears that at fifteen he had converted his family to a belief in his genius, and he was sent off to London to study painting. Here he was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Gravelot, the French illustrator and engraver, whose pupil he became; and for one year of his life he was under a master who at least knew drawing. And Gravelot's influence upon the pupil must have been more important than we are usually given to understand. Any one who studies Gainsborough's figures cannot but be impressed with a jauntiness of air, a turn of head, a smallness of hands and feet, a drawing of costume, and a posing of figures, that strongly suggest an Englishman following Watteau. Again, one is struck in some of Gainsborough's landscapes with a feathery, tufty foliage, the outer branches often being edged like a bird's wing; that is again like Watteau. It has been explained that this is characteristic of the Rubens landscape, and that Gainsborough got it from that master; but it should be explained further that he probably got it from Rubens at second hand through Watteau, who based his landscape upon that of the great Fleming. All through Gainsborough's art there is a strain that is more French than Dutch or Flemish, more like Watteau than like Lely or Van Dyck; and this strain probably came to him through Gravelot, who inherited some of the Watteau traditions.

There was only one year of study with Gravelot, and then Gainsborough went to the St. Martin's Lane Academy, to study under Hayman. It is said that he remained at this academy three years, though what he could have learned there one is at a loss to conjecture. Hayman belonged to the wooden age of English art, and naturally he admired its exact opposite, the rococo age of Continental art. He was neither draftsman nor colorist; and after Gravelot, his pupil must have found him as water unto wine. But there is small record of Gainsborough's outside movements



ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS.

during these three years, and what he picked up in instruction no one knows. After leaving the St. Martin's Lane Academy, he seems for a few months to have set up a studio of his own; but evidently success was not his, for at nineteen he had returned to Sudbury. Here he speedily married a young woman named Margaret Burr, who had an amiable disposition and two hundred pounds a year. The young couple moved to Ipswich, where Gainsborough executed some portraits for which he received moderate sums, painted some country-life pictures which sold for next to nothing, and painted a number of landscapes which he could not sell at all. In 1760 he went to Bath, where he soon had a handsome patronage at fashionable prices. His sitters spread his fame, and from Bath he began sending pictures to London for exhibition at the Society of Artists. He sent to the Society for seven years, and to the Royal Academy (of which he was an original member) from 1769 to 1772. He finally outgrew Bath; and in 1773 he went up to town, took a house in Pall Mall, and passed the rest of his life there. The king sent for him shortly after his arrival, and with royal patronage Gainsborough flourished, and became the formidable rival of Sir Joshua. Nobility sat to him; the town knew him; money came to him freely; and, all told, his latter days were filled with success. He was quite content with London, and, aside from a tour to the Lake District in 1783, he never wandered from home, never went out of England. His death occurred August 2, 1788. He was buried at Kew; and Burke, Sheridan, Reynolds, and other celebrities stood by the grave, bearing witness to the qualities of the man and the genius of the painter.

There is little in Gainsborough's life that seems out of the normal. His career was perhaps more commonplace in its lack of incident than that of Reynolds; for he mingled less with the world, and was hardly a social character at all. A sensitive man, a little shy, and prone to the melancholy view, he rather shrank from the mob, and spent almost all of his life in the English country. The society of his wife, with whom he lived happily, a chum of a musician (for he had a passion for music), or the farm-house people, with whom he always found himself at home, was more congenial than nobilities or celebrities. When success brought him to London, he did not join "The Club" and enter the society of the period, though he occasionally dined with Burke, Sheridan, Beau-

mont, and the other gay ones. He was diffident and easily embarrassed. Reynolds called upon him, but he never returned the courtesy, and a coolness sprang up between the two painters that lasted through life. When Gainsborough was on his death-bed he sent for Sir Joshua, and they were reconciled. Very touching is the account of this scene left us by Sir Joshua, and very handsome was his after-tribute to the genius of Gainsborough. The tribute was all the more gracious because the men were rivals, and because they were naturally ill fitted to comprehend each other. Sir Joshua had a philosophy that summed up the factors of life and art, and established certain principles; he was a character. Gainsborough had a sensitive disposition, responding ever and always to impulse; he was a temperament. Sir Joshua could analyze, theorize, and discourse, proving himself in the right by reason and precedent; but this was not his rival's method of attaining truth. Analysis bothered Gainsborough. Doubtless he had his theories, but he never talked them at the Royal Academy, or painted them in any recognizable form. What he could see he comprehended acutely, but what he had to reason out was not so well grasped. And this peculiar quality of mind seemed to dictate his likes and dislikes. Men and books interested him but slightly; they appealed to the reflective side of his intelligence, and found little response; but he was devoted to trees, hills, skies, animals, handsome women and children, because they appealed to his sense of form and color.

Gainsborough's pictures make up his only autobiography, and all of them are temperamental rather than philosophical, reflective of moods or states of feeling rather than intellectual expositions of abstract fact. An individuality full of delicate feeling, sensitive to things graceful and charming, and tinged by a strain of romantic melancholy, shows in the majority of his canvases. On the surface his art is frequently vivacious, sprightly, dashing; but underneath flows almost always a current of sadness inherent in the man. How many handsome women he painted, with heads tossed coquettishly on one side, with lively pose of figure, and soubrette turn of hand and foot! They all smile, but there is something behind the smile that seems to mock at gaiety. His country children have the same strain about them. They are pensive, supersensitive, grown old in youth. They stand or sit, quietly gazing at you; and though they are

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

THE «WATERING-PLACE.»

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.



healthy-looking enough, they have little of the romp, the play of animal spirits, the thoughtlessness, of children. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the idea of children in landscape came to him from Dutch art; but how radical is the difference in spirit! The Dutch children are strong of body, light of mind, quite unconscious; but the Gainsborough children have known grief, and their gaiety has been nipped by an early frost. One can trace this feeling in Gainsborough's portraits of men, and, with less emphasis perhaps, in his landscapes. Yet look at his gray clouds which are always drifting across the sky, his deep-brown trees, wind-swept fields, dusky woods. How somber they are! The model for these landscapes came from the over-seas art, and their color was perhaps not wholly an expression of Gainsborough's feeling; but is it not odd that he should have chosen this model instead of the bright golden sky of Italy, as painted by Wilson? Was it not because the solemn sadness of Ruysdael—one of the first masters to influence him—appealed to his temperament?

Gainsborough's subjects fall easily into three classes: first, landscapes with rustic figures; secondly, rustic figures with landscapes; and thirdly, portraits. His landscapes attracted but little notice. In his day people were indifferent to skies, trees, meadows, and hills; and Wilson, thirteen years his senior, had starved at painting them. When Gainsborough died, most of the Suffolk woodlands he had put upon canvas were found in his house. They had never sold, and their creation had been with the painter a labor of love. It is impossible to say when they were painted, for he seldom, if ever, signed or dated pictures. Probably his first efforts were his woodland sketches about Sudbury, and probably, again, his first lessons in art came from studying Dutch pictures in the East-England country. Certainly Gainsborough tells us in his pictures that he knew the work of Ruysdael, Wynants, and perhaps Hobbema. The wood scene in the National Gallery, showing Cornard village, sometimes called "Gainsborough's Forest," may be rightly enough named as regards the locality and the subject, but it is Ruysdael's palette, brush, and method. The trees, with their brown under-basing and sage-green overlaying, the thin gray clouds, the unsubstantial earth, the spotty lights, all show an English paraphrase of the Dutchman. If this picture can be taken as an example of early work, and the "Watering-Place," in the

same gallery, as an example of late work, then it may be said that Gainsborough outgrew the Dutch, outgrew Rubens and Watteau, and finally produced a landscape that was quite his own. The "Watering-Place," to be sure, shows the broom-like, bird-wing foliage of Watteau, together with the brown tree and the bituminous shadow which were never true of English or any other watering-places; but it also shows a broad sweep, a largeness of conception and treatment, a majestic force in earth, tree, cloud, and sky, such as no English painter had ever produced before him. Something of the same view and treatment is shown in a landscape in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy; and there is a landscape with dogs and a fox, belonging to Lord Rosebery, that is impatient and sketchy, but full of vigor and comprehensive knowledge. Gainsborough did not always see nature so largely or paint its appearance so powerfully. He was frequently smooth, thin, and somewhat "sweet" in skies, lights, and trees. This was apparently his early manner, when he was following Ruysdael. Later, when he seemed to be following Watteau, his composition was less formal, the brush was freer, and the coloring much deeper and warmer.

In all his landscapes he was fond of putting small figures,—horses, carts, cattle, ponds, broken tree-trunks,—using them for spots of color or light. When these small objects were merely accessories of light or color they were kept subordinate to the landscape; but when they were enlarged the landscape was kept down, and the objects became the leading features. Thus was made up Gainsborough's second class of pictures—rustic figures with landscape. With these themes he was often hasty and sketchy in his foliage, skies, and grounds, feeling, undoubtedly, that the interest was centered in the figures, and should be maintained there. The "Cottage Girl," the "Girl with Cat," the "Girl with Pitcher," the "Girl Feeding Pigs," the "Dogs Fighting," the "Donkey Race," are illustrations of this genre. They were not highly valued in the painter's time, but recently it has been discovered that they are wonderful studies from nature; that while Reynolds painted the aristocratic child, Gainsborough did the farmer's child; and that the latter was the more genuine, because coming more directly from the soil. But there is small reason in the argument. Gainsborough's children have more florid complexions and less elegant garments than Sir Joshua's, but they are as much warped by

the painter's subjective nature as Sir Joshua's were by his regard for Correggio's way of depicting childhood. His real nature-studies were his cottages, carts, and particularly his animals. Cattle, horses, sheep he did not care too much for, painting them largely as spots of color; but a dog, a fox, or a donkey he characterized oftentimes in a most striking manner.

But after all praise has been given to Gainsborough's landscapes,—and they are worthy of praise,—the fact remains that his reputation was made, and still hangs, upon his portraits. As might be surmised from his disposition, he worked better with women and children for sitters than with men. The painter's sentiment seemed to carry more effectively when shown in the face of a «Mrs. Graham» than when pictured in the face of a «Johnson» or an «Admiral Vernon.» Some trace of effeminacy lingers in almost all of his men. His «Pitt» will not compare with Hoppner's for sturdy force; the «Parish Clerk,» in the National Gallery, is prettified; the «Admiral Rodney» is unsympathetic and perfunctory; and only one of his many portraits in the National Portrait Gallery can be called satisfactory. One wonders if Gainsborough ever painted a man's portrait that possessed the force of Reynolds's «Lord Heathfield.» After all, Sir Joshua had an intellectual stamina which he instilled into his characters, whereas Gainsborough had merely a winning personality. But this very shortcoming in his men's portraits proved an excellence in his portraits of women. The «Mrs. Siddons,» hanging near the «Parish Clerk,» is very like the latter work in conception and treatment; but in the «Mrs. Siddons» the delicacy and softness are the very essence of the tragic queen when off the stage and once more a woman. And what a charm there is about the beautiful «Mrs. Graham»! Not proud or haughty like a Van Dyck duchess; yet what a refined, delicate creature she is, with that girlish throat and those small, taper hands and feet! Vivacious and spirited in pose, she is nevertheless constrained to quietude, dignified, even saddened, by that Gainsborough strain of melancholy. The castle wall, the deep glen at the left, the loneliness of the background, add to the romance of the face, until one might fancy her, for all her jauntiness of air, the subject of some great tragedy. No wonder that when the beautiful lady died, her husband could not bear to look at the wistful, tender face, and walled up the picture in his house, where it was forgotten, and hung in

darkness for fifty years, until a new proprietor, making alterations, brought it once more to light. The «Mrs. David Kinloch,» the «Lady Eden,» the «Lady Ennis,» the «Lady Margaret Fordyce,» the «Ladies Erne and Dillon,» the «Duchess of Cumberland,» the «Duchess of Devonshire,» all have rather long faces and pointed chins, and they all wear the Mona-Lisa smile, deepened and saddened to pathetic loveliness. Were they all so sad in reality, or did they only appear so as seen through Gainsborough's temperament? The Duchess of Devonshire was painted by both Reynolds and Gainsborough; but how differently each saw her! To Reynolds she was gay, and somewhat noisy in the bargain; but to Gainsborough she was shy and lonely, leaning romantically against a column, with downcast eyes, and a face sicklied over with pensiveness. Occasionally he painted portraits where the strain is less obvious, as, for examples, the «Perdita Robinson» and the «Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell» at Dulwich; but in the majority of his pictures, whatever the subjects, we find the temperament tincturing the reality. A man so cabined, cribbed, confined within himself as Gainsborough could not be objective. He drew from the only source at his disposal, and that source chiefly himself. He painted many «whole-lengths» of noble-looking ladies standing in landscape; and whether or not they were good likenesses cannot now be determined. As we see them to-day, they are at least beautiful pictures. The character may be romanced, but the tale told is not the less poetic; the facts may be juggled with, but the form is not less graceful or the color less charming. Possessed as Gainsborough was of the true artistic temperament, he was not a thoroughly trained craftsman any more than his contemporaries. He struggled with insufficient knowledge all his life. The composition of a group always worried him, but he could pose a single figure, and arrange the accessories very cleverly. He knew considerable about drawing, but not enough to be a complete master of it. It is often apparent in his pictures that he did not know how an object should be presented by line, and that he sought, by diverting the attention to color and texture, to give the appearance of reality in another way. He did this effectively, for he was more of a painter than a draftsman; and if he did not paint in patches, like Manet, he at least tried to reproduce the exact values of the tones. The tone as a substitute for line was a makeshift, but it had its advantages, not unforeseen by



ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY GAINSBOROUGH.

IN THE DULWICH GALLERY.

THE SISTERS—MRS. SHERIDAN AND MRS. TICKELL.

the painter, of giving elasticity and mobility to the figure; and it is not a matter of regret that he failed to inclose his figures in a rim or an outline. Better by far a rambling «Musidora» by Gainsborough than an impossible, line-bound «Helen» by David.

His handling is one of his oddities, and is certainly original enough, since no other master ever handled in just the same way. Rubens wrote with the brush as easily and as smoothly as a writing-master with the pen; Rembrandt modeled in paint, oftentimes producing surfaces in relief; Reynolds kneaded and thumbed; but Gainsborough streaked, scratched, and rubbed, working with a long-handled brush, and striving to gain an under-surface effect. Close to view, such scratching and hatching as one sees in the hair of the «Mrs. Siddons» seems quite unnecessary; but at the proper distance this work reveals the lightness and fluffiness of the hair most strikingly. A similar effect was frequently sought for in his flesh-tones. He did not like the hard, shining surface, though he sometimes painted it; and in his faces he was usually striving for the depth and transparent quality of the flesh rather than for its external appearance. He was not at ease with the full brush, though such landscapes as the «Watering-Place» offer a contradiction to the statement. His touch was usually smooth and swift enough, but thin, and not always certain. Where Reynolds hesitated, Gainsborough was perhaps too hasty, painting with more decision than precision, all of which would tell us, even if we did not know it from contemporary testimony, that he was an impatient, impulsive man, working by fits and starts with much energy, and putting more of the artist's mood in his work than the brushman's skill.

Perhaps Gainsborough's greatest charm as a painter was his color, and here he followed no master but himself. In fact, so independent was he that he was disposed to place himself in opposition to Reynolds in the matter of pleasing color arrangements; and instead of using the warm academic hues, he preferred the cool tints of gray, yellow, and blue. Much has been made of Reynolds's dictum about the inexpediency of cool colors in the body of a picture, and it has been said that Gainsborough painted his Van Dyck-like «Blue Boy» to disprove the dictum. Whether the Reynolds rule was applied to the picture,

or the picture to the rule, the «Blue Boy» proved Reynolds in the right instead of Gainsborough. The picture is not a blue picture in the sense of possessing a blue *enveloppe*. It is simply a mass of dark blue placed in a warm brown setting, and is about as disappointing in color as anything Gainsborough ever painted. The blues in the «Parish Clerk» and the «Mrs. Siddons» are perhaps more pleasing, though neither picture gains by their use. The large Dulwich picture is much better; and very fine in coloring are such portraits as the «Elder Daughter of George III» at Kensington, the «Duchess of Cumberland» at Windsor, and, again, the «Mrs. Graham» at Edinburgh. Cream whites, dull reds and pinks, saffron yellows, silver grays—pale, cool notes—he could arrange in most charming combinations. Here he relied almost entirely upon his sensitive eye, and the result was a harmony quite his own. Van Dyck and Reynolds may have taught him something about aristocracy of pose and bearing, but they taught him nothing about color. It was Gainsborough's most original quality, and was most appropriate, in fact quite complementary, to that shade of melancholy which dominated his finest work. His soft tones seem to harmonize with the pathos of sad faces, where lively or severe coloring would have been out of place and disturbing.

Again we come back to a primary statement that Gainsborough was a temperament instead of a rule, a person of feeling rather than an erudite craftsman. In art, temperament is perhaps above character, as more spontaneous; but temperament in the ascendancy usually means limitation, and Gainsborough was not a versatile man. True, he did many subjects—and so did Corot, the Frenchman; but the peculiar sentiment of the painter is apparent in almost every one of them. Reynolds, who was somewhat different from Gainsborough in this respect, seemed to appreciate in his contemporary what he himself could lay less claim to; and it was perhaps not presidential condescension or funereal eulogy that led him to say of the dead painter: «If ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire to us the honorable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in the history of the art, among the very first of that rising name.»

THE TOURNEY'S QUEEN.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

WHAT ails mine eyes? I hear the shouts;
I hear the trumpets blare;
Why should they blur—the flags that stir
Like strange birds in the air?

I know this place: it is the lists;
Behind, the ramparts frown,—
There—there—they met! The dust is wet.
And one—and one—went down.

And I must wear a rim of gold,
Be crowned the tourney's queen;
Already, see! he rides to me
The lifted spears between!

Yea—so! A woman's heart is won
By him who wins the field.
(O heart that dies where Bevis lies
With broken lance and shield!)

THE CAUSES OF POVERTY.

BY FRANCIS A. WALKER.



Y subject is the Causes of Poverty, not the Causes of Pauperism. The relation of pauperism to poverty seems at first a very simple one. The natural suggestion is that pauperism is merely an outcome of poverty; that out of a given number of poor folk on the verge of self-support, more or fewer are every now and then pushed over the line, and become paupers through the exceptional severity in their cases of the causes which have made their general constituency poor. Of course, in some degree, this takes place. But during the investigations, profound, dispassionate, comprehensive, which have of late been carried on in many countries into the causes of pauperism, it has been made abundantly to appear that in only a small proportion of instances is real, unavoidable poverty the cause of the effect. Other forces, more deeply seated, more difficult perhaps to deal with, contribute in larger measure to that result.

I spoke of those who, standing with their class all the time on the verge of self-support, are now and then pushed over the line by the exceptional severity of the forces acting upon them individually—causes, it may be, industrial or commercial in their nature, or in other cases personal to themselves, such as sickness, accidents, fire or flood, or what not. Such instances are all the while occurring in every community. In any community not especially fortunate in its conditions, and having, therefore, but a narrow margin of living, they must occur frequently. Yet, when such causes affect persons

not constitutionally of the true pauper class, they are strenuously resisted. It is remarkable how long, in the failure of employment among a population having the spirit of independence, the small stock of money, of provisions, and of furniture, and the small reserve of credit at the butcher's, the grocer's, and the baker's, are made to last. It is altogether a matter of wonder and admiration how quickly the widow left forlorn and seemingly resourceless with her brood of small children finds here a little and there a little more of the means of again kindling her own fire and baking the frugal meals which shall nourish and not disgust, because, however scanty and however mean, they have been earned. Almost nothing can push the poor who are not of the pauper type across the line of self-support, and keep them there, so long as the spirit of independence exists in the community to which they belong. Beaten down by misfortune, no matter how sudden and terrible, they reassert their manhood and reappear on the side of those who owe, and will owe, no man anything.

On the other hand, a very little suffices to carry across the line of self-support, and leave them there in hopeless pauperism, the persons, increasingly numerous in sophisticated societies, whose natural gravitation is in that direction. Pauperism is, in truth, largely voluntary, to the full degree in which anything can be said to be voluntary in a world of causation—a matter, if not of definite and conscious choice, then of appetites and aptitudes indulged or submitted to from inherent baseness or cowardice or moral weakness. Those who are paupers are so

far more from character than from condition. They have the pauper taint; they bear the pauper brand.

Without attempting to go into the remote causes which lead to the filling of our almshouses, our police lodging-houses, and our charitable asylums, it may be said that the bulk of the pauperism of any community which has not been demoralized and debauched by bad legislation of the socialistic variety is due to the misconduct of individuals, or to their weakness of will and infirmity of purpose (not to mere physical weakness and infirmity of frame and limbs), or to Ishmaelitic proclivities repugnant to civilization. The true predominant causes of pauperism, as of crime, have been strikingly and painfully brought out in tracing the history of a few families. Three cases will suffice. The reader remembers the investigation of the Jukes family in New York State. Mr. Dugdale estimated that the members of this family, descendants of one worthless woman or intermarried with her descendants, have in seventy-five years cost the State, as criminals and paupers, a million and a quarter of dollars. The history of a Kentucky family founded in 1790 has been traced to include the character and conduct of a host of its members by descent or by sexual alliance, legitimate or illegitimate. Among these have been 121 prostitutes. Thieving and beggary have made up the lives of most of the remainder. Those who try to do something better for themselves prove unable to perform hard labor or to endure severe weather. They break down early and go easily to the poorhouse or the hospital. From Berlin we have the history of another criminal and pauper family, the descendants of two sisters who lived in the last century. The enumerated posterity number 834. Of these the history of 709 has been traced with tolerable accuracy. They embrace 106 illegitimate children, 164 prostitutes, 17 pimps, 142 beggars, 64 inmates of poorhouses, and 76 who have been guilty of serious crimes. Still other instructive cases are given, in one of which nearly all the inmates of a county poorhouse have been found to be related in blood.

I have spoken, as among the causes of pauperism, of certain Ishmaelitic proclivities which are at war with civilization. In communities like ours there is a large and increasing number of persons who, perhaps neither from tainted blood nor defective organization nor under-vitalization, but in revolt against artificial habits of life, a rising

social standard, and the severe requirements of public opinion, become vagabonds and outlaws. I will not inquire how many mute, inglorious Whitmans or Thoreaus there may be among the tramps of the United States; but it cannot be doubted that the outcasts of a highly sophisticated society embrace not a few who in a tribe of hunters or herdsmen or fishermen would have had a place, and would perhaps have been not useless members of the body politic. Formerly in the United States we used largely to rid ourselves of this element by throwing men of that type out on to the frontier. While millions went West with undaunted resolution, boundless energy, and strong ambition, to make for themselves and their children homes in the lands newly opened to settlement, there went along with them no inconsiderable number who were simply uncomfortable under the requirements of an old society. They sometimes made excellent pioneers up to a certain point. So long as all, the poorest and the best, had to live in huts, wear shabby clothes, and live meanly while opening up the country and making the first hurried improvements upon the soil, these men felt at home. But when the mere camping-out stage was passed, when public decency began to make its requirements and social distinctions rose into view, straightway they came to feel uneasy, uncomfortable, unhappy. Daily they cast more and more glances toward the setting sun; and before long they were again on the move, "seeking a country" where they could be as shiftless, irregular, and shabby as they liked. The story of the reputable pioneer has been told in prose and in verse; but the story of the pioneer vagabond, sturdy, courageous, possibly good-natured and honest, but intolerant of near neighbors and offensive to good society, has yet to be written.

I have spoken thus fully of pauperism, though it is not strictly a part of my subject, because in distinguishing pauperism from poverty we get a large part of the philosophy of each. Let us now lend ourselves more strictly to our task, which is to inquire why so many are so poor; why poverty is so general and so galling; why it is that the great majority of our kind have to pass their lives with little to hope for and less to have, a narrow horizon and a gloomy sky around and above their comfortless abodes. Why is it "that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap"? Many explanations have been offered of the phenomenon of general poverty. Before I proceed to give my own,

let me speak of some which have been given, especially of those which are to-day most current.

I hardly know whether to treat seriously the theological explanation sometimes offered. In an article in the *«North American Review»* of April, 1891, Cardinal Gibbons said: *«We must make up our minds that poverty, in one shape or another, will always exist among us. The words of Christ will ever be verified, (The poor ye have always with you.) . . . It is in accordance with the economy of divine providence that men should exist in unequal conditions in society, in order to the exercise of the benevolent virtues.»*

I confess that to me, as a man knowing something of men and enjoying the light of natural reason, such a view seems a very shallow one. I am far from believing that the aggregate of personal kindness, of mutual good-will and helpfulness, of sweet and gracious affections, of fine thought and noble aspiration, is increased by the wretchedness and anguish of some calling out the sympathy and aid of others. There is doubtless a certain partial compensation for human misery in human compassion for misery; but the balance still turns terribly against the moral and spiritual development of mankind. In spite of all *«the exercise of benevolent virtues»* seeking the relief of suffering, the world is blacker and fouler for the suffering; the brain and the heart of the race are smaller and less harmoniously developed because of pinching want and loathsome conditions.

It is one thing to say that poverty and grinding necessities have been imposed upon mankind in order that, by the exercise of forethought and care and pains, and by heroic toil, men may struggle out through this close and hard environment, and at last emerge victorious into a larger place and a clearer air, with mind and heart and frame expanded and strengthened by the long and arduous conflict. But poverty perpetual, poverty without hope of escape, poverty maintained throughout the life of the race, merely that contributions may be taken up in churches, and district visitors may go their rounds, and Sisters of Charity may do their self-sacrificing work in hospitals and wretched homes—such poverty could only stunt the growth and blunt the sensibilities of mankind. Charity shall never fail. Of that we have sweet and strong assurance. But the charity of which the great apostle speaks is not the charity of the poorhouse

overseer, of the district visitor, or even of the veiled and devout sister. It is love, which shall grow stronger and purer as the world grows brighter and fairer.

Mr. Henry George, too, has his explanation of poverty; but, unlike the cardinal, with his cause he offers us a cure. Rent is the cause of poverty, which only increases with the progress of mankind in the arts of life and in productive power; so that with every step on the way to greater wealth the misery of the masses necessarily, so long as rent is maintained, becomes more profound and more hopeless. *«The necessary effect,»* he says, *«of material progress—land being private property—is to force laborers to wages which give them but a bare living»*; or, as he elsewhere expresses it: *«Material progress does not merely fail to relieve poverty: it actually produces it»*; or, again: *«Whatever be the increase of productive power, rent steadily tends to swallow up the gain, and more than the gain.»*

On the other hand, Mr. George, while drawing this gloomy picture of a world lying in landlordism, comforts us by the assurance that if we will only take his word for it and abolish rent, mankind shall have nothing left to wish for. *«This,»* he declares, *«is the simple yet sovereign remedy which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals and taste and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilization to yet nobler heights.»*

The degree of originality attaching to Mr. George's famous work is much misapprehended by the reading public. That there is *«an unearned increment»* of the land, which is due to the exertions and sacrifices of the general community, and not to those of the individual owner; that this unearned increment, or economic rent, tends to increase from age to age with the growth of the community in numbers and in wealth; that, in strict political justice, this belongs to the community which has created it, and that its engrossment and enjoyment by an individual owner can be justified, if at all, only by considerations of practical economic expediency, was fully set forth by Mr. Mill in his great work of 1848. What Mr. George did discover was the truly remarkable relation between progress and poverty, which is indicated in the title of his work, and is set forth in the paragraphs I have quoted. This is all his own; no other man can claim any part of it.

His fundamental proposition is that, «irrespective of the increase of population, the effect of improvements in methods of production and exchange is to increase rents.» The proof of this highly important proposition is as follows: «The effect of labor-saving improvements will be to increase the production of wealth. Now, for the production of wealth two things are required—labor and land. Therefore, the effect of labor-saving improvements will be to extend the demand for land.» It is in these fateful words that Mr. George establishes the necessary relation of progress to poverty. Let us see what will be the result if we prick this argument with a pin. «For the production of wealth,» Mr. George says, «two things are required—labor and land. Therefore, the effect of labor-saving improvements will be to extend the demand for land.» But why not also for labor, since labor too is concerned in production? But if the demand for labor is to be increased, why may not, and why must not, the amount going to wages also increase, instead of all the gain going to land?

Is not that a pretty piece of reasoning on which to found a whole system of social and economic philosophy? In contradiction of Mr. George's proposition that the effect of an increase of production is wholly expended in raising rents, neither wages nor interest deriving anything therefrom because rent absorbs the gain, «and more than the gain,» I boldly assert:

(1) That any given increase of production may enhance the demand for labor coincidentally with, and even equally with, the demand for land. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the new land is to be cultivated at all, or the old land is to be cultivated more «intensely,» without more labor.

(2) That, in fact, in those forms of production which especially characterize modern society, the rate of enhancement of the demand for labor tends to exceed, and far to exceed, the rate of enhancement of the demand for land.

(3) That an increased production of wealth may, and in a vast body of instances does, enhance the demand for labor without enhancing the demand for land at all, the whole effect being expended in the elaboration of the same amount of material. Thus, a pound of raw cotton may be used in the production of coarse cloth worth fifteen cents, or it may be wrought into exquisite fabrics worth fifty cents or even five times fifty cents. A given quantity of lumber may

be used in building a shed or in making coarse furniture worth two hundred dollars, or it may be planed and jointed and carved in the production of cases and cabinets worth a thousand dollars. The rough boots of the laborer, costing two dollars, contain as much material, and thus make as great a draft upon the properties of the soil, as the fine gentleman's natty boots, for which he pays ten dollars or twelve. A dinner of corned beef and cabbage at twenty-five cents a plate makes as great a demand for land as a fashionable dinner, exquisitely cooked and served, at three dollars a plate. In the foregoing cases, and ten thousand like them, the increased production of wealth nearly always takes the form of an increased demand for labor.

(4) Finally, if our space served, I could easily demonstrate that some very extensive classes of improvements, instead of enhancing the demand for land, actually operate directly, wholly, powerfully, in reducing that demand. Such are all improvements relating to transportation, which have the effect to throw out the lowest grades of soil under cultivation, and hence to reduce rents. Such are many agricultural improvements, as, for example, the invention of the subsoil plow, which brings up the productive essences from a much greater depth, and thus enables the same breadth of land to produce larger crops. Such, too, are all improvements and inventions which prevent waste of materials or enable «by-products» to be utilized.

So much for Mr. George's sole and sufficient cause of poverty. When examined, it proves to be merely a misconception of a familiar and well-understood phenomenon—that of economic rent. That something of «the unearned increment» might be taken by the state without injustice to individuals and without injury to the productive movement, as Mr. Mill proposed, it is not unreasonable to hold. But I think enough has been said to show that it is not from Mr. George we are to learn either the cause or the cure of any large part of the poverty which afflicts human society.

Mr. Bellamy, again, is ready to tell us the cause and to confide to us the cure of poverty. The cause of poverty is waste in the productive and distributive processes; too much duplication of agency; too much advertising and display by shopkeepers; too little intelligence and too great eagerness for gain on the part of manufacturers. What will bring universal plenty and joy on earth, abolish courts and jails and forts and armies, and

give to every one, even to the laborer in the fields, the miner in the bowels of the earth, and the employee of the sewer department, the richest of foods, the choicest of drinks, richly furnished homes, and unlimited opera,—ceasing neither day nor night, but always ready to be «turned on» like water at the faucet,—is to organize the whole body of producers and distributors into an industrial army, with its companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps, all to be administered without partiality, without jealousies, without partizanship, without intrigue, corruption, or cabals, by the veterans of the army, those who have been retired from the industrial service at the tender age of forty-five.

We need not spend very much time on the Nationalist statement of the cause and the cure of poverty. There is a certain and a considerable social waste, due to greed and ignorance on the part of producers and distributors, which waste Mr. Bellamy exaggerates a hundredfold. That any part of this could be cured in Mr. Bellamy's way, without incurring evils indefinitely greater than those of unregulated competition, is the wildest of dreams. That Mr. Bellamy's remarkably ingenious and purely original governing body would be the most officious, meddling, quarrelsome, and generally pestilent governing body ever constituted, in or out of bedlam, does not need to be said.

The socialists, too, have their explanation. The cause of poverty is found in the existence of profits, which, in their view, are simply unpaid wages. Abolish the employer, reinforce wages by profits, and the result will be general abundance and universal content. To this the economist answers that profits are not wholly or mainly unpaid wages—are not necessarily unpaid wages in any degree. Under fair and free and full competition, with equal rights for all, profits represent the amount of wealth created by the superior intelligence, skill, foresight, and energy of the successful men of business. These, selling their goods at as low prices, quality being taken into account, and paying wages as high, security being taken into account, as do the employers who realize no profits, have yet a surplus left in their hands, which is their own beyond reasonable challenge. Employing the same amounts of labor and capital, and paying the same rates of wages and interest, they create more of wealth. What is this difference but the proper product and rightful reward of their economy and efficiency?

But even were the vindication of profits

less clear, the socialist cause and cure of poverty would be inadequate, since, in the first place, if profits could be brought to reinforce wages, they would not be found sufficient greatly to enhance the general average of comfort; and, in the second place, the attempt to confiscate profits would merely result in reducing all production to the level of the worst—that is, of those employers who have been too feeble and unintelligent to make profits. Profits would indeed disappear, but production would be diminished by that amount and more.

Finally, Mr. Gaston has his cause of poverty, namely, that men work more than eight hours a day; and also his cure of poverty, namely, that men shall be kept from this suicidal curse. «It is,» he says, «clear that the uniform adoption in the United States, England, France, and Germany of an eight-hours system would rapidly abolish enforced idleness and able-bodied pauperism, tend to continually extend the conservation and distribution of wealth, increase the comfort, education, and culture of the masses, and permanently advance real wages.»

I shall not weary the reader by continuing the list of explanations which have been given of the prevalence of poverty, and the remedies that have been offered for the relief of this general misery. In all these cases we have the invariable phenomenon of a single cause and a simple cure. This is thoroughly characteristic of the social reformer. One cause is enough for him, and one cure will suffice for everything that is wrong. The weakness, for all the purposes of popular effect, which attaches to my own view of poverty is that I have been unable to discover any one cause which is sufficient to account for this almost universal evil, and cannot even cheat myself into the belief that I have invented any cure at all for it. Manifestly defective and imperfect, in the eyes of the social reformer, as my study of the subject must therefore be, I may perhaps ask the reader's indulgence in stating briefly how far I have got in my thinking.

In the first place, I should without hesitation say that easily chief among the causes of poverty is the hard condition of the human lot as by nature established. The prime reason why bread must be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap, is that the ratio of exchange between the two has been fixed in the constitution of the earth, much to the disadvantage of the latter. When it is written that God cursed the ground and bade it be unfruitful, bringing forth briers and

thorns, that man should only eat his bread with a dripping brow, the Scripture does not exceed the truth of the unceasing and ever-painful struggle for existence. Taking it by and large, it is a hard, cold, and cruel world, in which little is to be got except by toil and anguish; and of that little not all can be kept by any degree of care and pains. There are, indeed, regions where the earth spontaneously brings forth fruit enough for a small population, and where a moderate effort will largely increase that product, while the climate is so benign that life is easily protected from exposure. But these are not the regions where man ever has, or seemingly ever can, become a noble being; and even here, in the midst of tropical plenty, the serpent stings; the tiger prowls at night around the village; the earthquake and the tornado work their frightful mischief; cholera and malaria kill their millions; while every few years ¹ gaunt famine stalks over the land, leaving it cumbered with corpses.

Throughout all the regions inhabited by our own race life is a terribly close and grinding struggle. From four to seven months the earth lies locked up in frost, and its wretched inhabitants cower over the scanty fire and try to outlast the winter. When summer opens it is to a harsh soil that the peasant resorts to win the means, scanty at the best, of barely preserving life. Sterility is the rule among the soils of earth, mountain and plain alike. The exceptions are a comparatively few fertile valleys in which are concentrated the productive essences of nature. The literature of primitive peoples is ever telling the story of this unceasing wrestle with the hard conditions of existence, and the same dreary tale is repeated down to our own day. Alcman the Greek calls spring "the season of short fare"; and less than forty years ago the Irish peasant spoke of "the starving season" which immediately preceded the harvest of the year. If, then, you complain of poverty, make your complaint manfully and squarely against the Maker of the earth, for poverty is largely his work. The socialist is simply dishonest when he charges human misery upon society. Society has done vastly more to relieve misery than to create it.

Secondly, in the heroic struggle which mankind have made to escape out of the hard and narrow conditions of their natural lot and to add something to the meager fare

provided for them, society has resorted to the division of labor, and by a multitude of cunning inventions and devices has marvelously increased its productive power. Men have seized this tyrant by the throat, and after many a hard fall and many a sore wound have mastered and bound him. Mastered and bound, they have wrested his keys from him, and with them have broken into his secret stores, much to the enrichment of their kind. Yet, in the very act and part of winning this great victory over nature, there has been incurred the liability to far-reaching loss and injury. The poverty of our day is largely the price which men pay for the greater power they have achieved. The division of labor, the diversification and localization of industries, the use of machinery and the application of steam, have brought about a *secondary poverty*, far less in extent, far less intense in degree, than that which wore down the primitive races of man, yet bad enough—too bad if there be any way of escape out of it. Under the system by which alone great production is possible, mankind have not yet learned to avoid the alternative of highly stimulated and deeply depressed industry. Production gathers itself into great waves, periods of intense activity being separated by intervals of stagnation; markets at times are glutted with products, and shops and factories have to be closed to allow the surplus stock to be cleared off. Meanwhile, those unfortunate beings who, in great numbers, have committed themselves irrevocably to a trade and a place necessarily suffer, and suffer deeply. This is the real industrial problem of our time. It is a problem upon which statesmen, philanthropists, and economists may exercise all their powers and long be baffled. That problem, we may believe, will yet be in great part solved; but we may not believe that it will be solved by turning around in the path of progress and going back to Nationalism, socialism, or any other barbarian form of life. More than all which statesmen, philanthropists, and economists can effect will probably be done by the two classes most directly concerned—by the employers of labor, the organizers of industry, and the conductors of commerce, on the one hand, through a better understanding of the conditions of their work, and perhaps, also, through a better understanding among themselves; and, on the other hand, by the working-classes, demanding for their children a thorough education, general, technical, and political, which will qualify them more read-

¹ The Duke of Argyle, writing in 1874, speaks of "four great scarcities, amounting almost to famine," as recurring in India since the mutiny of 1857.

ily to meet the exigencies of a varying and fluctuating production.

The third cause of poverty which I will mention is the existence of the great social and industrial law: «Unto every one that hath shall be given, . . . but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.» Nothing succeeds like success, while the destruction of the poor is their poverty. It is not society which has established this law. It stands out not more clearly on the pages of the Holy Word than on the constitution of the world. He who runs may read it written everywhere. Society may yet find the means of contravening in some measure the operation of this natural law for the benefit of its feebler and less fortunate members, without evoking the malignant spirit of confiscation and spoliation, and without starting evil forces which will more than neutralize the expected good. Here, again, is a problem for the statesmanship of our day. That problem is not going to be solved by any half-savage devices of redistribution or repression. Whatever is done in that way will have to be undone in toil and anguish, if not in blood.

The fourth and the last of the causes of poverty which I shall adduce is found in improvidence, lack of thrift, or positively bad habits on the part of the working-classes. One would not speak harshly of even the failings and the faults of those who are condemned by prevailing social and industrial conditions to live meanly at the best, and too often amid surroundings that are disagreeable and odious. The only matter of wonder is that these people bear their hard lot so well, with so much of native dignity, of fortitude, and of virtue. Yet, if we are inquiring why it is that the means of comfortable subsistence for the many are so small, candor requires us to say that one reason is that so much of what goes to wages is wasted, or worse than wasted, in the using. Professor Alfred Marshall of Cambridge states that not less than one hundred million pounds are annually spent by the working-classes of England «in ways that do little or nothing toward making life nobler or truly happier.» When it is remembered that such a sum would suffice to build each year half a million of rural cottages or of city apartments which should be decent, comfortable, and health-

ful, it will be seen that in some degree the working-classes have themselves to blame that their condition is not more tolerable. In former times, before social and political agitation had wrought its great work, the state of things in this respect was much worse. In a paper in the English «Statistical Journal» many years ago, Mr. G. R. Porter, author of the «Progress of the Nation,» adopted the estimate that among workmen earning from ten to fifteen shillings a week, a full half was devoted to objects in which the family had no share; while among the more highly paid and presumably more temperate workmen, who received from twenty to thirty shillings a week, no less than one third went in the form of tobacco and drink. We have to thank «woman's rights,» chartism, the extension of the suffrage, public discussion, and even district, socialistic agitation, for no small part of the improvement in these respects which has taken place, and the good work of public discussion and social agitation in this direction is not yet finished.

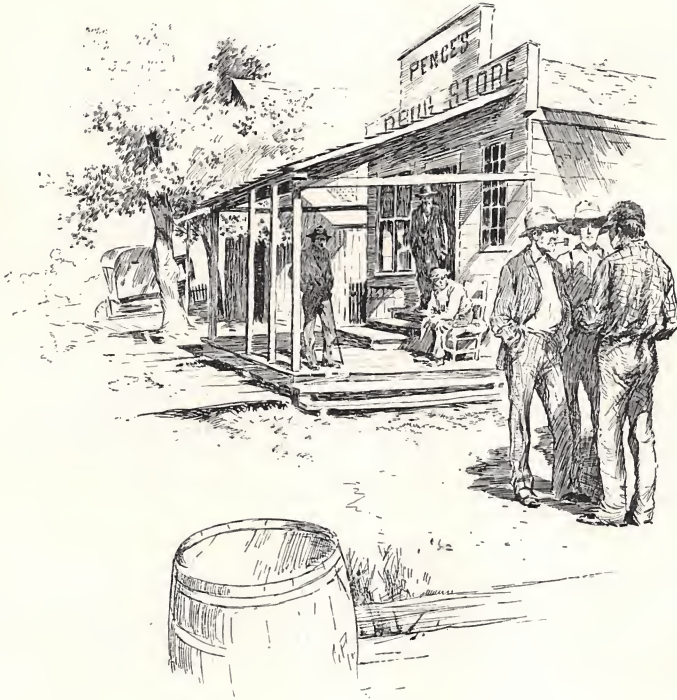
My tale is told. At the beginning I warned the reader that I had no panacea to offer, no single, simple, sovereign cure for the woes and ills of humanity. We must strain out of the blood of the race more of the taint inherited from a bad and vicious pool before we can eliminate poverty, much more pauperism, from our social life. The scientific treatment which is applied to physical disease must be extended to mental and moral disease, and a wholesome surgery and cautery must be enforced by the whole power of the state for the good of all. Popular education must be made more sensible, practical, and useful. The housewifely arts must be taught to girls in the schools, and there the boys must learn to use hand and eye and brain in a close and vital coöperation and coördination. Yet still we shall have to await with patience the slow, sure action of time, the all-healer. The balance of social forces has definitively turned to the side of the less fortunate classes, and the course of events now runs in their favor and no longer against them. Meanwhile, let philanthropy continue its noble work in alleviating the afflictions which cannot be wholly cured, and in binding together rich and poor in ties of sympathy and mutual regard.



RUBÁIYÁT OF DOC SIFERS

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WITH PICTURES BY C. M. RELYEA.



LVIII.

WHEN Pence's Drug Store ust to be in full blast, they wuz some Doc's patients got things frekantly there, charged to him, i gum!—Doc run a bill there, don't you know, and allus when he squared, He never questioned nothin',—so he had his feelin's spared.

LIX.

Now sich as that, I hold and claim, hain't 'scusable—it 's not *Perfessional!*—It 's jes a shame 'at Doc hisse'f hain't got No better *business*-sense! That 's why lots 'd respect him more, And not give him the clean go-by fer *other* doctors. Shore!

LX.

This-here Doc *Glenn*, fer instance; er this little jack-leg *Hall*;—They 're *business*—folks respects 'em fer their *business* more 'n all They ever knowed, er ever *will*, 'bout *medicine*.—Yit they Collect their money, k-yore er kill.—They 're *business*, anyway!

LXI.

You ast Jake Dunn;—he 's worked it out in *figgers*.—He kin show *Statistics* how Doc 's airnt about *three* fortunes in a row,—Ever' ten-year' hand-runnin' straight—*three* of 'em—*thirty* year' 'At Jake kin count and 'lucidate o' Sifers' practice here.



LXII.

Yit—"Praise the Lord," says Doc, "we've got our little home!" says he—
 «(It's raily *Winniferd's*, but what she owns, she sheers with me.)
 We've got our little gyarden-spot, and peach- and apple-trees,
 And stable, too, and chicken-lot, and eighteen hive o' bees.»

LXIII.

You call it anything you please, but it's *witchcraft*—the power
 'At Sifers has o' handlin' bees!—He'll watch 'em by the hour—
 Mix right amongst 'em, mad and hot and swarmin'!—yit they won't
 Sting *him*, er *want* to—'pear to not,—at least I know they *don't*.

LXIV.

With *me* and bees they's no *p'tense* o' sociability—
 A dad-burn bee 'u'd climb a fence to git a whack at *me*!
 I s'pose no thing 'at's *got* a sting is raily satisfied
 It's *sharp* enough, ontel, i jing! he's honed it on my hide!

LXV.

And Doc he's allus had a knack *inventin'* things.—Dee-vised
 A windlass wound its own se'f back as it run down: And s'prised
 Their new hired girl with *clothes-line*, too, and *clothes-pins*, all in *one*:
 Purt'-nigh all left fer *her* to do wuz git her *primpin'* done!

LXVI.

And onc't, I mind, in airy Spring, and tappin' sugar-trees,
 Doc made a dad-burn little thing to sharpen *spiles* with—these—
 Here wood'-spouts 'at the peth's punched out, and driv' in where they bore
 The auger-holes. He sharpened 'bout *a million* spiles er more!

LXVII.

And Doc's the first man ever swung a *bucket* on a tree
 Instid o' *troughs*; and first man brung *grained* sugar—so 's 'at he
 Could use it fer his coffee, and fer cookin', don't you know.—
 Folks come clean up from Pleasantland 'fore they'd *believe* it, though!

LXVIII.

And all Doc's stable-doors *onlocks* and locks *theirse'ves*—and gates
 The same way;—all rigged up like clocks, with pulleys, wheels, and weights,—
 So, 's Doc says, «drivin' *out*, er *in*, they'll *open*; and they'll *then*,
 All quiet-like, shet up ag'in like little gentlemen!»

LXIX.

And Doc 'u'd made a mighty good *detective*.—Neighbors all
 Will testify to *that*—er *could*, ef they wuz legal call:
 His theories on any crime is worth your listenin' to.—
 And he has hit 'em, many a time, long 'fore established true.

LXX.

At this young druggist Wenfield Pence's trial fer his life,
 On *primy faishy* evidence o' pizonin' his wife,
Doc's testimony saved and cle'ed and 'quitted him and freed
 Him so 's he never even 'peared cog-nizant of the deed!



LXXI.

The facts wuz—Sifers testified,—at inquest he had found
 The stummick showed the woman *died* o' pizon, but had downed
 The dos't *hersef*,—because *amount* and *cost* o' drug imployed
 No *druggist* would, on *no* account, a-lavished and destroyed!

LXXII.

Doc tracked a blame-don burgler down, and *nailed* the scamp, to boot,
 But told him ef he 'd leave the town he would n't prosecute.
 He traced him by a tied-up thumb-print in fresh putty, where
 Doc glazed it. Jes *that* 's how he come to track him to his lair!

LXXIII.

Doc 's jes a *leetle* too inclined, *some* thinks, to overlook
 The criminal and vicious kind we 'd ort to bring to book
 And punish, 'thout no extry show o' *sympathizin'*, where
They hain't showed none fer *us*, you know. But he takes issue there:

LXXIV.

Doc argies 'at «The Red-eyed Law,» as *he* says, «ort to learn
To lay a mighty leenient paw on deeds o' sich concern
As only the Good Bein' knows the wherefore of, and spreads
His hands above accused and sows His mercies on their heads.»

LXXV.

Doc even holds 'at *murder* hain't no crime we got a right
To *hang* a man fer—claims it 's *taint o' lunacy, er quite.*—
«Hold *sich* a man responsibul fer murder,» Doc says,—«then,
When *he* 's hung, where 's the rope to pull them *sound-mind* jury-
men?»

LXXVI.

«It 's in a nutshell—*all* kin see,» says Doc,—«It 's cle'r the *Law* 's
As ap' to err as you er me, and kill without a cause:
The man most innocent o' sin *I* 've saw, er 's*pect* to see,
Wuz servin' a life-sentence in the penitentchury.»

LXXVII.

And Doc 's a whole hand at a *fire*!—directin' how and where
To set your ladders, low er higher, and what first duties air,—
Like formin' warter-bucket-line; and best man in the town
To chop holes in old roofs, and mine defective chimblies down:

LXXVIII.

Er durin' any public crowd, mass-meetin', er big day,
Where ladies ort n't be allowed, as I 've heerd Sifers say,—
When they 's a suddent rush somewhere, it 's Doc's voice, ca'm and cle'r,
Says, «Fall back, men, and give her air!—that 's all she 's faintin' fer.»

LXXIX.

The sorriest I ever feel fer Doc is when some show
Er circus comes to town and he 'll not git a chance to go.
'Cause he jes natchurly *delights* in circuses—clean down
From tumblers, in their spangled tights, to trick-mule and Old Clown.

LXXX.

And ever'body *knows* it, too, how Doc is, thataway! . . .
I mind a circus onc't come through—wuz there myse'f that day.—
Ringmaster cracked his whip, you know, to start the ridin'—when
In runs Old Clown and hollers «*Whoa!*—Ladies and gentlemen

LXXXI.

«Of this vast audience, I fain would make *inquiry* cle'r,
And learn, find out, and ascertain—*Is Doctor Sifers here?*»
And when some fool-voice bellers down: «He is! He 's settin' in
Full view o' ye!» «*Then,*» says the Clown, «*the circus may begin!*»

LXXXII.

Doc 's got a *temper*; but, he says, he 's learnt it which is boss,
Yit has to *watch* it, more er less. . . . I never seen him cross
But onc't, enough to make him swear;—milch-cow stepped on his toe,
And Doc ripped out «*I doggies!*»—There 's the only case I know.



LXXXIII.

Doc says that 's what your temper 's fer—to hold back out o' view,
 And learn it never to occur on out ahead o' *you*.—
 « *You* lead the way,» says Sifers—«git your *temper* back in line—
 And *furdest* back the *best*, ef it 's as mean a one as mine!»

LXXXIV.

He hates contentions—can't abide a wrangle er dispute
 O' any kind; and he 'ull slide out of a crowd and skoot
 Up some back-alley 'fore he 'll stand and listen to a furse
 When ary one 's got upper-hand and t' other one 's got worse.



LXXXV.

Doc says: «I 'spise, when pore and weak and awk'ard talkers fails,
 To see it 's them with hardest cheek and loudest mouth prevails.—
 A' all-one-sided quarr'l 'll make me *biased*, mighty near,—
 'Cause giner'ly the side I take 's the one I never hear.»

LXXXVI.

What 'peals to Doc the most and best is «seein' folks *agreed*,
 And takin' ekal interest and universal heed
 O' ever'body *else's* words and idies—same as we
 Wuz glad and chirpy as the birds—jes as we 'd *ort* to be!»

LXXXVII.

And *paterotic*! Like to git Doc started, full and fair,
About the war, and why 't 'uz fit, and what wuz 'complished there;
«And who wuz *wrong*,» says Doc, «er *right*, 't 'uz waste o' blood and tears,
All prophesied in *Black* and *White* fer years and years and years!»

LXXXVIII.

And then he 'll likely kind o' tetch on old John Brown, and dwell
On what *his* warnin's wuz; and ketch his breath and cough, and tell
On down to Lincoln's death. And *then*—well, he jes chokes and quits
With «I must go now, gentlemen!» and grabs his hat, and *gits*!

LXXXIX.

Doc's own war-rickord wuz n't won so much in line o' fight
As line o' work and nussin' done the wownded, day and night.—
His wuz the hand, through dark and dawn, 'at bound their wownds, and laid
As soft as their own mother's on their forreds when they prayed. . . .

XC.

His wuz the face they saw the first—all dim, but smilin' bright,
As they come to and knowed the worst, yit saw the old *Red-White-And-Blue*
where Doc had fixed it where they 'd see it *wavin'* still
Out through the open tent-flap there, er 'cros't the winder-sill.



XCI.

And some 's a-limpin' round here yit—a-waitin' Last Review,—
'U'd give the pensions 'at they git, and pawn their crutches, too,
To he'p Doc out, ef he wuz pressed financial'—same as he
Has *allus* he'pped them when distressed—ner never tuk a fee.

XCII.

Doc never wuz much hand to pay attention to *p'tense*
And fuss-and-feathers and display in men o' prominence:
«A raily *great* man,» Sifers 'lows, «is not the out'ard dressed—
All uniform, salutes and bows, and swellin' out his chest.

XCIII.

«I *met* a great man onc't,» Doc says, «and shuk his hand,» says he,
«And *he* come 'bout in *one*, I guess, o' disapp'intin' *me*—
He talked so common-like, and brought his mind so cle'r in view
And simple-like, I purt'nigh thought, («*I'm* best man o' the two!»)

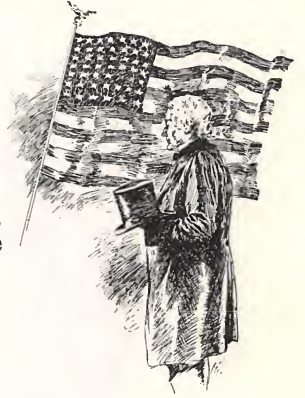
XCIV.

Yes-*sir*! Doc 's got convictions and old-fashioned kind o' ways
And idies 'bout this glorious Land o' Freedom; and he 'll raise
His hat clean off, no matter where, jes ever' time he sees
The Stars and Stripes a-floatin' there and flappin' in the breeze.

XCV.

And tunes like old «Red, White, and Blue» 'll fairly drive him wild,
Played on the brass band, marchin' through the streets! Jes like
a child

I 've saw that man, his smile jes set, all kind o' pale and white,
Bareheaded, and his eyes all wet, yit dancin' with delight!



XCVI.

And yit, that very man we see all trimbly, pale and wann,
Give him a case o' *surgery*, we 'll see another man!—
We 'll do the trimblin' then, and *we* 'll git white around the gills—
He 'll show us *nerve* o' nerves, and he 'ull show us *skill* o' skills!

XCVII.

Then you could toot your horns and beat your drums and bang your guns,
And wave your flags and march the street, and charge, all Freedom's sons!—
And Sifers *then*, I bet my hat, 'u'd never flinch a hair,
But, stiddy-handed, 'tend to that pore patient layin' there.

XCVIII.

And Sifers' *eye* 's as stiddy as that hand o' his!—He 'll shoot
A' old-style rifle, like he has, and smallest bore, to boot,
With any fancy rifles made to-day, er expert shot
'At works at shootin' like a *trade*—And all *some* of 'em 's got!

XCIX.

Let 'em go right out in the *woods* with Doc, and leave their «traps»
And blame glass-balls and queensware-goods, and see how Sifers draps
A squirrel out the tallest tree.—And 'fore he fires he 'll say
Jes where he 'll hit him—yes, *sir-ee*! And he 's hit thataway!

C.

Let 'em go out with him, i jucks! with fishin'-pole and gun,—
And ekal chances, fish and ducks, and take the *rain*, er *sun*,
Jes as it pours, er as it blinds the eyesight; *then*, I guess,
'At they 'd acknowledge, in their minds, their disadvantages.

CI.

And yit *he* 'd be the last man out to flop his wings and crow
Insultin'-like, and strut about above his fallen foe!—
No-*sir*! the hand 'at tuk the wind out o' their sails 'u'd be
The very first they grabbed, and grinned to feel sich sympathy.

CII.

Doc gits off now and then and takes a huntin'-trip somewhere
'Bout Kankakee, up 'mongst the lakes—sometimes 'll drift round there
In his canoe a week er two; then paddle clean on back
By way o' old Wabash and Blue, with fish—all he kin pack,—



CIII.

And wild ducks—some with feathers on 'em yit, and stuffed with grass.
And neighbors—all knows he 's bin *gone*—comes round and gits a bass—
A great big double-breasted «rock-,» er «black-,» er maybe *pair*
Half fills a' ordinary crock. . . . Doc's *fish* 'll give out there

CIV.

Long 'fore his *ducks*!—But folks 'll smile and blandish him, and make
Him tell and *tell* things!—all the while enjoy 'em jes fer sake
O' pleasin' *him*; and then turn in and la'nch him from the start
A-tellin' all the things ag'in they railly know by heart.

CV.

He 's jes a *child*, 's what Sifers is! And-sir, I 'd ruther see
That happy, childish face o' his, and puore simplicity,
Than any shape er style er plan o' mortals otherwise—
With perfect faith in God and man a-shinin' in his eyes.

TAMÁM.

GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

HOW THE FENCE-BREAKERS' LEAGUE WAS «STUMPED.»

THE morals and practices of the Fence-Breakers' League had reached a point where they demanded and had received the attention of the officers of the hunt. It is sound hunting doctrine to ride straight when the hounds are running, and to turn aside only for wire and wheat: for wire, because a man is supposed to consider his horse, whether he considers himself or not; for wheat, because in America fox-hunting exists by the courtesy of free and independent landowners. But when the pack is not in cry the authorities hold it bad manners to endanger the fences by choosing unnecessarily high panels, and immoral to jump at all when there are open gates.

In the Oakdale Hunt there was an element of unbalanced youth which violated these precepts, at first on the sly, then openly and without shame. It is a great pity that all good sports seem to be subject to the same corrupting disease—a reckless rivalry which grows beyond the bounds of reason. With polo and hunting it develops most dangerously, and is usually cured only by a broken neck or two. When a master of foxhounds notes «jealous riding» he begins to tremble for his puppies, which are in danger of being ridden down, and to prepare himself for an era of accidents and agrarian difficulties.

The Fence-Breakers' League exemplified this disease in its most virulent form. Their name had been given as a stigma, in the vain hope that it might shame them into mending their ways. They accepted it, however, as a distinction, proceeded to organize, to elect officers, and to institute weekly dinners, of which the less said the better. It was after one of these dinners that the great Moonlight Steeplechase was run.

Captain Forbes, with the interests of the hunt at heart, undertook to remonstrate privately with Varick.

«This thing is causing no end of trouble,» he said. «You have broken half the fences in the county, and the farmers are mad clean through. I can understand those fool boys acting in such a way, but I really am surprised that you should encourage them.» Varick was thirty-five, and might have been a brilliant lawyer if he had not chosen to jeer at the earnestness of a utilitarian gen-

eration, and to become an indifferent horse-jockey.

«Forbes,» said he, «you are a man whom youth overlooked.»

«Bosh!» said the captain; «do be serious.»

«You are beguiling me to disparage that generous disregard of consequences which gives life its poetry and hope. However, I could n't stop the thing, if I wanted to. You know as well as I do that boys who jump oak gates when no one is looking are not open to argument. Take Galloway. Galloway is unaffectedly insane about horses. He thinks and dreams of nothing else; and it is as much to him to take his black mare over something no one else will jump as it is for a doctor to find a new disease. He keeps a diary of all his fences over five feet, goes back next day with a tape, and, when possible, kodaks them too. He intends to publish a work entitled, «Fences I have Jumped.» Can I conscientiously urge him to renounce all that makes life worth while for him, and would he do it if I did? The rest of the crowd are all more or less on the same pattern—excepting myself.»

«Well,» said Forbes, who was getting impatient, «what are you?»

«I am an Epicurean philosopher. I jump things because I am afraid; and the pleasure I experience when I am over is worth an occasional spill. I also like to be thought something of a devil. Besides, you and Crawford»—Crawford was the M. F. H.—«take fox-hunting with such elaborate seriousness, and are such children of dogma, that I encourage schism and strife simply for the joy of it. Forbes, I might have been a great revolutionist—»

«You be blanked!» said the captain, and departed. This ended the effort to abate the Fence-Breakers' League by means of sweet reasonableness.

«The tomb yawns for them,» said the M. F. H. when he heard Forbes's story; «and I am half sorry it has been disappointed so long. This hunt is becoming intolerable for decent hunting-men.»

Then the governors imposed fines for breakage till the club bank-account swelled to unrecognizable proportions; but the Fence-Breakers' League paid with cheerfulness.

«We are now indebted to no man,» Varick

explained; "and a great deal of money is not to be compared with the satisfaction of self-respect. The tedium of drawing blank coverts loses its terror when a man can hear his horses' hind feet crackle through a new board fence without a pang of conscience." And so the Fence-Breakers' League grew steadily more demoralized and demoralizing.

Said the master, finally: "I am afraid only sudden death will stop this nonsense. Of course it is prejudicial to the sport to have people killed, but in this case I think it would be best."

The following Saturday the Fence-Breakers' League were gathered in the club smoking-room, discussing the probability of a dull afternoon, while they waited for the hounds. On Saturdays there were bigger fields, and wretched one-day-a-week men who came down from town were sure to get in the way and crowd. Besides, it was too dry to expect good scent.

"This is the kind of afternoon," said Galloway, "when you insult a good horse by taking him out." A flabby young man who was not among the half-dozen of the Fence-Breakers' League agreed with him.

"On dry days," said he, "Crawford ought to give us a point-to-point for a sweepstake cup." Galloway smiled, because this young man was apt to be taken ill before a steeplechase. But the talk stopped, for the M. F. H. himself unexpectedly entered, followed by a stranger.

"Here, Charley," said he, "I want you to know some of these fellows. When you get lost this afternoon, they will look after you." He called off the names of the group of men, while the stranger acknowledged the introductions with stiff nods. Just then a crackling of whips in the distance told the M. F. H. that the hounds had started from the kennels, and he hurried out.

The M. F. H. was absent-minded, and apt to introduce people in this one-sided fashion; and he often produced exceedingly queer persons, such as are rarely seen in a hunting-country. He had been at school in England, and had lived pretty much everywhere. Varick used to say that he had met chums of Crawford's all the way from the North Cape to Fiji.

The stranger who had thus been intrusted to the keeping of the Fence-Breakers' League was a short, insignificant-looking man, about fifty, with a red, smoothly shaven face and small white hands. Instead of top-boots and proper hunting things, he wore tweed breeches, with gaiters, and a rough shooting-coat. This coat was peculiar. Its skirts

were cut back so little that they hid the thighs, suggesting a frock-coat rather than a cutaway. When the man walked he limped stiffly, and two curious loops showed on his right breeches' leg just below the hip. They were like the loops sewed on the waistband of trousers to hold a belt.

It was obvious that the newcomer was something odd. It was also clear that he was not a hunting-man, for the M. F. H. had referred to his getting lost as a matter of course. Committing him to the care of the Fence-Breakers' League under such circumstances seemed a rather merciless practical joke, but the M. F. H. had a weakness for such jokes.

Galloway was next to the newcomer, and felt called upon to make conversation; also, he was not without a healthy curiosity to find out who he was.

"Pretty hot," Galloway began.

"Yes," said the stranger; "too hot to ride much."

"Your first time in the Oakdale country?"

"Yes."

"Brought any horses down?"

"No."

"Seen the hounds yet?"

"No."

"Pretty fair pack. Got ten new couples from the Earl of Reddesdale's kennels."

"Yes, I know."

"Had more rain in your country?"

"Yes."

"Too dry here for much sport."

"Yes; too dry, quite."

"Have something to drink?"

"Thanks, no."

"Excuse me, I will"; and Galloway beat a retreat to the lunch-room.

"Well," said Varick, who had followed him, "your friend is hardly garrulous."

Galloway scowled. "This," said he, "is the last time I shall try to make things pleasant for people I don't know. What do you suppose that fellow is?"

"Some little painter-man, I dare say; sticks his brushes through those straps on his trousers' leg. He probably feels bashful, and out of it, with so much horse all around. You ought to have talked art at him."

"Well," said Galloway, "I am not revengeful; but, all the same, I think I owe him one out of self-respect. If I get the chance, I shall treat that painter-man to a few exquisite thrills. Let's have another look at him." They went to the door of the smoking-room. The stranger was in a corner by the window, with a book.

"That 's our copy of Tennyson," said Varick; "I know the cover. Perhaps he's a poet."

"If I can make him jump," said Galloway, "I sha'n't care what he is. Still, a leaping poet would be specially worth encouraging. Hello! there 's the horn." They hurried out to their horses, mounted, and followed the pack down the drive.

The day was too dry for scent, as had been foreseen. The field pattered about from one blank covert to another, and the members of the Fence-Breakers' League endeavored to work off their restlessness by such means as were at hand. They "larked" five-foot rails and regulation four-boarders, plain and with ditch accompaniments. They tackled all the stone walls that seemed worthy, and enjoyed themselves generally, rousing the envy of such as would have liked to imitate them, but were afraid, and exciting the disgust of the mature. Finally the league resolved to pull out in a body, in order to express their censure of the M. F. H. for offering such wretched sport, and "to take a ride." Only the long-suffering farmers across whose lands the course of these Fence-Breakers' League "rides" have lain can do them justice. The motto which Varick had bestowed upon the league was *Fit via vi*, and classicists translate it, "A way is made by force." But the M. F. H. said he preferred Willie Colfax's personal version, "Fits by the way," although either rendering was appropriate.

"Varick," said Galloway, "start the procession for the meadow bridge, and I 'll get that poet chap to come along. Keep the road as far as you can, and don't jump anything till we get across. My conscience is clear, for Crawford has put him up on the Duke." This was the master's very best horse.

The meadow bridge belonged to a farmer who owned the land on both sides of the stream, and was chiefly used to take his cattle from one pasture to the other. The banks were too steep to climb, and the river was too deep to ford, even if there had been a path down to it. Beyond the bridge, and between it and the village, was a series of the stiffest, biggest post-and-rail fences in the county. A man who rode over this course needed a good horse and a big heart, or—what sometimes passes for the same thing—a big flask. They called it the "devil's run."

Galloway found the stranger, looking badly bored, on the edge of a piece of woods which the master was drawing. The breeze flapped his coat skirts back, and showed a stout strap passed through the mysterious loops on his right breeches' leg.

"Ruptured muscle, I guess," muttered Galloway to himself. "Perhaps I ought n't to—" But he conquered his doubts, and unfolded his proposition.

"Too late for anything to-day. Half a dozen of us are going to pull out, and I thought you might like to come along. Crawford's so mad at not finding that he's likely to stop out all night. Instead of going back over the iron bridge, we 'll cross three miles lower down. Pretty bits of scenery all along. Better come."

"Much obliged," said the stranger. "I think I will. This is slow." He started his horse, rising awkwardly to the long trot, and Galloway rode beside him, gloating.

"Charming vista, is n't it?" he said, judging it best to give his conversation an artistic flavor. "I suppose you are fond of landscape."

"I want my tea," said the stranger. "Crawford overlooked lunch completely."

Galloway was somewhat taken aback. "Well, the way we are going is a short cut," he observed. For the first time that day the stranger's countenance relaxed into something like a smile. "I've touched his stomach," thought Galloway; "he 'll come."

They overtook the rest of the party, and turned into the river road. Varick had explained what was on foot, and the Fence-Breakers' League hacked along as decorously as a riding-school class in the park. Here and there a wall, here and there a line of wicked-looking pickets, tempted Galloway sorely; but he conquered his desires. He even reproved Willie Colfax, who weakly suggested just one two-dollar competition over a lovely new oak gate. Had the M. F. H. been there, he would have doubted his senses.

The light of the short October afternoon failed rapidly, and it was almost dusk when they reached the bridge. Varick was riding ahead, and started out over the rather crazy structure. Suddenly he pulled up short.

"Here 's a mess!" he exclaimed; "this thing is open." The owner had taken up a dozen boards to prevent the cattle from crossing. Forty feet below was the water, looking dismally black. Galloway rode out, surveyed the situation, and came back swearing eloquently in subdued tones. There was no talk of jumping. A slip at the take-off, the least mistake, and horse and man would rattle down through the underpinning into the water.

"The devil!" said Galloway, soulfully; and he gazed at the distant lines of fence, and the village spires beyond them, dim against the sky.

"It 's sure death," said Varick. "It 's

twelve feet, if it's an inch; and I am too old to die. We might as well get started back, for it's six miles around to the other bridge."

The stranger, who had inspected the gap, only half heard. He rode alongside of Galloway.

"How far to the other bridge?" he asked.

"Six miles," replied Galloway, sourly.

"Six miles!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I say, I should never get my tea!" Without another word, he clapped in his spurs, and shot out upon the bridge under full steam. A gasp of horror broke from the knot of men.

"Don't!" shrieked Varick. The Duke made a mighty spring, and was over, with some-

tion to speculate idly. The Fence-Breakers' League was "stumped," and by a man they had presumed to be some variety of esthete. The disgrace was galling, and the mind of Galloway was filled with particularly bitter reflections. They started back, and presently saw Captain Forbes coming toward them. He was making for the bridge.

"You can't get over," said Colfax.

"Unless you happen to have a balloon," added Varick.

When Forbes gathered what had happened he laughed as he had not laughed in twenty years; and the Fence-Breakers' League listened, glum and angry.



DRAWN BY LEE WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

"GALLOWAY . . . SURVEYED THE SITUATION."

thing to spare. There was an instant's clatter on the boards, and the stranger was checking his horse in the farther meadow. He turned and looked back. Then he called out, with no change in the tone of his dry voice:

"Any one coming?"

No one answered. He pointed toward Oakdale, and called again:

"Is that the village?"

Again there was no answer, and he rode away. Without speaking, they watched him canter across the meadow, clear the first of the big fences, and fade into a small dark object in the twilight.

"The Lord deliver us!" cried Varick. "Who is that man?" But no one was any wiser than he, and there seemed no disposi-

"Have you ever heard of Charley Pelham, the Earl of Reddesdale?" he asked.

Now, every hunting-man knows the fame of the hunting Earl of Reddesdale, who rides with his wooden leg strapped to the saddle.

The Fence-Breakers' League preserved a silence deep and long. Their souls were filled with a shame too profound for words. Finally Galloway spoke:

"What can we do about it? Give him a dinner?"

"No," said Varick, glancing at Forbes; "disband."

"I second that motion," said Willie Colfax, gruffly; and the Fence-Breakers' League then and there disbanded.

THE "TRANSFIGURED PAIR."

"I HAD always supposed," said Mrs. Innis, "that Eleanor Colfax would be married in her riding-habit, with the groom and the ushers in pink, and her brother Willie blowing all he could of the wedding-march on a coach-horn. With her figure, she ought to have done it."

"It certainly was a great opportunity thrown away," said Varick. "A (hunting wedding) would have got at least two columns in the newspapers, with portraits of the principals, probably life-size, surrounded by free-hand drawings of us all in riding-things. It would have been something to show our grandchildren. I suggested it to Brooky, but he began to talk about his changed life, his aims, and his duties, and finally pitched into me for wasting my genius upon the stable. He's the worst case I've known since my own."

"Well, you got over yours," said Mrs. Innis, flicking a grain of rice from his sleeve.

They were interrupted by the footman coming back after Braybrooke's hand-bag. He had dropped it on the veranda while protecting his bride from Willie Colfax's collection of old shoes loaded with rice; for this newly acquired brother-in-law had seen fit to play the evil small boy. The man hurried after the carriage with the bag, and the excitement died away. It had been the most "matrimonial" wedding, as Varick put it, ever seen in Oakdale. The bride wore her mother's wedding-dress and her grandmother's veil. The bridesmaids were four school-girl cousins, imported for the occasion, and hurried back to their books with scarcely more than a glimpse of the hunting-men, who had said, "How do you do?" very pleasantly, and then talked to each other about their horses. Similarly, Braybrooke had impressed four juvenile male relatives, who appeared in their first frock-coats; so that Willie Colfax, whom he could n't help asking to be best man, was the one familiar figure in the wedding-party. "You and I," this youth remarked to the bishop, after the ceremony, "were about the only sports in the outfit."

"You flatter me, William," said the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye. "I suppose I may expect another invitation for a tandem ride."

Now, the exact propriety with which this wedding had been conducted was the bishop's personal triumph, although, being a discreet man as well as a good, he did not boast about it. After his first visit to Oakdale, the year

before, he had done a little earnest missionary work. A long-neglected needlework gild came to life again, the parish debt was liquidated, and the church got a new organ. The betrothal of Miss Colfax and Braybrooke had offered a chance for cultivating in the parish of St. Thomas Equinus a more serious public spirit. His experienced mind had taken due advantage of it, and the seed which he sowed brought forth beyond his expectations. As he admitted to himself, it had fallen upon a virgin soil.

"Jimmy," said Miss Colfax, not long after they were engaged, "we owe a lot to these poor people in the village. I've made up my mind to carry out the bishop's idea for a boys' club." In consequence, every Thursday evening until they went back to town Braybrooke drove her to the gild-house, and played "Geisha" tunes on the melodeon; and the boys adored her so fervently that they forbore to guy him. The gibes of Varick and Willie Colfax he met with pity for their unregenerate state. He was filled with the idea of improving himself into a great and good man, worthy in a measure of Her; while it seemed to her that the bishop had opened her eyes to a beautiful and entirely new world of womanliness. They began to read the first volume of Gibbon together, and became known to the Oakdale hunt as the "Transfigured Pair."

But her great plan was the wedding-trip. They were to go around the world, skimming the cream of culture in the temples and galleries of Europe, and reading the history of foreign peoples on the spot; and were to come back highly educated, and devoted to a new order of things, in which a fortnight's hunting at Oakdale was to be merely an autumnal incident. And so it was that, radiant with love and a satisfying confidence in the future, they had boarded the day express, with their trunks neatly placarded by Varick and Willie Colfax:

Property of Circumterrestrial Pilgrims of Moral and Educational Research. Handle Gently.

"Well," she said, as the train began to move, "it's begun." She settled herself with a sigh of content, and gazed out of the window. "It will be a whole year before we see the river again. Oh, I am so happy!" Braybrooke patted her hand.

"Look," she said; "there's the steeple-chase course, and the brushed hurdle where Mrs. Hawkins refused." He put his face to the window beside hers. In a moment the

glimpse of the hurdle was gone, but the memories of that race-day almost a year before lingered in their minds. They glanced at each other; it was not necessary to speak. Presently the train swept around a bold curve, and Braybrooke crossed to the other side of the state-room and drew the curtains. He motioned toward the window across the narrow passage. «There 's the pasture lot, and the horses,» he said. Turned out that very morning was her mare Queenston, and her second horse, the chestnut gelding with the white stockings, and the cobs she drove to her buckboard, and his hunters, Mrs. Hawkins and the rest, cropping the fresh grass which the recent rains had brought. As the train passed they lifted their heads and trotted in a troop toward the fence.

«Are n't they dears?» she whispered.

«And look,» he said; «do you see the field beyond Morgan's woods? That's where we killed last November, and I got the brush I gave you.»

«It's in my trunk,» she said.

Morgan's woods faded out in the distance, and the country became new and strange. «Good-by, Oakdale,» she murmured. Braybrooke smiled weakly, and tried to say something, but only gulped.

They had hit upon the highly original idea of stopping off for a few days at a place so near Oakdale that it would never occur to any one to suspect their whereabouts. Therefore, when they were greeted by a beaming hackman as Mr. and Mrs. Braybrooke, and handed into an aged barouche trimmed with white streamers, they were amazed and indignant. Of course they learned afterward that Willie Colfax had bribed the Oakdale station-agent to betray the place to which he had checked their luggage; but for the time being they could only wonder, and make the best of the embarrassing interest which every one about the hotel took in them.

There was a lake at this place, and a moon to shine upon it by night; and they passed three agreeable days discovering that never before could two young persons have been so fortunately married. On the fourth day Eleanor wrote to her aunt, Mrs. Alden Adams: «Both of us well and perfectly happy. We leave this afternoon.» They posted this at the station, and set out upon their travels.

«I am so glad,» she remarked, «that we have really started. We've got so much to do, and so much to see, and so far to go. It is going to be a wonderful trip. And it will be so nice to settle down at once to the kind

of life we are always going to lead together—finding out all the greatest ideas that people have had, and trying to think them and live them ourselves.»

«We shall have about five days of this sleeping-car before we get to Vancouver,» he observed. «It's terribly stuffy.» He fanned himself impatiently with a newspaper.

«And then,» she went on, «we shall have three days before the ship sails, sha'n't we? We want to see Spokane and Seattle, of course, and run over to Victoria; and then—Japan! Is n't it splendid?»

«By the way,» he said, «we must try to be decent to my uncle when we get there. It will be a bore, of course. He's got his yacht there, and he's running some drag-hounds outside of Yokohama. He'll want us to go about with him a lot. Of course we'll be seeing temples, and buying bronzes and things; but I do think he'll feel hurt if we don't show him some attention. We might go out with the hounds just once, don't you think?»

«I don't see any harm in that,» she assented.

«I forgot to tell you,» he went on, «that I got a letter from him before we left Oakdale. Kingston, the horse he sent out to breed to native mares, is dead.»

«What a pity!» said the girl. «Poor old Kingston! He was Queenston's sire.» She sighed. «Jimmy, was Kingston by Canadian Prince or Imported Autocrat? Willie and I had a bet about it, and I've always meant to look it up.»

Braybrooke thought a moment.

«I forget,» he said. He made a movement toward his hand-bag, checked himself, and colored.

«What's the matter?» she demanded.

«Nothing, dear, nothing; I was only trying to remember.»

«Don't bother,» she said; «of course it's of no importance. Suppose we read some Gibbon; we are awfully behind.»

He fished the third volume out of his bag, found the place, and began to read aloud about Alaric and the sack of Rome.

Braybrooke read in a solemn, unpunctuated voice, and dealt with proper names and difficult words according to his first impressions. The results were sometimes curious, but she never corrected him. When he reached the account of the pillage of the splendid palaces she interrupted him: «We shall see some of those ruins when we get to Rome, sha'n't we? It's very interesting; but the car shakes so, I am afraid you ought to stop; you'll ruin your eyes.»

He shut the book.

«I wonder,» he observed, «if anybody ever read Gibbon on his wedding-trip before?»

She laughed.

«I don't care. It's very improving; and, really, we must keep up, and do all the things we are going to do.»

«Who said anything about not doing them?» he demanded.

«Why, no one, of course,» she answered, and was silent. «Jimmy,» she asked, after a long pause, «when do we get to Greece?»

«February or March, I think.»

«Well, it has just occurred to me that Mr. Fairfield, the architect, is going to send us a book all about the Parthenon. He says it's the most wonderful building in the world, although it's mostly tumbled down.»

«Yes; I've heard him speak about it,» said Braybrooke. «When he was up at Oakdale, two years ago, he and Captain Forbes got talking about the horses on the frieze. Forbes says they must have been the greatest weight-carriers for their inches that the world has ever seen. Why, they only stood at most fourteen-one, and those fellows in the heavy cavalry, with their gear, averaged one hundred and ninety, anyway.»

«They must have been a strain of Arab,» she remarked. «It's always interested me to think how they bred up our big thoroughbred from such little stock. And it was n't very long ago, either. When was the Godolphin Arab brought to England?»

«I don't believe I remember,» he answered; «but—» He started toward the hand-bag again, and stopped shamefacedly.

«Jimmy,» she asked sharply, «what's in that bag? Get it!»

He opened the satchel, and handed her a fat volume. It was the Stud-book. She looked at him seriously.

«I did n't know, you see,» he said apologetically; «I thought we *might* need it, so I put it in along with the Gibbon.»

She turned her face to the window, and for a long time they sat in silence.

«Railway traveling is fearfully dull,» he said at length. «Can't keep clean; can't exercise. I'm glad it's only five days to the coast.»

She made no comment.

«Do you feel ill, dear?» he asked anxiously.

«I'm very well,» she answered, without looking at him. There was another long pause.

«How would some lunch go?» he suggested timidly. «I'm nearly starved.»

She shook her head.

«I'm not hungry a bit,» she said gently; «but you get something.»

He opened the basket, and tried some olives and a cold woodcock; but his appetite seemed to have vanished, and he shut the hamper again. She seemed not to want to talk, and he fell to watching her as she gazed out of the car window. He had never seen her so quiet and subdued before. There was a sad, absorbed look in her face. It made her very beautiful, but it troubled him.

Was it usual for brides to act in this way on their wedding-trip? he asked himself. Did n't she love him, after all? Was she beginning to feel that she had made a mistake? He wanted to speak to her, and have the matter explained, but he was afraid; so he sat, miserable and full of fears, watching now her, now the passing landscape, until the fields and woods began to weave themselves into a sort of day-dream, and he almost forgot that he was on his wedding-trip, bound for the ends of the earth.

The autumn afternoon wore away, and still they rode on in silence. Once she said: «Is n't it beautiful? There's no State so beautiful as New York. It will be a year before we see it again.»

Toward dusk they entered a valley that suggested the Oakdale country. It was a region of good rail fences, with here and there a line of boards, and scarcely a strand of wire. There were broad bottom-lands, and beyond these a sky-line of gently rolling heights. From time to time a patch of blue on the flats showed where the river curved. The soft stretches of stubble-field, the reds and yellows of the woods on the distant hills, the long, dim shadows of the elms in the pasture lots, the sunshine fading into twilight—it was all like the end of an October hunting-day. He could almost hear the far-away outcry of the hounds; he almost expected to see them break from the next piece of woods. The clicking of the wheels began to run into the rhythm of a galloping horse. He was wondering what direction the fox would probably take, when he heard her sigh. He glanced up apprehensively, and watched her. She seemed to be studying the fences, following them with her eyes till they passed out of view. A wave of great gladness swept over him. He felt that he knew now what she was thinking about. It was the same train of reverie which had been running through his mind. Then many thoughts came into his brain, and suddenly he came to a mighty determination. He watched her in-

tently, chuckling to himself over the idea which had taken possession of him. All at once he heard her murmur, unaware that he could hear:

"That would be my place—the top rail would break." In her fancy she was galloping along abreast of the train.

"Yes, dear," he said softly; "only Queens-ton would n't hit it."

"You 've been listening!" she exclaimed. She colored guiltily, and the tears stood in her eyes. "I don't love you as I ought," she said. "I thought I had put all those things away. But I have been thinking about Queenston and Oakdale, and the run they 'll have to-morrow. I 've got to tell you." She began to cry, and her head sank upon his shoulder.

"There, there!" he said gently. "I 've got something to tell you, too. We 're going back to Oakdale, and we are going to-night."

The weeping stopped. "Oh, Jimmy!" she gasped.

"There are all kinds of people in the world," he went on, "and I guess we had better be our own kind. I fell in love with you when you were jumping the red gate out of the Four Oaks pasture, and it was a steeplechase that helped me out with you. Now, there 'll be plenty of charity, and all that, at Oakdale, and we can read books and things evenings. But this globe-trotting is n't our distance. Besides, I am afraid I shall never make a good rater at culture; and, after all, it really is something to know a good horse. Nell, Oakdale is the place for us."

"But all we 've planned out!" she sobbed.

"Let 's own up we 've drawn blank," he said. "Now, see here; the horses were only turned out four days ago, and they 'll be fit to go to-morrow. A wire to-night will bring 'em up, and we will be there in time to ride. What do you say about it?"

She smiled through her tears.

"I was thinking of that, too," she said. "It 's the Deep Gully woods, and they 'll be sure to find."

Then Braybrooke sent for the conductor, and wrote a telegram three pages long. The conductor told him that the next stop was a very good place to dine, and that they could catch the up-train to Oakdale there at ninety-fourty.

"Then," said Braybrooke, "we get out of this in exactly half an hour."

His wife's maid was of the discreet order, and raised no question, even with her eyes, when he asked her to get the hand-luggage ready as quickly as she could. Braybrooke was grateful for this. It is not pleasant to have even your wife's maid laugh in her sleeve when you start around the world and change your mind before you get three hundred miles. His spirits rose, and he was quite as perfectly happy as the bridegrooms of story-books when he led her down the car as the train drew into the station. He heard some very nice-looking people observe that the town they had come to was a funny place for a honeymoon, but he did not even blush. On the platform his face became grave. He turned to her.

"It 's just occurred to me," he said; "they will guv us the worst way at the meet to-morrow. Do you want to change your mind?"

She pressed his hand, and with a happy look shook her head.

"But of course you will let me follow you?" she asked. "You won't be always telling me to keep back?"

He paused irresolutely on the step. He had not thought of that, and it meant a great deal—no more five-foot timber, no more chancing it over wire. It meant a lifetime of sober, decorous jumping. Then he looked at her.

"What I jump, you shall too," he said; and stepped down to offer her his hand.

FATE.

BY PHILIP GERRY.

RAPT in the golden sunshine
A royal violet stood,
Adoring a sister-flower
In the white of maidenhood.

"I, too, with the innocent springtide,
Shall rise with white adorned":
But May burst forth, and the flower
In splendid purple mourned.

PAT MULLARKEY'S REFORMATION.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

I.



HEN the good priest of St. Gérôme christened Patrick Mullarkey, he lent himself unconsciously to an innocent deception: for, to look at the name, you would think, of course, it belonged to an Irishman; the very appearance of it was equal to a certificate of membership in a Fenian society.

But in effect, from the turned-up toes of his *bottes sauvages* to the ends of his black mustache, the proprietor of this name was a Frenchman—Canadian French, you understand, and therefore even more proud and tenacious of his race than if he had been born in Normandy. Somewhere in his family tree there must have been a graft from the Green Isle. A wandering lumberman from County Kerry had drifted up the Saguenay into the Lake St. John region, and married the daughter of a *habitant*, and settled down to forget his own country and his father's house. But every visible trace of this infusion of new blood had vanished long ago, except the name; and the name itself was transformed on the lips of the St. Géromians. If you had heard them speak it in their pleasant droning accent, — “Patrique Moullarqué,” — you would have supposed that it was made in France. To have a guide with such a name as that was as good as being abroad.

Even when they cut it short and called him “Patte,” as they usually did, it had a very foreign sound. Everything about him was in harmony with it; he spoke and laughed and sang and thought and felt in French—the French of two hundred years ago, the language of Samuel de Champlain and the Sieur de Monts, touched with a strong woodland flavor. In short, my guide, philosopher, and friend, Pat, did not have a drop of Irish in him, unless, perhaps, it was a certain—well, you shall judge for yourself, when you have heard this story of his virtue, and the way it was rewarded.

It was on the shore of the Lac à la Belle Rivière, fifteen miles back from St. Gérôme, that I came into the story, and found myself, as commonly happens in the real stories

which life is always bringing out in periodical form, somewhere about the middle of the plot. But Patrick readily made me acquainted with what had gone before. Indeed, it is one of life's greatest charms as a story-teller that there is never any trouble about getting a brief résumé of the argument, and even a listener who arrives late is soon put into touch with the course of the narrative.

We had hauled our canoes and camp-stuff over the terrible road that leads to the lake, with much creaking and groaning of wagons, and complaining of men, who declared that the mud grew deeper and the hills steeper every year, and vowed their customary vow never to come that way again. At last our tents were pitched on a green point of balsams, close beside the water. The delightful sense of peace and freedom descended upon our souls. Prosper and Ovide were cutting wood for the camp-fire; François was getting ready a brace of partridges for supper; Patrick and I were unpacking the provisions, arranging them conveniently for present use and future transportation.

“Here, Pat,” said I, as my hand fell on a large square parcel—“here is some superfine tobacco that I got in Quebec for you and the other men on this trip. Not like the damp stuff you had last year—a little bad smoke and too many bad words. This is tobacco to burn—something quite particular, you understand. How does that please you?”

He had been rolling up a piece of salt pork in a cloth as I spoke, and courteously wiped his fingers on the outside of the bundle before he stretched out his hand to take the package of tobacco. Then he answered, with his unflinching politeness, but more solemnly than usual:

“A thousand thanks to m'sieu'. But this year I shall not have need of the good tobacco. It shall be for the others.”

The reply was so unexpected that it almost took my breath away. For Pat, the steady smoker, whose pipes were as invariable as the precession of the equinoxes, to refuse his regular rations of the soothing weed was a thing unheard of. Could he be growing proud in his old age? Had he some secret

supply of cigars concealed in his kit, which made him scorn the golden Virginia leaf? I demanded an explanation.

"But no, m'sieu'," he replied; "it is not that, most assuredly. It is something entirely different—something very serious. It is a reformation that I commence. Does m'sieu' permit that I should inform him of it?"

Of course I permitted, or rather warmly encouraged, the fullest possible unfolding of the tale; and while we sat among the bags and boxes, and the sun settled gently down behind the sharp-pointed firs across the lake, and the evening sky and the waveless lake glowed with a thousand tints of deepening rose and amber, Patrick put me in possession of the facts which had led to a moral revolution in his life.

"It was the Ma'm'selle Meelair, that young lady,—not very young, but active like the youngest,—the one that I conducted down the Grande Décharge to Chicoutimi last year, after you had gone away. She said that she knew m'sieu' intimately. No doubt you have a good remembrance of her?"

I admitted an acquaintance with the lady. She was the president of several societies for ethical agitation—a long woman, with short hair and eye-glasses and a great thirst for tea; not very good in a canoe, but always wanting to run the rapids and go into the dangerous places, and talking all the time. Yes; that must have been the one. She was not a bosom friend of mine, to speak accurately, but I remembered her well.

"Well, then, m'sieu'," continued Patrick, "it was this demoiselle who changed my mind about the smoking. But not in a moment, you understand; it was a work of four days, and she spoke much.

"The first day it was at the Island House; we were trolling for ouananiche, and she was not pleased for she lost many of the fish. I was smoking at the stern of the canoe, and she said that the tobacco was a filthy weed,—*une herbe sale*,—that it grew in the devil's garden, and that it smelled bad, terribly bad, and that it made the air sick, and that even the pig would not eat it."

I could imagine Patrick's dismay as he listened to this dissertation; for in his way he was as sensitive as a woman, and he would rather have been upset in his canoe than have exposed himself to the reproach of offending any one of his patrons by unpleasant or unseemly conduct.

"What did you do then, Pat?" I asked.

"Certainly I put out the pipe—what could

I do otherwise? But I thought that what the demoiselle Meelair has said was very strange, and not true—exactly; for I have often seen the tobacco grow, and it springs up of the ground like the wheat or the beans, and it has beautiful leaves, broad and green, with sometimes a red flower at the top. Does the good God cause the filthy weeds to grow like that? Are they not all clean that he has made? The potato—it is not filthy. And the onion? It has a strong smell; but the demoiselle Meelair she ate much of the onion—when we were not at the Island House, but in the camp.

"And the smell of the tobacco—this is an affair of the taste. For me, I love it much; it is like a spice. When I come home at night to the camp-fire, where the boys are smoking, the smell of the pipes runs far out into the woods to salute me. It says, (Here we are, Patrique; come in near to the fire.) The smell of the tobacco is more sweet than the smell of the fish. The pig loves it not, assuredly; but what then? I am not a pig. To me it is good, good, good. Don't you find it like that, m'sieu'?"

I had to confess that in the affair of taste I sided with Patrick rather than with the pig. "Continue," I said—"continue, my boy. Miss Miller must have said more than that to reform you."

"Truly," replied Pat. "On the second day we were making the lunch at midday on the island below the first rapids. I smoked the pipe on a rock apart, after the collation. Mees Meelair comes to me, and says: (Patrique, my man, do you comprehend that the tobacco is a poison? You are committing the murder of yourself.) Then she tells me many things—about the nicoline, I think she calls him: how he goes into the blood and into the bones and into the hair, and how quickly he will kill the cat. And she says, very strong, (The men who smoke the tobacco shall die!)"

"That must have frightened you well, Pat. I suppose you threw away your pipe at once."

"But no, m'sieu'; this time I continue to smoke; for now it is Mees Meelair who comes near the pipe voluntarily, and it is not my offense. And I remember, while she is talking, the old bonhomme Michaud at St. Gérôme. He is a capable man; when he was young he could carry a barrel of flour a mile without rest, and now that he has seventy-three years he yet keeps his force. And he smokes—it is astonishing how that old man smokes! All the day, except when he sleeps. If the tobacco is a poison, it is a poison of the slowest—like the tea or the coffee. For the cat

it is quick—yes; but for the man it is long; and I am still young—only thirty-one.

«But the third day, m'sieu'—the third day was the worst. It was a day of sadness, a day of the bad chance. The demoiselle Meelair was not content but that we should leap the Rapide des Cèdres in canoe. It was rough, rough—all feather-white, and the big rock at the corner boiling like a kettle. But it is the ignorant who have the most of boldness. The demoiselle Meelair she was not solid in the canoe. She made a jump and a loud scream. I did my possible, but the sea was too high. We took in of the water about five buckets. We were very wet. After that we make the camp; and while I sit by the fire to dry my clothes I smoke for comfort.

«Mees Meelair she comes to me once more. (Patrique,) she says with a sad voice, (I am sorry that a nice man, so good, so brave, is married to a thing so bad, so sinful!) At first I am mad when I hear this, because I think she means Angélique, my wife; but immediately she goes on: (You are married to the smoking. That is sinful; it is a wicked thing. Christians do not smoke. There is none of the tobacco in heaven. The men who use it cannot go there. Ah, Patrique, do you wish to go to the hell with your pipe?)»

«That was a close question,» I commented; «your Miss Miller is a plain speaker. But what did you say when she asked you that?»

«I said, m'sieu',» replied Patrick, lifting his hand to his forehead, «that I must go where the good God pleased to send me, and that I would have much joy to go to the same place with our curé, the Père Girard, who is a great smoker. I am sure that the pipe of comfort is no sin to that holy man when he returns, some cold night, from the visiting of the sick—it is not sin, not more than the soft chair and the warm fire. It harms no one, and it makes quietness of mind. For me, when I see m'sieu' the curé sitting at the door of the *presbytère*, in the evening coolness, smoking the tobacco, very peaceful, and when he says to me, (Good day, Patrique; will you have a pipeful?) I cannot think that is wicked—no!»

There was a warmth of sincerity in the honest fellow's utterance that spoke well for the character of the curé of St. Gérôme. The good word of a plain fisherman or hunter is worth more than a degree of doctor of divinity from a learned university.

I too had grateful memories of good men, faithful, charitable, wise, devout,—men before whose virtues my heart stood uncovered and reverent, men whose lives were sweet

with self-sacrifice, and whose words were like stars of guidance to many souls,—and I had often seen these men solacing their toils and inviting pleasant, kindly thoughts with the pipe of peace. I wondered whether Miss Miller ever had the good fortune to meet any of these men. They were not members of the societies for ethical agitation, but they were profitable men to know. Their very presence was medicinal. It breathed patience and fidelity to duty, and a large, quiet friendliness.

«Well, then,» I asked, «what did she say finally to turn you? What was her last argument? Come, Pat, you must make it a little shorter than she did.»

«In five words, m'sieu', it was this: (The tobacco causes the poverty.) The fourth day—you remind yourself of the long, dead water below the Rapide Gervais? It was there. All the day she spoke to me of the money that goes to the smoke. Two piastres the month. Twenty-four the year. Three hundred—yes, with the interest, more than three hundred in ten years! Two thousand piastres in the life of the man! But she comprehends well the arithmetic, that demoiselle Meelair; it was enormous! The big farmer Tremblay has not more money at the bank than that. Then she asks me if I have been at Quebec? No. If I would love to go? Of course, yes. For two years of the smoking we could go, the goodwife and me, to Quebec, and see the grand city, and the shops, and the many people, and the cathedral, and perhaps the theater. And at the asylum of the orphans we could seek one of the little found children to bring home with us, to be our own; for m'sieu' knows it is the sadness of our house that we have no child. But it was not Mees Meelair who said that—no, she would not understand that thought.»

Patrick paused for a moment, and rubbed his chin reflectively. Then he continued with an air of triumph:

«And so I have thrown away the pipes. I smoke no more. The money of the tobacco is for Quebec and for the little found child. I have already eighteen piastres and twenty sous in the old box of cigars on the chimney-piece at the house. This year will bring more. The winter after the next, if we have the good chance, we go to the city, the goodwife and me, and we come home with the little boy—or maybe the little girl. Does m'sieu' approve?»

«You are a man of virtue, Pat,» said I; «and since you will not take your share of the tobacco on this trip, it shall go to the

other men; but you shall have the money instead, to put into your box on the mantelpiece."

After supper that evening I watched him with some curiosity to see what he would do. He seemed restless and uneasy. The other men sat around the fire, smoking; but Patrick was down at the landing, fussing over one of the canoes, which had been somewhat roughly handled on the road coming in. Then he began to tighten the tent-ropes, and hauled at them so vigorously that he loosened two of the stakes. Then he whittled the blade of his paddle for a while, and cut it an inch too short. Then he went into the men's tent, and in a few minutes the sound of snoring told that he had sought refuge in sleep at eight o'clock, without telling a single caribou story, or making any plans for the next day's sport.

II.

For several days we lingered on the Lake of the Beautiful River, trying the fishing. We explored all the favorite meeting-places of the trout, at the mouths of the streams and in the cool spring-holes, but we did not find remarkable success. I am bound to say that Patrick was not at his best that year as a fisherman. He was as ready to work, as interested, as eager, as ever; but he lacked steadiness, persistence, patience. That placid confidence in the ultimate certainty of catching fish, which is one of the chief elements of good luck, seemed to have deserted him. He did not appear to be able to sit still in the canoe. The mosquitos troubled him terribly. He was just as anxious as a man could be to have me take plenty of the largest trout, but he was too much in a hurry. He even went so far as to say that he did not think I cast the fly as well as I did formerly, and that I was too slow in striking when the fish rose.

There was one place in particular that required very cautious angling. It was a spring-hole at the mouth of the Rivière du Milieu—an open space, about a hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide, in the midst of the lily-pads, and surrounded on every side by clear, shallow water. Here the great trout assembled at certain hours of the day; but it was not easy to get them. You must come up delicately in the canoe, and make fast to a stake at the side of the pool, and wait a long time for the place to get quiet and the fish to recover from their fright and come out from under the lily-pads. But this year

Patrick could not endure the waiting; after five minutes he would say:

"But the fishing is bad this season. There are none of the big ones here at all. Let us try another place. It will go better at the Rivière du Cheval, perhaps."

There was only one thing that would really keep him quiet, and that was a conversation about Quebec. The glories of that wonderful city entranced his thoughts. He was already floating, in imagination, with the vast throngs of people that filled its splendid streets, looking up at the stately houses and churches with their glittering roofs of tin, and staring his fill at the magnificent shop-windows, where all the luxuries of the world were displayed. He had heard that there were more than a hundred shops—separate shops for all kinds of separate things: one for groceries, and one for shoes, and one for clothes, and one for knives and axes, and one for guns, and many shops where they sold only jewels—gold rings, and diamonds, and forks of pure silver. Was it not so? He pictured himself, side by side with his goodwife, in the *salle à manger* of the Hôtel Richelieu, ordering their dinner from a printed bill of fare. Side by side they were walking on the Dufferin Terrace, listening to the music of the military band. Side by side they were watching the wonders of the play at the Théâtre de l'Étoile du Nord. Side by side, they were kneeling before the gorgeous altar in the cathedral. And then they were standing silent, side by side, in the asylum of the orphans, looking at brown eyes and blue, at black hair and yellow curls, at fat legs and rosy cheeks and laughing mouths, while the Mother Superior showed off the little boys and girls for them to choose. This affair of the choice was always a delightful difficulty, and here his fancy loved to hang in suspense, vibrating between rival joys.

Once, at the Rivière du Milieu, after considerable discourse upon Quebec, there was an interval of silence, during which I succeeded in hooking and playing a larger trout than usual. As the fish came up to the side of the canoe, Patrick netted him deftly, exclaiming with an abstracted air, "It is a boy, after all. I like that best."

Our camp was shifted, the second week, to the Grand Lac des Cèdres; and there we had extraordinary fortune with the trout, partly, I conjecture, because there was only one place to fish, and so Patrick's uneasy zeal could find no excuse for keeping me in constant motion all around the lake. But in the matter of weather we were not so happy.

There is always a conflict in the angler's mind about the weather—a struggle between his desires as a man and his desires as a fisherman. This time our prayers for a good fishing season were granted at the expense of our suffering human nature. There was a conjunction in the zodiac of the signs of Aquarius and Pisces. It rained as easily, as suddenly, as penetratingly, as Miss Miller talked; but in between the showers the trout were very hungry.

One day, when we were paddling home to our tents among the birch-trees, one of these unexpected storms came up; and Patrick, thoughtful of my comfort as ever, insisted on giving me his coat to put around my dripping shoulders. The paddling would be instead of a coat for him, he said; it would keep him warm to his bones. As I slipped the garment over my back, something hard fell from one of the pockets into the bottom of the canoe. It was a brier-wood pipe.

«Aha! Pat,» I cried; «what is this? You said you had thrown all your pipes away. How does this come in your pocket?»

«But, m'sieu',» he answered, «this is different. This is not the pipe pure and simple. It is a souvenir. It is the one you gave me two years ago on the Metabetchouan, when we got the big caribou. I could not reject this. I keep it always for the remembrance.»

At this moment my hand fell upon a small, square object in the other pocket of the coat. I pulled it out. It was a cake of Virginia leaf. Without a word, I held it up, and looked at Patrick. He began to explain eagerly:

«Yes, certainly, it is the tobacco, m'sieu'; but it is not for the smoke, as you suppose. It is for the virtue, for the self-victory. I call this my little piece of temptation. See; the edges are not cut. I smell it only; and when I think how it is good, then I speak to myself, (Quebec!) It will last a long time, this little piece of temptation; perhaps until we have the boy at our house—or maybe the girl.»

The conflict between the cake of Virginia leaf and Patrick's virtue must have been severe during the last ten days of our expedition; for we went down the Rivière des Écorces, and that is a tough trip, and full of occasions when consolation is needed. After a long, hard day's work cutting out an abandoned portage through the woods, or tramping miles over the incredibly shaggy hills to some outlying pond for a caribou, and lugging the saddle and hind quarters back to the camp, the evening pipe, after supper, seemed to comfort the men unspeakably. If their

tempers had grown a little short under stress of fatigue and hunger, now they became cheerful and good-natured again. They sat on logs before the camp-fire, their stockinged feet stretched out to the blaze, and the puffs of smoke rose from their lips like tiny salutes to the comfortable flame, or like incense burned upon the altar of gratitude and contentment.

Patrick, I noticed about this time, liked to get on the leeward side of as many pipes as possible, and as near as he could to the smokers. He said that this kept away the mosquitos. There he would sit, with the smoke drifting full in his face, both hands in his pockets, talking about Quebec.

But the great trial of his virtue was yet to come. The main object of our trip down the River of Barks—the *terminus ad quem* of the expedition, so to speak—was a bear. Now the bear as an object of the chase, at least in Canada, is one of the most illusory of phantoms. The manner of hunting is simple. It consists in walking about through the woods, or paddling along a stream, until you meet a bear; then you try to shoot him. This would seem to be, as the Rev. Mr. Leslie called his book against the deists of the eighteenth century, «A Short and Easie Method.» But in point of fact there are two principal difficulties. The first is that you never find the bear when and where you are looking for him. The second is that the bear sometimes finds you when—but you shall see how it happened to us.

We had hunted the whole length of the River of Barks with the utmost pains and caution, never going out, even to pick blueberries or to take a short walk in the woods, without having the rifle at hand, loaded for the expected encounter. Not one bear had we met. It seemed as if the whole ursine tribe must have emigrated to the Saguenay. At last we came to the mouth of the river, where it empties into Lake Kenogami, in a comparatively civilized country, with several farm-houses in full view on the opposite bank. It was not a promising place for the chase; but the river ran down with a little fall and a lively, cheerful rapid into the lake, and it was a capital spot for fishing. So we left the rifle in the case, and took a canoe and a rod, and went down, on the last afternoon, to stand on the point of rocks at the foot of the rapid, and cast the fly.

We caught half a dozen good trout; but the sun was still hot, and we concluded to wait a while for the evening fishing. So we turned the canoe bottom side up among the

bushes on the shore, stored the trout away in the shade beneath it, and sat down in a convenient place among the stones to have another chat about Quebec. We had just passed the jewelry-shops, and were preparing to go to the asylum of the orphans, when Patrick put his hand on my shoulder with a convulsive grip, and pointed up the stream.

There was a huge bear, like a very big, wicked black sheep with a pointed nose, making his way down the shore. He shambled along lazily and unconcernedly, as if his bones were loosely tied together in a bag of fur. It was the most indifferent and disconnected gait that I ever saw. Nearer and nearer he sauntered, while we sat as still as if we had been paralyzed. And the gun was in its case at the tent!

How the bear knew it I cannot tell; but know it he certainly did, for he kept on until he reached the canoe, sniffed at it suspiciously, thrust his sharp nose under it, and turned it over with a crash that knocked two holes in the bottom, ate the fish, licked his chops, stared at us for a few moments without the slightest appearance of gratitude, made up his mind that he did not like our personal appearance, and then loped leisurely up the mountain-side. We could hear him cracking the underbrush long after he was lost to sight.

Patrick looked at me and sighed. I said nothing. The French language, as far as I knew it, seemed trifling and inadequate. It was a moment when nothing could do any good except the consolations of philosophy or a pipe. Patrick pulled the brier-wood from his pocket; then he took out the cake of Virginia leaf, looked at it, smelled it, shook his head, and put it back again. His face was as long as his arm. He stuck the cold pipe into his mouth, and pulled away at it for a while in silence. Then his countenance began to clear, his mouth relaxed, he broke into a laugh.

«Sacred bear!» he cried, slapping his knee; «sacred beast of the world! What a day of the good chance for her, *hé!* But she was glad, I suppose. Perhaps she has some cubs, *hé? Baptême!*»

This was the end of our hunting and fishing for that year. We spent the next two days in voyaging through a half-dozen small lakes and streams, in a farming country, on our way home. I observed that Patrick kept his souvenir pipe between his lips a good deal of the time, and puffed at vacancy. It seemed to soothe him. In his conversation he dwelt with peculiar satisfaction on the thought of

the money in the cigar-box on the mantelpiece at St. Gérôme. Eighteen piastres and twenty sous already! And with the addition to be made from the tobacco not smoked during the past month, it would amount to more than twenty-one piastres; and all as safe in the cigar-box as if it were in the bank at Chicoutimi! That reflection seemed to fill the empty pipe with fragrance. It was a Barmecide smoke; but the fumes of it were potent, and their invisible wreaths framed the most enchanting visions of tall towers, gray walls, glittering windows, crowds of people, regiments of soldiers, and the laughing eyes of a little boy—or was it a little girl?

When we came out of the mouth of La Belle Rivière, the broad blue expanse of Lake St. John spread before us, calm and bright in the radiance of the sinking sun. In a curve on the left, eight miles away, sparkled the slender steeple of the church of St. Gérôme. A thick column of smoke rose from somewhere in its neighborhood. «It is on the beach,» said the men; «the boys of the village accustom themselves to burn the rubbish there for a bonfire.» But as our canoes danced lightly forward over the waves and came nearer to the place, it was evident that the smoke came from the village itself. It was a conflagration, but not a general one; the houses were too scattered and the day too still for a fire to spread. What could it be? Perhaps the blacksmith shop, perhaps the bakery, perhaps the old tumble-down barn of the little Tremblay? It was not a large fire, that was certain. But where was it precisely?

The question, becoming more and more anxious, was answered when we arrived at the beach. A handful of boys, eager to be the bearers of news, had spied us far off, and ran down to the shore to meet us.

«Patrique! Patrique!» they shouted in English, to make their importance as great as possible in my eyes. «Come 'ome kveek; yo' 'ouse ees hall burn'!»

«W'at!» cried Patrick. «*Monjee!*» And he drove the canoe ashore, leaped out, and ran up the bank toward the village as if he were mad. The other men followed him, leaving me with the boys to unload the canoes and pull them up on the sand, where the waves would not chafe them.

This took some time, and the boys helped me willingly. «Eet ees not need to 'urry, m'sieu'», they assured me; «dat 'ouse to Patrique Moullarqué ees hall burn' seence t'ree hour. Not'ing lef' bot de hash.»

As soon as possible, however, I piled up the stuff, covered it with one of the tents, and leaving it in charge of the steadiest of the boys, took the road to the village and the site of the Maison Mullarkey.

It had vanished completely: the walls of squared logs were gone; the low, curved roof had fallen; the door-step with the morning-glory vines climbing up beside it had sunken out of sight; nothing remained but the dome of the clay oven at the back of the house, and a heap of smoldering embers.

Patrick sat beside his wife on a flat stone that had formerly supported the corner of the porch. His shoulder was close to Angélique's—so close that it looked almost as if he must have had his arm around her a moment before I came up. His passion and grief had calmed themselves down now, and he was quite tranquil. In his left hand he held the cake of Virginia leaf, in his right his knife, and between his knees the brier-wood, which he was filling with great deliberation.

"What a misfortune!" I cried. "The pretty house is gone. I am so sorry, Patrick. And the box of money on the mantelpiece, that is gone, too, I fear—all your savings. What a terrible misfortune! How did it happen?"

"I cannot tell," he answered rather slowly. "It is the good God. And he has left me my Angélique. Also, m'sieu', you see"—here he went over to the pile of ashes, and pulled out a fragment of charred wood with a live coal at the end—"you see"—puff, puff—"he has given me"—puff, puff—"a light for my pipe again"—puff, puff, puff!

The fragrant, friendly smoke was pouring out now in full volume. It enwreathed his head like drifts of cloud around the rugged top of a mountain at sunrise. I could see that his face was spreading into a smile of ineffable contentment.

"My faith!" said I, "how can you be so cheerful? Your house is in ashes; your money is burned up; the voyage to Quebec, the visit to the asylum, the little orphan—how can you give it all up so easily?"

"Well," he replied, taking the pipe from his mouth, with fingers curling around the bowl, as if they loved to feel that it was warm once more—"well, then, it would be more hard, I suppose, to give it up not easily. And then, for the house, we shall build a new one

this fall; the neighbors will all help. And for the voyage to Quebec—without that we may be happy. And as regards the little orphan, I will tell you frankly"—here he went back to his seat upon the flat stone, and settled himself with an air of great comfort beside his partner—"I tell you, in confidence, Angélique demands that I prepare a particular furniture at the new house. Yes, it is a cradle; but it is not for the little orphan."

III.

It was late in the following summer when I came back again to St. Gérôme. The golden-rods and the asters were all in bloom along the village street; and as I walked down it the broad golden sunlight of the short afternoon seemed to glorify the open road and the plain square houses with a careless, homely rapture of peace. The air was softly fragrant with the odor of balm of Gilead. A white-throat sparrow sang from the edge of a little wood, clear, pensive, distinct, like the tone of a silver flute, "*Sweet—sweet—Canada, Canada, Canada!*"

There was the new house, a little farther back from the road than the old one; and in the place where the heap of ashes had lain, a primitive garden, with marigolds and lupines and poppies all abloom. And there was Patrick, sitting on the door-step, smoking his pipe in the cool of the day. Yes; and there, on a many-colored counterpane spread beside him, an infant joy of the house of Mullarkey was sucking its thumb, while its father was humming the words of an old slumber-song:

Sainte Marguerite,
Veillez ma petite!
Endormez ma p'tite enfant
Jusqu'à l'âge de quinze ans!
Quand elle aura quinze ans passé
Il faudra la marier
Avec un p'tit bonhomme
Que viendra de Rome.

"Hola! Patrick," I cried; "good luck to you! Is it a girl or a boy?"

"*Salut!* m'sieu'," he answered, jumping up and waving his pipe. "It is a girl *and* a boy!"

Sure enough, as I entered the door, I beheld Angélique rocking the other half of the reward of virtue in the new cradle.

TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS AT FRESHWATER.

BY V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR.

Ye King holds Frescewatre in demesne.

DOMESDAY BOOK.

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.



FRESHWATER, so intimately associated with the life of Tennyson, is a little village in the extreme western end of the Isle of Wight. The island here narrows down into a small peninsula, and from every point of vantage in its neighborhood there is a far-reaching view of the sea. It derives its name from the spring of fresh water, within a few yards of the beach at Freshwater Gate, which, broadening as it crosses the island, enters the Solent near Yarmouth, and is known through its course as the River Yar. The little peninsula would speedily become an island if there were no breakwater at Freshwater Gate, or Freshwater Bay, as it is more commonly called, to stay the power of the sea. The Channel has been encroaching on it for ages, battering away into the cliffs; and the aspect of Freshwater Bay has altered considerably even during the past hundred years. The smugglers' caves; the fine natural Arched Rock, which stands out in lonely beauty amid the foam and surge of the Channel; the Stag Rock, once known as the Stack—all these will disappear in time, perhaps in another generation.

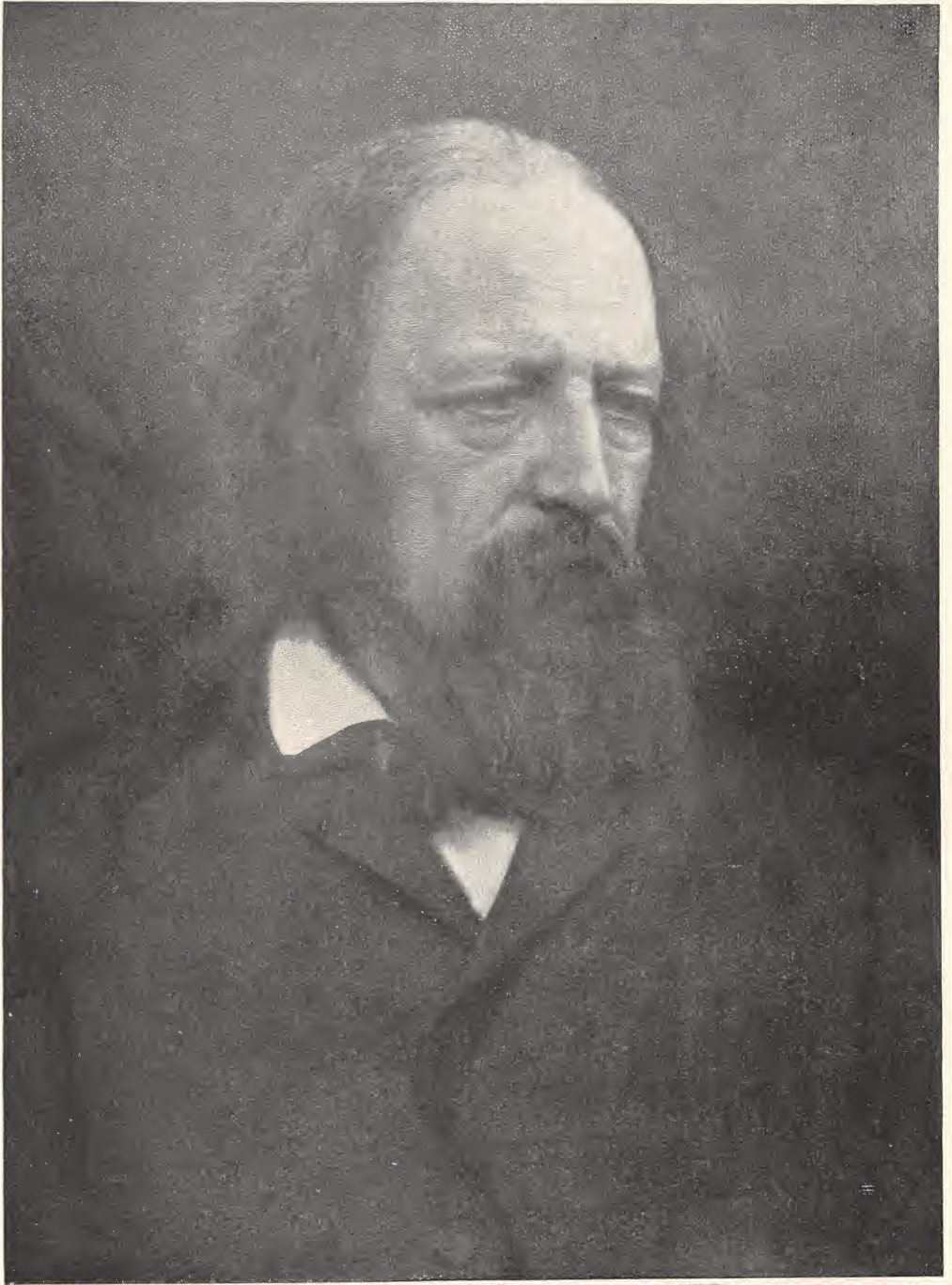
The traveler approaches Freshwater either by the miniature Isle of Wight railway, through Cowes and Newport; by coach from Ventnor; or more commonly from Lymington, on the mainland opposite, by the daily steamer which plies across the Solent to the old-fashioned little town of Yarmouth. This was the route favored by the poet in his journeys to and from his Freshwater home. It was during one of these little voyages across the Solent that he composed his poem "Crossing the Bar," now published as the last poem in the collected edition of his works, though

written some years before his death. It was his custom latterly to travel in a special steamer when making the annual move to and from Farringford, partly on account of Lady Tennyson's delicate health.

Between Southampton and Lymington a change of trains becomes necessary at Brockenhurst, where, in the little waiting-room, hangs a collection of Mrs. Cameron's famous portraits, placed there by her, in days gone by, when she was Tennyson's near neighbor and friend at Farringford, in memory of her meeting there a son returned from Ceylon after an absence of many years. Brockenhurst thus affords the traveler a first glimpse into the social life of Freshwater in those earlier days, the memory of which it is the purpose of this article in some measure to revive.

Some years ago I had but recently returned from a brief sojourn in Italy, and my heart was full of the glory and beauty of its great cities and its incomparable climate. Something of this I expressed in conversation with my friend Mr. Arthur Tennyson, a brother of the laureate, to whom Italy is an open book into which he, like his brother Frederick Tennyson, has read many years of a long life. "Yes," he replied; "it is a very beautiful country, and very pleasant to sojourn in; but for an old man—for me—there is nothing in it like this"; and as he spoke he turned to the quiet landscape which spread beyond us—soft, undulating downs whereon the sheep were grazing; open fields bordered by deep, trim hedges; little stone cottages half hidden under climbing ivy; and everywhere a sense of ordered comfort and rest.

Tennyson undoubtedly chose Freshwater as a home for these qualities of remoteness from "the madding crowd," and the tranquillity that slumbers in its mild southern air. When he came to settle here in the early fifties, with the laurel chaplet fresh on his brow,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. CAMERON.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

the little village was infinitely more secluded than it is now. Its rural stillness had not yet been invaded by the shriek of the steam-engine, and the «elegant seaside villa,» which is now one of its most dubious adornments, had not yet emerged into the capitalist horizon. An occasional steamer served as the only means of communication between this, the western end of the island, and the adjoining mainland, and the manor-houses of the local gentry, with farms and cottages, made up all there was of Freshwater.

From the rural village of forty years ago, secluded from the great world beyond, it is passing into a cheap watering-place; and the rows of new buildings which boast pretentious names along the main road to Freshwater Gate are a testimony to its growth.

Yonder lies our young sea village—Art and Grace are less and less:
Science grows and Beauty dwindles—roofs of slated hideousness.

But if Freshwater has suffered somewhat since Tennyson went to live there, it is infinitely richer for the legacy he has left it. His memory exalts all that is permanent of its old beauty. The village has altered, but the beautiful swelling downs remain; the little sedge-embroidered Yar still makes seaward from Freshwater Gate, where the Channel spray mingles with its infant waters, to Yarmouth by the Solent, as it did half a century of summers ago; and at Farringford, the poet's home, all remains as he left it. The personal memories which still linger in the neighborhood must die out one by one as the people of his time pass away; but meanwhile his portrait hangs in most of the old cottages, the village folk still have quaint personal recollections of the great man who moved among them wrapped in a sort of mystery, and a few of those who were privileged to be his intimate friends still reside in the neighborhood.

The admiration of his rustic neighbors was, it must be confessed, somewhat confused and vague, especially before he became a tangible, understandable lord.

One day, when Tennyson was having his new study built, he overheard an amusing conversation between two of the workmen.

«Have you seen him?» said one.

«Yes,» replied the other.

«What sort of a chap is he?»

«Oh, well enough for an overner,» growled the other in reply.

The story is a characteristic one of the old days when the Wight islander was pro-

foundly exclusive, and believed that stout, honest fellows like himself grew only in the Isle of Wight; for no good, in his estimation, could be expected from «over» the sea.

The shepherd at Farringford was a well-known figure in the old days. When he grew old and past work, he was given a pension by Lord Tennyson, and he retired to a little cottage on the estate. One day a niece of the poet's went to sit by him, and she read to him from a volume of Tennyson's poetry. When she had finished reading, he said: «Well, miss, but that was fine. What a head-piece he must have on him, to be sure! You 'd never think it, now, to look at him.»

«Oh, yes, shepherd,» exclaimed the young lady. «Why, I think he has a beautiful, noble face.»

«Well, well, miss,» retorted the old man, «that may be, but you 'd never think it, anyway, to hear him talk!»

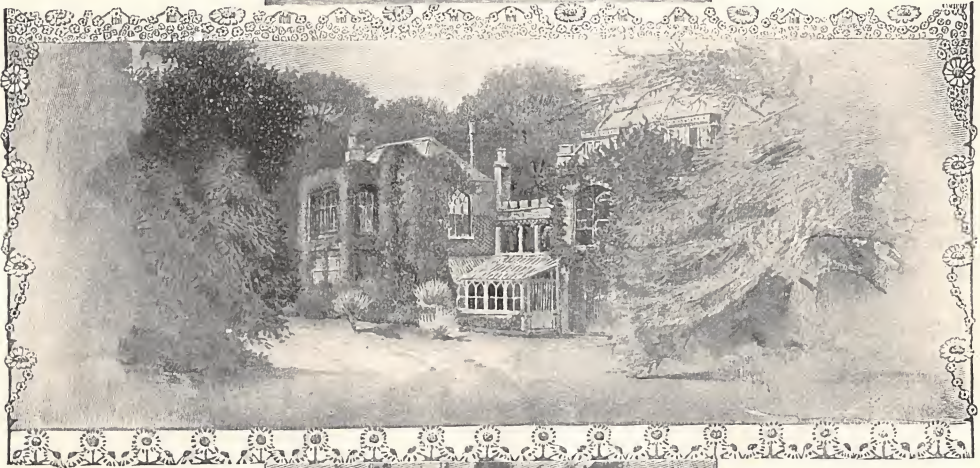
«When I came to Freshwater,» Tennyson said somewhat sorrowfully to a friend, «it was a labyrinth of lanes.» Many of these have disappeared or been shorn of their main attraction, but many still remain; and the Freshwater lanes, hidden under arching elms and bordered with hedges of thorn and blackberry, are a principal element in its beauty to-day. The most famous of these is Farringford lane, barred from the roadway by a little black-hued wicket, the latch of which yields with ready hospitality to the visitor. He may pass up it, though it is a private way, under the shadow of gnarled elms, and making the gentle ascent up a foot-path checkered with light and gloom, he will presently come to where «Tennyson's Bridge» spans the road. On either hand stretch the broad Farringford demesnes—the house and park on the right, and open fields, distinguished by clumps of weather-beaten pines sheering away from long habit from the blast, on the left. The bridge is a slight rustic structure serving to unite two sections of the estate. Across it the poet, seeking a sequestered way to the boisterous open down-land beyond, found his readiest passage. From here, framed by the overhanging trees, he could look out on the vast slope and shoulder of distant Afton, and, nearer, on to his own Down, patterned in heather and ragged gorse,—a thing of flame-clad beauty in its season,—and white chalk chasms with precipitous sides. Here, in the silent moonlight, under the shadow of his own dark pines, he often stood and listened to the voice of the sea.

«Tennyson's Down,» which towers up here

so mightily, a great bulwark between the ocean and the poet's home, continues, under changing names, till it culminates, at a height of nearly four hundred and fifty feet, in the «Beacon.» Thence it declines toward the sea, its last outpost being the storm-shattered rocks on which the Needles lighthouse is built.

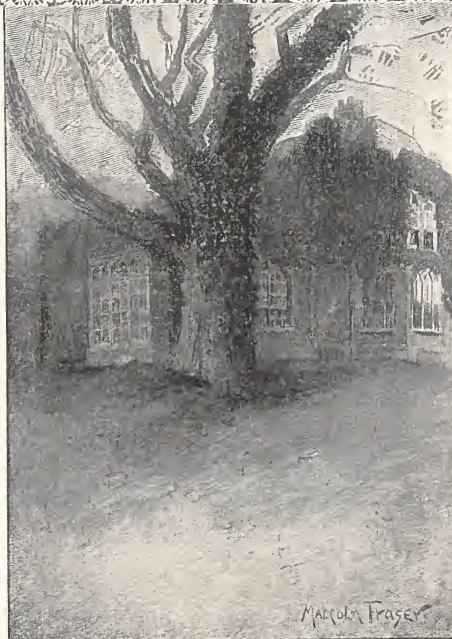


«the broad backs of the bushless downs,» would sometimes stop and draw attention to it, pointing out impressively that on this same spot he believed there had been lighted one of those beacons which flashed the news to a waiting people of the approach of the Spanish Armada. It is more than possible that this was the case;



The downs and tender-tinted cliffs are lost,
And nothing but the guardian fire remains—
That crimson-headed tower on the rough coast
Whose steady lustre ceases not nor wanes.

The days of the Beacon are numbered; and when the Tennyson monument takes its place, the old wooden Beacon will be taken down and carried away. Yet it is a historic relic in which many take an interest. Tennyson himself regarded it in this light, and, when walking with a companion over



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

FARRINGFORD: THE PORCH.—TENNYSON'S STUDY WINDOWS (SECOND FLOOR ON THE LEFT).—THE DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW AND PART OF THE GREAT CEDAR.

and there is no doubt whatever that in later days, when the country was once more face to face with a grave crisis in its history, the beacon then on this spot was destined to play a similar part.

The following narrative is of interest in this connection, and I am indebted to Miss Oldershaw of Freshwater for its use. The narrator, long since deceased, was living near Freshwater at the time. She says: «When all the inhabitants of the south coast of England were living in daily fear of a French invasion un-

der Bonaparte, beacons were erected on all the high downs of the Isle of Wight, and signalmen were appointed to keep watch day and night for French vessels approaching the coast. They were to be lighted to give warning to the inhabitants of the island that the enemy was at hand. One evening the signalman at St. Catherine's, having imbibed too much of the spirits then smuggled into Niton, saw a fleet of fishing-boats entering Chale Bay, and magnified them into war-ships. He accordingly lighted his beacon. By order of the governor of the island, all the women and children were to be sent into Newport, as the center of the island. In Freshwater they were collected,—not a difficult task when the population was so small,—and sent off, packed in wagons, to Newport. When about four miles on the road they were met by a messenger from Chale, and told that it was a false alarm. In the meantime my uncle and aunt had packed their silver and other valuables in strong boxes, ready to be lowered into a deep well in the garden. The beacon at Freshwater was not lighted, because the signalman declared from the beginning of the scare that it was an impossibility for the French to land at Chale while the wind was blowing from the quarter it was in."

The downs on which the Beacon still stands¹ for the moment were Tennyson's great refreshment, and many accounts have been left by his friends of those famous walks along their wind-swept ridges in which he opened his heart and mind to them.

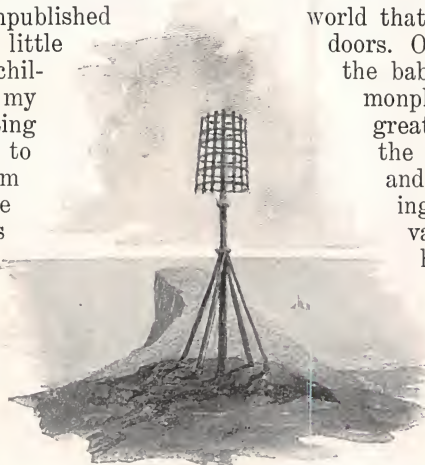
"I have known him," writes Sir John Simeon's daughter, in an unpublished and singularly beautiful little memoir written for her children, from which it is my greatest privilege, in writing this paper, to be allowed to quote—"I have known him to stop short in a sentence to listen to a blackbird's song, to watch the sunlight glint on a butterfly's wing, or to examine a field flower at his feet. The lines (Flower in the crannied wall) were the result of an investigation of the (love-in-idleness) growing on a wall in

Farringford garden. He made them nearly on the spot, and said them to me next day."

But the same voice that was stilled in homage to a blackbird's song rose and fell through those long walks over the downs in a grand melody of its own—a melody of high thoughts wedded to stately words. "I used to go for walks," continues Miss Simeon (afterward Mrs. Ward), "sometimes alone with him, sometimes in the company of other guests, of whom Mr. Jowett was one of the most frequent. Forgetful of the youth and ignorance of his companion, he would rise to the highest themes, thread his way through the deepest speculations, till I caught the infection of his mind, and the questions of matter and spirit, of space and the infinite, of time and of eternity, and such kindred subjects, became to me the burning questions, the supreme interests, of life. But, however absorbed he might be in earnest talk, his eye and ear were always alive to the natural objects around him."

The downs, then, are more connected with Tennyson's personality than almost any other locality in Freshwater; for, outside of his own grounds, they were his favorite haunt. Steep of ascent, their long, undulating summits, like great land-waves, are soft, and spring underfoot. The sea-winds blow free and untrammelled across them, if vehement in their moods; and the tall, cloaked man, walking there with chosen friends, or alone with his own thoughts, felt himself, in the midst of their majestic privacy, happily remote from conventional exercises, and the world that came prying about his doors. On these glorious expanses

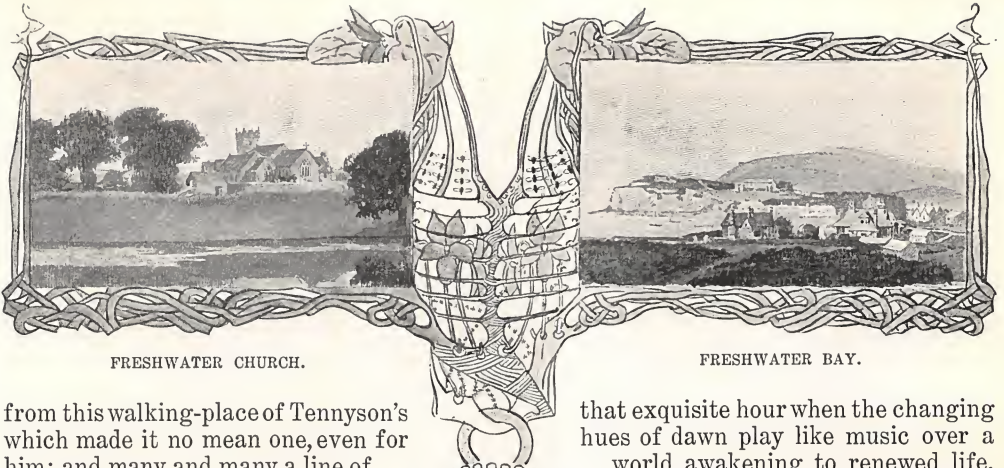
the babble and hum of the commonplace are superseded by great symphonies of nature—the boom of the restless sea and the song of the hastening wind, in diapason of varied emotion. Nor are humbler melodies lacking—the tinkle of sheep-bells, the joyous yelp of the shepherd's dog, and furtive rustlings of a little free-lance, owning no man's dominion, from the tattered gorse. There are views, too,



THE OLD BEACON.

¹ Since these words were written the old wooden Beacon has gone down, and the monument erected to Tennyson's memory has taken its place. It is a very graceful and beautiful Iona cross of white Cornish granite, visible from afar. It has been carved after

a design by Mr. Pearson, R. A., and is adorned with a runic tracery and the words, "In memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, this cross is raised by the people of Freshwater and other friends in England and America." It stands on one of the finest sites in all England.



FRESHWATER CHURCH.

FRESHWATER BAY.

from this walking-place of Tennyson's which made it no mean one, even for him; and many and many a line of his poetry found its inspiration here. From here one may still observe

Below the milky steep
Some ship of battle slowly
creep,
And on thro' zones of light
and shadow
Glimmer away to the lonely
deep;

or one may look down to the little village, seeming "how quiet and small," and yet not free from its "gossip and scandal and spite." Far out to the horizon, flecked here and there by a sail, one may see shimmering in the sunlight the English Channel, and away northward that beautiful coast outline, in a long perspective of changing color, which he thought as fine in its summer glory, when the sea gleams like a blue girdle about the cliffs, as the scenery about Sorrento. There are days, too, of rare and delicate beauty, which come in interludes between rain, when tints of the softest play on the down slopes as the shadows lengthen—tints of gray-green iridescence like the colors on the throat of a wood-pigeon. One circumstance I may mention here which associates Tennyson's memory more nearly with this locality than any other I know of. Save that it reveals the great tenderness and sensitiveness of his character, it were almost too intimate for repetition. It was Tennyson's custom to rise early, when his household had scarcely begun to stir, and walk alone in the freshness of the morning. So it happened, one day, as he climbed the down slopes at



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

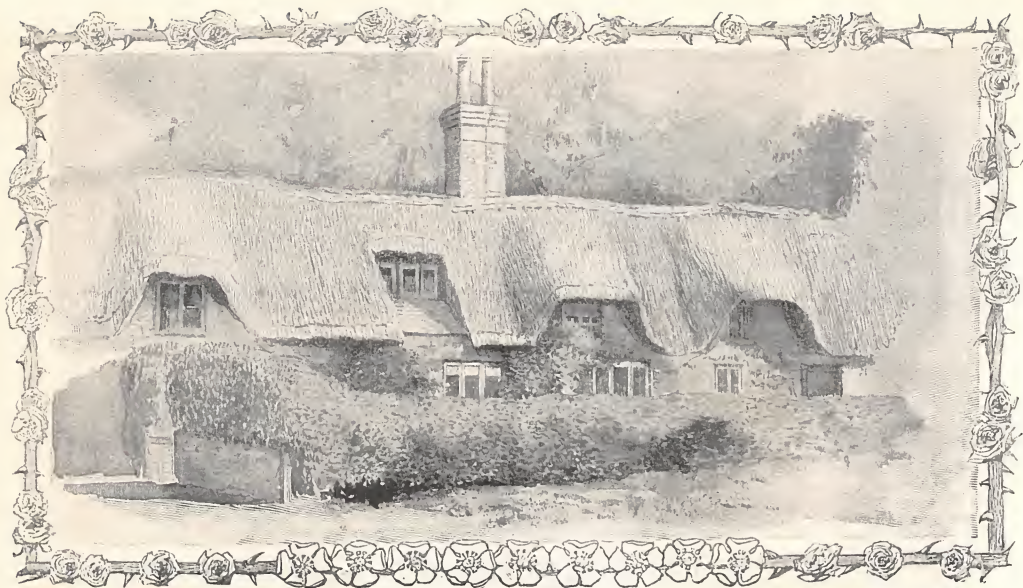
CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER.
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.)

that exquisite hour when the changing hues of dawn play like music over a world awakening to renewed life, that his steps were stayed by an ugly spectacle. Some person during the previous night had set the gorse and heather alight, and in the smoke and rush of sudden flame several of its little inhabitants had been stifled and burned. In the place of what was fair and sheltering the day before there was now a burnt wilderness, rendered pitiful by the presence of a few helpless victims, little birds and charred rabbits. Turning back from this scene of cruelty, the tender-hearted poet walked sadly home as the day was breaking in splendor, and climbing up to

his room, burst into tears.

Willingly, he took no part in the destruction of life. "His sympathy with nature led him to mourn over the cutting down of trees, as if they were, like the grove in Dante's (*Inferno*), the abode of his personal friends," and he never would consent to his flowers at Farringford being plucked. "I can very well remember the look on his face," Miss Weld, his niece, tells me, "when he met me, one day, returning from his meadows with a wheelbarrow full of fading daffodils, plucked by me with the lavish hand of a child. He gazed at them very sorrowfully, and in gentle words expressed his regret that so much beautiful life had been needlessly sacrificed."

From Freshwater Gate to the Needles the white cliffs which pillar the downs are sheer and abrupt. During the summer he made occasional boating excursions, skirting them in the little voyage round the Needles to Alum



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE HOME FARM.

Bay. A close observer of the habits of animals, he used to be deeply fascinated by the wheeling flight of the sea-birds about their homes on the tall cliff ledges. He was himself a climber of considerable nerve, and in spite of his short sight was familiar with many of the steepest cliffs. Of Watcombe Bay he was especially fond, calling it his own bay, since it appertained to the down which was his by ancient prescription as lord of the manor.

Continuing under Tennyson's Bridge, the lane we left some time ago for the open downs passes under the shadow of the poet's trees till, skirting the Home Farm, it turns sharply to the right, and passing near it, bisects the Far-

ringford demesne. On one side of the lane the thatched farm-house sleeps in rustic beauty under heavy-lidded eaves. From its

chimneys the blue smoke quietly ascends against a dense background of lofty trees, and in the yard fowls and chickens and ducks forage with sounds of contentment for food, or bask in the warm sunlight. On the farther side a fine reach of park-land stretches away from a group of yellow hayricks glistening under the great elms, and under the leafy shelter of its avenues the Tennyson herds wander in peace. I am told that in former days the main drive up to Farringford lay through this portion of the estate. A massive yellow farm-wagon with the legend,



HOME FARM LANE.

THE RT. HONBLE. LORD TENNYSON,
Farringford,

writ across it in black letters, finds shelter, when not in use, under the pent-roof of an adjoining stable. It is the definite touch which tells the visitor that Farringford, so deeply associated in the hearts of those who speak the English tongue all over the world with the life of a great poet, is also the private estate of an English gentleman. The poet loved his herds, and was a good farmer. "We are very proud of our mutton," his son said to me, the other day, as we stopped to look at his flocks of sheep grazing under the trees about Farringford.

Leaving the Home Farm, one may pass on through lanes happy with the laughter of children returning from school to laborers' cottages, hidden under ivy and climbing roses, and bearing the initials "A. E. T." in monogram. The letters stand for Alfred and Emily Tennyson—a symbol of perfect unity of heart and a gentle care for the comfort and happiness of poorer neighbors.

In spite of the limitations imposed by delicate health, Lady Tennyson took no small share in the pleasant duties connected with her position as mistress of Farringford. Many of the improvements carried on since they came to live here were made at her suggestion or under her supervision; and whether it were the laying out of a little flower-bed, or the constant task of shielding him from the wearing interruptions of the commonplace, she was ever the "dear, near, and true" companion and partner of the poet's life. "To her," wrote Mr. Palgrave, "he has never looked in vain for aid and comfort, the wife whose perfect love has blessed him through these many years with large and faithful sympathy."

She was fruitful in good works, and did all with that inimitable grace and charm which spring only from the heart. Her memory is green in many of the little cottages in Freshwater. An old man in Freshwater once said to me, speaking of her with the tears almost in his eyes: "She was the kindest, most beautiful-speaking woman I have ever met, sir. God bless her!"

Turning back down the highway, a lane beautiful in midsummer, one comes in a few minutes to the gateway of Farringford, quiet and unpretentious, like everything else about it. Though the house is not far off, it is not visible from here; there is only a glimpse under the horse-chestnuts of the graveled drive. Facing the gate, across the road is

the pretty little cottage in which the old gardener lives, and near it is an apple-orchard—the two, in their homely, unconventional beauty, a not inappropriate entrance to a poet's home. A friend of his staying at Farringford witnessed a scene here which is characteristic of the mingled reverence and rudeness of those admirers of the laureate to whom it was due that he fled from Freshwater here. A tourist, finding himself opposite the gateway, seized the opportunity it offered of carrying away a memento of his visit. Pulling out of his pocket a large penknife, he proceeded with some labor to cut out of the gate wall a fragment of stone. This vandalism accomplished, Tennyson's dishonest admirer hesitated for a moment; then, lifting the latch, he passed in through the gate a short way up the graveled drive till he came within sight of the house. Here he stopped, and gazing earnestly about him as though he would have every momentous detail firmly impressed on his memory, he stood bareheaded for some moments. Then he turned, and came solemnly and reverently away. "The man did not, of course, know," says my informant, "that I was a witness to what he was doing. I was naturally very curious to see what he was about, and watched him from the lane outside. I related the circumstance to Lord Tennyson the same afternoon at lunch, proceeding slowly with my narrative in the order in which the events had occurred. His indignation was great while I was telling him of his admirer's destructiveness, but I could see he was mollified toward the close. ('H'm!') he growled, 'the fellow had some grace left in him.'"

There were no limits, however, to the rudeness and ill-bred curiosity of the thronging tourists to Freshwater in those years, between 1853 and 1867, during which it was still his summer home. Mr. Fytche, a cousin of the poet, now living at "The Terrace," Freshwater, tells the following story of a party which arrived at Mr. Lambert's hotel, one summer, filled with the determination to exploit Farringford and its venerable master. Calling up the landlord, they told him they counted on him to aid them in effecting their purpose; but he flatly refused, saying it was as much as his tenure was worth for him to encourage them in breaking in on the Laureate's privacy. He continued resolute in his refusal, and the spirits of the party sank before the obstacles he pictured for them. One burly fellow, however, bolder than the rest, went off by himself; and after a somewhat



FROM A PAINTING AT ALDWORTH BY G. F. WATTS. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPHURE FROM "ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON," A MEMOIR, BY HIS SON.
LONDON, MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.; NEW YORK, THE MACMILLAN CO.

LADY TENNYSON.

thorny passage through the thick-set hedge and barbed wire designed to keep such intruders out of Farringford, succeeded in finding his way in and climbing up one of the big trees overlooking the lawn. Here, in one of the branches, he sat patiently till the laureate came out with some young ladies staying in the house.

«Alfred,» says Mr. Fytche, «was tossing about the tennis-balls—he did n't actually play the game—when a noise in the trees above them attracted attention.

«It is a carrion crow,» said Tennyson, who always spoke of the rooks as crows; and

they went on. But the prying Tom perched up in the branches was finding his refuge drafty and uncomfortable; and further rustlings, still attributed by Tennyson to a crow, culminated in a violent fit of sneezing about which there could be no mistake. Tennyson was greatly angered, and called out to him, «Come down, you villain!»—the gardener, with his gun, at the same time being sent for. The «villain» came down ignominiously enough, all his valor and determination gone, and begged to be forgiven. «I will forgive you,» said Tennyson, «on one condition. Promise that you will go away at once, and

never come back to this island.) The man promised, and took himself off.»

A little below Farringford gate is the shop of Mr. Rogers, the Freshwater naturalist, whose windowful of stuffed specimens—monkeys, armadillos, toucans, and other creatures, some of them collected in far-away Brazil and Central America—is in curious contrast with his quiet rural English surroundings. Mr. Rogers came to live here

Ward's) words how and when it came to be chosen as a home by Tennyson and his wife. «It was in the autumn of 1852,» she writes, «that Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson first came to Farringford. They had been looking for a house, and they found themselves, one summer evening, on the terrace walk, with the rosy sunset lighting up the long line of coast to St. Catherine's Point, and the gold-blue sea with its faint surf mingling with the rosi-



MISS WELD.

more than half a century ago, and is one of those who remember Tennyson's coming to Freshwater.

Tennyson, passing down this lane on his way to the village, often stopped to look at the stuffed creatures in the window, or to make to the old naturalist, some remark straight to the purpose and pregnant with close and accurate observation. «Almost the first time I ever walked out with him,» said a privileged friend, «he told me to look and tell him if the field-lark did not come down sideways upon its wing.»

It is time, however, to walk up and look at Farringford itself; and I cannot do better than begin by telling in Miss Simeon's (Mrs.

ness; and they said, «We will go no further; this must be our home.»»

Tennyson was then forty-three years old, and his son Hallam, the present Lord Tennyson, to whose courtesy it is due that this article has been written, was an infant a few months old. At Farringford, two years later, Lionel was born; and here were written «Maud,» full of local allusions; most of the «Idylls of the King»; and «Enoch Arden,» in the opening words of which—

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands—

one recognizes a likeness to Freshwater Bay. For forty years Tennyson spent a large part

of his life here. Aldworth was purchased in 1867, and thereafter there was a migration from Farringford each summer to the stately house built for him by Mr. Knowles. When Tennyson came to live at Freshwater he was a poor man. Fame, indeed, had already found him out; but much of his best work was still to come, and the world was waiting for it. When he went to Aldworth he went a rich man, at the pinnacle of his fame; and Aldworth is therefore a finer, a statelier, and a costlier residence than Farringford. But it is of Farringford that he has written in his poems; and it was at Farringford that life and happiness opened out before him after long years of waiting endeavor. Every home and haunt of his must forever be interesting to such as revere his memory and read his words; but there are two which stand first: Somersby, where in those dim, far-away days he played as a lad when Waterloo was yet unfought, where grief and pain first came to him, leaving the world in legacy what to many is the most precious of all his poems; and Farringford, where happiness and love were found again. For «it was an ideal home—ideal in its loveliness, its repose, in its wild but beautiful gardens, and more than all ideal in its calm serenity. The hospitable simplicity, the high thought and utter nobleness of aim and life, which that pair brought with them, and which through the long years of change, of sickness, and of sorrow, of which every home must be the scene, made the atmosphere of Farringford impossible to be forgotten by those who had the happiness of breathing it.» The words are Miss Simeon's (Mrs. Ward's).

We may enter it, all untenanted as it is by them, for a moment. The gravel drive offers no glimpse of the house till, sweeping round a clump of sheltering trees, it confronts one somewhat unexpectedly with the little Gothic-looking porch through which the hall door opens. Here, the most prominent among them, is the

Giant ilex keeping leaf

When frost is keen and days are brief—

a mass of somber green amid the winter skeletons about it. It is a fine old tree, and one of the biggest of its race in England.¹ Several great branches, each a trunk in its proportions, spring from the base, and they are now chained to each other to stay the split-

¹ It was planted in the Waterloo year, when the Seymours lived at Farringford. Mr. Seymour was a clergyman, and a daughter of his married the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

ting asunder which is hastening its dissolution. Lashed round with these black chains and iron bands, dimly visible through its gloom, it is like some rugged old giant keeping death savagely at bay. In striking contrast to it, across the trim gravel shoots up, in all the pride of its youthful beauty,

The waving pine which here

The warrior of Caprera set.

Two and thirty years ago a rifle-bullet brought its parent cone to earth in the woods of California. The little plant which sprang from it was given by the Duchess of Sutherland to Tennyson; and here, at the threshold of Farringford, Garibaldi, to whom the great heart of the English people had just gone out in a tumult of sympathy, planted it on a memorable day in 1864, when he came over from Lymington on a visit to the laureate. Sir Henry Taylor, who was present on this interesting occasion, has left us a pleasant memory of it, in spite of the counter-attractions of a beautiful young lady, to which he admits he fell a victim:

And there was he, that gentle hero, who,

By virtue and strength of his right arm,

Dethroned an unjust king, and then withdrew

To tend his farm.

To whom came forth a mighty man of song,

Whose deep-mouth'd music rolls thro' all the land,

Voices of many rivers, rich or strong

Or sweet or grand.

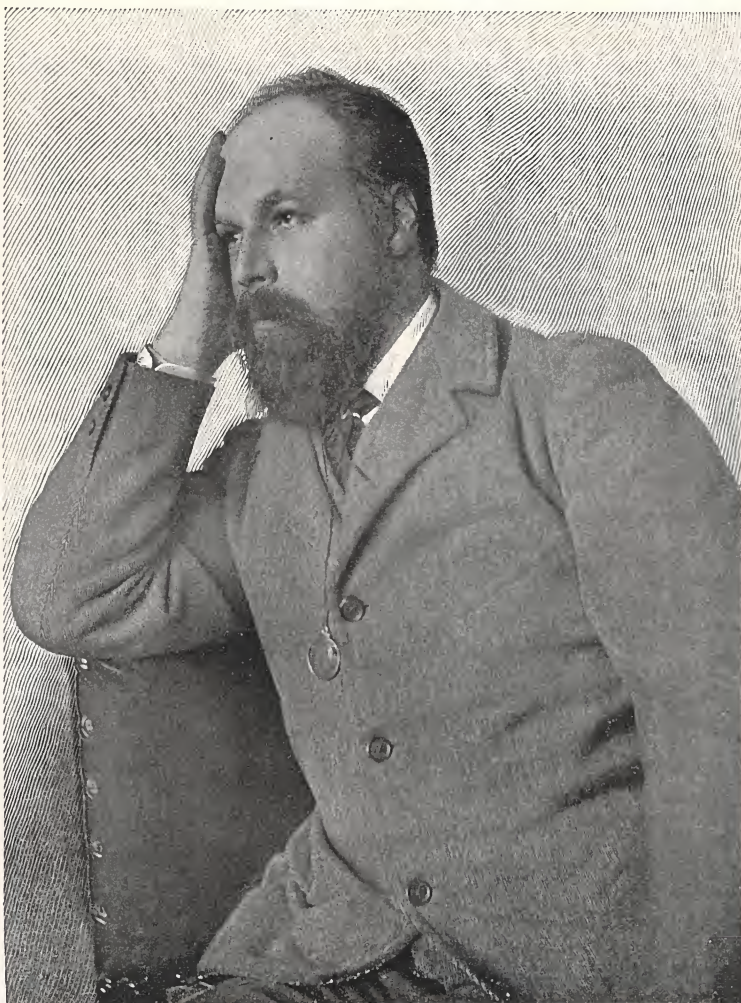
The tree, a *Wellingtonia gigantea*, has, in spite of the too ardent admirer who before twenty-four hours were over had with rude and vandal hands broken off one of the branches, grown to stateliness and beauty. It is a graceful creature, apart from the historic interest which attaches to it; and it keeps its youth and freshness amid

The branching grace

Of leafless elm, or naked lime,

which encompass it about in winter.

Under the porch there are some fossil remains of a huge lizard, dug up in Freshwater Bay and brought here in Tennyson's lifetime. «My father was deeply interested in geology,» was Lord Tennyson's comment when he drew my attention to them. Through the tiny hall a door opens into a large anteroom with fine windows overlooking the ilex copse, and farther beyond there is a long, narrow hall, from which a staircase ascends to the upper stories. A striking object on a low



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. CAMERON.

HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON.

M.F

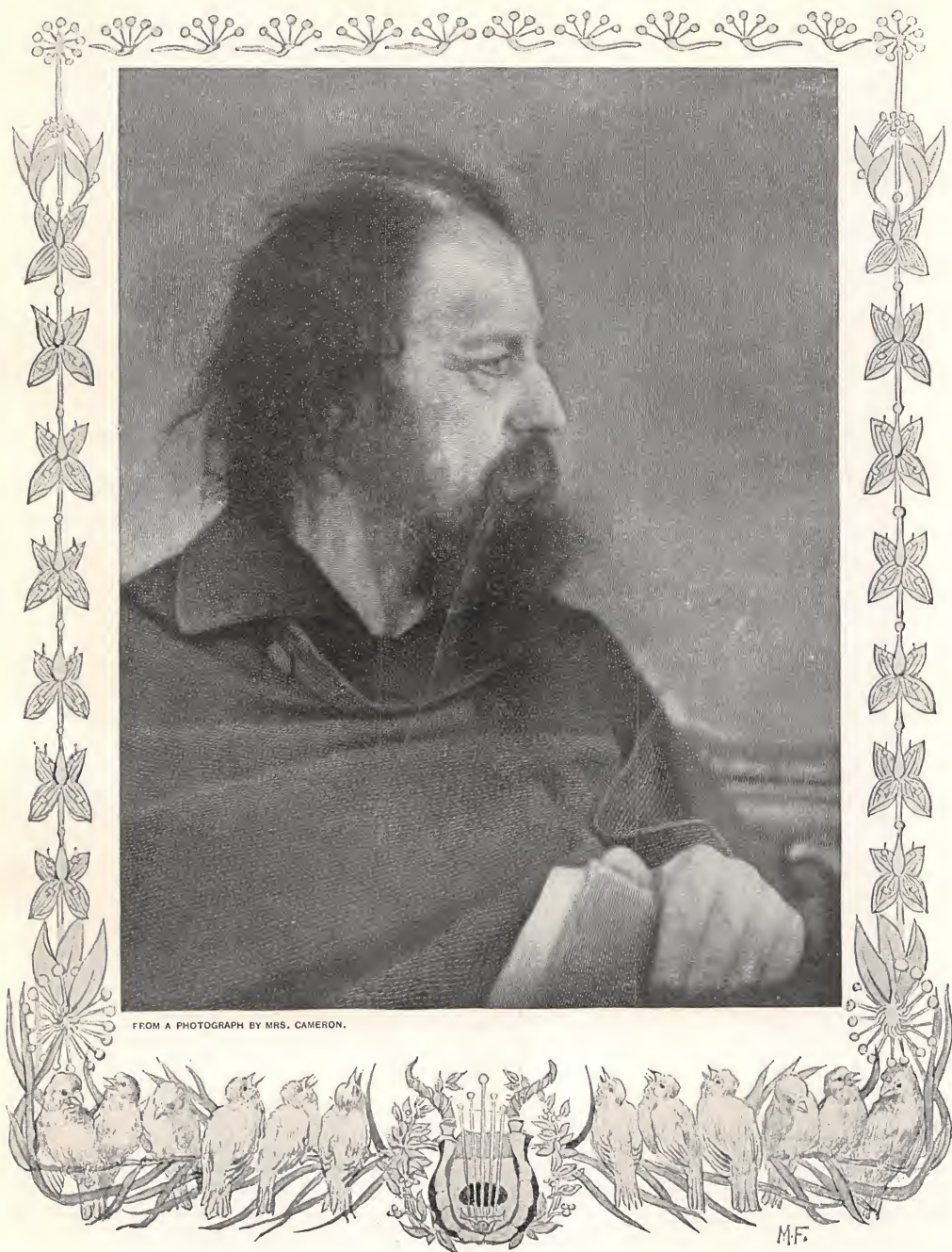
table in it is a white bust of Dante, whose poetry Tennyson was fond of reading in its native melody. Photographs and pictures are upon the walls, each with some separate interest attaching to it—among them portraits of Tom Hughes and of Frederick Denison Maurice, whose religious views find voice in the fifty-fourth canto of «In Memoriam»:

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. CAMERON.

THE «MONK» PICTURE OF TENNYSON.

Some account of this picture is given on page 7 of *THE CENTURY* for November, in the article on Mrs. Cameron.

A little way beyond, to the left, with its beautiful window looking out upon the sloping lawn, is the noble drawing-room, associated, in the hearts and memories of those who were privileged to know her, with the person of the gentle lady who shared the joys and sorrows of Tennyson's life. From here, on her sofa, she had glimpses of the beautiful view without, reaching through parks and meadows to the sea, with a faint glimpse of St. Catherine's Point beyond. In one of the rooms there hangs a water-color sketch of this view, done by Richard Doyle when a guest at Farringford. Here Lady Tennyson received her friends and exercised her gentle influence. «My afternoon walks with Tennyson,» writes Miss Simeon (Mrs. Ward), «were followed by long talks in the firelight by the side of Mrs. Tennyson's sofa: talks less eager, less thrilling, than those I have recalled, but so helpful, so tender, full of the wisdom of one who had learnt to look upon life, and all it embraces, from one standpoint only, and that the very highest.»

Lady Tennyson's influence, like that of many another gentle and much-loving woman in households less serene and peaceful, was wise and far-reaching. «To his wife's perpetual and brooding love and care for him,» wrote Mr. Knowles shortly after Tennyson's death, «and afterward to his son's equal and measureless devotion, the world owes, under Providence, many years of Tennyson's prolonged life, and many of his immortal poems.»

In the breakfast-room, through which Tennyson would pass on his way to his study, there hangs over the mantel-shelf a fine colored print of the great arctic monument discovered by Kane, on which he bestowed the poet's name; and in another room there is a water-color sketch of Tennyson Lake in New Zealand—each a testimony to the exalted place Tennyson fills in the thoughts and lives of men in the uttermost parts of the earth. On the wall facing the Kane picture is Mayall's famous portrait which prefaces the collected edition of his works. It is the one his family like best. On either side of it are two remarkable portraits of Francis Bacon in his boyhood, and on a screen there is Mr. H. Hay Cameron's portrait of Sir Henry Irving as *Becket*—a striking picture.

The breakfast-room opens into the little conservatory, at all times a thing of gracious light and color. Beyond it, and immediately under the study, is a large room used for dances and Christmas trees, sometimes called the music-room. Its main interest centers in

a large canvas begun by Lear in illustration of «*Enoch Arden*.» Though unfinished, it is beautiful in conception, and realizes forcibly the loneliness of the castaway sailor amid a world of splendor—mountains and cliffs and deep purple valleys sloping to the sea; and everywhere, in fantastic form, the rich, exuberant vegetation of the tropics. The scenery, I believe, is that of Ceylon. Between this room and the gay little conservatory there is the narrow spiral staircase, leading to his study, up which on one occasion Tennyson, hastily followed by three great bishops, guests at Farringford, fled from the drawing-room on the approach of unexpected callers. It is a difficult little stairway, and one feels, with a smile, that some of its difficulty was not unintentional. «He has built himself,» wrote Lord Houghton concerning Aldworth, «a very handsome and commodious home in a most inaccessible site, with every comfort he can require, and every discomfort to all who approach him. What can be more poetical?» Something of a similar impression haunts the ascent to Tennyson's Farringford Parnassus. But on its threshold, now especially that it is tenantless, all other thoughts become merged in a nameless sense of reverence.

It is a large and beautiful room, with views from its stately window of meadow and lawn and spreading ilex, and again, in the distance, that island picture which stayed the feet of a couple in their search for an ideal home. There is a painting in this room from Mayall's portrait, and another of Tennyson by the same photographer—a great cloaked figure standing at the columned porch of Farringford. But fine as the picture is, it is lacking in that elusive quality, that flash of the soul's light through shrouding matter, which it is given to great artists at their best to picture, and which here and there at intervals it is the triumph of photography to be able to record. On the sofa near the poet's writing-table there lies a Spanish hidalgo's cloak of black cloth lined with green and scarlet velvet, which Lionel Tennyson brought home from Spain. It was worn by Beerbohm Tree in one of his plays. On the walls are pictures and portraits, each of which has some separate interest attaching to it over and above that which vests everything in this room, since all that is in it was found worthy of it by its illustrious tenant. To his study Tennyson was wont to retire with his pipe after dinner; to this room his chosen friends were admitted, and the talk went round to some purpose, for none went there save those

privileged by the possession of rare qualities of heart or mind. Some were great divines, like Bishop Wilberforce and the then Bishop of Winchester; some were scholars or theologians, like Professor Jowett and Maurice and Ward; some were great travelers and men of action, like Palgrave and General Hamley; many, like himself, were poets—Brown- ing and Aubrey de Vere, Allingham and Longfellow; there were painters among them, great actors

and musicians, men and women of let- ters, and intimate personal friends, like Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Brotherton and Thackeray's daugh- ter, Mrs. Ritchie—all fitted in their degree for the rare privilege of Tennyson's inti- mate friendship. To those assembled here or in the drawing- room he would read his poems in his deep, rhythmic voice, cloth- ing the written words with life, breathing into them again some



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE SUMMER-HOUSE IN MAIDEN'S CROFT.—ALFRED TENNYSON, FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. FYTCHE.—"THE SUMMER PARLOUR OF THE KING."

of the inspiration which is lost in the effort to restrain within the narrow realm of words the limitless, ethereal music of a poet's soul. Humorous poems like the «Northern Farmer» gained, too, and not a little, from «his giving the words their proper accent, and by the enormous sense of humor thrown into them by his voice and manner in reading them.» No one loved a good story better than Tennyson, and his friends, to amuse him, often treasured up such good things as came their way till an opportunity served of relating them to him. Such stories were in the main of a humorous nature; but there were others, of a more somber or pathetic cast, which in one or two cases were subsequently embodied by him in a poem. «Rizpah,» perhaps the finest of his ballads, was thus inspired by a true story of the Brighton downs communicated to him by his friend and neighbor Mrs. Brotherton.

When a story interested him in this way he would ask for it again and again; and he had a somewhat disconcerting way of pouncing down on any, even the slightest, variation in the telling of it, insisting in this, as in all the other relations of his life, upon absolute accuracy.

In the study there is a portrait of Arthur Hallam which takes one back to those early and happy days of which there is so sad and sorrowful a reflection in «In Memoriam»—those «few sweet years» of an immortal friendship. It is a copy of a drawing from life, done over sixty years ago by Miss Sellwood, whose sisters married Charles and Alfred Tennyson, and who as Mrs. Weld endeared herself to the hearts of many still living in Freshwater and Oxford. The original drawing, in which the sympathetic beauty and high intellect of the man are happily portrayed, is in the possession of her daughter, Miss Weld.

Not far from it, near a bust of Wordsworth, are framed some words written by Garibaldi on the day he came to Farringford as one of its most illustrious visitors. There are portraits here of Lionel Tennyson, and there is a copy of the one of Lady Tennyson painted by Mr. Watts. There is a sketch done by Thackeray, illustrating some lines from the «Lord of Burleigh,» the ink of which has turned to yellow; and there is much else that would be of interest, if one's thoughts could readily turn to little things in this room, where one treads softly in reverent homage rather than in a mood of small curiosity.

Sunning itself outside is a little lawn beneath the windows. A fine magnolia trained

against the wall of the drawing-room—«crucified» in Tennyson's expressive phrase—covers it in perpetual green. It blossoms luxuriantly, yielding as many as two hundred of its mammoth flowers in one season. It climbs to the attic above, where Tennyson worked in the early days before the new study was built. In a sheltered corner near the magnolia a miniature clump of bamboo makes good shift in spite of winter trials; and a little beyond, its swaying branches reflected in the drawing-room panes, spreads the great cedar. As it sighs and sways in the breeze, one is reminded of the words of him who has made it immortal:

O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious
East,

Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame.

A narrow path covered with green-gold moss leads from the house, with the sunlit turf on either hand, through a leafy avenue into Farringford lawn,—in winter

Hoar with rime, or spongy wet;
But when the wreath of March has blossom'd,
Crocus, anemone, violet.

It is a fine oval lawn, encompassed about with pines and elms and ilexes, and laurel-hedged walks which lead away from it to other parts of Farringford. «Mrs. Brotherton, as you know,» said Lord Tennyson to me as we walked across it recently, «has written a pretty poem about it,» calling it «The Summer Parlour of the King.» Its lower end is outlined by a ruined bit of wall, picturesque in its mantle of ferns and ivy; and from its northern end a little lane, which echoes to the dry-tongued laurel's «pattering talk,» leads through the thick shrubbery and woodland which surround it to the rustic bridge of which mention has already been made. It leads to the summer-house in a meadow where Tennyson wrote a good deal; and many a Freshwater tourist has had his only glimpse of him as he slowly crossed the little bridge to the wood beyond. It is a wild and negligée bit of woodland, through which the fretted sunlight plays on the warm red trunks of its tall pines. Here Mr. Watts painted his picture of Sir Galahad, and here a thousand daffodils blossom in the spring. The path which leads

through it is bordered by ferns and lilies, all planted there by the poet himself.

Leaving the wood, the little path runs on, yielding glimpses of white cliffs and blue Solent, somewhat restricted now from the growth of trees in the hollow beyond. "We were obliged," Lord Tennyson tells me, "to allow them to grow up as a shelter for our cottages." A small iron gate opens from the wood into the field known as "Maiden's Croft," over which the air blows pure and fresh. The downs rise up majestically beyond, and in the hollow between the penned sheep cluster together against the cold. Maiden's Croft once formed part of the lands of a Cistercian priory, and there is a wonderful legend attaching to it of an ever-vigilant dragon who

and remote from alien sounds, could look out on the beautiful world. Like everything else about Farringford, it is plain and simple, without ostentation, yet wisely fitted to serve its end.

Turning back from here, one goes on past the house to the beautiful old walled garden which suns itself on a slope behind Farringford. On the way there are the kennels inhabited by an Afghan sheep-dog and the beautiful Siberian wolf-hound, "Karénina," a granddaughter of one which belonged to the late Czar of Russia. She is a beautiful, picturesque creature, and was the constant companion of her master in his last walks over the Freshwater downs. Near by is a cluster of rose-bushes which awaken

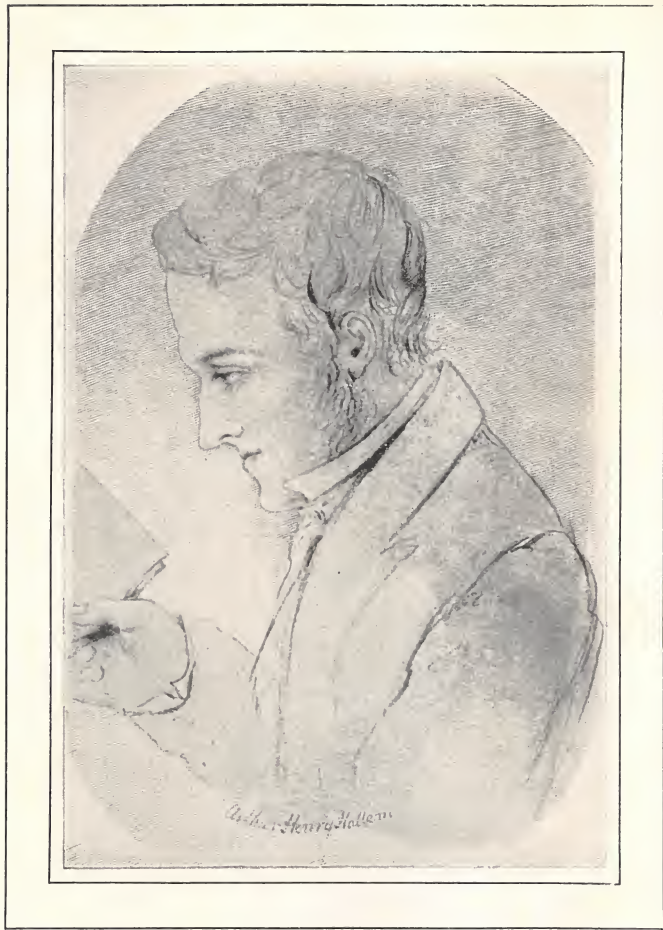


FROM A LITHOGRAPH, BY PERMISSION OF R. MANSFIELD & CO.

SIR JOHN SIMEON.

guards the mouth of a subterranean way to France hidden somewhere beneath its smiling surface. There is a deeper interest in the little summer-house which faces the southern sunlight under the shelter of tall pines, where "Enoch Arden" and many another poem were bodied forth, and whence the poet, sheltered from all but balmy breezes,

memories of "Maud"; and a little beyond there is the green wicket through which lies a way into the garden girt about with walls. From its position on the sloping hillside it is far fairer and more cheerful than the famous walled gardens of France; for one can see over its walls out into the meadows and park-lands beyond. In the spring and sum-



AFTER A DRAWING FROM LIFE BY MRS. WELD.

ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM.

mer, when its lilies and roses awake to life, it is a little paradise of beauty and color, though desolate just now in its season of winter sleep. There is a small sheltered arbor in it where Tennyson often sat; and a little farther on there is another, into which the thick ivy roots have grown, which he himself fashioned for his wife when they first came to live in Freshwater. The air is ever mild and gentle in this sheltered spot; and here, where the aged poet once walked in days when driving east winds were abroad, to-day the littlest of all the Tennysons is being wheeled along in his cradle asleep. A green postern at the far end opens into the Home Farm, through which, as one turns to reënter, there is framed a pleasant vista of the old garden under the ivy-covered lintel.

«That is the terrace from which my father used to look at the stars,» remarked Lord Tennyson, as we emerged from the garden gate, pointing to the flat roof of one of the back rooms of Farringford.

As we went on, two little boys came racing along the gravel with their hoops: the elder fair-haired and blue-eyed, a Saxon lad; the younger with dark, serious brown eyes and an earnest face in which there broods something of his grandfather's personality.

During the forty years of his life at Freshwater, Tennyson made many memorable friendships. The first, and that of which least has been written, was his friendship with Sir John Simeon, whose seat of Swainston is an hour's drive from Farringford. Sir John Simeon had entertained the greatest admiration for Tennyson's poetry since the day when he was an undergraduate at Christ Church, and a fuller acquaintance had already sprung up between them from an introduction brought about at Lady Ashburton's house in London. It was on that occasion that Carlyle, referring in characteristic phrase to Tennyson's classical inspirations, said to Sir John, as they walked home together, «There he sits upon a dung-heap, sur-

rounded by innumerable dead dogs." «Eh,» said Carlyle afterward humorously to Tennyson, «but that was n't a very luminous description of you.»

The near neighborhood of a man like Sir John Simeon, in whom intellectual gifts were merged in an exquisite courtesy, was no small gratification to the poet. «During the early years at Farringford,» says his daughter, «it was one of my father's great and frequent pleasures to ride or drive over in the summer

Tennyson's presence so near them was a source of the greatest pleasure to Sir John and his family.

«Mr. Tennyson's visits were eagerly looked forward to by us children. He would talk to us a good deal, and was fond of puzzling and mystifying us in a way that was very fascinating. He would take the younger ones on his knee and give them sips of his liqueur after dinner.» Meeting a little maiden of five in the road one day, Tennyson, to her



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN MAY & CO. BORDER BY MALCOLM FRASER.

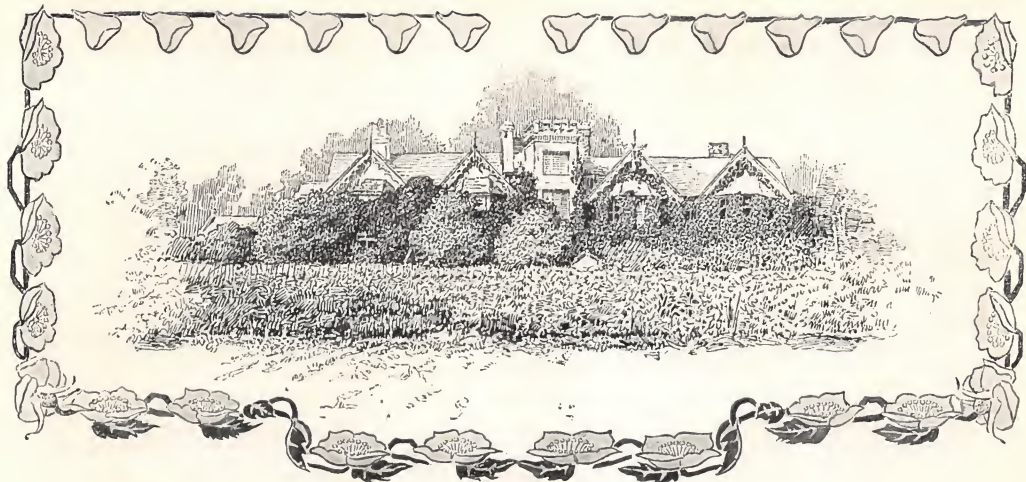
HORATIO TENNYSON.

afternoons. The Tennysons sometimes came over to Swainston for a few days, and I remember his being there on the wonderful July night in 1858 when the tail of the great comet passed over Arcturus. His admiration and excitement knew no bounds; he could not sit at the dinner-table, but rushed out perpetually to look at the glorious sight, repeating, «It is a besom of destruction sweeping the sky!»

«Little Lionel,» she adds, «was that same night taken from his bed to the window by his mother; and opening his sleepy eyes on the unaccustomed splendor, he said, «Mamma, am I in heaven?»)»

great entertainment, stopped her, and said: «Madam, you 've a damask rose on either cheek, and another on your forehead, rosy lips, golden hair, and a straw bonnet.»

In another place Sir John's daughter continues: «From the misty dawn of early childhood rises the first image of one who was to fill so large a place in my life and that of those dear to me. As I, not yet four years old, lay in my father's arms, and he said to me the «Morte d'Arthur,» there blended with the picture of the wild winter mere, and the mighty king carried dying to its shore, a vision of the man who my father told me lived somewhere among us, and who could



write words which seemed to me more beautiful than anything I had ever heard." Such were the impressions of the child, and one may read in them something of the feeling which animated that household at Swainston when Tennyson was the friend of its master. The sentiments of the child grew with womanhood into a full and deep perception of the beauty of Tennyson's character. "I want nothing," she writes in another place, "but to sketch the man as he always seemed to me—one of the noblest, truest, and most lovable of God's creatures, and one who, even without the genius that has crowned his brow with never-fading laurel, must by weight of character and beauty of soul alone stand a giant amid his fellow-men."

"I went," said one, "dreading to meet the man, for I loved his poetry; but I have come back loving the man even more." Another, who still lives amid associations endeared to her by memories that cannot die, and is better qualified than most to speak of Tennyson, her friend

in intellectual sympathy of thirty years, answered my direct question with a certainty in which there was no shadow: "To know

Tennyson was to risk nothing of one's feeling for his poetry; his personality far from reduced the effect of his poems. For he was a very great man, yet simple as a child; open-hearted and absolutely truthful, like all the Tennysons. It was impossible to him to say the thing that was



not. He could not do it. It is not easy to speak publicly of him, for when he gave his friendship he gave it wholly, keeping nothing back, concealing nothing."

It was at a suggestion of Sir John Simeon's that "Maud" was written, built up bit by bit, a richly wrought casement to hold a precious gem. The story is too well known to need repetition here. Many fine lines of "Maud" were written under the shelter of the great trees in Swainston Park; and one day Tennyson, in tribute to his friendship with Sir John, gave him a gift of rare value—no less a thing than the manuscript of "In Memo-



riam.» It was given on a day in 1855, while Tennyson was on a visit to Swainston. «He asked my father,» writes Sir John's daughter, «to reach him a particular book from a shelf in the library, and as he did so down fell the manuscript, which Mr. Tennyson had put there as a surprise. I have always,» she adds, «felt grateful to him for the continual pleasure which it gave my father during the whole of his life.»

Fifteen years more were to pass in high-souled intercourse between Farringford and Swainston, until, on the last day of May, 1870, «Sir John's best friend, come to see him laid to rest,» walked sadly in the garden at Swainston, while in the house, in his coffin, the «prince of courtesy lay.» As he walked there, and his thoughts turned on the vanished years, his heart spoke out in sorrowful tribute to his dead friend:

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee:
Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be:
Three dead men have I loved, and thou
art the last of the three.

In a hurrying age of self-seeking, jostling egoism, Tennyson's capacity for pure and lasting friendship stands out as not the least element of greatness in his character.

That Tennyson, like all men of rare and high-strung sensitiveness, was subject to moods of deep gloom is well known, nor is it in any sense remarkable. The soul which vibrates to the beauty of the world vibrates also to its gloom and pain. But his heart was open to let the sunshine in; the friends who knew him could always win him back to laughter from his grayest moods with an amusing story or a humorous repartee.

«I shall never be happy again,» he said one day to Mrs. Brotherton; «nothing will ever make me smile any more.» «Well, then,» she said, «have one of these buns,» handing him one from a basketful she was carrying, and thereupon incontinently he laughed. «What he often said to me was,» adds Mrs. Brotherton, in telling me this little anecdote, «that he had never been happy since he was twenty, and sometimes that he wished he had never written a line; but he owned that his dejection (only temporary, after all) was entirely due to the Tennyson temperament, and was incurable by any amount of the materials of earthly happiness, which he quite acknowledged he had had his full share of.»

Tennyson not only loved to hear a good

story, but had many of his own to tell. The following is an amusing example. The Farringford gardener, walking one day in a lonely spot near the downs, saw suddenly, to his great consternation, the form of a huge bear emerging against the sky-line. He was about to take to his heels in a panic when the bear, perceiving him, dropped something it was carrying, and cried out, with a gasp of relief, «Oh, dear! Mr. Smith, you did frighten me so!» Mr. Smith, recovering at this from his fright, recognized in the bear an acquaintance turned amateur smuggler, and in the moment of discovery unaware of his terror-striking disguise. The object he had dropped was a cask of illicit spirits. There was, in fact, a good deal of smuggling carried on at that time, to which the so-called «Smugglers' Caves» in the cliffs near Freshwater Gate bear testimony to this day.

A few doors beyond Dimbola, nearest the downs, is «The Terrace,» a little property bought, with the adjoining fields, by Lord Tennyson chiefly to prevent his beautiful view from Farringford being obstructed by other buildings. It has been tenanted for years by the poet's cousin, Mr. Fytche, once a great landowner in Lincolnshire; but in the old days between 1868 and 1875, when Mrs. Cameron lived near by, it was occupied by Mr. Horatio Tennyson, seventh brother of the poet. Mr. Tennyson spent his time chiefly in visiting the poor, and especially the sick, by whom he was greatly beloved; and his gentle, kindly personality is perhaps better known in Freshwater village than that of his great brother. He was Mrs. Cameron's principal ally in establishing a reading- and recreation-room for the parish, which, like much else of her day, has disappeared. The photographs she presented to it alone remain, and the visitor to Freshwater may see them on the walls of the village school, where they were hung by a former schoolmaster, who purchased them when the contents of the reading-room were sold at auction. Refined and gentle, with many of a poet's qualities, Horatio Tennyson is remembered in Freshwater, not for great achievements or great powers, but for the simple sincerity and the unselfishness which characterized his life there. Tall and exceedingly handsome, he possessed in the same remarkable degree the full, rich voice of Tennyson and his brother Arthur.

To Freshwater also came as visitors the poet's sisters, Emily, once the betrothed of Arthur Hallam, and Cecilia, with her husband, Professor Lushington, whose bridal is



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

so beautifully commemorated in the epithalamium at the close of «In Memoriam.» A third sister, whom all her friends still know as Aunt Tilly, long made her home at Farringford. To Farringford, too, came Charles Tennyson-Turner, the brother «one in kind,» who married a sister of Lady Tennyson, and shared his brother's early poetic life. He has left a record of his visits to Freshwater in his sonnet, «A Farewell to the Isle of Wight,» in which the very heart of the man speaks out.

Silent I gazed upon our foaming wake,
And silent on the island hills I gazed,

As up the ebbing stream we bore, to make
Our harbour, while the west athwart us blazed.
Keen were my thoughts: my memory wandered back
To those fair shores, the Needles and the

Downs—

The happy woodlands and the little towns—
For every day a new and pleasant track;
How grieved was I those social walks to lose,
Those friendly hands! The shadow of our mast
And sail ran sadly o'er the fruitless ooze
At sunset as between the banks we passed
Of that tide-fallen river, speeding fast
To land, and further from those fond adieus.

His first volume of sonnets was a collection of
great beauty and high merit, and there were



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

THE BRIERY, BUILT BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.



many in those early days who were disposed to rank him as high as his brother Alfred—he

who first «understood the poetic sensibility of the younger brother, who gave him sug-



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

IN ARTHUR TENNYSON'S GARDEN.—AT ARTHUR TENNYSON'S GATE.

gestions, and who saw his first lines written on a slate while the rest of the family were at church,» in the days when Charles and Alfred Tennyson were lads in Lincolnshire. But for many years after the publication of these first sonnets he was silent. With whole-hearted devotion he and his accomplished wife gave themselves up to ministering to the necessities of an obscure Lincolnshire parish, happy in the thought that they were doing their duty. The villagers well-nigh adored them for the beauty and devotion of their lives, and there are many still living who can tell of Charles Turner and his wife sallying forth, lantern in hand, in the dead of a midwinter night, to watch by the bedside of a parishioner dying of confluent smallpox so malignant that all his own relatives had fled from him in terror. «None who knew Charles Turner,» Miss Weld tells me, «can forget his quaint humor, tempered by a vein of sadness wrought in him by pondering much on the problems of life. As keen an observer of bird and beast and flower as his brother, he found in the fair harmony of nature the key to many of these problems; for while mastering all the latest discoveries of science, he ever loved to trace in the marvels they enfolded the guiding hand of God.»

The life of Charles Turner was the life of a saint, wrought out in «loveliness of perfect deeds.» Self-seeking, untruth, and the unbeautiful cravings of the world were as remote from it as sunlight is from darkness. An unkind word or thought was to him almost inconceivable. His humility was as touching as it was utterly genuine. To those who appreciated or liked his poems he felt almost personally grateful, wondering that merit should be found in so slight a thing. He wrote thus once to a friend who had given him high praise:

My low deserts consist not with applause
So kindly—when I deem it so
My sad heart, musing on its proper flaws,
Thy gentle commendation must forego.

«When I first met Charles Tennyson-Turner, I told him,» Mrs. Brotherton writes to me, «that when a very young girl an old college friend of his gave me that first thin book of his early sonnets, and I took it to my heart so fully that I never could bear to leave it at home, but carried it with me if I went on ever so short a visit. His wife told me he spoke of this with the deepest pleasure as «one of the sweetest things ever said to him.»»

When, in later years, after a long interval of silence he sang again, his voice reflects the preoccupations of his life; but though those subsequent sonnets contain much that is of rare excellence, they undoubtedly fall below the standard of his earlier achievement. That Tennyson thought highly of his brother's poetry is well known. In his lines prefatory to his brother's sonnets, to some of which he applied the term «exquisite,» he has told the world of his love and reverence for him:

True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

True poet, surely to be found
When truth is found again.

I have talked with many who knew Charles Turner, and I have never heard anything but good of one of whom no one can recollect anything in detraction, anything evil or unpleasant.

Another of the laureate's brothers, Mr. Arthur Tennyson, still resides at Freshwater, to which he was an occasional visitor in his brother's lifetime. A year or two ago his tall cloaked figure and striking face, which bear a strong family resemblance to those of his brother, were a familiar sight in the Freshwater lanes. But time makes sad progress with those whose footsteps are passing into life's twilight. In the summer of 1896 we sat in his beautiful old garden, under the lee of his favorite elder, and talked of his great brother, and the far-away time when they were lads together at Somersby. The checked sunlight lay on the grass about us, the great elms whispered overhead, and the murmur of his bees was wafted to us with the scent of summer flowers from the gay little garden beyond the lawn. His feeble eyes still caught glimpses of the world about him—a world with which his heart beat in responsive sympathy. True poet in soul, he sat in close touch with the personality of nature. Little changes in the breeze, the passage of summer clouds, shadows lengthening on the grass,—all those delicate, elusive hints of another life about him which are lost in the hurrying egotism of worldly affairs,—played on his sensitive being like the wind on Æolian chords. I felt that in all these things he shared his brother's heritage. Once or twice he quoted lines of his own, but in the main he rolled out in his grand, organ-like voice numbers of others—now a splendid line from Byron, the hero of their youth, now the stately, pathetic beauty of «In Memoriam,» now a sonnet of his brother Charles.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENNETT & SONS.

M.F

ARTHUR TENNYSON.

Everything he touched in this way he touched with perfect understanding, skill, and sympathy; and in the roll of his splendid voice one understood what it meant to a few chosen friends to listen to a poem of Alfred Tennyson's read by himself in those bygone days at Farringford. He asked me to read him his favorite poems, but especially to read from "In Memoriam," and each line more beautiful than usual he himself would repeat with enjoyment of its music. He asked me to read because his sight was already nearly gone. He drove with us, the day we left, to Yarmouth Pier, and for some time after the little steamboat had left her moorings he stood there, wrapped about like another Alfred Tennyson, a tall, strange figure, with the far-away look in his eyes of one who would see into the great infinite, beyond the near vision of sense. Just before we left, I was telling him of a former crossing here one night, and the striking spectacle presented by a great African liner, with all her ports aflame, racing through the darkness out to sea. "Ah," he said, with a break in his voice and a pathetic look in his dim eyes, yet realizing it all instantly as though the thing were before him, "how beautiful! how beautiful it must have been!" When I saw him again winter had come, cold and gray.

Concerning his brother's sonnet "On seeing a child blush at his first sight of a corpse" he told the following story:

"When we were lads at Somersby we used to visit Louth, where my grandmother lived—a dear lady who gave us bonbons and other comfortable things. One day when we went to see her—my brother Charles, my cousin Albert Fytche, and I—we were met at the door by a servant, who said to my brother: 'Your grandmother is dead, sir. Will you come up and look at her?' So we climbed up-stairs, and instead of meeting the dear, stately old lady we were accustomed to seeing, we were confronted with a corpse. Albert, who was the youngest of our party, blushed on seeing it, instead of turning pale, as might have been expected. My brother Charles Turner was deeply impressed by the circumstance, and almost immediately went into an adjoining room, where he wrote that beautiful sonnet of his, 'On seeing a child blush.' I consider it a wonderful achievement for a lad of fifteen."

And thereupon Mr. Tennyson, in his deep, sonorous voice, and with uplifted hand,—a hand wonderfully strong and shapely for his age,—recited the sonnet in its original and

earliest form—like many of Charles Turner's, not improved by subsequent revision.

After the lapse of three quarters of a century the old words still linger in the memory of him who, an eye-witness at the scene of their composition, is now a blind and aged man, past the reading of printed books. "It is profoundly true," he concluded, "*poeta nascitur, non fit*. I am an old man now—eighty-three years old; yet I have never been able to write anything to compare with those lines of my brother's, written at the age of fifteen, though I could have wished it, and have some of the Tennyson spark."

From serious themes he presently passed to lighter ones, repeating, among other things, some nonsense rhymes from a book which had beguiled many an hour of his childhood. "It would be very pleasant to me," he said, "if I could get that book again now in my old age. But, like many other things, it has gone. My father died when we were boys, and many of our old possessions were sold or scattered after his death." Passing to later times, he continued: "When I was in Florence, Lytton,¹ then an attaché, was lodging with us. I recollect his coming in, one day, and repeating some lines of mad poetry composed by Nat Lee in a lucid moment [*sic*], under the eye of his keepers. One was:

"O that my mouth could bleat like buttered peas.

What a juicy line! Another was a daring simile:

"Like a damned potato riding on the blast.

I do not think," he added, laughing, "that anything better of its kind has been written."

His humor, strongly akin to his brother's, is not the only marked characteristic he shares of the Tennyson idiosyncrasy. "The things which struck us most in Mr. Tennyson," an old friend of his writes to me, "were his absolute simplicity,—I know no word for it but childlikeness,—and his intense realization of the verities of the spiritual world, and consequently slight hold upon much which more common men think important, his keen eye for and deep appreciation of all beauty; his tender-heartedness, and his humor. He had a most happy knack of hitting off expressive descriptions. Some small children singing Christmas carols he called 'gutter cherubim,' and of the extremely harsh voice of a preacher he said,

¹ The Earl of Lytton, afterward Viceroy of India and her Majesty's ambassador in Paris.

(It's like a tiger licking a sore place.)» Referring to his likeness to his brother, my correspondent continues: «While staying with us at Cliveden he was often mistaken for the laureate, and asked by admirers to shake hands or patronize some concert or sale of work;» for though in the case of those who knew Tennyson well there could be no confusion of this kind, to the world at large he represented its conception of the Tennyson personality. «He had a magnificent voice, whether in singing or reading or in his daily speech. He sometimes read us his brother's poems, which was a great treat.»

Like his brother, Arthur Tennyson loves to give each word he uses its due. His conversation is as remote as possible from what Coleridge called «the villainous slang fineries of the day,» which pass for English in so many quarters otherwise respectable. Tennyson often regretted that many words strong and beautiful in themselves had been vulgarized into incorrect or petty use. «They have stolen some of my best words from me,» he used to say. There is an amusing story of a grim rebuke he administered to a young lady who walked with him on the downs, for using the phrase «awfully jolly» as an expression of her sentiments concerning the walk.

One of the most interesting, as it is one of the most attractive, houses in Freshwater is the Briery. Many years ago, when old Little Holland House, where a great artist had worked and won fame, became no longer tenable, its occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Thoby Prinsep, and their illustrious guest, George Frederick Watts, R. A., came away to live at Freshwater. On a field here, of which Mr. Prinsep was the owner, Mr. Watts built the Briery, and the furniture from Little Holland House came to make its interior as much like the old house as possible. The Briery was for many years the Prinseps' home, and Mr. Watts during this time spent at least a portion of each year here.¹ In the meantime old Little Holland House, decorated with beautiful frescos by Mr. Watts, was pulled down, and Little Holland House as it exists to-day rose in its place. Mrs. Prinsep was a sister of Mrs. Cameron, one of those three Miss Pattles who were known as «Wit, Grace, and Beauty» in India. Tennyson was a frequent visitor at the Briery, which is but a

short walk from Farringford. «He took delight,» says Miss Weld, «in reading aloud to old Mr. Prinsep the interesting letters which every mail brought him from his artist son, Mr. Val Prinsep, whilst the latter was engaged on his large painting of the «Proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India,» which letters were subsequently published under the title of «Imperial India»; and between Tennyson and the aged but accomplished gentleman and scholar who gave sixty years of his life to the service of India there was much and varied sympathy.»

There was no less a communion of heart and thought between these two men of genius who found themselves such near neighbors in Freshwater—between Tennyson the singer and Watts the painter of the ideal and the beautiful. Of Mr. Watts's connection with Freshwater the most permanent record will be found in his pictures. Those familiar with its scenery will recognize it in many of them, and those who seek to know something of his friendships there will find it in his portraits of Mrs. Cameron and Sir Henry Taylor, of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, his wife and sons, of the Prinsep family, and of many of those great men who were alike the friends of the painter and the poet. Many of them are a principal attraction in the National Portrait Gallery in London, to which they have been presented by the most generous and munificent of great painters.

Before leaving, the Tennyson lover will perhaps like to stay a moment at the Briery porch, where a rosemary is growing with unusual luxuriance. It has grown up to its present proportions from a little sprig that was broken, many years ago, from its parent in the old garden at Farringford, by Tennyson himself. He had just made an appointment with a young lady who was then governess at the Briery to take her and the children for a drive to a neighboring farm.

«You won't forget?» she said at parting. «Forget?» he replied, breaking a little sprig from the rosemary. «See, here is some rosemary for remembrance.» Then, seeing from her face that she did not understand the allusion, he smiled in his grim, gentle way, and said: «Oh, you ignoramus! you don't know what I mean! Go home immediately, and read your «Hamlet» the moment you get in.»

She read her «Hamlet,» but first of all planted the little sprig of rosemary; and under her solicitous care, and in spite of some who laughed at her, saying it would

¹ Among the other occupants of the Briery in those days were two little girls, the granddaughters of Mrs. Prinsep, one of whom is now the Countess of Dudley, and the other Lady Trowbridge.

never grow, it took root and flourished. The old plant at Farringford which gave it life is long since dead, but another, cut from the rosemary at the Briery porch, has lately taken its place.

The Briery in later days was let to Lord and Lady Kenmare, who came to live here for a time from their beautiful home in Killybegs, one of the most beautiful estates in the world. Tennyson continued to be a constant visitor at the Briery during their tenure, and his regard for at least one member of that household has been embodied in his poem to Mary Boyle, whose niece married his son Hallam, now Lord Tennyson.

A narrow lane, which rural fancy has named «Love Lane,» into which the sun peeps furtively, passes up to the right of the Briery, and its quiet seclusion is typical of those old Freshwater lanes the gradual disappearance of which Tennyson spoke of with regret. It opens out at the far end into the broad fields of Weston Manor, where lived Mr. W. G. Ward, the author of «The Ideal of the Christian Church,» and once famous as a leader in the Oxford movement. Readers of Tennyson's poetry will recall his lines written in memory of their friendship:

Farewell, whose living like I shall not find,
Whose Faith and Work were bells of full accord,
My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,
Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward,
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

On a little knoll near it, in a situation of commanding beauty, is the cottage of Father Haythornthwaite, the Roman Catholic priest at Freshwater, in whose cheery, congenial society Tennyson was often seen during the later years of his life.

A short way beyond, on a neighboring crest, is Hawkhurst, the home in the old Freshwater days of two who enjoyed no small share of Tennyson's regard and affection—Mrs. and Miss Weld. Mrs. Weld, who died in 1894, was a sister of Lady Tennyson.

The Welds at one time owned Aubrey House, at Keyhaven in Hampshire, which commanded an extensive view of the Isle of Wight; and signals used sometimes to be exchanged from its flat roof with Farringford, only a few miles distant, in answer to which the poet and his sons would go across by boat. Tennyson found pleasure in the society of his brother-in-law, who had traveled considerably and was a writer of some repute. He had a great love and admiration, too, for

Mr. Sellwood, his wife's father, whose manners had all the charm of the high, old-world courtesy. Mr. Sellwood was often an honored guest at Farringford in those days when he lived with his other daughter in Aubrey House. After Mr. Weld's death in 1869, the Tennysons persuaded his widow and only child, to whom the laureate was guardian, to take up their abode at Freshwater. A day seldom passed without a meeting of the two families either at Hawkhurst or Farringford; for though Mrs. Weld's insistence on always being kept in the background has hitherto caused the omission of any mention of her in notices of Lord Tennyson's friends, she was, from the days when they were neighbors in Lincolnshire, one of the nearest of those for whom he had a regard. He appreciated the attraction of her rare nature, and fully agreed with his wife in saying of her that «there never was a better sister, nor one who was more a sister to all she could help.» In later years she went to live at Oxford, where her house became the rendezvous of much of the best society it had to offer. The learned men whom she gathered round her found refreshment in talking with a woman whose charm of personality and fresh, bright, marvelous flow of happiness were among the least elements in her refined and beautiful character. She attracted to her side many to whom «society» in its ordinary forms was irksome, and she had the rare gift of bringing out in each mind with which she came into contact the very best and the particular best it had to offer. «To know her,» said one who spoke from the fullness of knowledge—«to know her was to love her, for hers was a rare nature. She was full of intuitions, of beautiful thoughts, of graceful kindnesses, and of tender ways.» «She was indeed,» writes another, «one of those people to whom it was simply a pure personal gratification to be kind and helpful to all. Her strong, clear sense of duty and sincerity created the same virtues in others, and her charitable feeling was ever shown toward those who needed it. She was ready to make any self-sacrifice in order to benefit others; her whole life, indeed, was full of thought for others; and she was admired not only for her talents, but still more for her goodness; for she was one of the most perfectly generous and unselfish women that ever lived.»

«We remember her,» writes an old Freshwater friend, «as the kind friend and neighbor whose place has never been filled since she left.»

On some rising ground which overlooks

the peaceful little Yar where it broadens from a reed-bound streamlet into a tidal estuary is the parish church of Freshwater. Here, beneath its ivy-covered walls, under the shadow of whispering elms, or where the field flowers blow in the wind-ruffled grass, sleep the Freshwater dead of a thousand years. Over the altar, a little to the right of its stained-glass window, is a graceful figure of St. John, carved in white stone by Miss Mary Grant, and placed there by the aged poet in sorrowful memory of his son Lionel. One may read below it the words:

In Memoriam,
LIONEL TENNYSON,
Second Son of
Alfred and Emily, Lord and Lady Tennyson.
Obiit April, 1886.

In another place, on a white marble slab, there is a further inscription.

Lionel Tennyson died on the voyage home from India, and was buried by the desolate shore of Perim, one of the most desolate of all in the whole world. He died from the effects of a fever caught while shooting in the jungles of Assam. He had gone out only a short time before, at the invitation of the Marquis of Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, in the hope of learning something of the great

dependency with which his life had been connected for several years previously. He had already filled with distinction an appointment at the India Office, and had shown much real sympathy with and interest in the needs of the Indian people. But death overtook him in the flush of his career.

A little below the monument to Lionel Tennyson is one erected somewhat later by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. The words come as a fitting tribute from a poet's son.

Outside, under the open heavens, the graves lie thick and close—stately marble, weather-softened stone, and nameless turf. The humble village folk sleep here, and by their side lie great admirals and soldiers and administrators, builders of the fabric of a great empire.

Last of all, to Freshwater churchyard have been borne the mortal remains of Lady Tennyson, the faithful companion of the man whose spirit broods in gentle benediction over the little village, hallowing it for all time to the generations of English speakers to come. Men who think of him will think of her as a woman who typed those two sublime manifestations of human love which daily give men hope for the human future and heart of grace to meet the present of their lives.¹

¹ Lord Tennyson's friendship with his neighbors the Camerons is spoken of in the article on "Mrs. Cam-

eron, Her Friends, and Her Photographs," in this magazine for November.—THE EDITOR.



A NEW YORK NOCTURNE.

(NIGHT ON A DOWN-TOWN STREET.)

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

NOT in the eyed, expectant gloom
Where soaring peaks repose,
And incommunicable space
Companions with the snows;

Not in the glimmering dusk that crawls
Upon the clouded sea,
Where bourneless wave on bourneless wave
Complains continually;

Not in the palpable dark of woods,
Where groping hands clutch fear,
Does Night her deeps of solitude
Reveal unveiled, as here!

The street, a hollow cañon carved
In the eternal stone,
Remembers not the rushing stream
It anciently has known.

The emptying tide of life has drained
The iron channel dry.
Strange winds from the forgotten day
Draw down, and dream, and sigh.

The narrow heaven, the desolate moon,
Made wan with endless years,
Seem less immeasurably remote
Than laughter, love, or tears.

EDWIN BOOTH IN LONDON.

BY E. H. HOUSE.

I.

ANXIETIES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.



THE letters written by Edwin Booth in London during the theatrical season of 1880 and 1881, and published in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1893, give evidence of the great tragedian's inability to escape the depressing experiences which await all American actors who seek for an English confirmation of their title to distinction. Among the many who have left this country with the expectation of winning renown upon the British stage, few have come near a realization of the hopes with which they set out, or found it possible, even after long and persistent effort, to secure a recognition commensurate to their standing at home. In most cases the higher the desert the deeper the disappointment has been. Yet the ambition to shine in the land of Shakspeare and of noble dramatic traditions constantly asserts itself, and the hazardous experiment is repeated year after year by artists of approved rank, who forsake their fixed course, put aside the certainty of large pecuniary gains, and renounce the popularity dear to them, for the sake of tempting fortune in a field where the recompense of intellectual appreciation is not more valuable than in their own, and where the material rewards are so inferior as to be unworthy of consideration. Neither the example nor the warnings of those who have gone before and have often suffered bitterly are ever heeded. The spell must indeed be powerful that could induce a man like Booth to break away from his prosperous career, and exchange the absolute assurance of brilliant and uninterrupted fortune for a term of trial and anxious doubt, the issue of which was dependent upon the caprice of an alien community. In subjecting his established fame to the foreign test, he exposed himself to chances that were far from even; for, on the one hand, he risked the possibility, if not of failure, of a merely tolerant reception, which would have been to him as humiliating as the worst of failures, while, on the other, the extreme favor of his new

judges could have conferred no such profusion of honors as had been lavished upon him for the best part of a lifetime by his own people.

But the longing was irresistible, and though the ordeal was in some respects severer than most of his friends could have foreseen, he passed through it manfully, betraying no impatience with uncongenial surroundings, even when his artistic sensibilities were most rudely jarred. From the beginning he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was understood by the small circle whose sympathy was most needful to him, and before the end his triumph was attested by the acclamations of the multitude. This final acknowledgment of his power was gratifying when it came, but the long delay was irksome to one whose control over audiences at least equal in intelligence and cultivation to those he now encountered had for years been boundless and unquestioned. Actors to whom great successes have become habitual cannot suddenly find themselves regarded as suppliants for applause without some disturbance of their composure; and although it was not Booth's way to complain or to show vexation, there were periods when his discontent and dejection could not be wholly concealed. The financial barrenness of the undertaking was more of an annoyance than he would have liked to admit except to those who knew how lightly any burden of personal loss would weigh upon him. He was happily free from pecuniary cares, but in the estimation of the broad theatrical world high achievement counts for little unless accompanied by the ability to acquire money rapidly and abundantly. An actor's position among his fellows is apt to be measured by the amount he can earn in a season; and no matter to what eminence a «star» has been exalted, the habit of applying the same criterion to his own reputation will always cling to him. No one who was acquainted with Booth will suppose that questions of profit or loss entered largely into his calculations while in London; yet with the remembrance that for a single performance in America he was accustomed to receive from five hundred to a thousand dollars, it was natural and inevitable that he

should feel chagrined to know that he was playing night after night to bare expenses. Outbursts of approval from the slender audiences were frequent and cordial enough to encourage him for a while in the belief that "the public was with him"; but the record of nightly attendance at the Princess's Theatre gave little warrant for the hope that in the short time at his disposal the expectation he had cherished could be realized.

I had just returned to New York, after a long absence in remote parts of the world, when the opening of the London engagement was announced. Knowing from close observation in previous years what had befallen other American actors in that city, and apprehending the possibility of an unsatisfying result in this instance, I desired that the occasion should not pass without an emphatic public declaration of the esteem in which the tragedian was held by his countrymen, and an equally emphatic assurance that, whatever the outcome of his foreign enterprise might be, his position at home would always remain unchanged. A suggestion that an article to this effect be published in the "New York Herald," in connection with the report of the debut, was cordially approved by Mr. Bennett, who furthermore proposed that a critical review of the relative abilities of Booth and Henry Irving should be introduced. The outspoken editor had no hesitation in stating his belief that any comparison, justly made, must be to the advantage of the American actor; but it did not seem that the moment was suitable for an examination of this sort, and the original plan alone was carried out. The article called forth a letter from Booth, in which his first views of the prospect ahead are indicated:

ST. JAMES'S HOTEL, PICCADILLY,
Novr. 23d, 1880.

MY DEAR H—: Welcome home! I wondered what unknown friend had been roused up to *Herald* my claim, or right, to something better than the faint praises with which the London critics are vainly striving to damn me. I cordially thank you for standing so stoutly by me. You will be pleased to know that the public is with me, and that from many *high private* sources I daily receive the warmest congratulations and most flattering letters of acknowledgment. . . .

If I can continue here through the Spring season, I feel pretty certain that I shall get all I came for—an unequivocal English endorsement, after which I hope to try the German temper.

If you *do* come to London next February, I hope you will find me still at the Princess's — my present engagement terminates the sixth of that month.

Again thanking you, and with renewed welcomes and kindest regards, I am sincerely yours,
EDWIN BOOTH.

Before the end of the year his anticipations were somewhat modified, and he wrote in a less confident strain:

Decr. 22d, 1880.

. . . My work is harder than I have been used to, and I do not receive the support I need from the company. If I get no other benefit here, I shall learn to appreciate the good will that has always stood by me in the American theatres. I am not doing myself justice, though I am told I ought to rejoice at the warmth of the audiences. An excellent, worthy old fellow in the company, one of the approved veterans of the London stage, assures me I draw a class of people seldom seen at the play in late years, and seems to think this a sufficient stand-off against the lack of bounty. But things cannot go on the same way forever. Spite of the applause, which is intelligent and well-directed, and hearty enough in all reason, everybody inside the business must know there's no money in the show, and the effect of this upon future engagements may be discouraging.

If I could have my own way in everything, it might be in me to command all the success I want, but I am too much a stranger to take the whole control. . . . These frequent changes, allowing no fixed impression to be made, are not to my liking, but they are part of the burden, and cannot be avoided. It is a satisfaction to see the audiences accept each new part with increased favor. Though the newspapers are not cordial, the public is. Financial success, as we reckon it, is a thing unknown in this country.

In February, 1881, I went to England, and from that time I was in close communication with Booth. His term at the Princess's was drawing to a close, and the engagement with Irving at the Lyceum had not yet been proposed. He was frank in avowing that his hopes had been too buoyant, and had begun to regard the first half of his year of exile as little better than wasted. It was not long before I heard him give free expression to this feeling in a memorable interview presently to be recorded.

The illness of his wife had already become so alarming that he had little inclination for social diversions. His circle of acquaintance included most of the men and women distinguished in art and letters, and he would have preferred rather to contract than to enlarge it. There was, however, one author and dramatist whom he strongly desired to know, but who was living in a seclusion which made access to him extremely difficult. Since the death of his friend Mrs. Seymour, Charles Reade had withdrawn almost entirely from

the world, and it was supposed by many that no intrusion upon his solitude was permitted. The idea was exaggerated, but as it was generally credited, Booth had done nothing toward arranging a meeting. The following note of inquiry reached me a day or two after my arrival in London:

DEAR H—: Here is a matter I will ask you to consider. I should be really ashamed for not paying my respects to Charles Reade long ago, had I not believed he objected to visitors. As you are living with him, you will know if he still shuns strangers. If not, will you take me there, without any formality or preparation? For the present I am not master of my time—always on the jump. But I hope for some freedom before the end of the month.

Wish Mr. Reade could see «Lear» in the meantime.

During the spring of 1881 a cheering influence came into Reade's life, under which the gloom of his temper gradually gave way. He was induced to break his home-keeping routine by first going to a theater at which one of his own plays held the stage, after which he gladly accepted an invitation to the Princess's. His interest was always great in everything that related to Americans, and he was especially pleased to welcome the «star» of the season, having in his boyhood frequently seen the elder Booth, of whose performances he retained a vivid remembrance. Early in March he witnessed a representation of «Lear», to which reference is made in the following note from the actor, dated the 6th of that month:

DEAR H—: A very, very sick wife, and the wear and tear of my nightly strain (to say nothing of innumerable demands upon my time), make it impossible, just now, for me to appoint a day. . . . I'm sorry that Friday was the night that Mr. Reade saw me, for I was unusually disturbed then. I shall call on him, but not before I get through my *job* at the Princess's.

On the evening in question, Mrs. Booth, who, notwithstanding her feebleness, often desired to accompany her husband to the theater, had been seized in his room by convulsions so violent that the physician who was hastily summoned seemed for a while doubtful if she could leave the place alive. Yet the tragedian's self-control was such that, though «unusually disturbed», his agitation was attributed to no exceptional cause by the spectators, but was regarded as part of the simulated emotion of the character. Reade was deeply impressed by the impersonation, which, as was his habit when under the spell of really fine acting, he ap-

peared to accept as a reality, and not a fictitious portrayal. His comments were not those of a critic, but of a sympathetic observer moved to pity by an actual revelation of human suffering. Even when the calls before the curtain were answered, his thoughts clung to the heart-stricken king. «Poor old man,» he said; «they have broken his mind, but see how he holds his dignity.»

In spite of the forbidding weather, unusually harassing in the early part of that year, Reade made several visits to the theater in Oxford street, sometimes occupying a box entirely alone—«to shut out England,» he said,—and, presumably, to let in Italy or whatever country might be in view. Thus he beheld «The Merchant of Venice,» concerning which he was ardently enthusiastic to his friends. «I would not have missed *Shylock* on any account,» he declared. «The scene with *Tubal* is the biggest thing I have seen on the London stage this many a year.» After dilating on the striking contrasts of the famous dialogue, he remarked sententiously, «The London press is an ass!» This was at a time when Booth's spirits were at their lowest stretch. «Am half dead just now,» he wrote, «with dyspepsia and raging headaches. My wife is steadily growing worse, and for two days past has been quite insane. . . . The announcement of the Lyceum combination knocked my business flat.» With the hope of giving his thoughts a less despondent turn, I sent him all I could recall of Reade's eulogistic words, the perusal of which appeared to gratify him, and the acknowledgment of which came in this form:

Mar. 29th.

I wish Mr. Reade would say as much for poor old *Shylock* publicly as he does privately. No matter—I thank him most heartily for his good opinion of my efforts. His judgment is to me beyond all price.

It consoles me, too, for the necessity of playing *Shylock* at the end of this engagement. I would have made a different selection but for the miserable poverty of Gooch's resources. Nothing that I wanted to produce could be decently done; but the end is near.

The falling off in attendance at the Princess's was no doubt correctly attributed by Booth to the announcement of his appearance at Irving's theater. It was what every one expected; but, worn out as he was by domestic anxieties, each untoward incident added grievously to his discomfort. It seemed to his associates that he allowed himself to be unduly disturbed by this particular circumstance, though it must be admitted that they

felt it pretty keenly themselves. As a solace to my own vexation, and not without the wish that it might afford some little reminiscent satisfaction to my friend, I took pains to publish in a London evening paper a statement of the average annual income drawn by him in his tours through the United States, and to contrast this magnificent revenue with the vastly inferior amounts secured by British actors of the foremost rank. It was not the most delicate method that could have been devised for celebrating our countryman, but it suited the occasion, and it was soothing to be able to show conclusively that at least he had not come to England as a needy adventurer in quest of gain. I am not sure that the story I told was credited on all sides; for the fact that an American actor's customary earnings exceeded one hundred thousand dollars year after year was too stupendous to be accepted with unresisting docility. But I was careful to keep within bounds, and to assert nothing the accuracy of which could not be established in case of need. That Booth was ready to indorse my statistics may be shown by an extract from a letter dated March 29:

Thanks for the clippings. You are quite correct in the figures. I look back now at my folly with self-contempt, to think what I might have done had I first banked my dollars, and built the theatre later — say now, for example. As it is, I have now lost all interest in management, "great revivals," etc., and feel too tired to accept large offers for prolonged tours about our country, by which I could in a few years recover my losses.

That the unfruitfulness of his English adventure had by this time made it desirable to put some limit upon his personal disbursements is apparent from another paragraph in the same letter:

My expenses here are so terrific, — and will be increased if I remain through the season, — that I have resolved to move at the close of my contract on Thursday next. I have seen rooms, very comfortable and convenient, but not so cheerful as these, where I can live for less than half I pay here — and yet quite expensive.

II.

MEETING WITH CHARLES READE.

BEFORE the end of March the wearing labors at the Princess's were finished, and he was relieved of a portion of his cares. "I am indeed very thankful," he wrote, "for this idle month; wish it could be trebled." The most distressing cause of disquietude remained, but he now had leisure to prepare

for the series of performances with Irving, to which, as his mind recovered its elasticity, he looked forward with growing confidence. He was in a brighter mood than I had before seen him in England when he started to make the promised call on Reade; and the cordiality with which he was greeted banished all somber thoughts, for that day at least. The interview took place in the drawing-room of the pleasant house at Knightsbridge, described by its occupant in "A Terrible Temptation," and lasted through several hours of the afternoon. Following an old newspaper habit, I noted most of what passed while the incidents were fresh in my memory, not with any distinct view of ever narrating them in detail, but mainly to prevent certain facts and critical suggestions from escaping me.

Those who knew the brilliant novelist are well aware that he did not ordinarily shine in society. He was more an observer than a talker, or even a listener — his partial deafness making it difficult for him to participate in or follow a general colloquy. Of all celebrities he seemed the least desirous to make himself attractive, and a more silent man than he in company could scarcely be found. Persons unacquainted with his works or reputation might have passed months with him, in constant intercourse, without suspecting that he was in any way distinguished above his fellows. On very rare occasions he threw off his habitual taciturnity, and discoursed not merely with animation, but with the earnestness and glow of an enthusiast. The faculty of arousing himself was not readily at command. Some touch of lively sympathy, some happy recollection, or the impulse to vindicate some cherished principle, was needed to spur him into full activity; but when thoroughly stirred he was easily the first of any circle in which he mingled. Without an effort, almost unconsciously, he held control; and while the career of his imaginative humor lasted the charm he exercised was irresistible.

I must hasten to guard against the supposition that he was in his most luminous vein on the occasion I am attempting to describe. If he had been, it would be beyond me to reconvey the magical effect of his speech. The flash of his singular magnetic power was visible only once or twice during the afternoon, when combating dramatic heresies odious to his judgment. But the meeting with a man whose genius had captivated him was an inspiring relief to the isolation from which he had barely emerged,

and a stimulant to his long-dormant energies. It awakened memories of the period when Junius Brutus Booth was still a commanding figure on the British stage, into which he plunged with ardor, relating incidents of probably slight public significance, but deeply interesting to his guest, who listened eagerly while various familiar traits of his father's personality were recalled. As a literal transcription of the conversation might be cumbersome, I confine myself, at this point, mainly to the share of the aged author. It will be understood, however, that he did not maintain a continuous monologue, and that much of what he said was prompted by remarks or inquiries.

"You know," he began, "what a round of the theaters would mean to a college lad up for the holidays. We don't forget the acting of our youth, and from about 1830 I had my chance at all that was worth seeing. Your father held his own when he appeared; there was no question about that, though his appearances were few. He was not so grave as you, young sir—not when I saw him. He was full of life, full of fire, and made the others look tame beside him, though they did their best to bestir themselves, for there was no lagging in those days. They called Kean impetuous, but Booth was more so. He never waited for effects, not he, but sprang upon them the moment they were in his reach. Very few things escaped him. If his body was not moving, his eye was always busy. It went to its aim like a dart. Yes, the stage was all his own while he was on it. That was the time of reaction from the pomp and deliberation of the Kembles. Kean began it, and Booth followed. Perhaps they carried it too far between them—high pressure, and no repose. They talked about Kean's moderation at the end, but he never meant to be subdued. His strength failed, that was all. His spirit was always riotous—and superb. May I ask how it was with your father? Did he change after he left England?"

Edwin suggested that his host had perhaps witnessed only such impersonations as demanded constant force and activity. He could not concede that his father's range was limited to any single class of characterization.

"Likely enough," Reade admitted. "You see, passion and vehemence carry young critics away, and blind them to other qualities. Yet it would spoil my remembrance of your father to think of him apart from his boldness and vivacity. Of course he knew his craft and how to choose his methods. Some

things, let me tell you, he had studied to good purpose. He did not trifle with Shakspeare's lines. Blank verse came from his lips like music. You have the art, too—his example, no doubt. I wish you could restore it on our stage. Give our actors a metrical speech to deliver, and—endure it if you can. They either gabble away the sense or hammer the melody out of it, one or the other—or both. You have been taught better than that, my young American, and I congratulate you. I think, too, I caught an echo of your father's voice in *Shylock*. I have a good memory for voices. If I had the faculty of imitation, I could tell you exactly how he delivered some of his favorite lines. You have the same accent—the very same. With my eyes shut, I think you might lead me back to my place in the pit fifty years ago.

"At the time I did not know much about the famous rivalry. Kean, I dare say, had worked hard for the first place, and meant to keep it, no matter how. Being in possession, all the odds were in his favor. I doubt if the public ever gave Booth reason to believe he could supplant the older man. When an actor gets his degree here, he is pretty sure to hold it as long as he has anything left in him. And Kean was a giant almost to the last. It seems to me your father was better off in America than he could have been here. Kean could n't touch him there, I am told; and from all I learn, there is more to be proud of in an American reputation than an English. I have heard your father regretted England, but can you tell me why? For intelligence and judgment our public cannot be compared to yours; and for liberality, the highest winnings here look like a pittance beside yours."

It was explained that the era of great theatrical prosperity in the United States had not begun in the lifetime of the elder Booth.

"Ah, but there was always the satisfaction of acting to people with brains. Do you think nothing of that? Upon my word, I wonder why such a lot of you come over to London without considering how your time and money may be thrown away. I am very glad, for my part; I see the best Americans without having to cross the ocean; but I am sorry for *them*. What phantom was it that brought Forrest here? A lusty cock on his own dunghill, he runs abroad into his neighbor's barn-yard, and gets crowed down for his pains; and then he sulks, and tries to set two countries by the ears. I think myself he was badly treated. There was a great deal

to admire in him. People may say what they like about Macready's superiority, but I can testify that Macready was not above taking the (business) that Forrest invented, and using it as long as he stayed on the stage. Some of the best points he made in (Macbeth) were Forrest's, not his own. I don't blame him for that any more than I blame Forrest for copying Kean's effects. An actor is permitted to strengthen his parts, according to Molière's maxim. But I do blame him for not offering a friendly hand to the stranger, and for letting his name and influence be so misused as to drive a savage-tempered hothead to frenzy. The responsibility for the bloodshed in New York does not belong wholly to the man who incited that riot. If the Englishman who bragged of his cultivation had kept his arrogance and vanity in hand, in the first place, the catastrophe would not have occurred. That is what I have always believed and said."

"The circumstances," Booth remarked, "were exceptional in every particular. If the two men had not been just what they were, the quarrel would have taken no serious form. Forrest, I think, was not half so self-confident as he pretended, and that made him the more sore under reproach. A little kindness from Macready would have won him; but Macready had no indulgence for anybody's faults, as I understand, and he made an enemy without caring for the consequences."

"Until it was too late," said Reade; "he cared when it came to be a matter of life and death."

"Probably; and so did Forrest, I suspect, if the truth were known. The event was a warning, at least. No such thing could happen again."

"Do you think so?" Reade asked. "I hope you are right; but when a personal rivalry is taken up as a national feud, people lose their senses on both sides, and both sides will go wrong. I suppose they cannot stay wrong forever."

"Not with us," said Booth. "If anybody in America remembers the affair, it is only to be ashamed of it."

"I am not surprised to hear that. I have more faith in the quick generosity of your countrymen than in the slow justice of mine."

"My countrymen have no cause to complain of *your* lack of justice, Mr. Reade. You should go and hear what they will say to you on that subject."

"Ah, yes; they would treat me well—very well—too well. I used to think of going, and

have laid out many a plan with our friend here. Lectures—no! It would have been teaching my children to suck eggs. I might have read them a new story, or put a new play upon the stage. It's too late now. I am too old to go through such a round of hospitality as they would give me. I should never come back alive."

"I think you could indicate your wishes in that matter, and they would be respected."

"Impossible. A guest must not dictate the manner of his entertainment, and it would be ungracious to reject any welcome kindly offered. And even if I asked it, I should probably not be too well pleased to be left alone. Besides," Reade added, with more seriousness than he had yet shown, "there is another consideration. I could not be at ease—it would go against my conscience—to accept what I should get in America, thinking all the time of the niggardly way we use your people. You don't remember, perhaps, what the Americans did for Thackeray. I do. And for Dickens, who had given them little reason to like him. He had many doubts about his wisdom in facing them again. I never had. They had shown what they were made of when, in spite of their unsettled grievances, they sent pity and help to Lancashire. I told Dickens his suspicions were unworthy of him, and I am bound to say that one of the first things he did when he came back was to send for me to Gadshill and confess how wrong he had been. He spoke with tears in his eyes, and said he envied me—think of that!—envied me for being the first English author to win the American heart by keeping clear of injustice. He said, too, that from that time forth he would write for the whole of his race, which he had never done before. He meant this, I know, and he would have proved it if he had lived."

"We have no Thackeray or Dickens to send you," Booth remarked; "but if we had, do you think their claim to gratitude would be denied?"

"I judge from what I see," answered Reade. "At least those who come in your line of work mostly get the cold shoulder. There was Jefferson, whose acting was the finest of fine art. Small satisfaction for him in England. Your brother-in-law, Clarke, had to fight tooth and nail only to get a place that was worth nothing compared to what he left at home. I admired his pluck, though I never could understand why he struggled so hard to gain so little. Your own case, if you will let me speak frankly, is a very striking illustration of the cold-blooded indifference that

irritates me. Is it credible, I ask you, that the leading actor of England should visit America, and be received there as you are here? What have we given you? Only a certain amount of fame, if I may call it so; and even that is probably grudged you by high and low in theatrical circles."

"I have no reason to think that," said Booth. "If Irving had anything but the best feeling, he would not have made the opening for me at the Lyceum. I had no expectation of it. So far as I know, it is wholly his conception."

"He may have many motives," replied Reade, "and they may all be good ones. It is a feather in his cap undoubtedly. If he makes a tour in America, and they say he thinks of it, his courtesy to you will turn out one of the luckiest hits of his life. Mark my words, his earnings, as he counts them here, will be doubled, at the least, in your free-handed country. I don't say that this is in his calculations,—though it may be without any discredit to him,—but the result is certain. Your friends will not forget his service, or let it go unrewarded."

"Not if I can help it!" Booth exclaimed.

"Surely; and so it should be. I think, also, that Irving may be conscious of some American obligations in the past. He owed a great deal to the industry and devotion of his American manager, Bateman. We know what he is to-day, and we believe his success is deserved; but he might have waited for it many a long year without Bateman's helping hand. I have watched Irving since he first set foot in London, and I know that for four years he made scarcely a step ahead. Then, under Bateman, he went up like a rocket. They used to say the manager overdid it, but I like a man who will fight through thick and thin for his faith and his friend. Poor Bateman! His championship cost him dear in the end. His last tilt in behalf of his leading man brought the stroke of heart-disease from which he died. I suppose Irving has not forgotten that."

"A man who can do a good turn is not the sort to forget one," said Booth, with emphasis.

"Let us hope so. Certainly I shall always think the better of him for what he is doing for you. May I ask what the plans are?"

"Nothing is decided beyond the production of *Othello*. You may not know that I first had the notion of engaging the Lyceum, with Irving's people, and giving a series of afternoon performances on my own account, just to set myself right with the public in several

matters. My support at the Princess's often did me more harm than good. Every one there wanted to be the star of the play, whatever it was. Miss —— was determined from the beginning to act her tragedy of *Ophelia*, with my assistance as the lover. She had arranged it privately with Dion Boucicault, and nothing I could say would make her take the slightest interest in *Hamlet* or Shakspeare. It was the same with others, and only a few, like old Ryder, were loyal and trustworthy all through. I wished to present myself, before going away, with a first-class company, though of course I did not expect Irving himself to take any part. The scheme as it now stands is entirely his proposition. He does not believe in theatrical afternoons. He suggested our appearance together in *Othello*, taking the two parts alternately. It was a great surprise to me. I could not have asked for anything better, or expected anything so good. The advantage is all on my side. I gain in every way, and any one can see that Irving runs serious risks."

"I don't see that," Reade observed; "but there are plenty of details too deep for me. Is anything besides *Othello* on the cards?"

"Irving has suggested *Venice Preserved*, but I have no fancy for it."

"Right you are! A fossil, in spite of its strong situations."

"Something has been said, too, about *Julius Cæsar*. It would cost a fortune to mount this in the Lyceum style, and I surely would not encourage the idea. I ought to be content with *Othello*, which will run safely through all the time Irving can spare."

"Is it true that the prices will be changed?"

"Doubled, I believe. Irving says they must be. That is one of the risks I speak of, but he is full of confidence. He does it more for my sake than anything else."

"Then I hope it will turn out well. What are the indications?"

"Very good, I hear. I cannot judge myself; the conditions are all different from what I am used to."

"I understand. We are too slow—and thrifty, I suspect—to run the swift American pace. Yet I can't see why there should be such an amazing difference in your theatrical business and ours. The stories we hear of New York profits sound fabulous. I should say they *were* fabulous if I had not seen the returns of Wallack's when one of my plays was produced there. A hundred pounds a night are nothing to you, it seems."

"Two or three hundred would not stagger

us," said Booth, smiling, "nor four or five for a very great and special attraction. For several years the prosperous houses in New York considered one thousand dollars a fair average the year round. (Stars) traveling through the country, for whom the regular prices were raised, could sometimes draw much more."

"Were you at all prepared for the lower receipts here?"

"Not really prepared. I was told what to expect, but paid no attention. Clarke said I should get nothing at the Princess's, but I did not take his (nothing) literally. I thought I might count upon a thousand dollars a month at the very worst. He was right, however."

"I can't make it out," said Reade. "Your theaters are not larger than ours, and the prices of tickets are about the same. Yet I see the Adelphi or the St. James's packed, with about one half the result that Wallack's shows. It beats my arithmetic. You can't get more people into a place than it will hold."

"We do that, too, sometimes," laughed Booth. "But, as I say, you must come and find out all about it for yourself, Mr. Reade. Your audiences *will* be larger than the halls can hold, so you can study the problem under the best conditions."

"No, no; you tempt me to my destruction." But the compliment greatly pleased the author, who liked to hear such things said, though he affected a lofty indifference to praise.

Renewed inquiries respecting the forthcoming production of "Othello" led to a discussion of the power of Shakspeare to attract in modern times, and a lament on Reade's part over the abandonment of most of his plays. Beginning by expressing the opinion that a subsidized theater in England might be advantageous in keeping the neglected dramas alive, as the Comédie Française gives permanent vitality to the works of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, he launched into the theme upon which he could always be eloquent, and opened his heart in eulogy of his transcendent idol. It would be useless to attempt a reproduction of what he said. The words put on paper would convey a very imperfect impression of their effect as uttered. He had no rhetorical arts, nor even the gift of a good voice; but when his mind was filled with Shakspeare, and he chose to hold forth, he could enforce assent to any theory it suited him to propound. The absolute self-conviction with which he spoke carried hear-

ers away from their standpoints of judgment, and the mass of erudition at his command not only enabled him to strengthen many doubtful propositions which he sturdily maintained, but for the occasion to make fallacies appear impregnable.

As the afternoon drew to a close, the current of conversation grew livelier. Booth told, with spirit and merry humor, the story of his first impromptu appearance as *Richard* at a New York theater, in obedience to his father's eccentric mandate—a story too generally known to be repeated here. "I must note that in my collection of stage anecdotes," said the host. "I have a fine lot of them at Oxford. If you will come and see me there, I will dig you out some choice bits worth reading—some about your father, perhaps." Booth answered that, for every reason, it would delight him to visit Oxford under Reade's guidance. He knew what that meant from his brother-in-law Clarke. But he could not leave his wife a single day, and must forego the pleasure.

"If you stay through the year," Reade continued, "you might try Magdalen College at Christmas. We will hope for Mrs. Booth's recovery long before that. She and your daughter might like the place, though I could not ask them to sleep inside. Our ungallant founders forbade that. But by daylight my quarters would be at their disposal, and they could pass their nights at Mistress Davenant's tavern, where Shakspeare took his ease."

"That would be a treat indeed," the guest replied; and he may well have said so, for Noël at Magdalen, with Charles Reade to summon and vitalize the traditions of the venerable college, of which he was a "learned and authentic fellow," was an experience never to be forgotten by those who enjoyed it. "I looked," added Booth, "for signs of the old English holiday spirit last year, but could find none in London. If it survives anywhere, it ought to be in Oxford."

"You shall see plenty of it, I promise you." And with a cordial renewal of the proposition, and pledges of continued intercourse on both sides, the visit ended. But the two men never met again.¹ Booth would not go far from the

¹ I mentioned to Reade, some days later, that I had made notes of this interview, whereupon he expressed a desire to see how the conversation looked "on cold paper." His examination was laboriously minute, and I suggested that he was taking more trouble than the occasion warranted. "If you use my words," he said, still poring over the memorandum, "I must be sure that I can stand by them." He asked if it was quite fair to repeat what Dickens had told him in the freedom

suffering invalid, although a very brief and illusive improvement in her condition after the removal to Weymouth street seemed to warrant another suggestion for his diversion. On April 6 he thus referred to the situation:

. . . Thanks for your invitation. . . «I'm not i' the vein» for touring, even so short a distance as Richmond. While in this distressed frame of mind, waiting from day to day for some relief to this monotony, I can enjoy nothing. All I do in the way of recreation is for my daughter's sake—dine out when she is invited, and go to the theatre now and then to brighten her up a bit.

After a while, perhaps, I shall remind you of the drive to Richmond. I know I should enjoy a quiet dinner there with you two, were it not for this anxiety which I cannot subdue.

My new abode is in some respects quite satisfactory. 'T is a cold house, and the chimneys smoke; but I can't move my wife again, and therefore must endure.

Her mother arrived day before yesterday, and this relieves my anxiety somewhat. . . . When this way, drop in for a chat. 'T is not far from the Langham.

Kind remembrances to Mr. Reade.

From this time forth the records of Mrs. Booth's decline grew more and more ominous. I give her husband's last letter on the subject, showing that as late as the middle of May he had not wholly prepared himself for the fatal result, and presaging events which were prevented from taking the expected course by the evidence, soon after the return to America, that the end was near:

MY DEAR H—: In vain have I attempted to «go for» you several times since you called; it seems as though my life here is to be kept in a ceaseless whirl. When not «on the go» I am obliged to play nurse, my wife's reason having so far returned as to render her wretched unless I am with her. I fear I shall have to return with her to America at the close of my engagement with Irving,—at the end of June, I think,—but my engagements in the provinces will compel me to be back early in September. The parting will be dreadful, . . . but the doctor and her parents still think (and so do I) that 't would be better to go with her, and separate there, than send her away with them. It's a very hard choice to make. . . .

III.

«AN UNEQUIVOCAL ENGLISH ENDORSEMENT.»

THE latter half of April was fully occupied with preparations for the Lyceum perform-

ances. Booth and Irving were thoroughly in accord, and it was interesting to observe how keenly the American actor and ex-manager was impressed by his confrère's excellent methods of stage direction. An extremely cordial feeling was exhibited by most of the company, though by certain outside coteries the alliance was not regarded with high favor. At the earliest announcement of Irving's plan, strenuous dissuasive efforts had been made by persons who saw, or affected to see, nothing but discredit and loss in the undertaking; and as these first devices proved unavailing, the subtler scheme was resorted to of circulating reports that Booth was distrustful of the Englishman's good faith, and was seeking an opportunity for throwing the whole business over. Having once had to do with theatrical management in London, and being familiar with some of its mysteries, I foresaw the evil that must ensue if such rumors should gain sufficient strength to excite misleading suspicion; and although reluctant to add to annoyances already oppressive, it was plain to me that Booth might suffer serious vexation, to say the least, if not put on his guard against the malicious intrigue. How the necessary disclosure affected him appears from a note written on the 13th of April:

DEAR H—: I am amazed at what you tell me! No such idea has entered my head. Only yesterday I sent some music, for *Desdemona*, to Irving, and now await his reply to questions I asked concerning rehearsals, etc.

Who the devil (sure 't is a devil) has concocted this lie? Perhaps I'd better see Irving at once about it. 'T is likely my wife's illness, and the reports of her dying, have given the cue to some wiseacre or mischief-maker. I hope it will cause no trouble.

I scratch in grt. haste—your note has this moment reached me, and I am *called out*.

Being promptly confronted, the damaging stories were made harmless; but it was pitiable to discover how many agencies, inspired by various motives, had been at work to sow dissension. Irving's over-zealous friends—those who professed, and perhaps really felt, an anxiety on his behalf—were not alone active. His rapid rise in the last few years had brought countless enmities upon him, and any cherished purpose to which he committed himself was sure to encounter bitter opposi-

of private intercourse, but presently concluded that it would be «just what Dickens would like.» Afterward I handed the record to Booth, who was not at all curious about it. He had gone «to listen, not to talk,» and did not recall having had much to say. But when he read

the lines referring to Irving, he seemed pleased that his grateful acknowledgment might be made public. He could not have supposed, nor could I at the time, that sixteen years would pass before his remarks would be brought to light.

tion. The ineradicable aversion of a faction to everything American manifested itself in eager coöperation, and even some of our tragedian's own countrymen distinguished themselves unpleasantly by throwing in their mite of misdirected energy. It was not from any ill will toward Booth that these latter abetted the injurious proceedings: apparently quite the reverse. Resentful because their ardent expectations had not been realized during the engagement at the Princess's, they now thought it would make them happier to nurse their grievance, as they regarded it, than to admit the possibility of reparation at another London theater. Better, from their point of view, that their favorite should retire in dudgeon than accept the finest chance of establishing his fame that could be offered in all England. Thus, without the slightest unity of impulse, many parties joined in the endeavor to provoke discord by stratagems which, though unspeakably mean, might have imperiled the harmony of the enterprise but for their timely exposure.

The caprices of popular opinion were never more curiously illustrated than by the contradictory estimates of Irving's action at this time. The majority of observers recognized at once his friendliness and good-fellowship, but the small army of detractors pretended to discover in him nothing but selfishness and trickery. In their judgment, the prosperous manager was bent upon turning the personal misfortunes of the stranger to his own professional account, and exalting himself to the detriment of a foreign rival. The absurdity and injustice of these imputations would have been self-evident if rationally examined. Instead of being a promising speculation, the adventure was rash to the extremity of imprudence. The Lyceum was at its highest level of prosperity when Booth closed at the Princess's, and was filled each night to its utmost capacity by the entertainment already provided. Every one familiar with theatrical business knows the danger of altering a program during a term of success, and in this instance the alteration involved the unusual experiment of raising the rates of admission to a large part of the house. It was announced that in order to give the newcomer a reasonable share of remuneration, double prices would be demanded for all places except the pit and the gallery. This was at once resented as an unwarrantable invasion of popular privilege. The right of a manager to impose additional charges is one that the London public has always been slow

to recognize. In consequence of a memorable attempt to enforce it in the early part of this century, Covent Garden Theatre had been wrecked by rioters. And now the Lyceum was flooded with protests from all quarters, threatening a general withdrawal of the favor that had so long sustained it if the objectionable levy should be exacted. Many persons in Irving's position would have felt justified in yielding to such a storm of remonstrance; but from the moment his resolution was taken no sign of wavering was allowed to appear.

There was another matter for consideration which would hardly be called dangerous, but which might have touched a prominent actor in his most sensitive spot. Irving had led the dramatic race in London for some years, and expected to hold the first place for many more. But among the types of fickleness and inconstancy which the world contains, that volatile essence called popularity stands supreme, and the strongest-nerved man might hesitate a little before inviting such hazards as the proposed combination might entail. Some of the greatest of English actors have taken extreme pains to avoid them. Booth, indeed, had always been distinguished for his efforts to secure coöperation from eminent artists; but his exceptional position in America justified a hardihood which others might not think it wise to emulate. Old playgoers who had witnessed many mutations of fortune on the London stage were heard asking in the clubs and coffee-houses if it might not be the whim of the multitude, or of a portion of it, to exalt the visitor unduly, and cancel for a time the just claims of the native tragedian. Such a revolt would have proved nothing, and done no lasting harm; for it was not to be supposed that the freak of a wayward audience could permanently override the fair judgment of the community; but no event could have been more unwelcome to Irving than the conversion of his theater into a field of competition between himself and the American, and any endeavor by injudicious admirers on either side to set up a rivalry would have destroyed the whole purpose of the friendly union, and led to lamentable, if not disastrous, results.

Looking at all the possibilities of the case, I hold to the opinion now, as I did then, that Irving risked more than people supposed—more, it may be, than he himself took into full reckoning. I will not further enlarge upon what might have happened to his disadvantage. As to his hope of gain, what was

it? He could win approval for extending a consoling hand to a distinguished brother actor, and helping him to recover some of the equanimity he had lost through untoward circumstances; he could commend himself to the good will of the American public, and set up a particular claim to its cordiality, in case he should visit the United States; and he could identify himself and his establishment with a Shaksperian representation of uncommon nearness to perfection. I do not see that there was anything else to his side of the account. He certainly was not so weak as to imagine he would outshine Booth, and add to his own reputation at the other's expense. Pecuniary benefit was out of the question. The profits of the combination could not be larger than those of the regular Lyceum performances at ordinary prices. There might be a certain pleasure in "taking the chances" of so novel an enterprise; but Irving was not the sort of man to whom the excitement of a gambling operation would be especially alluring. There is no evidence that he was moved by a single unworthy impulse. Though the trip to America may have been in his mind, it does not follow that he was sordidly influenced by expectations of a material recompense for his hospitality. I doubt, indeed, if he could have formed any conception in advance of the acknowledgment in store for him. Few Englishmen can understand, without convincing testimony, how intensely responsive to generosity the American people are. Charles Reade knew it by intuition, as he seemed to know many other things which he had never learned by experience. Irving's knowledge came later. If he was actuated by selfishness of any kind, it was on behalf of his theater, to maintain the supremacy of which was always one of his dearest objects. An actor who is also a manager may care as much for the character of the productions at his house as for his personal elevation. Booth had once been thus inspired, and had lost a fortune because he was more ambitious for the beautiful edifice he had created than for himself. To have it recorded that the most brilliant Shaksperian illustration of the day had been given under his auspices, and within his own walls, was doubtless worth more to Irving than any calculation of present or future remuneration—more, probably, than any renown he could hope to win by the impersonation of *Iago*, which he was preparing with diligent study.

Reviewing all the circumstances, of which, before the consummation, the propitious seemed fewer than the adverse, it is a luxury to remember the superb result of the venture. The first performance was an event so far beyond the common course as to arouse enthusiasm even among those who thought the days of ardor and sentiment had long gone by for them. I cannot bring myself to acknowledge an unqualified respect for the London play-house populace as a rule, having witnessed too many demonstrations of the density and ignorance, not to speak of downright brutality, of which it is capable; but I recall that the audience of that night was one to which the least emotional of Britons might point with pride. Not that it was in any unusual degree aristocratic or fashionable,—these attributes would not have increased its worthiness for the occasion,—but it represented the very best intelligence of the community, artistic and literary; and while glowing with intellectual vitality, was most thoughtfully and sensitively appreciative of the conditions under which it had come together. To describe the reception accorded to Booth is no more possible than to analyze the effect of a great victory upon the imagination. It carried everything before it, like the rush of a stately river. Noisier welcomes I have heard, but never one more eloquent. It must have gone far to compensate the troubled stranger for the petty miseries he had endured. I think it shook him a little; for, though his acting was all his friends could have wished, a few deviations from his accustomed manner were perceptible in the early scenes, unaccountable except by the supposition of some overmastering strain upon his composure. And the plaudits were not confined to the first greeting. As often as he appeared, a wave of sympathy thrilled through the assemblage, and the house resounded with exhilarant acclamation. Not till then had Booth received his just tribute from England. He had conquered, and conquered completely, at last. Thenceforward through his brief engagement the tide of triumph rose steadily, until at the close he was made to feel that the purpose set forth in his letter of the previous November was thoroughly fulfilled; that he had obtained in the fullest degree "all that he came for," and would carry away as his trophy, without the slightest drawback of a doubt as to its genuineness and sincerity, "an unequivocal English endorsement."

A BALLAD OF POVERTY ROW.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

BRAVE old neighbors in Poverty Row,
Why should we grudge to dwell with you?
Pinch of poverty well ye know—
Doubtful dinner and clouted shoe.
Grinned the wolf at your doors, and yet
You sang your songs and you said your say.
Lashed to labor by devil Debt,
All were manful, and some were gay.

What, old Chaucer! a royal jest
Once you made in your laughing verse:
«No more goldfinch-song in the nest—
Autumn nest of the empty purse!»
Master Spenser, your looks are spare;
Princes' favors, how fleet they be!
Thinking that yours was the selfsame fare,
Crust or crumb shall be sweet to me.

Worshipful Shakspeare of Stratford town,
Prosperous-portly in doublet red,
What of the days when you first came down
To London city to earn your bread?
What of the lodging where Juliet's face
Startled your dream with its Southern glow,
Flooding with splendor the sordid place?
That was a garret in Poverty Row!

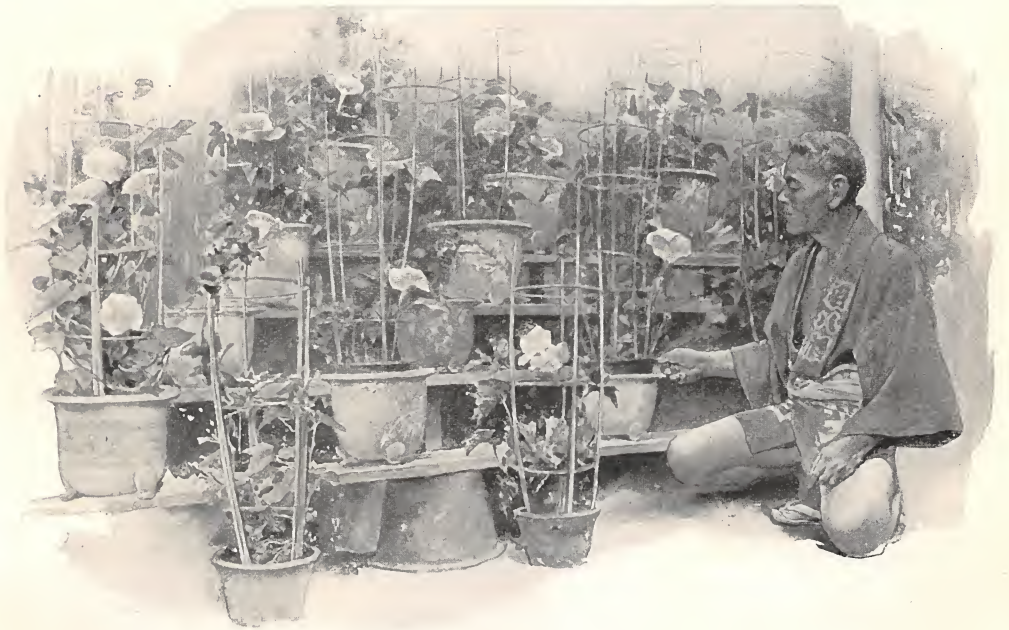
Many a worthy has here, I ween,
Made brief sojourn or long abode:
Johnson, dining behind the screen;
Goldsmith, vagrant along the road;
Keats, ah, pitiful! poor and ill,
Harassed and hurt, in his short spring day;
Best Sir Walter, with flagging quill
Digging the mountain of debt away.

Needy comrade, whose evil star,
Pallid-frowning, decrees you wrong,
Greatly neighbored, in truth, we are;
Hold your heart up and sing your song!
Lift your eyes to the book-shelf where,
Glorious-gilded, a shining show,
Every man in his mansion fair,
Dwell the princes of Poverty Row!



THE WONDERFUL MORNING-GLORIES OF JAPAN.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON

AN IRIYA GARDENER.

AS a floral sensation the chrysanthemum may be said to have had its day; the carnation is going, going; and seekers after novelty among flower-fanciers are sighing for a new flower to conquer. It is hardly known, even to foreign residents in Japan, that that land, which has given us so much of art and beauty, has lately revived the culture of its most remarkable flower, the *asagao*, our morning-glory. For size, beauty, range of color, and illimitable variety there attained, this sunrise flower precedes all others, until its cultivation has become a craze which is likely to spread to other countries, and—who knows?—perhaps there introduce the current Japanese custom of five-o'clock-in-the-morning teas and garden-parties.

Asagao, the morning flower, is more especially Japan's own blossom than the chrysanthemum, which, like it, came from China as a primitive sort of weed, afterward to be evolved by Japanese art or magic into a floral wonder of a hundred varying forms.

We who know and grow the morning-glory

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as a humble back-yard vine on a string—a vine with leaves like those of the sweet potato, and puny little pink or purple flowers—are as far in the floral darkness as the Chinese, who know it chiefly as a wild thing of fields and hedge-rows, the vine of «the little trumpets,» or the «dawn-flower,» that is entangled with briers and bushes for miles along the top of Peking's walls. The old poetry and the old art do not seem to be permeated with it, as in Japan, where the forms of vases, bowls, and cups, the designs and paintings of the greatest masters, repeat the graceful lines of vine and flower, and scores of famous poems celebrate the *asagao* in written characters as beautiful to the eye as is their sound to the ear.

The *asagao* was brought to Japan with the Buddhist religion, that particular cult of early rising. Scholars and priests who went over to study the new religion brought back the seeds of many Chinese plants. The tea-plant came then, and Eisai brought the seeds of the sacred bo-tree; and Tai Kwan,



THE WELL-BUCKET, WITH KAGA NO CHIO'S POEM.

the Chinese priest at the Obaku temple in Uji, who may have introduced the flower to Japan, was one of the first to sing of the asagao in graceful *outas*, classic poems which scholarly brushes repeat to-day. "Asagao bloom and fade so quickly, only to prepare for the morrow's glory," is Tai Kwan's best-known verse.

But the poem to the asagao is the musical *hokku*, or half-poem, the shortest form of Japanese verse, written by O'Chio san, the Kaga poetess.

*Asagao nitsurubetorarete,
moraiye midzu*
(By Asagao bucket taken,
begging water),

the little *hokku* sings, and Sir Edwin Arnold has made this metrical translation or expansion of Kaga no Chio's verse:

The Morning-Glory
Her leaves and bells has bound
My bucket-handle round.
I could not break the bands
Of those soft hands.
The bucket and the well to her I left:
«Lend me some water, for I come bereft.»

As the *cha no yu*, or ceremonial tea, became more the vogue, and was elaborated into an exquisitely fine and tedious art, the cultivation of the Chinese flower was extended from exclusive temple precincts to the gardens of laymen *chajins*, and precise formulæ were laid down for the asagao's part in these august ceremonies. Poems to its auroral charms were the regular product of midsummer *cha no yu*. Rikiu, the high priest and lawgiver to the tea-drinking hierarchy, tea-tutor to the Taiko, and arbiter of the severe etiquette and rigid simplicity of the cult, was an early amateur and enthusiast of asagao cultivation; and Hideyoshi went several times to his teacher's house to see his flowers, and his arrangement of one



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

THE ENTRANCE OF AN IRIYA GARDEN.

asagao-leaf and one flower, a composition which became the favorite decoration of tea-rooms. That elaborate art of floral arrangement deals little with the asagao, and the Enshiu school cannot ordain thirty-eight ways of arranging this flower. As it wilts so quickly, the asagao is never used on felicitous occasions in Japan.

For centuries the asagao remained the same trifling little Chinese flower, the *chajins* and the nobles of the Kioto court conserving the cult as their special appanage or prerogative. When daimios and their idling *hatamoto* (banner-men) began to grow it, they soon worked wonders in rival *yashiki* gardens at Yeddo. The asagao was expanded to two and three times its original size, took on rare tints, and began to border and band and stripe and powder itself with contrasting colors. Each amateur was anxious to produce new varieties, and no flower less than three inches in diameter was considered worthy of praise by the seventeenth-century flower-fanciers. At the close of the last century cold weather dwarfed the flowers and ruined all the Yeddo seeds, and asagao culture was out of vogue there until the Tempo period (1830), when the craze revived, being at its height about the time of Commodore Perry's visit. Princes, priests, and nobles, *hatamoto* and gardeners, were all in the mad rivalry, and art and nature went their furthest in producing the eccentric double flowers that were immortalized in dainty little books of colored prints which are among the gems of Japanese xylography, too clumsily reproduced to-day. Plants and seeds were sold for great prices, the value of fourteen and eighteen dollars being given for even one seed. Naritaya, the Yeddo gardener, found a rival in Tonomura of Osaka, who sent his asagaos to a Yeddo flower-show by land, relays of coolies hurrying the plants along, that they might compete with the

marvels grown by the dilettanti of the shogun's court.

With the Restoration and the social overturning that changed the daimios' whole existence, scattered and impoverished their military retainers, the cult of the asagao died away again at the military capital.



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

AN AMATEUR'S COLLECTION.

Naritaya no longer had vogue, and the traditions of the aristocratic art were maintained only by a few priests, retired and abdicated parents, and those conservatives whom the advancing era drove into more complete retirement. The late empress dowager, a conservator of many old customs and aristocratic traditions, and a gentle soul with a deep love of flowers, poetry, and art, kept up the culture of the asagao, and had always a fine display of flowers at her city and summer palaces during the lotus-time of the year.



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

Naritaya tried vainly to revive the fashion, and died in poverty just before the popular fancy began to turn again, in the summer of the war, and the asagao became the mid-summer craze of both masses and classes. In 1896 asagao clubs were formed in Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka, and Kioto, and the old daimios, their former hatamoto and their sons, and all the parvenus of war-made fortunes who wish one to think that they inherited the asagao seeds and traditions from at least hatamoto ancestors, devoted themselves to the cult.

The morning-glory gardens of Tokio are at Iriya (within the valley), beyond Uyeno Park, grouped together along quiet bamboo-fenced lanes that bloom with banners and pennants through the gala asagao season of the year. One must really love the asagao for itself to go to Tokio at the end of scorching July or early August, and, spending the night there, rise with the dawn for the long, long ride across the city to the morning-glory gardens. The first time I did not leave the Imperial Hotel until half-past five o'clock; and with only one brief stop to rest the tandem of trotters, it took an hour for Sanjiro's "strong friends" to get the jinrikisha to the Iriya quarter; and then we continually dodged returning jinrikishas with early flower-fan-

ciers steadying pots of marvelous asagaos between their clogs, as they rode homeward from the early fair. The crowds had gone when we reached the gardens; the great flowers were beginning to relax, and the choice pots were all fluttering with poem-like strips of paper bearing purchasers' addresses. Another time Utaki was officially in charge, and there was no evading the four-o'clock breakfast, and a fast flight across waking Tokio behind a Hokkaido pony that must have been wanting exercise for weeks, and could barely be reined in for one look at the great pond at Uyeno, with its five acres of pink and white lotus just opening to the day.

Then Iriya was the unique spectacle of Tokio's floral year—such a gathering of gay, gentle, happy flower-worshippers as one would never expect to find anywhere now in Japan, if he believed half of the talk of treaty ports about the insolence, rudeness, and changed spirit of the people. It was real Japan, and all Japan; not another foreign face there; and my guide, the policemen, and a very few gilded youths were the only ones in European dress to mar the perfect Japanese pictures in those sunrise gardens.

And there were the asagaos! Growing in pots, twining around and around four or five thin bamboos, the *owa mono* (great ringed things) of flowers, opening chalices three, four, five, and six inches in diameter, of every conceivable color. The great circles of flowers ranged from fairy iris and delicate orchid tints, through brilliant scarlet, carnation, and intense petunia shades, through purples, cornflower and cobalt blues, to the truly "midnight color." Such gray-purples and red-purples; such soft, dull shades of rose, terra-cotta, brown, and gray; such hints and tints of mauve, fawn, and lavender, of violet, heliotrope, lilac, and lemon; the soft grays of mist and fog and clouds, the



THREE-STORY SUZUMES.



THE RIBBON-STEM.

ing-glory of an American garden, that very poorest relative of these noble Iriya flowers!

And such variegations! The great corollas were star-rayed, striped, bordered, shaded, «brushed,» spotted, speckled, splashed, mottled, and variegated in every way, colors merging, dappling, and streaming down great corollas like the jewel-tints of transmutation ware. Often the shadow of a darker color partly eclipsed a lighter one with the sharpness of the earth's shadow on the moon. If the colors were rare and lovely, the fit and pretty names that the Japanese sponsors gave these flowers added to the pleasing effect. There were great white circles of flowers

the rare pallor of which entitled them to such names as «frozen moonlight,» «Fuji's snows,» «foam of the sea,» «dragon's spume,» «white cascade,» «hoar-frost,» and «full moon.» «Melting snow» had an under-tint of—was it blue or was it green? while one flower with a faint blue-purplish band just within the edge of the great white corolla was «the moon's umbrella,» the daintiest repetition of that pale halo around the moon which all people believe is a sign of rain. Yellow flowers are rare and usually small, and from the pale little «moonlight waves» and «dye of the dew» they deepened to «gold brocade,» «Buddha's kimono,» «flag of Port Arthur,» and «Chinese general's coat.» The whole family of dull grayish pink, or old rose, known as *shibu* (persimmon-juice) or *kake* (persimmon) color, are lately classed as Danjiro colors, from the shibu-colored robe worn by that great actor in a favorite rôle. «Brocade banner» and «triumphant flag»

gray of black pearls, and grays half iridescent, that shaded to the colorings of pigeons' wings and Australian opals! There was everything among these glorified asagaos, in this apotheosis of the convolvulus, that one could dream of—everything save the poor, common little pink and purple and diluted indigo morn-

were naturally combinations of the bright-red and white of the Japanese flag. There were grayish tones of *uguisi*, or «nightingale's throat,» and pale biscuit shades that were exactly «mountain mushroom.» There were flowers of palest green «ice-color,» and of faint bluish «water-color;» and darker than the «midnight color» even was the «wet crow,» for what could be blacker? Many of the great corollas were fluted and crumpled and separated into great fluffy petals, like a double poppy. The very largest flowers measured six and a half inches in diameter, and most often these «grandiflora» were white, pink, or dark purple, or white with vivid crimson borders, and the leaves of their vines were usually long and halberd-shaped.

Naritaya's gardens have passed to other hands; his under-gardeners are proprietors themselves; and it is Yokoyama who, as dean of his corps, can now speak of asagao fashions before the Restoration. Marushin, who produced the fine «pigeon-wing» color four seasons ago, has always a wondrous lot of owas; but old Suzuki of the *Kaika En* (Flower-blossoming Garden), who so lately introduced «Buddha's kimono» to asagao circles, is to me the master of asagaos, a typical gardener of old Japan—a serene, benevolent, courteous soul, whose manner is so gentle and winning that one can easily believe that



NARITAYA'S CORKSCREW OR CORAL-BRANCH FLOWER.

flowers, birds, and little children have nearer converse with him than with the brusque, more material folk of every day. It was a delight to linger on the edge of his veranda, when the crowds had gone, and to sip thimblecups of his fragrant yellow tea, while Suzuki showed his water-color sketches of the beauties of past seasons, and the pressed specimens of wondrous large flowers. I bought his seeds by the handful, had him teach me how to clip and press the big owa, and did anything to prolong the *causerie*, to draw that kindly, cheerful old soul to talk on and on of his cherished pets, tell the



FEACOCK-TAIL WITH WIND-BELLS.



DRAWN BY T. TOYAMA.

LONG-ARMED BELL-RINGER.

ways to meet their wants, and how to plant, to coax and pet and urge them on to fullest expansion, to newer and lovelier colors.

When I told of the ridiculous figure our morning-glories cut beside his asagaos, Suzuki said: «Yes; I know the Korean and the American asagao are little wild things, like weeds, not beautiful or worth growing. The Yokohama gardeners have bought many of my seeds to send to America lately, and you may soon have our asagao there.» He entered at once into the humor of the thing when I gave him some morning-glory seeds I had gathered on the walls of Peking, and urged him to grow them for his next season's

show, that he might amuse his visitors by a display of the savage and the civilized side by side—the Peking flowers to compare with the Tokio flowers, like the army corps of the two capitals, the contrast continuing to the same extreme between these peoples at every point.

When one has spent a few early mornings in Iriya's gardens, he who admits that he never knew the morning-glory before may think that he knows a floral thing or two. But he does not—not at all. He discovers that there is an art apart—an art within an art; that there are asagaos and asagaos; that the real cult is another thing, a finer and more intricate art than in the Taiko's day or Tempo time; that Iriya's asagaos are the mere popular, common garden variety, the flowers of the people. And one learns that there are asagaos for the masses and asagaos for the classes, differing quite as much as the court and the common language. The saying runs: «There are no celebrated flowers among owa, and no owa among celebrated flowers.» The owa—in certain ultra-floral circles one must utter that word, and «Iriya» too, with a rising inflection of scorn, or at least apologetically—are flowers for the Philistines, to whom mere bigness is something admirable. «Any one can grow the owa; the *fukurin*'s the thing,»



PAPER CRANE—GOLD LEAVES.

one is told in dilettante gardens. «We florists grow the owa,» said Yokoyama of Iriya, «and the amateurs grow the fukurin, and *try* to make them the fashion»—this with an accent quite as much his own.

The fukurin (double circles), or *kawarimono* (changed things), the superior flowers to the culture of which aristocratic amateurs address themselves, are the greatest miracles—miracles of a hundred forms—which Japanese floriculturists have achieved. Until the open flower-shows of the Jokyukwai (Morning-glory Association) of Tokio and kindred clubs were instituted, one could know the fukurin only from rare books of prints, or by the chance acquaintance of some amateur.

In such private gardens one would see the asagao no longer a long, winding, twining, graceful vine, but growing as a single drooping vine not one foot long, in the «Kioto style,» or as a stiff, stunted bush, in the short or «Osaka style.» And such fantastic flowers grow on those stems that one wonders how they can be morning-glories at all. They look like double poppies and pelargoniums, like carnations, honeysuckles, thistles, tuberoses, gardenias, chrysanthemums, columbines, lupines, dwarf peonies, double iris, butterfly- and pitcher-plants; like orchids; like anything and everything but a morning-glory. In size and range of colors they repeat the

owa's triumphs, but their eccentric petaling removes them far from those simple round corollas. Their creation and care demand all of an amateur's attention, although the fukurin retains its beauty until late in the day if brought in from the sun, and will often last through a second day. The amateur of asagao does little else than attend to them

during their season, and in that exhausting climate the series of daybreak watches and garden-parties in the extreme hot weather leave him little strength for anything else.

In their years of necromancy and meditation the amateurs have evolved a system of classification for fukurins as difficult to master as the interlacing puzzle of the sects of Buddhism. Yoshida Sobei of Osaka, the great master of asagao culture, divides the fukurins into four general varieties, each with as many subdivisions; but the Occidental brain flees from the multiples, and the general orders of the lion, peony, sparrow, and peacock are enough for an alien amateur to attempt to master in a single season of experimental growing. The lion-flowers (*shishi zaki*) have long, thin, curling petals that suggest the lion's mane. The petals of the peony-flower (*botan zaki*) are broad and thick, and curl together in a ball like a compact double carnation. The sparrow varieties (*suzume zaki*), often called *kurumas* or *jinrikisha* in Tokio, have the base of the five petals recurved to form a little cup, like the hub of a wheel or a well-curb, around the stamens that are most often changed to petals. One such cup with its collar of petals may grow upon another cup, until there are built up those «two-story» and «three-story» flowers that are so intricate that one wonders if they are not the conceit of some artificial flower-maker gone mad. The peacock-flowers (*kugaku zaki*) have stiff central petals spreading widely like a fan or a peacock's tail from a first circle of petals.

The «cup-stand» (*cha dai*) declares itself plainly as a sparrow; but one has to appeal



PEONY ON A STAND.



CHRYSANTHEMUM WITH "THREAD LEAVES."



VINES TRAINED ON LANTERN-FRAMES.



DRAWN BY T. TOYAMA.

STAR-RAYS.

to a connoisseur to know that Naritaya's famous «corkscrew,» or «coral branch,» is a sparrow, too. The corkscrew was my will-o'-the-wisp. Marushin of Iriya assured me it was produced by some Kioto amateur; Kashu of Kioto said Marushin was its author; and Yoshida of Osaka said: «Every one knows that Naritaya first made that flower, thirty years ago.» That same arbiter settled it, too, that the fantastic «tea-whisk,» with its fine filaments of «thread petals» exactly copying the bamboo whisk with which chajins beat their green gruel to a froth, is a lion, the creation of Tonomura of Osaka, thirty-five years ago, in his Garden of Autumn Fragrance. Peony- and sparrow-flowers have been produced with their fantastic forms further embellished with circles of round petals pendent from fine filaments, the «wind-bells» swinging from pagoda eaves. This seeming culmination of the amateur's art was first produced by Okubo, Kaga no Kame, daimio of Odawara in Sagami, the most famous grower among the men of 1830. After his success the fairy wind-bells were not seen again by asagao-fanciers for forty years, when Tonomura of Osaka found his loveliest flowers hung round with the pendent petals. Some of these flowers, so much the creation of man, become his dependent creatures, and there are flowers that cannot open without his aid, remaining tight cones or buds until they drop away, unless he fans or blows or shakes them open, or untwists their tightly wrapped petals with his fingers.

The owas of three, five, and seven different colors, grown on one short vine of as many branches, are wonder-flowers classed with fukurins; but one must go to Kioto and Osaka gardens to see these rare triumphs of the florist's skill. The «seven changes» or «seven gods of luck,» are most often seen in that many tones of varying pink and purple; the «king of changes» has five flowers of intense red and blue and variegated corollas; and the «nightingale's song» has a white, a lilac, and a dark purple flower, all in even stages of unfolding at the same moment.

Not content with such erratic and eccentric flowers, the amateur obtains eccentric leaves as well. Even owas have lance- and arrow-, halberd-, spear-, maple-, and arum-shaped leaves, mottled with white, yellow, or bluish patches; and for fukurins, the leaves are narrowed down to willow-leaves, to «willow-threads,» and even to «pine-needles.» The leaves are curled and crumpled and twisted until they are very like «dragons,» «sea-weed,» and «coral branches.» The larger leaves, besides being flaked and mottled in color, change their texture. They take on down and spines;



TEA-WHISK.

they become finely wrinkled «crape-leaves,» or rougher «sand-leaves»; they assume a surface like shark-skin, grow bubbly excrescences like the warts on a toad, and curl and pucker as if a draw-string ran round the edge.

After the flowers and leaves come the stems, and the wizards twist and flatten them at will, toughen and straighten them, and give them every color, from downy white to dark purplish-brown. Most eccentric of all is the «ribbon-stem,» or *seki-ka* (under the stone), where it seems as though eight or ten ordinary vine-stems had been made to grow together side by side until there is a broad, flat stem two or three inches wide, a veritable ribbed ribbon, that disposes itself in easy, graceful curves against its trellis, and bears little tufts of pointed leaves and usually pink «peony»-flowers, growing directly from the body of the one great stem, like cactus-blossoms. Often the *seki-ka* has twin flowers, springing in pairs of the same or different colors, and brocading the length of the broad green ribbon.

The ribbon-stem was first produced by that Okubo, daimio of Odawara, who made the «wind-bells»; and to my persistent «How?» Yoshida Sobei would only shake his head and repeat what he had said about the «tea-whisk» and the «corkscrew»: «The asagao has a very changeable nature—one must study it.» Another time I brought him to admit that if I planted five or six seeds from different-colored vines very close together, gave them plenty of water and a little ancient fish from the start, bound the young stems side by side in thin Japanese paper kept moist, maybe—perhaps—I might possibly get a ribbon-stem. «Is that the way Okubo got his first ribbon-stem?» I incautiously asked.

«Ah! the asagao is a very changeable and curious flower—a very difficult flower to know»; and his eye wore a far-away look.

After eccentric flowers, leaves, and stems, the wizards began their grafting; and the asagao grows from potato-vines, grape-vines, chrysanthemum-stalks, and, last, from a rose-bush, taking on the characteristics of each plant it forms union with. There are so many amazing things to be seen in an amateur's garden that after a while one loses all sensa-

tion of surprise. With a few mornings among such marvelous asagaos as are «prestoed» from fairy-land by that bluff old samurai Yoshida,—once chief of the Yokohama gendarmerie, and now of Nagoya,—by Mr. Nino-miya, and by Mr. Oyagi of Yokohama, and among such leaves as gracious old Mr. Take-moto conjures up with surely just a wave of his magic fan and a rustle of his silken kimono sleeves, one is too satiated with wonders and miracles to have an exclamation left for anything he may ever see in a Japanese garden. If only for the charming Japanese people with whom it brings one into acquaintance, the cultivation of the asagao gives one reward ten times over; and the sunrise garden-parties and five-o'clock teas of the morning have a charm that dawdlers will never appreciate until they have grown the asagao, until they have the true fever—have attended thirty such parties in thirty days.

Growing the asagao is such a lottery that the seeds might well be excluded from our mails. Only two or three out of sixteen carefully gathered and labeled owa seeds will surely produce the parent flower. One sows the «moon's umbrella,» and reaps the «pigeon-wing,» plants the «brocade banner,» and may find Li Hung Chang's yellow riding-jacket growing on that vine. Only fifty per cent. of fukurin seeds—sold at prices ranging from ten cents to one and two dollars each seed—ever grow at all, and only five seeds out of one hundred may be expected to produce fukurins. The raising of asagaos is a speculation that might lure a Wall-street man to such early-rising, midsummer madness. The manuals of information, both old and new, are lotteries as well, with their contradictory advice. I cross-examined forty-two people concerning this flower of the changeable nature in my year's quest of it. Every one was willing to, started to, was just about to, tell me all about it, how to grow it, «to make the fukurin,» etc., when—the thread was lost, the conversation went off into the fog, the vague, the opaque, as the Oriental led to the Occidental his favorite will-o'-the-wisp dance. The asagao is the flower of Japanese flowers, the miracle of their floriculture, and one may best ascribe it to pure necromancy, and cease to question and pursue.



HEPZIBAH'S MOTHERING.

BY MARION MANVILLE POPE.



OR forty-five years Hepzibah Rankin had been a pillar in the church. She had been converted at an early age, joined then and there, and had been a consistent member for nearly half a century. The person most inclined to cavil at sect or religion could find no fault with Heppy as a professing Christian; but from earliest youth she had shown a persistent and, her neighbors argued, an unnatural aversion to marriage. This seemed to be peculiar to Heppy only, and in no way attributable to heredity; for, as her father had been wont to remark concerning his family freak:

«There ain't, so to say, no old maids on my sides; and ef there hez be'n such on Mis' Rankin's, they was dead, where they ought er be'n, when I took up with her.»

Probably every one in the small Arkansas town in which the Rankin family had always lived had, at some time or another, taken the recreant Heppy to account upon this peculiarity. Older brothers and sisters had labored with her, married, set an example, gone, and, without regard to the way their own matrimonial investment turned out, had invariably returned to renew the blessedness-of-marriage crusade. Younger brothers and sisters had repeated the family proclivities down to the last item; and even old colored Nancy, who occasionally came in to do odd jobs about the house, or «he'p in cleanin'-time,» had taken a hand to the extent of remarking:

«Fo' de Lor's sake, Mith Heppy, yo' better be lookin' roun', else yo' gwine get lef' on de bough, same 's ol' persimmin dat dey can't no boy knock down.»

Round and rosy and dimpled, acknowledged to be the best cook in the place, the very «helt of good nater,» as her neighbor Mrs. Snyder said,—although what «helt» meant, unless, perhaps, a handle, was matter for conjecture,—the years slipped away, none bringing a suitor to suit Heppy.

«Dat gal she seem soun' on eb'ting else, but hit 'pear like she done plumb crazy on de projec' ob ma'age,» declared Nancy.

One by one, ministers young and ministers old, ministers married and ministers

single,—although it must be admitted there are few of the latter to be found in the fraternity, except the very young, or widowers,—had circled through Dodgeville in the Arab-like changes of their denomination, seen Sister Heppy, admired her, and labored with her extraordinary attitude upon this subject, with more or less zeal and unselfishness, according as they were interested personally or in the abstract, being single or already possessed of a helpmate. And each and all had been met by Heppy as rosy and smiling as the dawn, and as free from guile as yesterday's rainbow. Heppy loved to talk, and she made no attempt to conceal her motives. She was always willing to discuss these with any one who was sufficiently interested to express any curiosity upon the subject; so it came to pass at an early stage of her spinsterhood that her devotion to her mother became the recognized cause of her resolution to remain single.

Mrs. Rankin, who sprang from Quaker stock, and who still showed traces of her origin in the neatly folded kerchiefs she always wore about her shoulders, was a tiny little old lady, who, in the comprehensive language of Sister Snyder, «kep'a-growin' littler an' littler, till 't ain't for me to say what 'll be lef' of her ef she hold on much longer.»

It is possible that Heppy, who had inherited height from her father, and also an inclination to grow stout with the passing years, may have felt an appeal to her motherly instinct as this reversal of their respective positions took place, becoming more and more marked as time passed. At any rate, she was a model of daughterly devotion and fidelity, and the despair of family and friends whose domestic ambitions extended beyond this limited sphere. And thus the Rev. Brother Henderson had found her when he assumed the pastorate of Zion Church in Dodgeville.

Brother Henderson had become a widower just previous to his taking charge; and from the outset it had been plain to observing people that his eyes were fixed upon Heppy, greatly to the disgust of younger maidens and their mothers.

«It do seem like a man never take what he can git,» said one mother of four mar-

riageable girls, two of whom had been in a state of matrimonial suspense for some time, «but always hanker after what he can't have. Drat Heppy Rankin—an' her money! Why did n't she marry when I did? She's older 'n me.»

But making due allowance for the glamour which a sufficiency of the yellow metal usually casts over otherwise most unattractive objects, Heppy's qualities of heart and person, even when long past her youth, needed no bait other than their own worth. Moreover, it is just to suppose that the few hundreds she possessed, which seemed such a fortune in the poverty-stricken community about her, did not assume such majestic proportions to men who had presumably been a little way into the great world, and were therefore able to judge by comparison. In the face of this supposition, we may acquit the reverend brother of any undue mercenary trend when, one day, he delicately led up to the subject of matrimony, and endeavored to impress Heppy with the advantages to be derived from that happy state.

«It stand to reason, Sister Rankin, that a man is handy to have aroun'».

Heppy pursed her lips, which were rather full, and had always a distracting way of turning up at the corners. «Well, Brother Henderson, in the matter of totin' in wood, an' milkin' cows, an' odd-jobbin' general, maybe—maybe. But boys is jes as handy, an' can be bossed instead of bossin'. They's cheaper ef you hire, an' ef you don't—well, somehow er 'nother I ain't never had the same opinion, so to speak, of fathers an' brothers an' husbands that I hev of mothers an' sisters an' wives.»

Brother Henderson considered this heretical remark of Heppy's for a moment before replying. It was startling, and by no means encouraging, to have this pattern of amiable virtue declare herself so plainly.

«I hope,» said he, striving to throw a hint of injured feeling into his tone—«I hope, Sister Rankin, you air not—a—vergin' on woman's rights?»

«Why, no, Brother Henderson,» responded Heppy, placidly, and in no wise disturbed by the remark; «I ain't, not a bit. I don't know nothin' 'bout woman's rights. I reckon I've always had all the rights I needed or wanted, an' what I did n't want nor need never give me no trouble. But I jes *feel* that away 'bout the opposite sect. Everybody's born with a mother, and that's the thing I could n't never forgit.»

Brother Henderson hesitated. «I could n't

undertake to argy 'gainst them sentiments, Sister Rankin. They're as true as anything I ever heard. But—but—well,» he inquired dubiously, «don't you think—that is, so to say—ain't we all born with fathers, too?»

«Not a bit of it!» said Heppy, decisively. «A father might of be'n dead an' buried for the Lord knows how long before. That's jes the p'int. Our lives don't, so to say, hinge on to a father. No more they do on to a brother or a husband. Husbands is acquired; but mothers—they're born with. Ef ye lose a husband or a wife, there ain't nothin' to hinder ye from gittin' another—prowidin' they is willin'. But it's different with a mother. They ain't to be had for the askin'.»

This was decidedly pointed, although said in the most generalizing way in the world. Brother Henderson coughed to relieve his embarrassment; and Heppy continued:

«Now, there was paw. Paw's be'n dead near to five years, an' I reckon paw was about as good a man as they make 'em. He never took a drop of nothin' stronger 'n ginger tea in his life, an' never took that exceptin' for cramps; an' a few years 'fore he died he got it inter his head he would n't take no more of that. (I reckon it don't make no difference whether it's ginger tea or whisky,» says he, «so long's a man gits to likin' of it.) So nex' time he had cramps—he was subjec' to 'em—we give him peppermint. They was somethin' 'bout any sort of mint that went ag'in' him; so he took it after that, 'cause he said 't was so pesky mean-smellin' he knew he jes nachelly never could git up no appetite for it.»

«He must of be'n a good man,» said Brother Henderson, relieved to have the subject brought back to solid and safe ground.

«Paw was a good man,» acquiesced Heppy, heartily. «He never swore in his life. I've heard maw tell how, when they was married, he got sort of into the way of saying, (Oh, scissors!) Seemed so kind of innocent-like she never said nothin' 'bout it. But one day he fell down an' run the sheep-shears into his knee. Laid him up for some time right in the heat of shearing, an' he always limped more or less; took him more like rheumatiz 'long late years, actin' up in damp weather. He always laid that fall on to them shears to his havin' sort of used scissors in an ungody sense; so he never swore even that away after that.»

«Re-markable!» ejaculated Brother Henderson.

«So 't was,» assented Heppy, cordially. «But, good as he was, paw was tryin'. He

was so busy lookin' after the big sins, an' tryin' to keep the ten commandments,—which I think he always done without, so to say, ever feelin' really took to break none of 'em, unless it was the third, in the matter of scissors,—that he sort of forgot 'bout the little things that ain't jes to call sins—the little naggin' ways, never bein' pleased with nothin', an' thinkin' everything might of be'n something else besides what it was. I reckon it's habit, or liver, or sour stomach that makes folks tryin'; but whichever one 't is, it don't make it no easier for them as is bein' nagged continool. Now, maw she was always easy. Ef things did n't suit her, she tried to look pleased an' say nothin'. An' she got jes drove into laughin' off paw's cross-grained ways. But he was the contrariest creeter! She could n't never suit him. When I was borned, she said, he did n't git over grumblin' for a month to think I was n't a boy; an' when Zackariah come along nex', 'bout fifteen months behind me, he said 't was a bad year for boys. He'd read some-thin' or 'nother in the almanac that boys borned that year was bound to be unlucky. But sakes alive! 't was jes the other way. When measles went through the family, *he* never had 'em; an' ef anybody fell into the pond, 't wa'n't never Zackariah. Every other boy paw ever had went into that pond, fust an' las'; but *he* seemed to be jes born lucky. An' at las', when he married Joel Towner's only child,—an' Joel worth more 'n paw ever was,—an' when Great-uncle Emery Higbee lef' him his farm jes 'cause the only time he ever saw him—Zackariah bein' then 'bout eight years old—he wore a little plaid wool scarf an' red stockin's, like great-uncle's little brother Eliab used to (he bein' dead an' gone then nigh on to sixty year), why, paw jes give in then, an' said he *was* beat.

«But as I was a-sayin', it's the little things that hurts jes as much as the big ones. I don't know as I'd any leavse der be stung by a bee than kicked by old 'White-face,' 'ceptin' of the bone-breakin', maybe. An' I've felt sometimes, ef paw had thought a little less 'bout the big sins, an' a little more 'bout the little mean ways folks gits into, maybe he would n't of be'n so wearin'. Course it ain't for me—'t ain't for any of us—to say the Bible might of be'n any different; but I never could he'p wishin', so to say, they'd of had more commandments, jes to make things a little clearer like. Now I wished thet right 'long nex' to (Honor thy father an' thy mother,) it might of said some-thin' 'bout (Honor thy husband an' thy wife,

that thy children may see thy good example,) or somethin' like that. Ef it only had of said it, paw never would of got into them naggin' ways, an' then how happy poor dear maw might of be'n. Seem like 't would of be'n easy 'nough to jes put that in 'long with the commandments.»

Brother Henderson got out his handkerchief, and made a pretext of putting it to vigorous use. He felt called upon to expostulate with any member of his flock who was so far advanced in free-thinking as to hint at revising Scripture, and yet—Heppy! And she so good and earnest and honest, and so anxious after truth! Instead of the protest he had intended to make, he found himself trailing off very lamely into an apology for «paw.» In fact, Brother Henderson's conscience pricked him a little bit; for he remembered there had been times when everything seemed up-hill work; when his small salary had been paid in potatoes, mostly of the «nubbins» variety, and frost-bitten turnips, and apples with «dry-rot» in them; and he had sometimes,—not often, to be sure,—under stress of many worries, spoken hastily to her who shared his hard work and anxieties. How uncomplaining *she* was, too! Looking at Heppy's round, good-humored face, a vision of that thin, patient countenance came between, and for a minute he saw things through a mist. His wife had borne him seven children. How wan and pale she was all the later years of her life! And yet she must have been a younger woman than Heppy—younger by half a score of years at least. For a moment he felt an unreasonable anger rise against this comfortable, placid woman who, in shirking all the obligations of wifehood and motherhood, had kept herself fresh and comely when no longer young. It seemed so selfish; and yet, how unselfish Heppy was in all her relations to life! Almost as if this thought crossing his mind had communicated itself to her, she continued:

«I've had lots of folks tell me I was livin' a selfish life—all wrapped up in maw as I be. Well,»—with a sigh,—«I reckon maybe I have be'n. I've be'n motherin' her all the time. She's got so feeble now she sleeps a good deal, an' I'm glad to have her res' that away. But whether I've be'n selfish or not, I'm glad I done it. All the other children bein' gone to homes of their own, who'd maw had lef' ef I'd be'n gone, too? Like as not she'd had to live round 'mongst us; an' I reckon some of the places would n't be'n like home—more like teachin' school an' boardin'

roun'; an' maw 's too old to live that away an' be happy."

"But ef you had married, Sister Rankin," said Mr. Henderson, trying to assume a sprightly tone, "it would be'n different. You 'd had other duties—children, an'—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Heppy; "an' they would of had *me*, an' maw would of had only a piece, same as she 's got with all the res'. Seem to me, Brother Henderson, when a woman gits old an' feeble, she ought to keep *one* child out of all she 's had, who 's hers yet, an' ain't divided up with nobody. Why, they ain't one of the girls now that 's even *half* maw's. They 're one half their husbands', an' one half their childrun's; an' maw sort of belongs to everybody, an' yet is n't really anybody's but jes mine. Oh, no; I could n't never of had it any different. She 's done so much motherin' gittin' us all into the world, 't would be a pretty poor showin' ef there was n't *one* lef' all hers."

This was discouraging, and Brother Henderson felt his wooing had not prospered. He was too good a man and too true a man to begrudge Sister Rankin the elder the devotion of her daughter's life. Nevertheless, when, a few months later, it was rumored about that the old lady was failing rapidly, Brother Henderson would have been more than human if he had not secretly hoped that by and by, all in due and decent time, he might look for a reward for his patient devotion.

In justice to Heppy, it must be said that, absorbed as she was in anxiety over the alarming condition of her mother's health, these evidences of affection for herself, that were plain to all except her, seemed only the natural solicitude of a considerate and thoughtful pastor, who had himself known sorrow and loss, for one of his flock who was confronting the great mystery. But so plainly was his feeling understood by keen-eyed members of Zion Church that one of them, a match-making sister who deeply sympathized with Brother Henderson's mateless plight, made bold to squeeze his hand one Sunday after church, and say in a hoarse whisper, which seemed to the startled minister to be perfectly audible all over Dodgeville: "Heppy 'll come to her senses as soon as—as soon as—well, pretty soon. You 'll see"—nodding her head wisely, and bestowing upon him what she intended to be an encouraging smile.

In the meanwhile poor Heppy was fighting her battle alone. As the end drew near, all the surviving brothers and sisters had

gathered from their distant homes; but to none would the devoted daughter intrust the slightest duty or give up the least portion of attendance upon their dying parent. Oblivious to everything except her mother's needs, Heppy's world seemed narrowed down to the four walls of that sick-room.

"She handles mother jes like a baby," said the brothers; and one sister, who had always prided herself upon her family,—this sort of pride not being confined alone to the relatives of the truly great,—and who bitterly resented Heppy's persevering spinsterhood as a possible reflection upon the attractive qualities of their womankind, even relented sufficiently to remark to an inquiring neighbor:

"I feel to say that for a woman who never had no childrun to look after, Heppy 's wonderful handy—a heap handier than I ever reckoned she could be. When mother 's troubled for breathin',—as she is a right smart bit,—Heppy lif's her up like she was a baby, sets down in that there low rocker of hers, an' jes rocks her 's ef she was two years old instead of bein' seventy-two. It 's mighty cu'yus. The first time I see her do it I jes had to rub my eyes; for with mother bein' so little, ef it had n't be'n for her white hair I should of thought certain 't was some child she was rockin'. An' she sings to her, all the good old tunes mother thinks a heap of—('Rock of Ages,' 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' an' 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.' Seems like Heppy was the mother, and mother was the child.)"

All these things, coming to Brother Henderson's ears, touched that good man mightily, and he prayed fervently that night that the blow which was about to fall might be softened to that loving child.

And it seemed almost as if the prayer was answered; for when he called, as usual, the next morning to inquire, Heppy met him cheerfully.

"Yes, mother 's asleep," said she in so nearly the same tone in which she had often before imparted the same information that he was about to ask if there was any change when she continued: "It was jes 'bout sunrise. I 'm mighty glad 't was. Oh, I was prayin' 't would n't be in the night, in the dark, for her to go alone—without me." There was a little catch in her voice. "We 've always be'n together so. But the birds was singin', an' the sun comin' up, an' everythin' looked mighty cheerful. Mother jes lifted her head a little, an' says, 'Is it mornin'?' An' I says, 'Yes, mother dear; it 's

mornin'. That was all. She went to sleep then like a baby.»

The minister had taken her hand in both his. He it was who, with a voice broken with emotion, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, said: «Sister Rankin, you teach me. I've be'n a minister of God for thirty years, but you 're teachin' me what a Christian's faith is in time of trouble.»

To the neighbors who came to assist, Heppy preserved the same outward expression of fortitude. The only noticeable difference was that the familiar word «maw» had been abandoned. Death had dignified the little figure up-stairs into «mother.»

«Why, no,» said she; «thanky kindly, but I've done it all myself. I wa'n't never one of them who believed we oughter jes run away from our dead, so to say, an' leave 'em to be took care of by strangers. I reckon I could n't have nobody but me touch mother now, unless 't was one of the girls. They 've got a right to; she 's theirs, too. But they felt some as you do, an' I 'm glad they did. I did n't. She 's jes the same to me—so little an' so weak. Not *jes* the same, maybe. The mother part, the lovin' part, ain't there no more. But there 's the heart that done the lovin', even ef it *is* still; an' the lips that done the kissin'—they 're there; an' the hands that done the work—they worked mighty hard for us all; the only thing they ever felt sorry 'bout was to think they could n't do no more. No; I 'm goin' to take care of mother as long as she needs. I feel to do it. She 's jes the same mother to me—always.»

Brother Henderson outdid himself in his funeral oration. Every one admitted this. The children of the dead woman came to him afterward with tearful praise, and most of his church members told him it was the best preaching he ever did—all but Heppy, and her praise would have been best of all. She only said: «Thanky kindly, Brother Henderson. You done you' bes'. But I reckon nobody's bes' was jes, so to say, good enough for what mother was.»

One by one the brothers and sisters went to their respective homes. Heppy had been cordially urged by each to go with them. This one had that inducement, that one another. «She needs the change,» said the sister whose praise was usually grudgingly given; but again Heppy was obdurate.

«You all mean jes as well as you can, an' I 'm as grateful as if I went, an' maybe more so; but I reckon I won't be lonesome here. Mother ain't gone so far away I can't

feel her in the old place where we 've always lived. She 's jes in the nex' room. They 's only a door between. I reckon you all think I 'm gettin' to be a spiritualist, but I 'm as orthodox as I ever was; only maybe I 'm nearer to seein' how folks turns spiritualist, now I 've lost somethin' myself. They ain't nobody goin' to hunt for what they ain't lost; an' spiritualism is jes nothin' more 'r less than hungry hearts tryin' to make believe they ain't lost anythin', or tryin' to fetch heaven down to humanity—one. But that ain't my way of thinkin'. I want humanity to go to heaven, an' I believe mother *is* in heaven. I reckon she 's there this minute, younger than any of *us*, an' happier than she ever was. I would n't have her here again, leavin' such a place as *that*! But she 's jes as much alive in my heart as she was las' week. Her goin' out of the house ain't taken her out of *that* place. An' I believe that 's what the Bible means when it says anythin' 'bout the dead bein' alive. No; I 'm goin' right on keepin' house here, so 's you all can have the old place to come back to. Mother always says she did n't want us to stop livin' when she died.»

So she took up the threads of life again, trying bravely to handle them in the old way. But this was impossible. Her autumn roses faded, her plump figure showed signs of shrinking flesh, and the corners of her mouth, that had always turned up so laughingly, took on a mournful, downward droop. Heppy was lonely. One day she said to Brother Henderson, who, watching her yearningly, and marking the signs of change with anxious eye, nevertheless knew the time was not yet at hand for any advances from him, «Brother Henderson, I 've be'n thinkin' a heap 'bout your childrun lately.»

A thrill of expectancy shot through the good pastor's mind.

«Yes,» she went on cheerfully, and without embarrassment; «bein' so lonesome since mother went away, I 've be'n wonderin' ef—your quiver bein' so full, so to say,—the corners of the mouth went up for a moment in the old-time fashion,—«you could n't lend me one.»

The Rev. Henderson tried to keep the tremor of joy out of his voice as he responded:

«Why, Sister Rankin, ef anything I 've got 'll make you any happier—you 're welcome to everything, and—and—» He was about to add something to the effect that he would be glad to be included also, but bethought himself in time. After all, what

greater encouragement could a man desire than to have the woman of his choice, mature and honest, ask for the keeping of one of his motherless little ones? He knew Heppy too well to believe she would ever give up the charge. But she went on, quite unaware of these innermost thoughts of his:

«Yes; I've be'n thinkin' 'bout it for a right smart spell. You know, I've had Nancy come to live here—she's chored for us off an' on ever since I was little, an' she ain't got nobody, neither. Now there's your little Phœbe; could I take her?»

Heppy was simple and direct in her question, and Brother Henderson answered her as simply in the affirmative.

«Of course,» she went on, dropping her hands idly in her lap,—she was always busy with knitting or sewing,—«ef she should n't git wonted here, well, I reckon I'd have to think of somethin' else. I said I wa'n't goin' to be lonesome after mother was gone; but sayin' ain't doin', an' I'm jes lonesome enough to *die* sometimes!» She spoke with unusual vehemence for her, but immediately remembered herself, and continued in a sort of musing tone: «Phœbe's 'bout the size mother was. Does she like to be rocked?»

This question was asked so abruptly, and with such vivid interest, that the Rev. Henderson was puzzled. He hesitated for a moment, while visions of his dead wife as he had seen her for so many years, sitting in a low rocking-chair with a baby on her breast, arose before him. What a procession of little white-robed figures had passed through those motherly arms, each making room for the last comer! He found it difficult to answer.

«Why, as to that, Sister Rankin, she ain't had much chance to like it since—since—well, they was four smaller'n she was.»

Heppy looked at him wistfully. «It must of be'n awful hard for her to—to go away from 'em—jes every one needin' her so much! Must of be'n mighty hard! Now, 't was the other way round with mother. We all was growed up—a heap better able to take care of her than she was us. I reckon you'll think that was a funny question for me to ask—'bout whether Phœbe liked to be rocked. It'll soun' jes silly for me to say, but I'm a min' to tell!»

As she stopped, evidently waiting for some encouragement, Mr. Henderson said, with honest conviction, «I reckon you could n't say anythin' silly, Sister Rankin.»

«Well, maybe 't ain't, so to say, silly; but 't is queer. I've thought, ef I could have Phœbe to rock every night, 'long 'bout bed-

time, or jes 'twêen daylight an' dark, maybe I could make believe 't was mother back again, an' I would n't feel so lonesome.»

«Which?» ejaculated Brother Henderson, in bewilderment; and Heppy went on apologetically:

«It begun this away: 'Bout six years 'fore paw died, maw had inflammation of the lungs.» (The old colloquialisms came naturally enough together in this juxtaposition.) «An' after that was over, for a right smart spell she seemed to have trouble breathin', sort of like asthma. She could n't lie down nights—could n't breathe that away. So after paw'd go to bed she'd stay in the settin'-room, in the big rocker, an' I'd set up with her. An' one night she said she seemed to feel easier, breathe better, as long's she kep' rockin',—sort o' fanned her an' kep' the air movin',—but it jes wore her all out keepin' the chair goin'. So I said, «Why, maw, I'll rock ye, an' mighty glad to do it. Why did n't you say so sooner?» So I kep' the chair goin' with my foot, like a cradle. That went all right for a short while; but by an' by she said, ef she could only lay on her side, sort of turn roun' on it to res' her—her back got so mighty tired an' hot 'gainst them feather pillars. Well, I turned the idee over for a spell to fin' some way out, an' then I lit on to the projec' of jes holdin' her like I would any little tired-out body that could n't be easy no other way. So I put a big blanket roun' her, picked her up, an' set in the chair myself. Maw said 't was certainly ridiculous—old woman like her bein' rocked! But I kep' right on, an' said I did n't 'low 't was anybody's business but ours, an' the p'int was, did it ease her up a little? After a little she stopped frettin', an' dropped off to sleep, an' slep' till daylight. I was that thankful!»

«It must of be'n hard for you, Sister Rankin.»

«Me! Myph!» There was a world of self-scorn in Heppy's voice. «Why, I was healthy as a turtle anyway, an' what'd a little thing like that matter to me? But it made a heap of difference to *her*. So I jes got into the way, an' she got into the way, bein' so rested an' easier; an' we kep' it up for that trouble of breathin'. Then she seemed to come down with old-fashioned consumption. I reckon she always had it more or less, for she was mighty aillin' an' puny, an' kep' me worried to death 'bout her, though paw never was. He said old-fashioned consumption was the sort folks lived longer with than they did without. But law! That did n't hinder me

knowin' I could n't never feel to be sure whether she was goin' to las' the year out or not. An' so, when she had them low spells, I'd jes take her up out of bed, an' rock her, an' sing some of the old hymns. She got a heap of comfort that away—though we had to be powerful careful never to have no rockin' goin' on when paw was around, for fear he 'd be wearin'. But when he died there wa'n't nobody left to home but us; an' so we kep' it up, she gittin' littler an' feebler till it seemed like I could feel she was lighter every time I hefted her. She died that away—in my arms, jes rockin'. So that was the main reason why I wanted Phœbe."

Heppy looked at him deprecatingly; but Brother Henderson had received a blow. It was not interest in the living, but memory of the dead, that had prompted her request. He felt he could not let it pass without an attempt to show her that, while love for the departed and proper grief were seemly, they might be carried to such lengths as to become an injury to the living. So he said kindly, for he felt he was handling a bruised place: "Sister Rankin, Phœbe can come an' stay with you, an' welcome, as I said; but I feel to speak some words to you 'bout the sinfulness of undue mournin'. 'The Lord giveth, an' the Lord taketh away. Blessed be his name! Our lamented sister in God had lived a long life, an' she was ready, an' God took her. He did n't cut her off short in youth. She was jes full of days. His ways air right. I reckon you done your duty as a good an' dutiful chil' to her whilst she was alive. But now, dear sister, your duty is plain to the livin'. The dead bein' done with labor, our labor for them is done, too. I wished you 'd felt to want Phœbe for her own sake an' good—or for mine—than jes because she was the size for you to make believe your departed parent was back ag'in."

In an instant the generous tears had started to Heppy's eyes. "There!" she exclaimed, "I knew 't was selfish, an' I *had* oughter known better; but somehow, I always be'n motherin' mother, an' it seem like I *got* to have somebody to keep on motherin', now she 's gone."

Brother Henderson rose in his eagerness. "Sister Rankin—Heppy—the Lord's han' has be'n laid heavy on me, as I reckon you know. It's took a mother out of my home,—a good, lovin' mother,—an' it's lef' six little childrun, besides Phœbe—all needin' motherin'. Ef you could come to 'em, Heppy! I've prayed the Lord to turn your heart to 'ads us, an' I hope—I hope he heard it!"

Heppy looked frightened and anxious.

"Why, Brother Henderson, I could n't, so to say, go over there; but I 'll take any one of the res' to keep the chil' company, so she won't feel lonesome with jes me."

The minister groaned. "Oh, Heppy, take 'em all—take *me*; I 'm lonesome. I need comp'ny 'long my road o' life, where I 'm tryin' to do the Lord's work. Don't you reckon you could, Heppy?"

Heppy gasped. "Oh, Brother Henderson, I wished you had n't! 'T was Phœbe I wanted."

"An' you did n't want me!" Mr. Henderson tried to speak resignedly, and even playfully, but it was hard work. Heppy saw it, and her tender heart ached. She could not marry him, and yet she could not make trouble for him, he had had so much sorrow. So she managed to stammer out a few words, disconnected, to be sure, and intended only to solace, not to encourage.

"I 'm sorry, Brother Henderson—I 'm mighty sorry, but—well, le' 's don't talk 'bout it no more—not now." And he, gathering hope from the last two words, brightened perceptibly, and went his way.

Phœbe came, but Heppy was resolved not to yield to her longing to rock her in the twilight hour. So adamant was this resolution that at that time she always ensconced herself in a high, straight-backed chair, where she sat rigidly erect until the hour of temptation was over. But Heppy had lost her spring and youthfulness. Little things tired her, and her interest in the world was gone. She attended every service at the church regularly, and tried to busy herself as usual with good works. She made Phœbe a dress and some aprons, and knitted mittens and stockings for the minister's boys—humble offerings from a penitent heart. But all the saps of this goodly tree were setting earthward; its summer was over.

One day she surprised Nancy by appearing in one of the soft white dimity neckerchiefs that her mother had always worn. Its folds, which had been numerous over the little figure for which it was made, looked scant upon Heppy's ample bosom, but her face beamed brighter than usual above it.

"Fo' de Lor's sake, Mith Heppy! You done gone got on yo' maw's 'kerchief!"

"Yes, Nancy," answered Heppy, brightly; "an' it feels like maw 'd got her arms roun' my neck"; and she snuggled her throat down into the soft covering with a little childlike nestle. The old negress showed a liberal margin of white around her wide eyes.

"Gord A'mighty! Ef dat ain' thes nex'

t'ing to spookin'! Feelin' dat away'd guv me de jumps, shuah!»

To one of the neighbors she confided that day: «Mith Heppy she thes honin' attar her maw. Seem like you all ain' sensin' how dat chil' feel. She gwine w'ar 'e'se'f plumb out—you min' what I tole ye. She look all frazzled out roun' de aidges now, an' she thes a-frazzlin' an' a-frazzlin' mo' 'n mo' ebbry day, an' dat 's Gord 's truf.»

The fact was, Heppy was failing. She never complained—there was no one to complain to. Now and then she thought to herself: «Ef maw was here now, I 'd tell her 'bout them spells that comes over me; she 'd know what to do for 'em. I reckon I'm gittin' sort of asthmaticky—same's maw was one while. Po'r maw! She mus' of suffered a heap—feelin' 's ef her heart had stopped off for good—sort of choky, 's ef the air was all gone. I reckon I'm 'bout the age maw was when she was took.»

One day in particular she had suffered more than usual from this feeling, and it happened that, instead of moving into the straight-backed chair at the twilight hour, she remained in the old rocker. Phœbe, who was a loving little thing, and who had become greatly attached to her, came dancing in, and flinging her arms around Heppy's neck, excitedly told her that some one had promised her a kitten—«a little white kitten with a black nose that did n't have any mother,» as the child rather ambiguously stated it. Heppy was all interest and attention. She gathered the little excited figure into her arms, cuddling her down against her warm and motherly heart.

«Why, yes; you can have her here,» she responded cordially to the child's question, «and you can give her milk every day—po'r little mite! It 'll need a heap of motherin', Phœbe. You 'll have to mother the kitty, an'

I 'll have to mother you; but who 'll mother Heppy?»

The child pondered for a moment, patting Heppy's cheeks gently with little cold palms. Then she exclaimed:

«Why, I will, Heppy! I reckon I ain't goin' to be all the time motherin' one kitten!»

The corners of Heppy's mouth curled up as they had not done for many a day. Mechanically she began to rock, humming softly to herself, with a look of satisfaction upon her face. It was cold outside, and gusty autumn winds whirled noisily around the house or whistled dismally in the chimney, but it was very cheerful and cozy in the firelight. By and by the warmth of the room and the soothing motion made Phœbe drowsy. Her flaxen head drooped on to Heppy's broad shoulder, and finally lay comfortably against the soft white folds of the Quaker kerchief. There was a faint, sweet smell about it—the perfume of spotless cleanliness and long disuse. Phœbe drew a slow breath of entire satisfaction. «Sing it, Heppy!» she murmured drowsily, but with authority. Heppy's inarticulate humming took words:

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

Heppy stopped singing. «Why, it seem jes like the old-fashioned motherin',» she said softly to herself, laying her cheek down against the child's flaxen hair. Her face looked rosy in the firelight, and very peaceful and contented. Thereafter that look never left it. She stopped rocking, though she still smiled. The room was very still, and the clock ticked slowly and solemnly, measuring the time, although time had ceased to be measured there for any one but the child.



THE PICTURE OF AGNES.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.



OUTSIDE, the still December air had its relentless grip upon everything; inside, the great three-storied stove sent out a steady glow which made the middle of the long store as uncomfortable for heat as the ends were for cold. Indeed, the "Strictly One Price Store" resembled, to a surprising degree, the earth we inhabit: near the equator, marked by the stove, was the torrid zone, with the dried-apple barrels, plug-tobacco caddies, and men's boots; while in the neighborhood of the women's dress goods and the canned fruit was the tropic of Cancer, and near the molasses-barrel and the woodenware that of Capricorn; with the temperate zones inhabited by the cotton-batting and crockery, and the men's clothing and laundry soap, respectively; while the thread-case, the pocket-knives, and the photograph-albums braved the rigors of the northern pole, and the kerosene-barrels, wooden pails, brooms, and canned oysters were helpless in the grasp of the antarctic cold down by the back door.

Basking about the equator, as if attempting to charge their bodies with enough heat to last them when they should be obliged to plunge into the nipping outer air, was a group of men which included, among others, Mr. Tucker, the proprietor of the Strictly One Price; Jake Crosby, slightly intoxicated; and Uncle Dick Weatherlow, who entered more fully into the tropical zone idea than any of the others, since he sat nearest to the stove, and seemed to look upon the dried-apple barrel in the light of a breadfruit-tree provided by nature for his sustenance.

"Yes," remarked Uncle Dick, as he abstractedly conveyed another piece of dried apple to his lips—"yes; I think I'll bring her out in the spring."

"In the spring, hey?" inquired the mellow Crosby.

"I reckon so—when the weather lets up a little. Would n't you?"

"Wa'n't you going to bring her out last spring?" demanded the other, ignoring the flattering appeal to his judgment.

"Yes, that's so; I was," assented Uncle Dick. "But—"

"And was n't you talking about fetching her out the spring before?" went on the inquisitor.

"Well—yes—I mentioned it. You see—"

"And prob'ly, if you had been here the spring before that, you'd have been talking about importing her?"

"Mebby I would of, Jake. But see here, now—"

"Old man," interrupted Crosby, as he took his feet down off the counter, and straightened up in his chair with some difficulty—"old man, you've been playing that girl on us for over two years now. It's time we seen something besides talk. I'll tell you what I don't believe: I don't believe you've got no daughter."

There was a general laugh from the tropical citizens. Uncle Dick chewed his last piece of dried apple nervously. He put one foot on the edge of the stove, took it down, and put up the other. His eye stole furtively about the group, but found no sympathy.

"Mebby I ain't," he said after a moment. "Mebby I don't know what it is to be a father. Mebby I did n't use to toss her up and down when she was a baby"; and he made a movement like a man pounding down granite paving-blocks with a heavy weight. "Mebby I did n't watch that there girl grow up into—what-do-you-call-it?—into womanhood. Why can't I send for her? Ain't a daughter's place by her father's side? Mebby you all think I ain't got no daughter?"

"No; I think you've got a daughter," said Harry June, who sat a little back, in south latitude, near the men's overcoats, where he had been reading a week-old St. Paul newspaper. Uncle Dick looked around quickly, and seemed about to express his gratitude for the support when the doubter again spoke.

"Well," said this bibulous citizen, "p'raps you'll tell us what makes you think he's got a daughter?"

June smiled, stretched out his feet, and looked at the top of the stove thoughtfully; then he laughed outright.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I hardly know. He says he has, and—well—he's old enough to have a daughter; are n't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Great smoke of war!" roared the unbelieving Crosby. (I soften his actual expressions.) "Suffering Cæsar! The old man's old enough to have good hoss-sense, but he ain't got it! If you fellows want to keep on taking stock in that daughter, you can; he can't crowd her down my throat no longer." And he brought his fist down on the counter with a bang which disarranged the weights of the sugar-scales. Then he got up, and stalked away through the northern latitudes with preternatural stiffness to show that he was not drunk, passed the arctic circle, and through the door by the pole, which creaked ominously of the cold in the interstellar space beyond. Uncle Dick took another dried apple. Mr. Tucker moved around and adjusted the sugar-scales weights, and in an absent-minded manner slipped the cover on the dried-apple barrel.

"That fellow's no man at all," said the venerable Uncle Dick. "I ought n't to stand it, to let him talk to me that way." He reached out one hand, and without looking raised the cover slightly, and helped himself to another piece of apple. "Daughter—of course I've got a daughter," he went on as he chewed the apple reflectively. "Big's she's ever going to be. Twenty year old. Educated, too. Plays the pianner like a'—like a'—angel. Pretty as a—as a—warranty deed. I'll be hanged if I have n't a good notion to show you fellows her picture, and then see if you'll believe that I've got a daughter."

"Have you got a picture of her?" asked June.

"I calculate I have." He felt in the pocket of his tattered coat. "No; I ain't got it here—it's out at the house. I'll show it to you when we go out, if you'll come around my way."

The equatorial gentlemen began gradually to drop away through the creaking door. A few still lingered, and denounced the Department of the Interior for its sordidness in insisting that settlers live up to the laws; but their profanity lacked that force and precision which bespeak a recent, definite grievance. Jeff Sommers swore in a half-hearted, absent-minded sort of way at the General Government for its not admitting the Territory as a State; but as he used the same terms which he had just employed in denouncing his pipe because it would n't

draw, it awakened little enthusiasm, and gave no hint of approaching revolution. Mr. Tucker made a trip to high southern latitudes, and returned with a great piece of black-and-green calico, which he spread over the ready-made clothing.

"I guess it's time we was working along toward home," remarked Uncle Dick to June. He rose, removed the cover from the dried-apple barrel, filled his coat pocket, and replaced the cover. Mr. Tucker, from his position under the Southern Cross, surrounded by a flock of albatrosses in the guise of hanging felt boots, regarded the operation with sadness. As they passed out the door Uncle Dick observed:

"Tucker keeps the poorest dried apples in Blueblossom. Reg'lar old-fashioned kind. Make good rubbers to rub out pencil-marks with. What I like is these here evaperrated apples with holes in 'em like the leather washers on a buggy wheel. I'm partic'lar about my fruit."

They went out into the still, frosty air, which closed round them with a swirl, and seemed to resist their entrance as if it were thickened by the cold, and had become like a thin, invisible liquid, through which they almost forced their way; and as they walked along it seemed to come against their faces with a rush, though there was not a breath of wind.

"Thirty below to-night," remarked June, as he turned his face from the half-congealed air which surged against it.

"Forty," returned Uncle Dick, with a promptness born of many years of exaggeration. "Fifty in the morning."

"Did you get the picture lately?"

"A month ago."

They walked on across the prairie, with its thin covering of snow, which did not conceal the dry, hairy grass. The old man lived alone on his claim. It was half an hour before they reached his house, a twelve-by-fourteen structure, built of pine boards and covered with tarred building-paper, making it look, in the starlight, not unlike an immense chocolate caramel dropped on the white snow by some young and giddy giantess. He pushed open the door, and they entered. The temperature inside seemed to be somewhat lower than it was outside; but the old man stirred the embers of the fire in a stove shaped like a Chianti wine-bottle with the neck broken off, and threw in some slices of crumbling soft coal. As the fire roared, and occasionally exploded with a sullen sound like a submarine blast or a giant fire-cracker under a barrel, and sent

out a dense cloud of gray smoke from invisible cracks, June stood before it, and looked at the lamp with a dreamy expression. He was a tall, manly-looking young fellow, with light hair and blue eyes, the youngest of a family of boys, and called by his mother her girl, till she died, and he quarreled with his father and came out to the Territory, a year and a half before, where he had since been living alone on a government claim.

"Why, that fellow might as well of said I was a liar, and done with it," complained the old man, half aloud, and as if no one were present, as he took some dishes from the table, and put them in a soap-box which was nailed against the wall—apparently with the idea that association with a box which had formerly held soap would very well answer the same purpose as washing. "Wait till I bring her out; every young man in Blueblossom will want to marry her; but there ain't none of them good enough for her, unless—" he stopped and looked at June—"unless it's you. You never thought I did n't have a girl, hey?" demanded the old man.

"No, Uncle Dick," answered June.

"Of course; you 're educated, like her. Most of these jayhawkers around here don't know enough to scratch a match on a grindstone. She can talk French, and cook, and sew on buttons. I had her educated partly practical; it ain't all—er—visionary, you know."

He drew an ancient trunk from beneath the bed, tumbled out an assortment of old clothing, leather straps, bygone almanacs, tin dishes, and other articles, and at last produced a somewhat worn photograph, which he handed to the other. The young man took it, and held it toward the light.

"Good heavens! old man," he exclaimed, "she is a pretty girl, is n't she?"

The weather-beaten old gentleman folded his arms, and said nothing. He conceived it to be no time for idle words. June dropped into a chair beside the table, and held the photograph at arm's length. As handsome a face, it seemed to him, as he had ever seen looked back at him—a girlish face, with big eyes which gazed straight at his, and a head of fluffy hair. He looked at the picture so long that he blushed when he again raised his eyes to the old man.

"She don't look much like her father, does she?" inquired this individual.

"No; I can't say that she does," answered June.

"Takes after her mother in looks," explained the other, in a tone which might, or

might not, leave it to be inferred that the fortunate young lady resembled her able father in mental equipment. June laid the picture on the table, and examined it from the new point of view with fresh interest.

"When did you say you are going to have her come out?" he asked carelessly.

"Well, I guess about May. Would n't you?"

"The weather gets pretty good here in April."

"Yes, that's so. April, then—I'll bring her in April."

June rose to go, and stood with his hand on the latch. It was now warm in the room, but outside the cold still pressed, and he could feel it on his hand as it rushed through the crack. The little square house was like a diving-bell at the bottom of a sea of cold, which bore down on it and pressed against it from all sides; and the diving-bell leaked, and if the fire were to die out, the cold would come in, gradually but surely, and overwhelm all within. June leaned over, and looked once more at the photograph.

"Take it along if you want to," said Uncle Dick, with a princely sweep of the hand; "take it along and get acquainted with it. I'll get it some day when I'm over."

"Thank you," said June. The hope of taking it had not even occurred to him. He put it in his pocket, and raised the latch.

"Oh, her name, you know—you did n't—"

"Agnes."

"(Agnes.) Good night."

"Good night."

Once inside his own house, which was similar to the one he had just left, both being of an architectural school which may be styled Early Prairie, he lighted the lamp, and again looked at the picture. She seemed to him even handsomer at home, he thought. Then he noticed that his fire had gone out; so he kindled it, and sat down close to it on a broken chair, and looked at the photograph from every possible point of view, finding new charms in each, though the big eyes gazed into his no matter how he looked at it. He happened to think that he had not inquired as to the color of the eyes, but he decided that they were brown—they had every appearance of being brown. Then he propped the picture on the table in plain sight, brought a guitar from the corner,—the only object in the room not absolutely necessary for existence,—and played several selections perhaps as well as anybody could have done when the absence of two strings is taken into consideration. At midnight he still sat by the stove, looking into the fire, and occasionally

turning to the picture of the girl on the table. The city of Blueblossom was young, and as yet had made but small accumulations of the gentler sex. What few marriageable young ladies had reached there had instantly been snapped up by enterprising bachelors and led to the altar rapidly. Indeed, it might almost be said that the ladies found the altar adjusted on the station platform when they arrived, with the bridegroom standing with the ring between his thumb and finger, and the clergyman with his book open at the marriage service. At this time the unmarried lady was absolutely non-existent at Blueblossom, and even the married ones were so rare as to be a source of local pride, and were pointed out to strangers in town in the same way as the cellar for the court-house or the site for the First Methodist Episcopal Church. At last June roused from his musings. He had been building castles in the glowing coals of a more ambitious architectural design than the Early Prairie. He looked at the picture, and suddenly realized that he was very foolish. The wind was rising outside, and a little fine snow sifted down through a crack in the ceiling and hissed on the top of the stove. He decided to go to bed. The fire was low; the steady roar of the wind was increasing; the picture looked cold on the table, so he slipped it under his pillow.

It was somewhat strange, he thought afterward, that he should have dreamed of a girl he had never seen, the first night after seeing her picture; but he did, and a highly natural thing it seemed at the time. He suddenly, without any tiresome preliminaries (the absence of which constitutes one of the chief beauties of dreams), found himself walking along a path with her across the prairie. They had known each other a long time. There were wild roses growing all about, but the violets and the pasque-flowers were gone, and he saw no goldenrod, so it was midsummer; and not far away, a yellow flock of wild sunflowers tossed and balanced and swung, on their long, slender stems, as if about to take flight. The warm breeze blew in their faces, and soft clouds, like down pillows, came up out of the south, with their white edges as distinct against the deep-blue sky as the breast of a swan against the water of a lake; and below, the cloud-shadows chased each other across the gently rolling green plain in a stealthy, goblin-like way. He felt all of this rather than saw it; for all the while he was looking down into the brown eyes—they *were* brown, as he had guessed—of the girl beside him,

and listening to her voice. They were walking along the path toward home. He stooped and picked some of the roses, and gave them to her; and she stopped and tucked them in her bosom, and looked up at him, and said:

«Harry, why did n't you come? I waited for you, oh, so long—years!»

And then she looked down at the ground; and while he was thinking of what he could answer, suddenly she said:

«Come quick; we must run. There is a storm coming; I can hear the thunder.» And, sure enough, he heard it himself,—a distant roll,—and he took hold of her hand, and they started to run away; and even as he did so he felt the first drops of the rain on his face, and it woke him, and he sat up, dazed and bewildered; and at first he thought he was in a forest with the storm raging overhead; and then he saw that he was in a house, and that the thunder was the roar of the wind outside, and the drops of rain were fine snow which had crept in at some crack. Then he realized it was his own house that he was in, and that she was not there, and he lay down with a shiver. But still it seemed only that she had gone, that he had been with her, and that he must still answer her question, where he had been so long, and why he had not come. It was some time before he thought of the picture under his pillow; and when he did, he wondered if, after all, it was a good picture, and looked as he had just seen her. He took it out, and held it in the gray morning light that straggled through the frosty window, and saw that it was an excellent likeness, though of course it was only a picture, and could not give the varying expression and play of emotion like—a dream.

For a long time he lay and listened, first to the storm without, and then to the voice of the girl as they walked again along the green-bordered path, with the hurrying shadows sweeping up from the south and away into the north. For a long time the dream was more real than the reality; and when reality, in the stern guise of the storm and the cold and the gloomy light, did begin to conquer, he fought it back, and again turned down the shadow-haunted path. But at last the present would no longer down; he became aware that he was cold, and possibly even hungry. He looked about the room. The frost was thick on the one square window, and the nail-heads in the wall were as big as hazel-nuts with the same velvety white. The snow had stolen in and bearded its old enemy, the stove, in its corner, and made sport of it, and put a great white cap on its head, caus-

ing this usually austere piece of furniture to look like a very short and very fat French cook. It had come in the crack in the door, and piled up to the latch like a very steep mountain, with a plateau at its foot, and a long plain sloping down to the lowlands halfway across the floor. Under the ceiling it had found some spider-webs, and had clung to them, and made them look like the long, downy rolls of wool which our grandmothers used to spin into yarn.

When, in half an hour, June had uncereemoniously brushed away the French cook's cap and restored the humiliated stove to its normal functions, he looked out of the door, and faced a whirling snow-mist, into which the eye could penetrate but a few yards. For two days it kept up—the same roar and the same blinding whirl of the snow; and in that time he did not venture beyond the barn, which was another caramel, and close at hand. But he heard and saw only a little of the storm, for the girl he had never seen had come so much into his life that his thoughts of her were not to be broken in upon by a paltry misunderstanding among the elements. He sat for hours gazing into the big brown eyes of the picture. A hundred times the scene where she had walked by his side came back to him, and again he saw the red-winged blackbirds swinging on the sunflowers, and looked up at the circling hawk like a speck against the swan-breast of the cloud. At night he placed the picture under his pillow, and had other dreams of her, but none so vivid as the first, which he never could bring himself fully to believe was a dream at all. And when the two days of the storm were past, this all went on much the same during two months of alternate storm and calm—the storm a raging tempest like the first; the calm bright with a deceitful summer sun, the rays of which were pure crystalline light un-mixed with any gross, utilitarian heat-waves. That popular resort, the Strictly One Price, knew him much less than formerly. Indeed, the regular inhabitants of the One Price would probably have sent a search-party after him more than once, had not Uncle Dick, his nearest neighbor, reported him well, but "spending most of his time reading some pesky book or playing on that there big fiddle of hisn." As for this worthy old gentleman, the dried apples seemed to have the effect of lotus upon him, as the more he ate, the more he seemed to forget his home and to cleave to the One Price. But while he sat there with kindred spirits, and grew pleasantly reminiscent of the immoderate

days' works he had done in the past, June was at home, alone save for the picture of the girl.

February had come, and half of it was gone. The weather had been pleasant for some days; but one afternoon it began to snow, and as it grew dark the wind came down out of the northwest, and once more rushed across the prairie and whirled the snow around the little square houses, and piled it up on one side and dashed it back on the other, and built up a wall of it a few feet away. Within his own little square house sat June by the fire, reading a volume of Burns, the binding half worn out. The picture stood on the table. All through the evening he heard the storm battle without, as he had heard it so many times before; and the powdery snow came in at the crack in the ceiling in little puffs, and tried to put the white cap on the stove; but this long-suffering article was prepared for it, and resented the attention with angry hisses. Midnight came, but he still sat by the fire; one o'clock—he rose and put away the book. He would go to bed, and let the storm rage. He stood by the table, looking down at the picture. He turned his head and listened; he thought he had heard a cry, but it was probably only a shriek of the wind. He turned toward the bed. Again he heard the noise. He threw open the door, and peered into the frozen surf. The snow rushed into the room in a cloud. He stepped partly across the threshold. His light streamed out of the door, and in it the snow swirled in strange, fantastic figures; but he could see nothing. Suddenly a gust came around the corner of the house and tossed the mist above his head. Then he saw a dark object in the snow, half covered, not twenty feet away. He floundered through the drift, and seized hold of it, and dragged it in at the door. It was a man, and he tore off the cap and shawl about the head. It was Uncle Dick. He raised him, and laid him on the bed. He was insensible with the cold and exposure. It was clear that he had attempted to find his way home, probably from the tropical atmosphere of the One Price, had become bewildered and lost in the storm, and had wandered almost to the other's door, and there sunk down, overcome.

For a long time June worked over him, chafing his hands, and otherwise striving to bring back his life. At last he opened his eyes a little, and feebly murmured the one word, "Whisky." June had already realized that he had none to give him. He went to

the door and looked out into the storm, and felt that it was madness to attempt to go through it for anything. He went back to the bed once more; but nothing he could do would seem again to revive the old man. For another half-hour he worked over him; but his breathing grew fainter, and he seemed to sink into a deeper stupor; only at last he roused a little, and without opening his eyes again asked for whisky. June started up, and began walking the floor rapidly. He looked at the little clock on the shelf; it was past two. Outside, the storm thundered as it had all the night. He felt sure that whisky would rouse the sufferer, if anything would. He knew that the old man always kept some of this important accompaniment of the settlement of a new country in his house, and that if he could make the journey there and back, and fetch the liquor, it might save his life; and he knew better still that to attempt it in the storm was to risk his own life. He paused at the table, and looked at the picture of the girl; then he began putting on his outdoor wraps. A few moments later he stood in the open door, looking out into the whirling snow. He turned, took up the photograph, pressed it to his lips, and thrust it into his pocket. «It's her father,» he said to himself, as he pushed out into the storm.

WHEN the level rays of the rising sun shot across the tops of the snow-waves, making the choppy plain half dazzling white, half long, dark shadows, it was to find the wind

hushed and the storm gone. Frost-crystals danced in the cold air, but only a little fine snow slipped along before the breeze, close to the ground, like drifting sand among lonely sea-coast dunes.

The figure of a man, grotesquely mountainous in furs, stood by the bed, speaking to Uncle Dick.

«It was a foolish thing for him to do,» said the figure. «He might o' known that he could n't find his way in such a storm.»

«Where'd you say they found him, Crosby?» asked the old man, in a weak voice.

«A mile from here, near my house. He got turned around when the wind changed. One hand was in his pocket, and in it was the picture of that daughter of yourn.»

«Hey? Oh, yes; I remember. That was curious.»

«You are going to bring her out in the spring, I b'lieve?»

«Er—I dunno; I guess not before *next* spring. Next spring I'll have her come out. That's the place for a daughter—by her father's side.»

Crosby went out of the house. As the door closed, Uncle Dick laughed in a broken, complaining way. «They all b'lieve it,» he muttered—«even Crosby,—darn 'im,—and he said he did n't once.» He raised himself on his elbow, and knit his brows. «Why, it was at the Pierre Alhambra that Crosby's brother was shot, and that's a picture of a girl that dances there. But the fool thinks it's a picture of my daughter, and I never had a daughter.»



HAWTHORNE IN BERKSHIRE.

BY R. W. GILDER.

MOUNTAINS and valleys! dear ye are to me:
 Your streams wild-wandering, ever-tranquil lakes,
 And forests that make murmur like the sea;
 And this keen air that from the hurt soul takes
 Its pain and languor:—Doubly dear ye are
 For many a lofty memory that throws
 A splendor on these heights.—'Neath yon low star,
 That like a dewdrop melts in heaven's rose,
 Dwelt once a starry spirit; there he smote
 Life from the living hills; a little while
 He rested from the raging of the world.
 This Brook of Shadows, whose dark waters purled
 Solace to his deep mind, it felt his smile—
 Haunted, and melancholy, and remote.

A LITTLE EPISODE WITH YOUTH.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.



HE had never been fishing before.

She sat on the rocks, happy as a child, her feet dangling free. The air was fresh. The water gleamed in the sunshine. Over its wrinkled surface tinspangles flashed and danced toward her, tiptoeing the silver wavelets. Now and then her bobber sank, and as quick as a wink she jerked her rod high above her head; but there never was bait nor fish upon the hook.

Crawford, sitting next her, the fresh bait in a tin between them, watched her, the line of the upper eyelid straight across his pupil. He did not quite understand her. He did not believe she was forty-one; she certainly did not look it. He doubted her enthusiasm, but he baited her hook again, though she insisted on being taught how to do it herself.

Crawford was twenty-seven.

Marion, when she found him watching her, wished for a moment that he were younger—a boy. There was a certain magnetism, a certain personal charm and subtle emphasis, about the young man which made it difficult for her to play the rôle of the older woman with him. He was constantly drawing her, as it were, to his own ground, where she felt restless and out of place—a position without precedent for her. Then again, for the moment, she wished that he were older, not so virile or so debonair, that he were interested in impersonalities, theories of fishing, perhaps—anything. She was accustomed to being bored. It had never involved her with one of her own emotions.

But Crawford, with his Greek head, his broad shoulders and slender limbs, could meet her on no other ground but his own.

When his fingers touched hers over the bait, she was suddenly aware of him. It annoyed her. It robbed her of a little of her middle-age dignity. It made her seem less old than she had schooled herself to believe, and it shook the fine superstructure in which she had laid away, with her youth, certain ideals of constancy, loyalty, and love.

Meanwhile the glory of the sun, the air, and the sky inspired her. The freedom of the out of doors filled her. She laughed and

talked as a young girl might, bubbling over with enthusiasm, full of the fun of the day. Crawford said almost nothing; but when he looked at her sidewise, the glance electrified her into newer life. She could not explain it to herself, nor did she wish to; it was part of the intoxication of the day. She grew to be glad of it, as the hours wore away, while half condemning herself for the pleasure that it gave.

It was not until that night that she took herself seriously to task. She was standing by the nursery window, waiting for one of the Stockton children to fall asleep. The moon was rising over the low hill across the cove, and the water in which she had fished in the morning was aglow with yellow light.

"A path of gold for him," she said; and then she stopped. "I'm a fool," she sighed, "and—wicked. What are his eyes to me? Blue eyes that seem black, and a straight line to the lid! And I can't see anything else, whichever way I turn!"

When the child on the bed cried, startled by some dream, she turned, all the mother-love in her alert, and lying beside the little fellow, held him in her arms and soothed him to sleep. Then, free once more to think of her own perplexities, she went to the window again, and looked out at the night. The low headland across the cove had grown black in the moonlight. The beauty of the scene oppressed her. She was clearly unhappy. A vague fear of herself had assailed her. "I don't know what it means," she sighed, "to be haunted by the face of a man who means nothing to me; and I don't like it."

She lifted her hands, and crossing them on the window-sash above her, rested her forehead against them. She had determined to find some explanation of her own impressions—one that, while satisfying her reason, would exonerate her from a sense of weakness in herself; for, like all those who live at war with their own natures, and who repress, without eliminating, desires which threaten the peace of some artificial state of mind which they have created for themselves, Marion's constant effort was to prove her own personal detachment from every allur-

ing emotion that assailed her. She was at that moment, as she looked out of the window, trying to discover that greatest scapegoat of the tempted, a physical law with which to free herself from a moral responsibility, and groping her way blindly through the little that she knew of the laws of vibration to prove a distinction in herself between feeling and perception.

She turned wearily from the window at last, then stopped suddenly, as if an inspiration had come to her. «Why, of course!» she exclaimed joyfully; «I understand it now. There is nothing to blame myself for, nor to worry about. I'm not in love with him, and I'm not going to be a fool. It has something to do with his vivid personality, that's all; it's so positive, so brilliant, and has nothing to do with me, any more than a sound would have that I might hear by accident, or than something I saw in the sunlight and that affected my retina for a little while.»

She became suddenly elated, like one who finds herself unexpectedly equipped to meet a menacing danger. Something of her self-respect was at the same time restored, and the threatened overthrow of her middle-age dignity seemed all at once averted. Flimsy, illogical, pathetic in its insufficiency, as her explanation was, it yet gave her a sense of freedom that she could hardly define, one that made it possible for her to think of meeting Crawford again without embarrassed self-consciousness. They who laugh at her are they who know nothing of the struggles some women make in daily adjustments to arbitrary environments.

Nevertheless, the child now asleep, and she at liberty to go down to Crawford where he waited for her on the porch, she stopped again at the head of the stairs, her hands on the balustrade, and by way of experiment, to see if she could indeed recall the impression at will, as a child who shuts its eyes to see again the dancing images of the sun, she let the memory of the morning come back to her with all its subtle fascination—that of the fine Greek head turned toward her in the sunlight, and the upper eyelid straight across the pupil.

She found it easier than she liked, and—pleasanter. «It's lucky for me I know what it is,» she said, as she went down-stairs.

Crawford rose as she stepped out upon the vine-covered porch, and remained standing until she had seated herself. He was the only one of that informal group gathered there in the moonlight who seemed cognizant

of her arrival among them. People came and went and did as they chose at the Stocktons', undisturbed by others. «You can't make your house an agreeable center in any other way,» Mrs. Stockton used to say. «You spoil everything when you are conscious of your guests, or try to dominate them even with your own ideas of the agreeable.»

Marion felt a little shy before such laxity. She had trained herself, when in the world, to look after neglected persons—to fill in a breach for her host or hostess whenever delinquencies of others required it. To be allowed now to do as she chose embarrassed her, set her to questioning anew her own impulses.

She wondered whether she ought to be glad that it was Crawford who drew his chair beside her; and for the second time that day she wished that he were some tiresome old man with a hobby. She could then have detached herself even while she gave him a courteous attention. But there was no escape now from a sense of pleasurable sympathy with Crawford. One felt his alertness in every line of his body, his virility, his grace; and Marion was vaguely aware that, with the all-sufficiency of his absolute strength and unsquandered powers, he belonged, even when silent, to a part of life which admitted of no denial of itself. She meant, however, not to be affected by his personality, not to go over to his point of view, but to lift him to hers, where life was regarded as cheerful sacrifice, obligation to the greater number. She felt a certain exultation as she talked; and Crawford listened with charmed deference of manner, as though she too possessed a power, though of a different order, to match his own. She meant to exercise hers to the full, to parade it, if necessary, like a soldier deluding his enemy. Crawford might carry his batteries into every one of her weak places, but at least she would not let him know by a quiver that he had reached them.

She was careful to conceal the gratification she felt at his continued devotion when, after a custom of that hospitable house, Mrs. Stockton led her guests indoors for anything the pantry held at midnight. For she knew that she enjoyed the sense of some one eager for her comfort, always being near her, hovering in the background like a faithful, unobtrusive attendant, ever watchful of an opportunity to fulfil a want. She liked the sense of feeling that this devotion was not forfeited by any effort of hers to be agreeable to Mrs. Stockton's other guests. The consciousness of his nearness was like an inspiration to her, and

she found herself being more vivacious than her wont with those about her. Though seeming to ignore Crawford, in reality she never forgot him. Mrs. Stockton thought Marion had never been so delightful. She believed it was because she had let her alone, and did not permit her to bury herself with the children. Mrs. Stockton had her theories.

Marion carried with her up-stairs that night a comfortable conviction that she had gained control of herself again. She meant always to take Crawford's devotion, were it still extended, with gracious unconcern, as she would that of a school-boy, so that the lines between them might be clearly marked. She felt it the safer course, for she dreaded being thought a silly woman whose head was easily turned by the devotion of a younger man. She wished, however, as she fell asleep, that she could take things more as other women did, forgetting that they were new to her.

When, next morning, Crawford, having left his boat at the wharf, came for her to sail with him, the agitation of the night had disappeared, and she accepted without question. That one of the Stockton children was to go with her only added to her delight.

She had come down with her hat on, and while she waited for the child to get his fish-lines she stood for a moment alone on the steps of the porch. The grass of the lawn, sloping to the bay, glistened in the sparkling air. A light wind ruffled the water, and flapped the sails of Crawford's waiting boat. White clouds were floated across a deep azure sky, and banked against a low horizon. All earth and air were alive with light and color. Something long buried in Marion stirred. A great cry arose in her soul for life, for freedom, for joy of her own. She felt in all her nature a response to that which made the glory and the freshness of the day, as though in her, too, dwelt some blithe and ever-youthful spirit which neither age nor custom could destroy.

With a joyous laugh, she turned and took the hand of the Stockton boy, and ran with him across the lawn and down the hill to the little boat.

Crawford let her help him at first with tiller and sheet; and seeing her pleasure with them, permitted her by and by to sail the little craft alone, even past danger-places where older mariners would have assumed a consequential command of tiller and sail. He, hatless, with cheerful, unperturbed confidence, sat amidships by the side of the small boy, the wind blowing his loose

sailing-shirt in little balloons about his body, and lifting his hair from his forehead, while he bent with amiable encouragement over the problem of the child's tangled fish-lines and hooks.

To Marion, the wind keen in her face, the spray dashing now and then over the bow,—Crawford and the boy, like her, reckless of inopportune possibilities which she yet knew Crawford was strong enough to meet,—it was all like being a child again, with no nagging elders about, no one to cry prudence in the face of fun. It was being primeval, elemental once more. For youth had reawakened in her, and she knew it,—she felt it and knew it,—youth which had nothing to do with externals, and which was only part of that which all nature joyously cried aloud to her; youth that she had buried once under care and convention, but which was no more dead, for all her pains, than that of the ever-recurring spring.

As she stepped on shore again, a tinge of self-consciousness came back to her. After all, what was she but middle-aged? Would Mrs. Stockton think her frivolous, vain perhaps, easily flattered into juvenility by the attentions of a younger man? She was glad the small boy had been with her. It gave a kind of sanction to her escapade, and made it easy to let her own pleasure, if need be, seem but a reflection of that which she had given him. She wished, however, that Mrs. Stockton would look surprised, or even scandalized, as some of her other friends most assuredly would. Then she might explain. But Mrs. Stockton only smiled, and said she must not spoil her children for every other guest. Her unconcern baffled Marion. It was a silence that might mean anything. She determined to get her hostess alone, to impress her with another side of her character, to do anything rather than be thought a silly woman with a head easily turned.

One less given to a life of repression would have felt small concern about a morning's harmless pleasure; but habits of long standing had unsettled Marion's equilibrium, and the penalty she paid lay in the loss of her ability to meet the normal once more without alarms and questionings.

For until this visit to the Stocktons she never remembered a time, in years, in which she had not been expected to devote herself to the domestic problems of her friends. That she, as a childless widow, should find the absorbing interests of her life, and all its compensations, in the destinies of other people's children, had always been taken for

granted by the young mothers of her acquaintance, self-centered in happiness and anxiety as they were.

To meet their perplexities, she brought with her cheerfulness, sympathy, helpful encouragement. No one she comforted ever suspected in her the eddying currents of loneliness and despair that, for all her efforts at forgetfulness of self, played under the calm, sweet surface of her daily speech and demeanor, nor knew that this beautiful woman, a widow at nineteen, had ever had moments since in which desire for happiness of her own ruled her.

That afternoon she went into Mrs. Stockton's room. Mrs. Stockton laid down her book amiably, as she did everything else. Marion made some half-hearted apology, and took her seat on the low lounging-chair drawn up by the window. The open sleeves of her thin summer peignoir fell away from her well-shaped arms as she lifted them to clasp her hands behind her head. In the subdued light of awning and vine, Marion might easily have been mistaken for one half her years. There was something Greek, too, in the graceful lines and pose of her slender figure. Her friends always felt it.

«Why have you never married again?» Mrs. Stockton asked abruptly, her eyes full of admiration for the older woman. Marion always appealed to her. She thought most of the world imposed on her.

«It's too late now,» Marion answered. «It's always too late after the forties,—don't you think so?—no matter what your friends may say to you.»

She was jubilant. Her opportunity had come, without conspicuous effort on her part. Yet her tones were dispassionate, as though impersonal themes were under discussion. She smiled, too, as she spoke, as if she meant to show her humorous appreciation of the subject.

«For some women, perhaps, but not for you,» said Mrs. Stockton. «You have sympathy and charm, a gift for companionship. Some men prefer that to youth.»

«Yes; but they don't love us after we are forty, my dear. I know that. My dread, as a younger woman, was that I might forget it when I reached my present age. So I remind myself of it every day I live. I say to myself when I want things, (Don't forget you are forty-one.) It takes courage, too, for I don't always feel it. Do you know what I believe?» she added, with sudden change of tone. «From forty to fifty is the most hideous, the most trying, of all ages for a woman

without husband and children. You are not old enough to be venerable; you are not young enough to be appealing. No sentiments, since the world began, have been woven about that particular decade of your life. It's an age with no values in the way of the picturesque or the promising. The spectacular side of it has always offended me. To be spoken of for the first time as a widow of forty—I detested it, dreaded it as though it were a calumny. For the world looks at you with a question unless you are some dried-up, withered old crone. With every new friendship you make society wonders at you. It is never sure whether you still cling to hopes and possibilities, when those who are satisfied with their own estate vote you as no longer entitled to them. When fifty comes, the world takes for granted that your struggle is over, and you yourself have the satisfaction of feeling that at least you are not met every day with a surmise. And quite rightly; for your restlessness must be conquered by that time, if you have any strength of character, or age means anything in the way of finding peace.»

Marion stopped abruptly. She had not meant to bring any feeling into the discussion, and she recognized a suspicious quaver in her voice.

If Mrs. Stockton noticed it, she said nothing. She pulled the pillow a little higher behind her own head, as if to get a better view of Marion; and clasping her own hands behind it, continued to look at her even more thoughtfully.

«I wish,» she said, pausing, and with a certain hesitancy unusual to Mrs. Stockton—«I wish that Crawford were older, or that he were not already in—»

A hot flush flamed through the widow.

«I don't,» she said, with more than her usual energy. «I don't want to marry any one. This is my first real holiday, that is all. Everything here makes me feel as if I were a girl again. Every blade of grass sings to me. Don't laugh at me, but I feel as if there were something in me to match the breeze; and when I see it sway a flower, I feel almost as though I could understand the joy and the life of the flower. It is not a lover I want, but a playmate, a comrade—some one to run with, to be glad with, to play truant with. You don't know what it is. You have never been ill, as I have; never shut away, never with people who think that a radiation of their happiness ought to make yours. You don't know what it is to want to live, to

breathe deep, to be glad, and to feel that, for all your desire to help and live for others, you have yet missed that for which you were intended."

Marion had risen and thrown out her arms, drawing up her neck with a movement characteristic of her, as if she wanted air to breathe. Then, turning to Mrs. Stockton, she laughed with embarrassed recollection of herself, and bending over her hostess, kissed her on the cheek.

"You are a dear thing," she said; "and I did not mean to be a volcano. I thought I had done with life long ago—that I had learned the secret of content. Every one else thinks that I have—that I have conquered personal desires. But at a single invitation from you—see! out they all rush, I'm a tempestuous old person still, I suppose."

In her own room, Marion lay face downward on her bed. "I told her the truth," she moaned. "I'm not going to be an idiot. I only want a playmate. It would be just the same, I know, were I out there digging among the rocks all day with those happy children. Youth has come back to me, though no one seems to see it but myself."

She lifted her head, resting her chin on her upheld palm. Her brown hair fell about her neck. Was liberty good for her? she was wondering. Had a few days of pleasure demoralized her, the first breath of liberty made her a little daft? Why were not the Stocktons like other people with troubles, so that she could forget herself in helping them?

The Stocktons, however, had no troubles; and Marion, with every one else in the easy-going household, found herself at liberty to take what pleasure the idle, lounging life of a summer by the water promised. During the days that followed she reveled without hindrance in the beauty of night winds, of moonlight and starlight, of sunshine and clouds, of soft, warm rains and driving mists, of changing glories on ocean, bay, and cove. Crawford, virile, vigorous, beautiful as a young Hermes, never failed in constant daily attendance upon her. She had but to express a wish, and he obeyed it, in whatever direction it carried them. The presence of the children never annoyed him; their absence suggested no relief. The present moment found him always ready. But with that quiet mastery from the sense of which Marion never escaped, he drew all other enthusiasms in some way to himself, and became, for all his sympathetic deference to others, himself the radiating influence.

She yielded herself more and more easily

to the charm of Crawford's companionship, happy to forget the ripples which at first had disturbed her equanimity. Had she been called upon, however, to repeat anything which she or Crawford had said, she would have found herself at a loss. A boy or girl at play in the sunshine would have remembered more. That his air was sometimes that of an indulgent observer affected her but slightly; for the most part, it stimulated her as admiration might. His constant devotion to her atoned for any lack of ideal sympathy; and she forgot, in her gratification, that a more absolute unanimity of tastes would have been marked by a greater degree of unconsciousness in the attitude of either.

In the meantime she became aware that something in her own frame of mind was changing. She never fully defined it to herself, though she found herself reasoning about distinctions in age—that they were arbitrary, that tastes and sympathies in common precluded them. She wanted to discuss the question with her friends, but stopped on the eve of doing so, self-conscious as a young girl. Then, startled at the fact of her own fear of the subject, and disliking her attitude, she plunged into haphazard comments in order to prove her personal detachment from the theme.

When Crawford once or twice refused to leave her to dance with Mrs. Stockton's other guests, saying he preferred her society to that of a younger woman, Marion had moments of agitation in which pleasure at his tribute struggled with a sudden vague alarm. His reference to her age jarred on her, even while he boasted a preference for it.

For she felt younger than even the young women about her, who sighed about a growing sense of years, and measured age by the depths of one or two first disappointments. Yet, in common fairness, she recognized that this consciousness of youth which had reawakened in her was one that ought to exist in relation to nature, to the spiritual side of things, and not to Crawford. She wished to convince herself that the freedom of out of doors had inspired her; that she would have been as happy in the sunshine with a woman, with a child, with any one who could have lived with her in it, or roamed with her all day along the shore or in the woods.

Yet even as she tried to feel so, the sudden thought of all these things without the comradeship of Crawford dismayed her; the color went out of everything. She tried to believe that this was because, with his strength, his virility, he belonged to the very spirit of the

air and sunshine, while the other persons whom she met were like mere wayfarers in it—dried leaves of last year's season.

It was during the fourth week of their acquaintance that Crawford, rising one night from his seat on the Stockton porch, asked Marion if she would walk. The self-questioning that had been hers at every opportunity for pleasure when she first arrived no longer played a part in her mind. She left the porch, with its group of merry people, without a sensation of self-consciousness, and turned with Crawford into a favorite path of theirs—one that skirted the uneven coast-line of the bay. The sky was overcast, and a feeling of coming mist was in the air. The long, wet grasses swished against Marion's skirts as she passed; the damp was in her hair and on her hands, but there was a fresh saltiness about it that inspired her.

They seated themselves, after a little, on a low stone wall that ended in the water. Crawford threw away his cigarette, and taking off his hat, laid it on the wall beside him. No one was now in sight. The only moving thing visible was a ghostly sloop with a green light floating into harbor on the tide.

"I've brought you out here," Crawford began, after a moment, "because I have wanted, almost ever since I met you first, to tell you something." Then he paused.

Marion's heart bounded. For an instant the pain of it was in her throat. She wished to speak, but could not.

"I never met a woman like you," Crawford went on slowly; "one with your ideas, your mind, whose judgments I thought so good. At first I did not understand you; I could not comprehend a woman who must have seen so much of life being like you. I know that you are older than I, but I have always forgotten that. I believe—and I know that I must be right—that there is a strange, strong bond between us, one that belongs to few other people in the world."

Marion had become very quiet, but it was with the alert, wide-awake calm of one who waits in some crisis. She did not look at Crawford, but kept her face turned toward the head of the bay, where the lights of the city shone, a faint, luminous arc against a black and dragged sky.

The power of speech came back to her at last, and the habit of a life which made her always count herself out, as it were, sustained her. Her voice had its usual gentleness, with its touch of cheerful humor, when she turned toward him smiling, and, breaking the long silence between them, said,

"I'm afraid that sometimes this summer I've seemed even younger than you."

Crawford glanced at her quickly—the rapid glance she knew so well. Even in the dark, his face, with its fine classic features, was luminous to her.

"But it is just because of that close, indescribable bond between us, that has nothing to do with years, that I have felt that I could 'speak.'" Crawford was now looking toward the lights of the distant town, and when he began to speak again his voice had become graver and more measured than she had ever known it to be. "It is just because you have neither squandered your youth," he went on, "nor betrayed it, but kept it beautiful until now, that I am drawn to you. You are not like other women. You are better, truer, finer. You're a woman a man must love." He paused, drawing one foot over his knee, letting his hand rest on it. Marion was silent. Crawford seemed to hesitate, then went on: "It's a long story. I may have been myself to blame. It is better to feel so, at any rate. It is not worth while, perhaps, to bore you with it all; only I am sure that if I could see her everything would be right between us. Every day that I have been with you I have grown more and more convinced that you alone could help me, for you know her: it is Margaret May."

To Marion, for one brief moment, it was as though earth and sky were rocking. Whirling bands of light flashed by her, pricking her eyes as they passed. Everything was swaying but herself; and she felt, with a kind of dumb-animal instinct, that if she could keep silent and steady for an instant, till they stopped, something which she called herself and did not recognize would be able to speak again.

Then, as one who, regaining consciousness after ether, or as one waking from a dream that has racked her, finds on her own lips words that have a strange sound to her, yet which she knows to have been uttered by the real woman in her,—that real woman which she at once tries to override,—Marion, even as she tried to answer Crawford and be once more the elderly adviser, felt in her own soul a voice mocking her: "You let yourself be flattered, after all, into thinking that he could care."

Crawford, however, could hardly have been aware of any delay in her answer, and it was with the tones she would have used to a child who had cried some grievance to her that she said, "Tell me what it is you want me to do."

The training of years stood her in good stead. She listened, without a thought of herself, as forgetful as the trained physician in emergency.

"I could have borne it all," said Crawford, "and submitted to the inevitable, and I would have left her to what she considered her duty and her happiness; but I see how it is hurting her, how she is gradually going down under it. It is an awful thing, when a man loves a woman as I love her, to see her sacrificing her youth, crushing it out of her by false ideas of duty, laying down every prospect. And for what? The demands of crotchety people, of an idle, self-absorbed sister who fancies herself ill and demands a consolation. One never gets peace or happiness giving up to such a person; for one goes on missing something all one's life, and makes of existence a discord with nature. It's the pursuit of false appearances, not the living for an ideal, because the ideal can't be in it. I think that Margaret begins to perceive this. She is down there now at the Point. They all came to-night—the fretful sister and all the tribe of children. I thought you might go with me now to see Margaret. I thought perhaps you might ask her to go out with us to-morrow instead of one of the Stockton children. It would give me a chance to be with her alone, without making it too apparent to her or to her family. She will be

guided a good deal by what you say. She used to tell me how much she admired you. I should like her to be under your influence for a little while. She would understand things better—their relative values, and what life really means. You would have the authority of years, you see, while your temperament and your sympathies would help you to see from the standpoint of a girl."

MARION'S hand was the last that Crawford touched as, three months later, he drove away with his newly made bride.

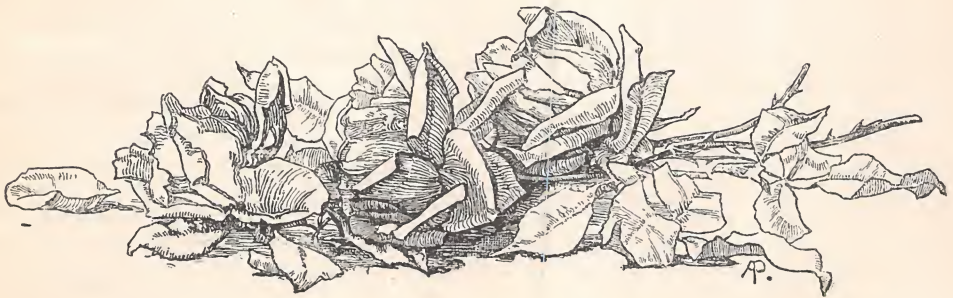
"I owe it all to you," he said. "God bless you! You have been a good angel to us both."

"Good-by, you dear old thing," called Margaret from the carriage window. "I'll never forget all you have done. Only don't let the family miss me."

Marion watched the carriage until the fir-trees shut from sight Margaret's radiant face looking into Crawford's. Then she turned slowly, and, with a smile to Margaret's sister, followed the others indoors.

That night this telegram from Mrs. Stockton was handed Marion: "We leave for the Riviera next week. You need the holiday, and must come with us."

Marion's answer was written while the boy waited: "Thank you, dear," it said; "but I promised Crawford to take care of Margaret's sister and the children until spring."



FLOWERS IN THE PAVE.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER,
Author of "Nature in a City Yard," etc.

WE can't all be actors. Somebody must watch the show. Somebody must also find shows outside of the playhouse, and call the attention to them of people who lack time, money, or disposition to see humanity in its pranks. There be those who look on, and there be who look away; so when time allows, I loiter restfully about the alleys, hear a little music,

spouting, and applause through the stage door and windows, sometimes wish it was my play that was making all the stir, sometimes thank fortune that it is n't; then, as the crowd comes out, I fly into more quiet sections, and cast about for less theatric entertainment.

I would live in the country, but fate ties

me to the town. But do you realize how much country remains in town? what scope is had in glimpses out of the street? Not of the street, gentle reader, but out of the street; glances at the nature that still manages to smuggle itself to man's notice and into his own being, if, indeed, the man who has run away from nature cares to see anything more than merchandise. Even in the dullness and density of New York there are sanctifying hints and flashes of nature's outer greatness, cheer, and beauty. There is always the sky; the air moves—it dances when the pavement scorches it; the stars are lighted after dark; some yards boast a spear or two of grass; distance will not be cheated of its magic, nor wholly shut off by buildings; there is even a tree now and again; and birds, dogs, cats, and children bring a touch of free life into the scene. You would say, perhaps, that there is never a bird in town except the fussy, dirty, quarrelsome, greedy, noisy, superfluous English sparrow; yet that is merely because you have not looked for others. You are liable to hear a robin or two in the morning, and may even get the trill of an oriole. There certainly are pigeons, and some thrifty neighbors keep hens. In the dusk you are startled by the cry of the night-hawk—a cry wrung by his astonishment at the glare of light and the roar of human life. Now and then gulls are blown into view, and day-hawks. An eagle was recently met in Brooklyn—and shot, of course. Then, as to rats and mice, you find them everywhere; and the winged sort, the bats, will often be seen flapping over the roofs, nipping at insects that are astir in the twilight.

Town life sharpens some of our wits and blunts others. It enables us to see a dollar at a long distance; and though we may forget the color of grass, we all agree that we will go away and roll on some as soon as we have earned a little more—always a little more. Wherever our lot is cast, our lives are shorter than our years. We swallow our quantum of knowledge and experience in youth, and thenceforward occupy much time digesting it. And too generally we close our eyes and ears after middle age, when we are "set" in our ways, and don't give the time and way to unconscious celebrations that we should. When our brains harden to intellect, those delicate joys dry out of them that come of impressibility and quick response to nature,—youthly, glowing joys, spiritual, perhaps,—and those subtle, useful understandings, too. We make a business of leisure and pleasure; we promise to

rest ourselves with a reverie, beginning it grudgingly at five minutes before the hour, ending it when the clock strikes; and a speculation on the destiny of man is bounded on the one side by business at the office, and on the other by gossip at the dinner-table, with intermissions to look over the evening paper. With the disappearance of spontaneity, leisure, and home life, we are losing what they meant to thought and art. No doubt we are better microscopists and pathologists than our fathers were; but, somehow, there are not so many rainbows.

Still, nature asserts herself in humanity, as she does in quadrupeds, green things, and rocks, sometimes driving men by force, as often leading them by subtleties. Some of the best hours in a man's life are those when he is beholden to nothing and nobody, when he simply looks at the sky or the woods or the hills, or from his window gazes into tree-tops—clean and rare delight. These seemingly trifled moments are most useful, for they recuperate tissues of the brain that are wasted with the day. At increasing distances of time, as we grow older, we are able to gain a rapport with nature through the senses that is worth more than we fight and reason for. Utter laxity, utter submission to the feeling of the moment, are not easy; our brains refuse to still themselves; yet in these instants of receptivity—brainlessness, as near as can be—we may be happiest. There are no jars, and common sounds are music.

In times of this ease of mind we are on a franker footing with other men and with inorganic nature. There are not many people with whom we can mingle with the same freedom and candor that we feel in our association with mountains and the sea; not many with whom we can associate on a platform of books. It takes a lot of books to give standing-room. We associate oftener on a spiritual or animal basis than on the mental one. We hesitate to approach a scholar; but how easily we chatter with a sailor, a soldier, a laborer, a farmer, or a tramp! They are so near the common earth, we touch them on a common ground. And we always associate best and easiest on this basis of common humanity, not of mind, manners, money, or morals. Reading may disguise this fraternity or make us dense to recognize it, especially in the streets; we are untrue to ourselves, anyway, when we read, putting the thoughts of others into us; but how quickly the animal speaks to us, and how happily, when we meet a man detached and

standing on the earth! His electricity is not given off into a crowd, but is kept for an exchange of spark with the first person, positive or negative, who accosts him. When the bookish man finds his humility in the presence of men and nature, he knows that heart or soul or intuition are wiser than learning.

Tightly as we have barred nature out of town, it is nearly as hard to find human nature there. It is not often that we look out of the streets into souls. Men go masked. In the crowd you see not one in ten you care to know; yet if the masks were off it might be otherwise. And what ugly masks! Here are the stern, the haughty, the crushed, the furtive, the unexcellent. And how much harsh talk! Do the talkers realize how their tyranny and coarseness vex? There is a special pity due to those who must put up with it; for while strength grows out of some suffering, another suffering numbs and weakens. The sensitive and artistic endure much from the gibes of sturdy, leather-witted barbarians and the bullying and jostling of the mob, and are only made the more timid and bitter by it all. The aged, too—but with them timidity is the habit of self-preservation inflamed. Cunning and caution take the protective duty of youthful confidence. They hesitate at lobster, and respect cough medicine and the law of gravitation.

The aged seem out of place in cities; town has no place for them. The leisure and calm and beauty of the country ought to be more congenial to them than the glitter of shops and theaters; and there is a fitness in getting near to the earth that has nourished them so long, and will presently claim them back again. Gardening and farming, in easy moderation, ought to be their calling and their pleasure in advanced years. There is something anomalous, repellent, in the faded belle and beau trying to keep themselves awake in parlors and cackling in an opera-box, and something reverend and sweet in the white polls that move among corn and roses. With the narrowing and obliteration of the city yard there will be no corn and roses for either young or old, unless the hopeful fashion is pursued of carrying the back yard up-stairs and putting it on the roof. Certain Indians used to carry skeletons of their braves as standards, rallying about them in the fight as the Scots did about the

heart of Bruce. One of these times the last band of nature-lovers will make their despairing stand about the ornamental jimson-weed in the roof-garden of their thirty-story tenement, and defy the janitor and the other three hundred tenants to carry it off to make more room for the clothes-lines. Then the *Naturdämmerung*.

There are no fields to invite for a walk, so I must e'en put another lump of coal into the grate and play that the sun is shining. For the yearly chill is here, and people leave the country in its prime of blue hills and heavens and red leaves. Autumnal lights fill the country, but autumnal shades are falling on the town. Streets, roofs, and steeples paint themselves dun on a near sky. Little lights that burgeon aloft are nipped in frost-clouds smoking downward. Yesterday's sun drank the tears of men, and this night they will drop again, cold, pure, refreshing. The mind falls to reckoning of loss and conjuring mischance. Mean, teasing passions pinch the heart—such evils work in shadow. Yet this time has its need. Gloom rests the eye; tears wash out sorrow; the dark but presages a morrow.

See! there is light already. Through a chink I see a star—a globe of fire thousands of miles thick. The little human brain holds this idea of space as easily as the chink admits the light; but when all is said, the one is a bowl of mush and the other a sun. Take a few pounds of clay, lime, carbon, and what not, shape them into an oblong, stick four limbs on it, two to walk with, two to feed and clutch with, put a nut atop to think with, and it is a man. What you can put into it! and how little get out of it! Science wants to know how it got here. The graver question is, Why?

The night wears on over books and nonsense. The flight of time. What a solemn thing! It lacks five minutes of midnight. There is nowhere, in all the vastness of creation, that moment which will be ours in five minutes, no way to avert it, no way to keep it. The hour strikes. Our minute has gone forever. All nature, nor the gods, can turn the flown time back again, nor stay its flying by a second. To meet these coming moments bravely, to be busied in right things as they go, to have fitting tasks and pure pleasures to think back upon—these should be much of life.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Citizenship in the Tenements.

MR. RIIS, in his bright picture of «Merry Christmas in the Tenements,» the first article in the *CHRISTMAS CENTURY*, treats with his characteristic and contagious optimism a subject concerning which he is the best-known and most widely read expert, namely, life in the crowded districts of New York. His books, «How the Other Half Lives,» and «The Children of the Poor» are brimming as well with the drama of lowly life as with facts and practical suggestions—suggestions which in a few short years have borne fruit even beyond the hopes of this cheerful and persistent philanthropist.

In his present Christmas study, by the way, Mr. Riis brings out one fact that cannot too often be insisted upon. The conventional idea of Christmas among the poor is the descent upon them of gifts from the rich—the generously distributed turkeys, the holiday feast prepared by individual or associated charity. But altogether the most interesting feature of the merry season is the neighborly interchange of presents and kindnesses between the poor themselves. Indeed, the poor are the greatest givers at Christmas and at all other times. The very poorest are generous with their little store; they give not only of their worldly goods, but of their time, their labor, their helpful sympathy. Heaven knows what would happen, in the constant tragedies of loss among the lowly, if instant help were not at hand—the arm outstretched to the drowning, without formal reference to friendly visitors and official committees. It is the poor that render quickest assistance when their fellow-tenants have been thrown out of work, or ejected from their apartments, or have been burned out in the frightening fires of the tenements. No one should belittle or discourage the organized efforts made to bring light and happiness into the homes of the poor; but no one should forget what the poor are doing for themselves. We would have the richest and most generous men and women in the community remember how difficult it will be for them to match the generosity of the poorest poor in the Christmas days which are so near.

It is instructive to note the changed attitude of the public mind with regard to the great masses of the population herded together in the tenement-house districts. The first human interest in them was along the established lines of philanthropy—public and private hospital and dispensary service, and mission work. The next change came from the discovery of dangers to health, not only in the districts themselves, owing to unsanitary conditions, but danger also to the community at large through faults of local sanitation. Last of all has come the full realization of fellow-citizenship with regard to these masses. At one time the poor, so far as political action was concerned, were virtually abandoned, as a matter of course, to the sordid blandishments and manipulations of vulgar and corrupt politi-

cians. The expansion of the college-settlement idea has been one of the means to a new state of things; at any rate, there is a new state of things in which the dwellers in the tenements are not solely considered as subjects of religious endeavor, or as objects of sanitary inquiry and betterment, but also as fellow-citizens whose interest in good government should be as keen as, if not keener than, the interest therein of those more fortunately placed in the community.

As an incident of the new condition, campaigns for the election of civic officers are likely to be hereafter conducted in New York, as in the recent election, largely as an appeal to the civic necessities and the civic patriotism of the people of the tenements. More and more they will have the opportunity to learn, through popular presentation, of the workings of the city departments, of the way the government of the city touches their lives—not through «pulls,» but in the ordinary administration of the law, and in the conduct of the regular business of all the departments of the municipality. They will more and more be made to realize that indirect taxation is none the less taxation, and that in the long run it is better to have justice than to have «influence.»

In a city like New York and others of our large cities the variety of races and the difference of language constitute a barrier to the education of the masses in the duties of citizenship; but this is only one of the obstacles that must be overcome in the building up of a purer and nobler civic life.

International Relations of Authors.

IN the recent «Memoir» the evidences given of good feeling toward America and Americans on the part of Lord Tennyson have been noted in the papers. To be sure, one might ask, «Why not?» And yet there were special annoyances from American sources which must have been particularly trying.

An American man of letters visiting England, years ago, spent some time not far from Freshwater. Knowing many of Tennyson's American and English friends, it would have been natural, perhaps, for him to obtain an introduction; yet he even kept away from Tennyson's end of the Isle of Wight. Meeting once, in London, the younger son of the Laureate, he told him he could tell his father that at least one American was not peering over his fences or shying stones at his Farringford chickens.

The prying English tourist made himself a nuisance to the Laureate; but the tourist who came across the seas was perhaps a little more likely to be troublesome, owing to his greater enthusiasm and enterprise.

But however a sensitive bard may have resented intrusion upon his privacy, and whatever complaints of their inconsiderate countrymen some visiting Americans may at times have had to listen to, it is evident that good feeling for «kin across sea» was at the bottom of

the poet's large heart. Some of his American friends are named in the book; but there were other American acquaintances, some of an earlier date than certain of those chronicled. There were Americans unknown to fame who met with warm welcome from the master of Farringford, and gained there a genuine, helpful, and lasting friendship.

A pleasant chapter in the curiosities of English literature could be made of international literary relations—those between Scott and Irving, Emerson and Carlyle, for instance. Such a chapter might include the friendship of American and English writers with individuals less distinguished of the opposite country. Some of the most intimate friends of the Brownings were Americans, and Lowell had English friends true and steadfast.

International relations of this kind do not depend upon any treaty; they ought to, and do, favorably affect the public opinion of the two countries. While writers on both sides have done much to fan the flames of unreasoned prejudice, men of letters, being often, fortunately, men of imagination, insight, and good will, have also stood for brotherhood, and not for the brutal inherited instinct of fight.

Letter-writing not a Lost Art.

OF late years not much has been heard on the once favorite theme of a decline in the art of letter-writing. This argues, perhaps, that persons of culture, who are always most conservative as to their intellectual amusements, are becoming reconciled to a new epistolary standard. This modern taste, derived from new conditions, enjoins upon the letter-writer a strict adherence to topics of personal knowledge addressed to a personal interest. General subjects, no matter how deftly treated, are voted a bore; and letter-writing is now so universal that each person who loves to exchange thoughts with fellow-beings is very sure to receive from family and friends as much epistolary literature as a normal appetite should crave. The time-honored models no longer count for much, because in the main they were written from the point of view of a general intelligence for a common apprehension; their place is now filled by the salient observations of the leader-writer and the clever descriptions of the press correspondent.

In the days of slow transit and dear postage, letter-writing was such a special habit that tomes of letters which were little more than prosy narrative and stilted dissertation found favor, partly on account of a reverence for any manifestation of the art, and as much, perhaps, for the sake of their modicum of personal flavor. But at the present time the epistolary taste of the public is so highly fed by private interchange that letters must have great historical value, or possess the rarest intellectual charm and vivacity, to attain the distinction of being put to press at a publisher's risk. Letters of the latter quality appear, if at all, in the biographies of men and women of public reputation, so interwoven as to impart with their modern personal quality an autobiographic flavor. And the fashion of telling a story in letters has well-nigh died out, as demanding a literary legerdemain of amazing dexterity in order to adapt the racy, individual details of a modern letter to the unfolding of human types.

By limiting the field of subjects to the personal environment, the modern epistolary standards have raised the mental horizon of the average letter-writer. From being anticipated by the telegraph and outdone by the newspaper, he has come into a knowledge of his own better materials; he has discovered that the telegraph and the newspaper leave untouched the inner life, the play of thought and feeling, of the individual man.

Whether the element of literary charm enters into the epistle is a matter of temperament and natural aptitude; but a satisfying substitute for intellectual charm are directness and individual flavor, and these qualities abound in the commercial, professional, and social correspondence of this fast-mail era. It is this faculty of hitting off the purpose of a letter with engaging force of character which is the highest function of the epistolary art; and although the deliberate goose-quill has been supplanted by the impetuous type-writer, the happy faculty of apt expression has been fostered by the separation of the mental process from the physical drudgery of writing. The slight tendency to prolixity which comes with facility in dictating to a stenographer is the key which unlocks the mental restraint of many men otherwise inclined to write of practical affairs with formal dryness, and in part accounts for the stimulus which invigorates the business correspondence of the time.

The importance of cultivating the art of letter-writing has grown with the enormous expansion of mail facilities and the corresponding use of the letter as a commercial and social instrument. To-day the postman's contribution to the life of the kitchen exceeds in volume the mail of the drawing-room fifty years ago, and not infrequently exceeds it now.

No part of a student's equipment is so well worth looking after as the practice of expression with pen and paper; for the ability to write a good letter is no longer to be regarded merely as an ornament: it is a prime factor in business and professional success, and a passport to social appreciation, and without it the mental training and literary accomplishments imparted at school and college are shorn of half their advantage in the modern contest for position and happiness.

"The Century's" Prizes for College Graduates.

THE CENTURY announced in the public press on July 24, and afterward in the magazine for September, three annual prizes of \$250 each, for the best poem, essay, and short story, written by persons who should receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900.

Since the announcement of these prizes letters have been received from persons who had received, or expected to receive, the degree of Ph. B., which degree in certain cases, it was claimed, and not without reason, was equivalent to the degree of B. A. It has also been suggested that graduates of the United States naval and military colleges should be included.

On careful consideration and conference, it has been decided not to make any change in the present series of prizes; and the prizes will be confined, as originally stated, to graduates receiving the degree of B. A.



OPEN LETTERS

A City's Small Pleasure-grounds.

IN a scheme of public pleasure-grounds the minor open spaces of a city are indispensable. They provide agreeable contrast with their urban surroundings, refreshing the eye with the verdure of grass and trees, and delighting it with the beauty of flowering plants. They afford breathing-space for dense populations, refuge from the heat and vexation of crowded tenements, places for social intercourse in the open air, and playgrounds for the young.

The aspect of social intercourse is one of the most important. Whoever has spent any time in a Mexican city must have appreciated the notable factor in the life of the people played by the public plaza, the *zócolo*, the paseo, the alameda. The plaza, with its central garden and its band playing through the warm evenings, is a sort of great free public club-room. It is this function of a public outdoor club-room which should be particularly borne in mind in the designing of the minor open spaces of a city. To this end, just as a club, in the planning of its house, administers to the pleasure and comfort of its members to the greatest possible extent, so the public pleasure-grounds of a city should be made to meet the greatest possible variety of recreative uses in the outdoor life of the population, bringing all these uses into harmony with one another, that the pleasure of no one class shall conflict with that of another. One of the most essential of these uses is that of a playground for children: an element that needs to be most carefully considered, that it may not degenerate into an abuse.

In designing a small city park the character and needs of the neighborhood should be thoughtfully studied. The requirements are quite different, for instance, for an environment of fine residences or of the homes of a well-to-do class, and for a crowded tenement section or a population of the industrial classes. In the former case a certain elegance and richness of design is demanded. By giving the place a character of this sort, the desirability of the surrounding property is made more permanent, and the taxable values thus assured contribute to the prosperity of the entire community. The beauty of such a pleasure-ground is enjoyed by the public at large. The facilities for recreation in a place of this character need be little more than abundant strolling and promenade room, with good provision for babies and young children out for an airing.

In designs for the open spaces surrounded by the homes of the poor and the lowly quite another class of needs must be taken into account. The aspect of beauty should be considered no less than in the former case. Indeed, it is really more important, on account of its educational influence and its service in bringing joy into care-burdened lives. Then, too, in a democratic com-

munity nothing should be held too good for the common people. But in this class of grounds provisions for more positive forms of recreation are needed; the considerations of beauty should not limit these, nor should they be permitted to mar or debar the needed beauty.

The amplest playground room consistent with the entire space at command, and with the comfort and convenience of the neighborhood, should be provided; but it is essential that orderly conduct and orderly maintenance should be strictly observed. Play is educational no less than study, and unruly behavior in a public place breeds lawlessness. Then in a small pleasure-ground certain forms of sport cannot be permitted which would be quite in keeping with more ample room. Games like base-ball, for instance, would endanger passers on a small ground, while their boisterousness would make them a nuisance in a thickly populated neighborhood. With surroundings of a decent character, such sport on a small ground would be likely to depreciate property. Where ball-grounds and the like are permitted in an urban neighborhood, the total space should be of considerable extent, and the games should be kept in the middle, with ample space between them and the border. Playgrounds should also be graveled and neatly kept. If turfed, they quickly become shabby and ragged, and their influence upon habits of public order correspondingly bad.

The city of Boston, which, besides a magnificent system of large parks, is remarkably well provided with numerous minor open spaces, possesses a number of model grounds of this character, as well as many of the worst examples of the class. The former are of recent design, and are in charge of the Department of Public Parks. The riverside pleasure-ground—the Charlesbank—is a fine example of the class. It serves a large tenement neighborhood, and is the most popular small park in the city. It has a frontage of about half a mile on the Charles River, and an area of fourteen acres. It was designed by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. Along the river-wall there is a broad promenade, bordered on one side by an abundance of seats, placed with reference to rest and enjoyment of the river view and the air from the water. Some of these seats have awnings, and are reserved for women with infants. Back of the promenade the ground is irregularly sloped, with grass, trees and shrubbery, and winding paths. The aim here is to screen out the street and its buildings from intrusion on the park. At each end of the grounds there is an open-air gymnasium, with very complete apparatus for practice. One of these is for men and boys, and the other for women and girls. Their use is absolutely free, and both are extremely popular. The best of athletic instruction is given by the professionally trained persons in charge. The gymnasium for men has turned out some of the best athletes in the country. There is a fine house, with

rooms for dressing and bathing, and hundreds of lockers for clothing. The attractions for exercise here have kept thousands of young men out of mischief, away from the bar-rooms so numerous in the neighborhood, and given them healthy inclinations. The oval space is surrounded by a high, open iron fence, and the animated spectacle within is exceedingly interesting to spectators. Perfect order is maintained, and it is very seldom that a policeman has to be called in. Between the fence and the fine five-lap cinder-track for running and bicycling that surrounds the gymnasium ground there is a ribbon of velvety grass with shrubbery, and this is never disturbed. In the winter the ground is flooded for skating. Young men of all classes, from college students and those most favored by fortune to those most humbly circumstanced, resort here for the fine opportunities for outdoor training, and associate in democratic equality in their sports.

The women's gymnasium has a similar house, but the grounds are carefully screened from publicity by thick masses of shrubbery. The requirements for apparatus are simpler, and so the ground occupied for this purpose is much smaller; the space inclosed by the running-track is covered by a velvety lawn where little children can tumble about on the grass to their hearts' content, while their mothers sit and watch them under a pleasant shelter. There are also sand-courts where children can play and dig. A charitable organization—the Women's Emergency and Hygiene Association—volunteers to take charge of this women's gymnasium and crèche, and poor mothers who go out to work for the day can leave their children here to be taken care of.

Another feature of the place are landings where row-boats, canoes, etc., are let on moderate terms. The multitudes that throng here on pleasant summer evenings make one of the sights of the city, and in the daytime there are hundreds of babies out with their mothers and sisters. The fresh summer air from the river has, since this park was established, saved the lives of many hundreds of little ones who otherwise would have perished from cholera infantum.

Another typical small park is that under construction at the North End. Adjoining the ancient Copp's Hill burying-ground—until now the only open space in this crowded section, and therefore for a number of years past open for playground purposes, with children permitted to romp among the quaint old gravestones—the steep northern slope has been laid out in terraces, with hundreds of seats for enjoyment of the air and the fine view over a portion of the upper harbor. A foot-bridge over Commercial street is designed to connect these terraces with a charming water-park into which some old wharf properties are being transformed. Two pleasure-piers for promenading, with landings for boats, inclose a little cove. Facing the water, a pretty lawn space is bordered by a curving beach where children may wade in the water and dig in the sand.

A different type of minor open space, and equally a model, is the Charlestown Playground. This is a rectangular area of ten acres, now under construction, and designed with a surrounding promenade, with trees and grass borders. With the exception of two outdoor gymnasiums and their buildings, designed for the two sexes, as at the Charlesbank, the entire space is occupied

by a great playground, with a surface of rolled gravel, for ball-playing and other games. The place has a frontage on the Mystic River, with a boat-landing and floating baths. Near by is the small park of Charlestown Heights, where four acres of a steep, unpromising hill-side have been converted into a strikingly picturesque spot, designed especially for a neighborhood breathing-place for rest and promenading in the enjoyment of an extensive and varied prospect over the river and the suburban landscape beyond.

It will be noted that all of these are waterside pleasure-grounds. In locating small parks in a city, it seems desirable to take advantage, so far as possible, of sites with a water-frontage, on account of the superior advantages for air and recreation thus offered. An ideal would be to have no part of a city's population more than ten minutes' walk from a public pleasure-ground of some description. A law recently passed in Massachusetts provides for the encouragement of playground and garden spaces adjacent to tenement dwellings by leasing the land to the city at a nominal rental, equivalent to the taxes on the same, the areas to remain in charge of the proprietors. By thus making such lands free from taxation, it would seem that much might be done toward providing model tenements with much-needed open space about them.

Sylvester Baxter.

Conscious False Vision.

[THE following deals with a variety of double personality that is as unexplainable as the cases heretofore mentioned in THE CENTURY. It is a true experience of a patient, given in his own language, and now, fortunately, only a memory: will conquered nerves.—H. C. WOOD, M. D.]

It is about eighteen years since I had my first experience of voluntary and involuntary false sight. For months, by an effort of will and imagination combined, I could see, with an externalness and sharpness of outline which things never assume in the *ordinary* mental perception of them, an object which I wished to project on space. The image thus placed before my bodily eyes seemed as actual and touchable as the chair that stood beside it. Yet I was too young to have tampered with drugs or stimulants, or even to know the effect which such articles produce. The will could banish at its pleasure specters that it had itself evoked. But there were others that came uncalled, which would not await, however emphatically the command was uttered, till they were ready to vanish.

I remember how, during those wakeful nights so long ago, I felt constrained to rise again and again and peer into the darkness at the tiny goblins capering in the narrow space at the side of the bed, though I knew them to be spectral illusions. They forever vanished as soon as it occurred to me to try the effect of pushing the bedstead close against the wall.

For several years, whenever I looked up from my bed at a certain part of the ceiling, I saw my mother gazing down upon me, compassionately, but serenely and hopefully. What I saw was an etherialized or transfigured face softly glimmering from a sort of halo or glory. The large gray eyes, with their long lashes, were most distinct of all the features. Indeed, it was rather the *expression* of the face as familiar to me in life—rather

the bright, affectionate smile, the steady, inspiring light of the eyes—than the mouth or eyes themselves that I perceived. At this time I used also to feel and see my mother's soft, firm hand grasping mine, as I lay longing for the end of painful days and nights. And, strange to say, the face and hand comforted me, though I never for a moment doubted that both were wholly imaginary. So real were vision and touch that if I had been superstitious I could hardly have failed to believe them. Fortunately, faith is less easy than dissent for me on most subjects. Once I heard my father ask me a question, and, turning, saw him standing at the door, and began to reply, before I discovered that I was entirely alone. He was at the time in the lower story of the house.

Sometimes, day after day, the traditional ghost stalked after me when I ascended the stairs. I felt his bony hand clutching my arm, and saw him plainly if I glanced over my shoulder. Often I have seen myself floating overhead, or the air has been filled with apparitions of my bedstead, though not more than fifteen inches long, and in each lay a tiny image of myself. Or at the same instant a dwarf and giant double of myself, or perhaps a crowd of them, leaned over me.

Frequently the creations of poets and artists have appeared at my side as though clothed in flesh. More than once I have (the ego nevertheless all the while preserving its identity) seemed to myself to be *Lady Macbeth* vainly rubbing her hands; or Ruggieri, in Dante, with the teeth of Ugolino fastened in the nape of his neck. And the mental and physical suffering I endured as these characters seemed apart from, and additional to, the pain I felt from disease in my own person. Many nights during one winter in my early youth, as soon as I lay down, I saw the insane wife of Rochester in «*Jane Eyre*» enter the open door of an adjoining room, and approach my bed to set it afire. And when she bent over me, holding a shovelful of live coals, I could hardly resist the impulse to scream. I shut the door in her face, and she never came again! The sense of double consciousness, the contradiction between me and myself, which accompanied these apparitions was one of their most disagreeable features.

One summer, two or three afternoons in the week, I would see Monadnock towering above me, rosy from base to summit, as I had seen it once at Keene. Once my room became a forest of burning firs. The blazing trees stood out in bold relief against a dull-purple sky, like a cameo cut in amethyst.

For a long while a specter eagle perched between my shoulders. I felt its hard beak pressing against the back of the brain, and the weight of its warm, yielding body on my spine, and saw it if I turned my head, and yet knew that it was a false creation of the mind. Several times I have been unable to eat a meal, because everything before me assumed an untrue appearance, taking form and life. Eating with closed eyes or being fed did not take away the creatures of the brain. The hungry stomach cried out for food, but the disorderly nervous system gave a repulsive *shape* to the most appetizing viands, though the sense of *taste* was not in a visionary state.

Monkeys and squirrels and horrid snakes often made their appearance on the mantelpiece or the foot-board

of the bed. Bells rang, or pistols exploded, or I was suffocated by an odor of sulphur as strong as though a large quantity of matches were on fire. The smell of brimstone invariably preceded a summer storm. One day the thunder pealed, the wind blew, and the sudden rain dashed in torrents against the rattling window-glass; yet the sun shone brightly all the while from a cloudless sky, and the trees were motionless. But this storm, which I knew to be an illusion, startled me as much as a real one would have done.

One takes all things as a matter of course when in this visionary state. For instance, my body seemed suddenly to become longer than the bed, and without the slightest feeling of surprise I accommodated myself to circumstances, and allowed my feet to pass through the foot-board as if it were nothing but air or water. Meanwhile I philosophized silently about this hallucination, and laughed at the absurdity of fluid wood, for the foot-board *looked* all right. I have often had a very vivid but consciously false impression that my head and four limbs were separated from the trunk and lay upon the bed about an inch from my body, but in their relative positions. Or I have seemed instantaneously and violently to fly into innumerable pieces and reunite. And the catastrophe, while recognized by one of my selves as a mere prank of the nervous system, seemed so real that had an atom fallen off the bed, no doubt, forgetting that I was all to pieces, I would have sprung up to recover it!

The Portrait of Clement C. Moore.¹

It is stated under the picture of Clement C. Moore, in this number of *THE CENTURY*, that the original was painted for his children. In the volume of verse from which we have copied «*A Visit from St. Nicholas*» this portrait is referred to in a poem entitled, «*To My Children, After Having My Portrait Taken for Them*» The verses have none of the vividness of the well-known «*night before Christmas*» lines, but they have a sad and touching sincerity. It was from the same good heart that came the rollicking verses that have delighted generation after generation of children and this outpouring of fatherly affection. We quote a few of the stanzas:

This semblance of your parent's time-worn face
Is but a sad bequest, my children dear!
Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place
The lines of care, the track of many a tear!

Amid life's wreck, we struggle to secure
Some floating fragment from oblivion's wave:
We pant for somewhat that may still endure,
And snatch at least a shadow from the grave.

Oh! that the artist's pencil could portray
A father's inward bosom to your eyes;
What hopes, and fears, and doubts perplex his way,
What aspirations for your welfare rise.

Then might this unsubstantial image prove,
When I am gone, a guardian of your youth,
A friend forever urging you to move
In paths of honor, holiness, and truth.

The Repulse of the Confederate Ironclads near Dutch Gap.

GENERAL PORTER'S recent account of the descent of the Confederate ironclads to the vicinity of Dutch Gap, in

¹ See page 201.

the winter of 1864-65, is correct enough as far as it goes. But one important item might be added. A column of colored troops, commanded by Brigadier-General E. A. Wild, together with one or two regiments from the Twentieth Corps, to which I belonged, spent about thirty-six hours on the banks of the river, subject to a heavy shell fire from the Confederate batteries and an occasional shot from the ships. There were very few casualties on our side. We kept up a continuous fusillade upon the ironclads, making it quite impossible for them to survey the channel or show a single sign of active work of any kind. The Richmond papers of the next day distinctly stated that this fusillade was a principal cause of the failure of the expedition; yet I do not remember having seen any mention of it in any history or report.

Charles W. Greene,
Late Capt. 116th U. S. Colored Infantry.
MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

Traitors.¹

HE who but sold the key to Hudson's gates,
Fettered with Judas, cowers among the shades.
Lord, what still blacker infamy awaits
Those traitors battering down her Palisades!

L. McK. G.

Miss Scidmore's Articles on Java.

SINCE the appearance of Miss Scidmore's articles «Down to Java» in the August CENTURY, and «Prisoners of State at Boro Boedor» in the September number, Miss Scidmore has had the benefit, in time for the correction of the articles in book form, of the criticism of Mr. R. A. Van Sandick of Amsterdam, editor of two leading Dutch Indian periodicals.—THE EDITOR.

¹ See «A Way to Save the Palisades» from destruction by quarrymen, in «Open Letters,» THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June, 1897.



Outlines.

IN a country far away» the king's person was sacred. Revolutions might come; new men and new parties might come into power; but none could lay a finger upon him, or make him less a king. But none gave heed to his counsel. He was fed, and clothed, and cared for as a child; others ruled the state.

But a certain prince came to the throne who chafed at this. He would rule. He gave counsel that was not heeded; he gave commands that were not obeyed. At length there came a time of trouble, when the people armed in revolt. The king stood at his window, and watched the crowds and the tumult and the rallyings. And when night came, he stole out of his palace in disguise, and joined himself as a common soldier to the side where his heart was; and he fought the next day in a battle. And in the midst of the battle an arrow pierced his breast, and he fell, wounded to death. And they found him lying on the ground, dying; and the great men lifted him tenderly, and chided him for his rash deed. But he rebuked them, and said, «I have lived a puppet and a slave; but I die a king!»

To a man were given two seeds. One he planted in the sand; and for lack of nutriment and care it grew a withered life, and bore no bloom or any good thing. The other he planted in rich ground; and it flourished greatly, and bore beautiful flowers and good fruit. And the man said, «Blood will tell.»

He did not know that both came out of the same pod.

THROUGH fear of being laughed at, a man refrained from doing a certain thing which he believed it to be right and wise to do. Now, when it came to be known

that he had so refrained through fear of being laughed at, he was laughed at.

BECAUSE it has always been, therefore it will not always be. The one thing that is sure is change.

A BOY read tales of the sea; and he said: «When I am a man I will quit the plow; I will sail up and down the high seas, north and south and east and west; I will visit all the lands of the earth.»

But when he was a man there were those for whom he must care, and he must needs wait. And so, day after day, year after year, till he was old and bent and gray, between the two handles of his plow, over and over he trudged his narrow field, still sailing up and down the high seas, north and south and east and west, visiting all the lands of the earth.

A MAN, walking with his friend in a frequented path, dropped a coin, and began to look for it. But his friend said, «Do not search for it; some child will be more glad in its finding than you are sorry in losing it.»

NATURE, with closed eyes, seemingly unseeing, sees everything; and with the same rude, strong hand that shakes the foundations of the earth till the mountains totter and fall, she fashions and adorns the down upon the insect's wing.

1863.

SOLDIERS of North and South, who fought that day in the Wilderness, do you remember that moon of the night of the second of May?

Berry Benson.

O Tempora! O Mores!

WHEN Phyllis in some courtly dance
 Threads tender mystic mazes,
 Her rich attire may well entrance
 The eye that on her gazes.
 In shimmering folds of stately grace
 It falls, or outward swells
 In billows flecked with foam of lace,
 Admired of beaus and belles.

When Phyllis riding forth would fare,
 «Like Dian, to the chase,»
 Not Dian with her might compare
 For perfect form and face.
 Her shapely robe, with modest art,
 Conceals, while yet it tells
 Of witching grace, dear to the heart
 Of mounted beaus and belles.

When Phyllis on her wheel would go,
 Alas! what sight is this?
 Is this my modest maid or no?
 I take it much amiss
 That, with a gay, defiant air,
 Which hushed amaze compels,
 She sallies forth—my Phyllis fair—
 In garb of beaus, not belles!

*Maud Taylor.***The Wheel in Art.**

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IN Poppybud's studio, under the tiles,
 You can travel for hours through miles and miles
 Of curious country, and under skies
 Too truly awful for common eyes.
 I'll lift the curtain. Now—under the rose—
 What can it all mean, do you suppose?
 Here's a cart-wheel moon, and a cobblestone sky,
 And pasteboard starlets, and clouds that lie
 Like spilt spaghetti, or bleaching bones
 Of dragons dead on the cobblestones.

That's not a wheel with a hundred spokes;
 It's the sun that rises on artist folks!



And this is a river meandering down
 Through daisied meadows; and this is a town
 All stiff with steeples; and these are trees
 Like tufts of cotton, or pineapple cheese.

But Poppybud's woman! My spirit grieves
 At her swirly skirts and her whirly sleeves,
 Her Gorgon locks and Egyptian eyes,
 And her step, cyclonic or serpentwise.
 There's nothing human in all those whorls
 And spinning spirals that make his girls;
 But once you get them inside your head,
 They whirl and whirl till you're nearly dead!

Look at those ink-spots, shadows cast
 From ghouls and ghosties swift sliding past
 To their yawning graves. No, stay; he said
 That these were the children going to bed!
 Even the babies are in the race,
 And roll and bowl at a scorching pace!



Ah, mercy me, and alackaday!
 What in the world does Ruskin say?
 What's up with art now, that no one knows
 The meaning of that rare word repose?
 Where, oh where did the first seed fall
 That grew the fad that pursues us all?
 I have a notion (my own idea),
 And, right or wrong, I will file it here:

A Vision, caught from the passing world,
 Into the ken of an artist whirled.
 It turned and turned in his busy brain,
 And out at his finger-ends whirled again.
 The Vision? The siren was one of those things
 (Modeled, no doubt, upon Saturn's rings),
 Light of body, but nerved with steel,
 That all creation now calls *the wheel*.

*Mary A. Lathbury.***Heart to Heart.**

WITH A LOCKET.

HEART, seek her heart who dwells apart,
 And plead to be her guest,
 That in her grace she grant you place
 To lie upon her breast.

There 'twixt those hills where sweetly thrills
 The current of her life
 In fragrant rhyme, forget all time,
 Or fear, or pain, or strife.

Nor lightly prize light from her eyes,
 Or smiles that fondly bless,
 If fingers soft should touch thee oft,
 Or her red lips caress.

But oh, mark this, never to miss
 The tale her heart doth tell,
 That doth repeat in every beat
 How she doth love me well!

So, heart of gold, thy quest unfold,
 As I thy course have sped;
 Nor backward speed, unless, indeed,
 She wants my heart instead!

C. H. Crandall.

Mere Opinion.

LITTLE Talent must remember that he won't be allowed to be as naughty as big Genius.

EDUCATION is n't all in leading a colt to water: it is also in giving him a taste for it.

I WOULD rather be cut on the edge of a sharp nature than constantly tripped up on one as flat as a mat.

SOMETIMES a feast is as good as enough.

THE first year of marriage is always an adjustment—the rest is the same thing.

It is only a woman who would offer a man a deep apple-pie as a compensation for the smashing of his ideal; and he usually accepts it.

IN art one may let one's self go—if one goes somewhere.

FOLKS who show themselves superior to good manners are quite as apt to be fools as geniuses.

Dorothea Moore.

A Fin-de-Siècle Mama.

How pleasant is maternity in these enlightened days,
When we see great laws of nature in all the baby's ways;
When science and philosophy we mothers who are wise
Find daily opportunity at home to utilize!
I'm thankful that I was not trained as woman was of yore,
For in those days the babe who set the household in a roar
A simple baby was to her, and it was nothing more.

Now when the baby shrieks and screams and keeps me up all night,
When his stomach and his supper are engaged in deadly fight,
While I'm waiting for hot peppermint to take benign effect,
The chemism of nutrition I fondly recollect.
And when at last he drops asleep, it gives me satisfaction
To take my pen and paper out and write down the reaction.

And when dear little Harry pulls his sister Lucy's hair,
Or tumbles baby Harold down the steep and crooked stair,
The philosophy of history comes promptly to my mind,
And the savage age in Harry as in nations crude I find.
My scholastic soul is comforted because his aberration
In a larger view proves nothing but a step toward civilization.

When Mrs. Leonard's baby at three months cuts a tooth,
When Laura Morton's daughter writes poetry in youth,
My children, unprecocious in dentition and in brains,
But for Fiske's «*Evolution*» might cause me many pains.
But now I smile, and calmly fix my mind on this great truth,
That «the higher up the animal, the longer is its youth.»

The baby's first faint sputtering, his little «ma» and «goo»

Thrill my soul with recognition of philology come true.
I know my babe's a normal exponent of the race
As his stages of development I studiously trace.
I'm helping the psychologists, professors sage I aid,
By my notes on baby's sense of smell, intelligently made.

So when my son secures a pot of Adam's liquid glue
To oil his father's bicycle in every nut and screw,
Or I find the newly calcimined and dainty parlor wall
Decorated by my daughter with her boldest fancy scrawl,
I'm glad to classify these facts by scientific knowledge,
And rejoice I am a mother who has had a course in college.

Alice Ames Winter.

A Georgia Philosopher.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «TWO RUNAWAYS.»

(Scene: *Shady end of a water-log.*)

SOME folks 'd ruther work 'n not;
Let 'em do hit.
Work 's er job what lasts all life—
Can't git th'ough hit
Tell yer die.
Ain' no fun in that, pa says,
An' so says I!

Up at ev'y fo' erclock
In the mornin':
Work 's er job what lasts all life—
Lasts tell Gabul
Comes er-hornin'.
Ain' no fun in that, pa says,
An' so says I!

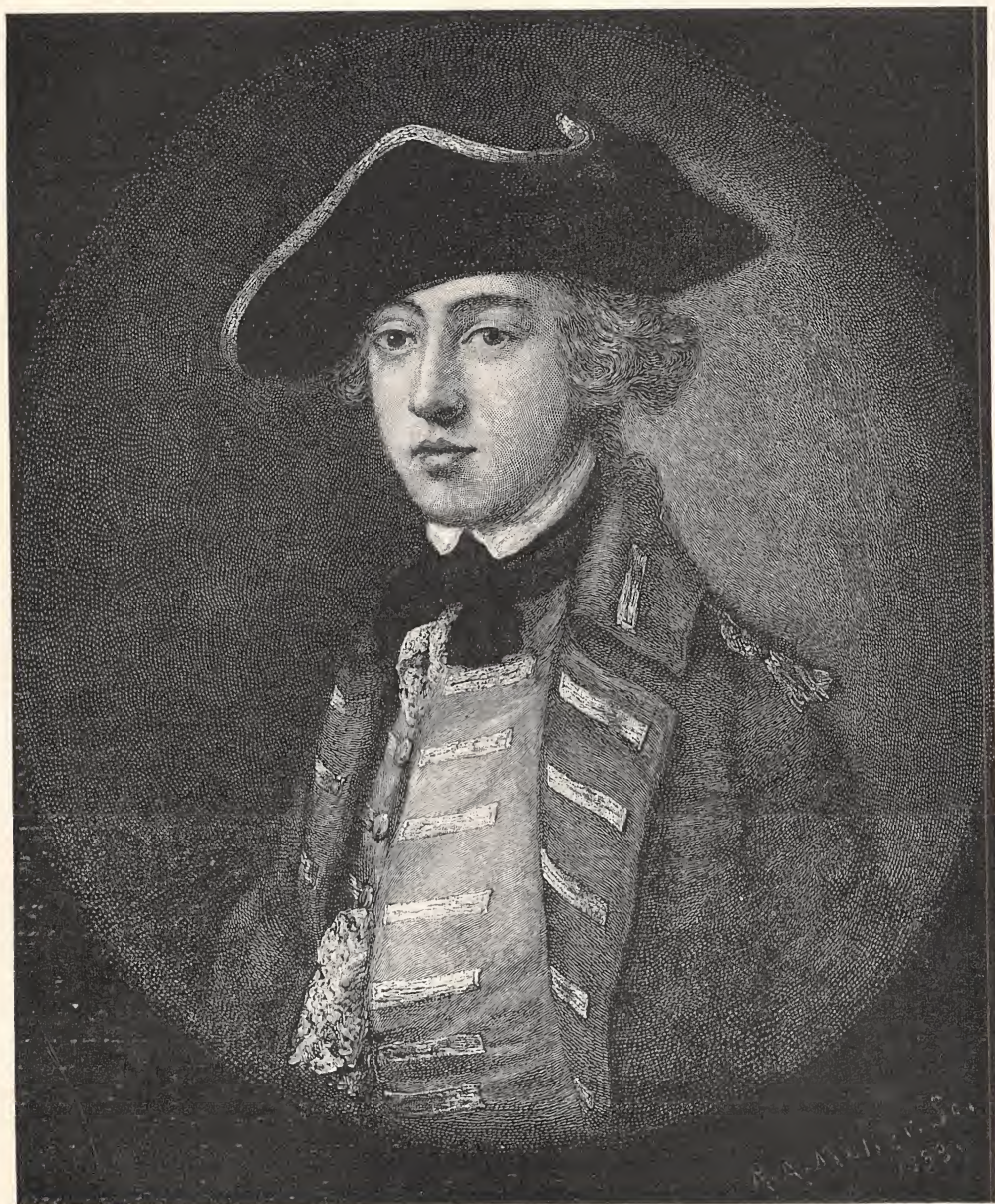
No, I ain't had nary bite:
Moon ain' fullin'.
Don't care much: when fish is shy
Saves er pow'ful
Sight er pullin'.
Lots er work in cleanin' fish;
Ain' no fun in that, pa says,
An' so says I!

Pa he thinks I'm hoein' corn
Down ther bottom.
Sun too hot; but flatheads thar—
Turned er rotten
Log an' got 'em.
Fishin' ain' no work, pa says,
An' so says I!

Ma she kinder takes ter work:
Draws ther water,
Cooks an' sews an' scrubs an' milks,
An' stirs erbout
Lots more 'n she oughter—
Jes er *slave* ter work, pa says,
An' so says I!

Pa? No; *he* don't never work;
Takes *his* rest.
Rest 's ernuther job for life—
Don't git th'ough *hit*
When yer die. (*Chuckles.*)
Thar 's some fun in *that*, pa says,
An' so says I!

Harry Stillwell Edwards.



ENGRAVED BY RICHARD A. MULLER.

GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

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No. 3.



PORTRAITS OF GENERAL WOLFE.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

ON September 13, 1759, James Wolfe won a great victory, decided the fate of Canada, and, thrice wounded, died upon the battlefield. On October 17, a little over a month later, after a remarkably quick passage in the frigate *Alcide*, Colonel John Hale brought news of the "mourning triumph," as Burke termed it, to London, and the English nation well-nigh went mad with joy. For a month before this, gloom had been felt over the American news. Wolfe had himself written most despondingly of his chances, and had confessed to having been twice defeated in his attempts on Quebec. One of his own generals had written home that Wolfe's "health is but very bad, [and] his Generalship, in my poor opinion, is not a bit better"; and another of his officers wrote: "His orders throughout the campaign show little stability, stratagem, or fixt resolution." "In short," wrote Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on October 16: "You must not be surprised that we have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall. You will say, if you please, in the style of modern politics, that your court never supposed it could be taken; the attempt was only made to draw off the Russians from the King of Prussia, and leave him at liberty to attack Daun. Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair." Feeling was rife that failure only would result from this campaign. From this mood,

without the faintest premonition, England was called upon to celebrate one of her greatest conquests, and mourn a general elevated at once in popular estimation to a rank surpassed only by Marlborough.

It is a question if there ever was a great general in history of whom less was known. A soldier at fourteen, he had till 1757 been actively engaged in service, but in such subordinate positions as to win little renown outside of army circles. Not till 1757 did he obtain a colonelcy, and then quite as much by "Sir Edward Hawke having spoken to Lord Anson, who took the trouble to repeat it to the King," as by the reputation he had achieved. A year later, in January, 1758, a warrant as brigadier-general "for America" was issued to this almost unknown colonel. It was done, as the heading stated, by order of his "Gracious Majesty"; but at the end, in a clear, firm hand, was signed "W. Pitt," and it typified a great change. A new power had appeared in England—one which nullified back-stair influence, and made it no longer necessary to pursue Tom Hood's proposed method of "asking your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come." Almost immediately upon this advancement, Wolfe sailed for Cape Breton, and was absent till late in the following autumn. His poor health compelled him to pass the winter at Bath, and early in the

spring he set sail with the fleet and army which were to return triumphant, but to bring home in his place only a box over which the line-of-battle ships and forts could fire minute-guns.

Popular enthusiasm, debarred from the usual popular demonstration on the return of the conqueror, and from conferring pensions and peerages, was compelled to spend itself in other directions. A vote of Parliament, a public funeral, and a memorial monument in Westminster Abbey, expressed the gratitude of the nation. But these did not satisfy public curiosity concerning this unknown general, and one phase this took was an extraordinary demand for pictures of the dead hero. Few had ever seen him, and all England wished, in the words of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, to see if «he looked the hero.»

The London print-sellers of the day were confronted by a difficult problem. But a few months before, Wolfe was merely an unknown colonel. Before the 17th of October not an engraving of him existed, and the processes for producing such at the time were slow and expensive. Not more honest than their successors who to-day supply our daily press with lifelike portraits of our notorieties, the chance to make money out of this popular desire was taken advantage of without much regard to ethics. They went through their stock of engraved plates, and selecting such as seemed to them suitable, and old enough to be forgotten, they erased the former designations of the subject, and engraved Wolfe's name in place of them. Then they were sold as portraits of Wolfe to the delighted public, and it was a poor house or inn which did not have on its walls within three months what purported to be an «effigy» of «General James Wolfe, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Forces in the Expedition against Quebec.»

Had these fictitious portraits not survived this temporary enthusiasm, no particular harm would have resulted; but, unfortunately, these prints have remained, and have passed into history as true likenesses of Wolfe. Within the last ten years old engravings have been at least twice reproduced in works pretending to be accurate histories, and they have acquired such prestige that unless they are cited in print to show cause for their not being held spurious, it is probable that their true character will remain undiscovered. Wolfe has enough plain portraits to answer for, without having any fraudulent portraits in addition; and so it seems time to

test the truth of these various likenesses and sift the true from the false.

The earliest portrait of Wolfe naturally first claims our attention. Painted by an unknown artist, it represents so youthful a face that it is hard to believe it possible that he was already a soldier. But the undress uniform proves Wolfe to have already entered the army, and this makes the probable date of painting 1740, when, being only what was then termed «a gentleman volunteer,» such as Thackeray makes Harry Warrington in the «Virginians,» he was not entitled to the regulation uniform. He hoped to serve in the campaign against Carthage in this year, of which Smollett has left us such vivid pictures in his «Roderick Random»; and it is hard to realize that the volunteer who was willing to face the horrors of impure water, moldy food, unhealthy climate, epidemic disease, and neglect of wounded which that expedition endured, was only a boy who was writing to his mother thus:

NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT, August 6th, 1740.

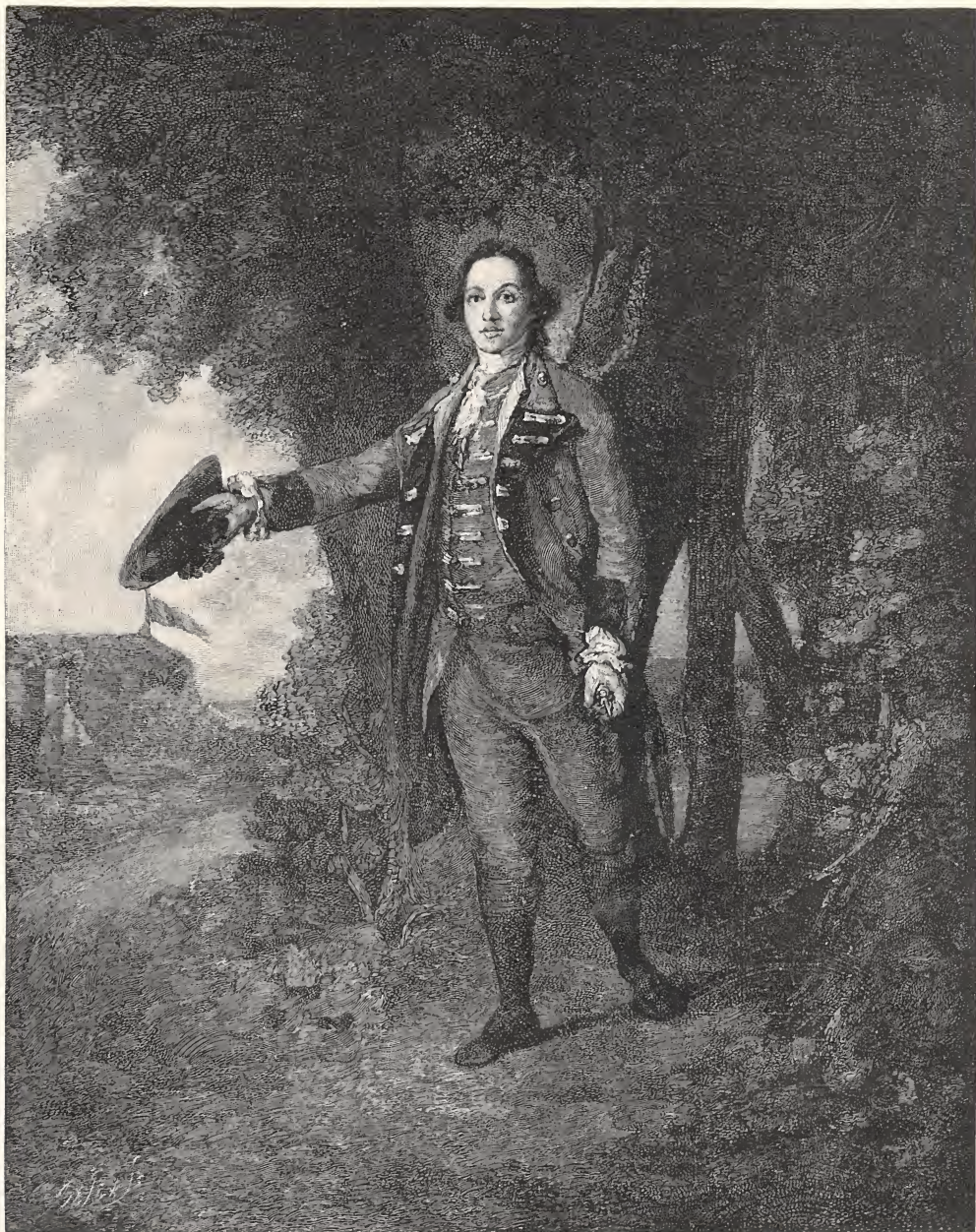
DEAR MADAM: I received my dearest Mamma's letter on Monday last, but could not answer it then, by reason I was at camp to see the regiments off to go on board, and was too late for the post; but am very sorry, dear Mamma, that you doubt my love, which I'm sure is as sincere as ever any son's was to his mother.

Papa and I are just now going on board, but I believe shall not sail this fortnight; in which time, if I can get ashore at Portsmouth or any other town, I will certainly write to you, and when we are gone, by every ship I meet, because I know it is my duty. Besides, if it was not, I would do it out of love, with pleasure.

I am sorry to hear that your head is so bad, which I fear is caused by your being so melancholy; but pray, dear Mamma, if you love me, don't give yourself up to fears for us. I hope, if it please God, we shall soon see one another, which will be the happiest day that ever I shall see. I will, as sure as I live, if it is possible for me, let you know everything that has happened, by every ship; therefore pray, dearest Mamma, don't doubt about it. I am in a very good state of health, and am likely to continue so. Pray my love to my brother, and accept of my duty. Papa desires his love to you, and blessing to my brother. Pray my services to Mr. Streton and his family, to Mr. and Mrs. Weston, and to George Warde when you see him; and pray believe me to be, my dearest Mamma, your most dutiful, loving, and affectionate son,
J. WOLFE.

P. S.—Harry gives his love to Margaret, and is very careful of me. Pray my services to Will and the rest.

This picture became the property of the George Warde referred to in this letter,



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

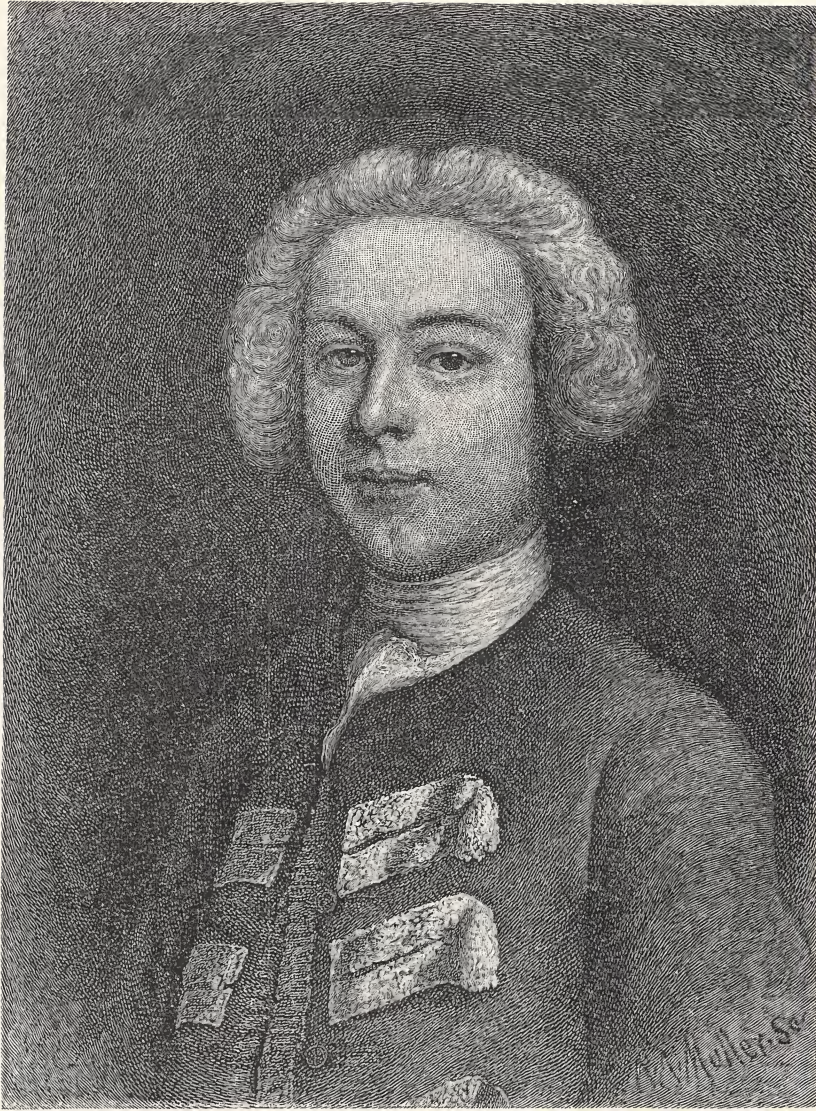
GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

FROM ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF CLIFFORD CHAPLIN, ESQ.

Wolfe's "companion in boyhood, lifelong friend, and executor"; and is still the property of his descendants, who now live at "Squerries Court," Westerham, Kent, by whom the permission to copy it was courteously given.

The next portrait of Wolfe to be considered is the property of Mr. Clifford Chaplin of Burrough Hill, Melton Mowbray, Leices-

tershire. Like the first, the name of the artist is unknown. It is a full-length, in the uniform of a line officer, which makes the painting of it between the years 1748-58. The face has gained in strength, but is heavy and lacks spirit. It was purchased by its present owner from Mr. F. Sutton, son of Sir Richard Sutton, who probably derived it from his father, of the same name. The



ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.

IN POSSESSION OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WARDE.

THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF WOLFE.

painter was changed in their catalogue to the latter. The engraving of Schaalk's portrait differs so materially in detail, however, that only two conclusions can be drawn: either Schaalk painted a portrait of Wolfe which is now unknown, or else the engraver has taken his model from this picture, and altered it to please his fancy in the engraving. But these results still leave the painter in doubt. As already stated, the original ascription to Highmore lacks evidence, and an investigation of the matter must settle, if anything short of direct evidence can settle such a matter, that the portrait is not the work of Highmore, but of Captain Har-

vey Smith, an aide-de-camp of Wolfe's in his last campaign. He was an amateur painter, and in colors of fair merit, to whom we owe good pictures of the towns of Quebec and Montreal as they were in 1759; and he is known, by his own statement, to have painted a portrait of Wolfe during his last campaign. This picture was engraved, if the old lettering can be relied upon, by Houston, in 1760, and is practically identical with the so-called Highmore-Schaalk «Wolfe.» But the strongest proof for this conclusion is given by the picture itself. On Wolfe's left arm is a mourning-scarf such as is worn in England on the death of relatives. It was not till



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

IN NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.

after Wolfe had sailed for America that he heard of the death of his father, for whom this was worn; and thus it is well-nigh certain that this portrait was painted while the army was before Quebec; and such being the case, the contemporary evidence in favor of Smith is almost overwhelming. The picture, too, further confirms this by the little merit it has as to technic. That the prominent traits of Wolfe's face are reproduced there seems little reason to doubt—the pointed features, the reddish-yellow hair, the small blue eyes, and the sallow skin are marked here as in the other portraits; but the treatment is bad, the picture lacks spirit, and is not merely heavy itself, but is well-nigh killed by a bad background. In every part the amateur's touch is shown. The face is a strange one, and has all the weakness that is found in

every authentic portrait of Wolfe. Seen in profile, the retreating forehead and chin seem to indicate that the complaint of his indecision and want of stability by one of his generals, already quoted, had a true basis. In fact, the only saving point in the face is the spring of the nose, which, if physiognomy has a meaning, indicates the qualities of tireless energy and quickness of thought, to which, indeed, Wolfe owed his success.

In connection with this picture, it is important to call attention to a pencil outline, in profile, of Wolfe, now in the United Service Institution in London. Too crude and hurried to be of any real value as a portrait itself, it is nevertheless worth mentioning as confirmatory evidence of the preceding one. On the back of it is written: "This sketch belonged to Lieut.-Col. Gwillim, A. D. Camp

to Genl. Wolfe when he was killed. It is supposed to have been sketched by Harvey Smith.» And a further record states: «This portrait of General Wolfe, from which his bust was principally taken, was hastily sketched by Harvey Smith, one of his aid-de-camps, a very short time before that distinguished officer was killed on the Plains of Abraham. It then came into the possession of Colonel Gwillim, another of the general's aid-de-camps, who died afterwards at Gibraltar; and from him to Mrs. Simcoe, the Colonel's only daughter and heiress; then to Major-General Darling (who was on General Simcoe's staff); and now is presented by him to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. Alnwick, Jan. 23, 1832.» From the hands of the latter it passed to its present resting-place.

Another picture of Wolfe, much resembling the one by Harvey Smith, is in the National Portrait Gallery. The indorsement upon it reads: «Drawn by William, Duke of Devonshire, K. G., and formerly in the possession of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire. Presented November, 1883, by the Lord Ronald Gower, F. S. A.» It is merely a pencil sketch partly filled in with water-colors. That it was taken from Wolfe is highly improbable, and the most satisfactory hypothesis is that it was a sketch from the Smith portrait made by the duke in 1760. Parliament had voted a memorial monument to Wolfe, which was placed in Westminster Abbey, and is even now noticeable to visitors for its ugliness. One of the committee appointed to select a design was

this Duke of Devonshire, and if the record above quoted is accurate, it was undoubtedly in this connection that the picture was drawn.

After studying these five portraits, it is interesting to turn to the descriptive sketch of Wolfe in Thackeray's «Virginians,» and contrast the pen sketch with the canvases:

There was little of the beautiful in his face. He was very lean and very pale; his hair was red, his nose and cheek-bones were high; but he had a fine courtesy towards his elders, a cordial greeting towards his friends, and an animation in conversation which caused those who heard him to forget, even to admire, his homely looks. . . .

«Who is that tallow-faced Put with the carroty hair?» says Jack Morris, on whom the Burgundy had had its due effect.

Mr. Warrington explained that this was Lieutenant-Colonel Wolfe of the 20th Regiment. . . .

«Never saw such a figure in my life!» cries Jack Morris. «Did you—March?»

Other portraits of Wolfe probably exist, and it is hoped this essay may lead to their becoming known. Traces of portraits of him, said to have been painted by J. S. Copley, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Thomas Hudson, have been met with in this investigation; but the first is certainly fabulous, and it is probable that the other two are also. But it is believed that what is here given will serve at least to eliminate from our histories the utterly unauthentic pictures of Wolfe which have so largely done service in the past, and replace them by others which, if having less of the noble and martial in them, nevertheless have the advantage of being portraits of the great general.

«A LASS AM I.»

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

A LASS am I, and I wait my day;
To some 't will be nay, but to one 't will be yea;
When the time comes, I shall know what to say.
The winter goes, and the warm wind blows,
And who shall keep the color from the red, red rose?

A lass am I, neither high nor low;
My heart is mine now, but I 'd have the world know,
When the wind 's right, away it will go.
The brook sings below, and the bird sings above,
And sweeter in between sings the lover to his love.

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "A Bachelor Maid," "Sweet Bells out of Tune," etc.

V.



THE sight of Ian Cameron's kind, patient face always brought back to Sybil vividly the occasion of their first meeting, at a German watering-place, where her mother had once stopped for the cure, when Sybil was eighteen. The two ladies, wearying of the monotony of meals in their sitting-room, had descended to the table d'hôte. The young soldier, detained in the dull place by a twisted ankle, found them an agreeable variety. From acquaintanceship, on the ground of several friends in common, they had passed to friendship. Cameron had found time to join them at Dinard later on, where Mrs. Gwynne was profiting by her cure so far as to attempt to enjoy life with the fashionable world. Cameron, seeing in the haggard woman's face that which her daughter could not see, urged Mrs. Gwynne to give up gaiety, and go to a quiet little village in Brittany, where he knew of a house in which she might be comfortable. Mrs. Gwynne, acquiescing in this suggestion with a sort of gasping eagerness to find some one who would take the direction of her affairs out of her hands, betrayed her physical and mental weakness. She was indeed in a deplorable condition. Death at hand, her money matters in disorder, her natural friends and protectors in America, she felt overwhelmed with a longing for her forsaken birthplace, coupled with a shuddering dread of her last journey home, in a box down in the hold of a tossing ship.

They went to the little country-house suggested. Sybil, frightened and helpless, knew not what else to do. An old governess (an Englishwoman who had trained several Ladies Ermyntre and Honorable Ethels for their world, before taking in charge the young American) came back at her call, and remained with her until the end. Her mother's French maid, the *garde-malade*, and the doctor were, otherwise, in that dread moment the only substitutes for a family circle. Before death came, Mrs. Gwynne told Sybil that young Cameron had spoken of his

hope one day to make her his wife, of his good prospects and connections, and, finally, had offered to marry Sybil at once. But Sybil, who cared for him only as a friend of both storm and sunshine, could not give her mother the assurance she desired.

The arrival of Mrs. Lewiston directly after her sister's demise, and while yet the survivors were undergoing the experience that makes the formalities after death in a foreign country so much more distressing than at home, gave Sybil a refuge. Her aunt, who had for years been in strained relations with her mother, was attracted by the girl's grace and beauty, and determined at once to appropriate them. Sybil, with tears and thanks, had bidden farewell to her honest suitor; and Cameron, hard hit by the pretty creature, went off determining to put her out of his thoughts forever.

When he had next met her, three years later, Sybil was the queen-rose of a rosebud garden of American and English girls at gay Homburg. She was well placed, admired, reputed to be the heiress of her wealthy relative. Upon her had been set the cachet of royal notice; and a duchess of his acquaintance had told Cameron that one could see Miss Gwynne had been brought up out of America.

Welcomed by Sybil with unexhausted gratitude and kind remembrance, he had seen her every day for a week, at the end of which time he had proposed to her again, and was again refused. The day following this second misadventure saw Cameron returning to England. In addition to his usual luggage, he carried with him the girl's affectionate assurance that although she could not see her way to marry him, it was only because she did not consider her want of love a counterpart to sincere and chivalrous devotion such as his. She had every confidence in him; he was the most noble and loyal friend she had ever had; but indeed, indeed, she had no wish to marry Cameron or any one. She had a great deal more of life to know before she could settle down. Had not she, for example, passed only a single winter in America since she had left off living there at the age of twelve?

Toward the close of Sybil's second season

in America, Cameron had, as has been seen, suddenly made his appearance in New York. Through their mutual acquaintance Mrs. Stanley (whom he had called upon before luncheon, almost as soon as he had changed his clothes at his hotel, after driving up-town from the docks) the gallant captain had ascertained the address of his charmer. Mrs. Stanley had also informed him of the festivity on the cards at the Lewiston mansion that afternoon, and had invited him to let her pick him up at his hotel and drive there.

At four o'clock Cameron had been ready, and eagerly ambulant through the corridors of the hostelry. About half-past five Mrs. Stanley's footman had peered in the vestibule doors, and requested a hall-boy to inform Captain Cameron that the carriage was in waiting. A little later, as we have seen, he reached Mrs. Lewiston's, after the music, but in time for tea.

There is no saying that Sybil was not stirred by the apparition of her faithful knight. As soon as she looked into his eyes she knew what he had come for. The fiction of his intention to go to Canada might serve with the general public. Sybil understood him, and trembled. When she had parted with him last, it was with the feeling that she had made a narrow escape from surrendering her freedom into his hands; and now, though this was the Western hemisphere, nothing could protect her from again running the same risk.

Sybil's bold determination was to assume with him the cordial, friendly attitude he deserved; to be so friendly, indeed, that her unquenchable suitor might see from the beginning there could be between them no question of another tie. But she reckoned without her public of New York.

For the talk of the town, temporarily lacking another subject, centered itself with almost passionate activity upon the engagement reputed to exist between Miss Gwynne and Captain Cameron. The unfortunate young people found themselves exposed to a publicity such as is attracted to two great nations on the verge of war. Not only were all known, and many imagined, incidents in the history of both brought up for discussion at dinners, teas, balls, and clubs, but that last misery of sentient man befell them—the newspapers took them up. Cameron, an unassuming young man who had visited New York before and enjoyed its brilliant hospitality, bore his ordeal with good humor and philosophy. But one day, coming downstairs at his hotel, he found

the hall porter and a bell-boy with their heads together, giggling over the head-lines beneath two dreadful pictures purporting to be of him and the young lady in the case:

A CAPTAIN WHO EXPECTS TO BE AN EARL!

AN AMERICAN MISS WHO WOULD LIKE TO BE A
COUNTESS!

MAYBE SHE WON'T GET HIM, AFTER ALL!

This was more than flesh and blood could bear. The Scotchman, flying into a rage, chafed impotently when he found there was no law to protect them against the outrage. There was absolutely nothing he could do, short of dragging her name with his before the police-courts, except to compose himself and try to forget the exquisite annoyance.

Sybil, who saw no newspapers, suffered less than he. Her trial lay in the general assumption of her friends that her affair with Cameron must end in marriage. The redeeming circumstance about the whole situation was that Cameron himself now never mentioned that exigent word. He was «nicer» than ever, Sybil owned to herself. If she could only be sure that he hated her, or at least preferred one of the many other girls he saw daily in the recurrent meetings of their set! But something told her that this was not the case.

In the midst of this confusion of mind she did not forget that she had not seen Mr. Davenant since the afternoon when he had slipped away from her aunt's musical party without saying farewell. The separation was not quite his fault, since cards, left by him upon Mrs. Lewiston and Miss Gwynne, had been found upon two occasions, at a week's interval, lying on the hall table. But Sybil met him nowhere. Mrs. Grantham had told her once that Davenant was tremendously busy just now in the Something-or-Other Trust case, and later on that he had come out of it with laurels. Sybil saw by this that he did not permit sentimental interest to interfere with the serious business of his life; but she could not help wishing she *had* interfered so far as to effect another meeting. She missed the heart-throbs he had brought to her, the charm of his reverent homage. Once she thought,—then put it aside with a guilty blush,—had Ian Cameron been able to stir in her this emotion, there would have been less demur in recognition by her of his fitness as a husband.

In many respects Cameron suited and pleased her well. He understood her tastes,

fancies, allusions to things and people previously known. He represented an existence that, as her days in America went on, she felt a longing again to blend with. She liked more and more to recall the images of restful English life; its rich perfectness, its well-ordered privacy, its simplicity of habit during a greater part of the year, contrasted with the liberal gaiety of its London season, and many peeps into Continental centers of society. That life as a constancy would be a thing very unlike her nomadic journeyings with her mama, her presentations at "half the courts of Europe," her girlish triumphs in the cosmopolitan society of certain German spas.

Cameron had once told her that, if she married him, although they would be only fairly well off, she would find his ancestral Scottish home a choicer possession, from an antiquarian's point of view, than either of Lord Huntingtower's dwellings, of which they would ultimately come into possession. He had given Sybil photographs of this historic haunt of his in the lovely valley of Strathmore; and often, amid the rush of New-World life, she had looked at these pictures with a sort of tender longing. She was most tempted, perhaps, by the old north-country gardens, with their masses of flowers, their turf walks of soft green velvet, their pyramids of box, eagles of holly, and peacocks of yew keeping guard to-day as they did three hundred years ago. She had seen and loved so many such pleasantries within the circle of the British Isles! And these now offered to her were said, upon the authority of the Stanleys, to be among the loveliest and rarest in the land.

One morning Sybil had taken out her photographs and was scanning them. From the exterior, with its mullioned windows and ivy-shrouded walls, to the vaulted halls and "dining-parlor," lined with old Spanish leathers—from the galleries full of family portraits, under which the American girl might walk as one of the line, to the great, quaint, shadowy, oak-paneled morning-room that had been Ian's mother's, and would be his wife's—she passed in turn. Just then Sybil received a visit from her aunt.

With a blush, she swept the pile of pictures to one side of her table, but not before Mrs. Lewiston had observed the nature of her preoccupation.

"Good gracious, child! you need not mind my seeing that you are taking that into consideration," said the lady, in a clear, brisk voice. "It is just what you ought to do, in fact. Things have got to such a

pass now, you must come to some definite decision."

"I think not, Aunt Elizabeth," faltered Sybil, reddening to the roots of her hair, and looking ready to burst into tears.

"You can't be supposed to know how the outside world is making busy with your affair; but St. Clair tells me you are the talk of the newspapers and clubs, and, unless your engagement is officially announced, either Captain Cameron will have to take himself off to Canada, or I shall have to go with you to Florida or Bermuda, or some of those tiresome places."

Again the blushes dyed Sybil's face.

"It is through no fault of mine, Aunt Elizabeth, that you are subjected to these inconveniences. You know whether I have encouraged him to come here."

"It would have been well enough, but for the press," said the angry lady. "You know Bermuda bores me, and Florida is so wretchedly far off."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked the girl, drooping her fair head submissively.

"I don't know. I asked St. Clair to come in to dinner to-night, and talk it over; and perhaps he will. It is his duty to advise us. But it is so hard to get him to speak; all he said was, I've no right to bind you by an agreement to live with me if you marry a British subject; he said it's uncommon rough on Cameron. And so, thinking it over, I've come in to tell you I'll make this agreement: If you marry Cameron, I'll give you the same allowance I promised all along, and either I'll take a house in London for the season, where you'll stop with me, or you'll both come over to Newport and stay until the autumn. Of course, when Annie James comes to live with me I will let you off. And St. Clair says I ought to give you the money outright that will bring in the income I promised you."

"St. Clair has always been good to me," said Sybil, touched by this unexpected kindness.

"Yes; he likes you; he says you make no demands upon him. Poor boy! but for his wretched health, he might marry himself, and—Sybil, you know I am no friend to marriage *for women*; but, if it's got to be, I think Cameron is the best for you. If my sister had lived up to the traditions of our family in New York,—if she had, like myself, stood before society as a type of the old aristocracy of our land,—things might have been different. But you are totally unfit for life over here. You know nothing, and care less, for our national history. Why, I believe you

have hardly cut the leaves of those volumes I took such pains to select for your shelves."

"I have so little time to read, aunt," said the recreant, with a guilty glance at a pair of John Fiske's delightful volumes upon the American Revolution, lying on the table, with a silver book-mark very near page 1 of Volume I.

"Of course—and little inclination. But, as I said, Cameron is the best husband for you. These young fellows you dance with have neither money to support wives, nor wish to assume the responsibility. Mr. Mortimer—"

"Don't speak of him!" cried the girl.

"It would be an excellent position. But he is, of all people in town, essentially an American. His tastes and yours would never fit. I doubt if he would take time to run over to Europe once in two years. If you accepted him, you'd have to settle down to nothing but New York."

"Oh, Aunt Elizabeth," cried Sybil, throwing her arms wearily into the air, "if you knew how hard this is for me to bear!"

"There are times in every woman's life, my dear, when she must consent to look things in the face; and this is yours. For my part, I can't think what has become of our marriageable men. In our day—your poor mother's and mine—there were so many more than now. St. Clair says it's because the girls expect so much; the men make up their minds not to try. He says, too, the girls are all aiming for such high game, they let ordinary chances slip. That is the way men talk among themselves. In this age men are so horrid about women."

"Everything is horrid!" exclaimed Sybil, her lip trembling.

"Well, child, since it is evident you are in an obstinate mood, I'll say no more for the present, except that I wish to mention Britton having brought to me several cards, left recently, of that Mr. Davenant you met at Katrina Grantham's. Now I don't deny the Granthams' good birth and antecedents, but I am told they receive—ahem!—very queer people. I asked St. Clair about Mr. Davenant, and he said he never heard of the fellow in any of his clubs. I think it is very forward of him to call here so often, upon such slight acquaintance. He is probably a nobody who wants to get in with established families."

"Ask Mr. Carnifex what he thinks of Mr. Davenant," said the girl, with spirit. "Ask anybody who knows something outside of our little narrow circle."

"You have been seeing that young man?" quickly said Mrs. Lewiston.

"Only where I have told you, except once, when he joined me on the street for a few minutes' walk. But there is no reason why I should not see him, Aunt Elizabeth. He is every whit as good as the best we know. He is more clever and learned than any one we know."

"I have it, on good authority, that the Granthams' friends are queer," said Mrs. Lewiston, obstinately closing her lips; "and whatever this—er—person—may be, St. Clair has never heard of him in any of the clubs."

"He belongs to the Academical, for one," said Sybil, blushing at her own weakness.

"Eh! St. Clair does not belong to the Academical," answered Mrs. Lewiston, with finality. "In any case, Sybil, I do not care to have Mr. Davenant coming to my house. If you are to marry Cameron, you cannot receive another person who has either fallen in love with you upon ridiculously short acquaintance, or is using you to push himself into society. I may as well tell you that he called again yesterday; but as I had given Britton orders to say the ladies were not at home, the matter ended with two cards. Now, child, think over what I have said; take, if you like, a week to consider it. If you are not going to have Cameron, tell me, and we will leave town for somewhere—dear knows where. They tell me people under our circumstances go a great deal now to the Virginia Springs."

"Do you mean people who are hounded by the gossip of newspapers and the opinion of those they don't respect?" said Sybil, hotly.

But the expression of her aunt's face, set in pride of her own opinion—the knowledge of her ideas, hide-bound in prejudice—stopped further outburst upon the girl's part. She curbed herself so far as to kiss her Aunt Elizabeth upon a brow like polished granite, and to show her a new ball-dress that had just come home for Mrs. Stanley's "little dance" on the morrow.

That evening, at the opera, she saw Davenant in the stalls, alone. He looked grave and care-worn, and Sybil's heart—her vagrant heart of youth—went out in joy at sight of him, in sympathy with the cloud upon his face. She was sitting in the box of Mrs. Arden, whom Davenant did not know, and feared he would not understand that he was free to call on her. In addition, Captain Cameron was of their party, and several times the lorgnons of the house had veered around to center upon the group.

"What it is to be the chaperon of the

(Cynthia of the minute!) said Mrs. Arden to Cameron. «Do you know, although you may n't believe me, I should n't want one of my girls to have the belleship of Sybil Gwynne. How in the world is a girl who has tasted it ever going to do without it in her after life?»

«I can think of but one remedy,» said he, smiling—«another hemisphere. Fortunately, Miss Gwynne has a balance and a sweetness of temper that enable her to keep unspoiled.»

«You don't spoil women in your part, certainly,» said the lively widow. «When I remember the way nice women stand around, and follow after, and let themselves be dictated to by husbands and lovers, and even by brothers, in England!»

«Yet they seem satisfied with us,» rejoined the captain, carelessly. He had had so much of international discussion. Just now his whole thoughts were concentrated in the honest hope to win and carry away from these hothouse surroundings the girl he had loved for many years. Once bring her to accept him for a husband, it would be an easy matter to accomplish the reasonable happiness of their two lives. But something had now entered into her life and thoughts that Cameron could not understand. She was no longer the simple, transparent being who had refused to marry him because she had never known love. Her secret, if she had one, eluded him. He was tempted to think this another phase of that infinite complexity, womanhood.

To-night, Cameron, feeling that matters were coming to a crisis, had, while sitting by her at dinner, infused into his talk with her a more proprietary warmth than he had ventured on before. She had been agitated, had shrunk away, but had not entirely turned from him her countenance. During the evening he did not once sit in the chair behind hers, or seem to look at her; but the cool captain had his eyes fully open to what was going on. He had seen her face light suddenly as she identified some one in the stalls, to whom she had bowed with a gracious but shy smile. Shortly after, he had observed the arrival of a new caller, a tall, dark, forceful man of striking individuality, who, duly named to Mrs. Arden as Mr. Davenant, had then fallen into close conversation with Miss Gwynne. Cameron, divining what he did not desire to think, with a fine instinct arose and went out of the box.

«It has been so long since I have seen you,» said the girl to Davenant, trying to appear unconcerned, but succeeding rather ill.

«Yet I have called repeatedly. Is it possible you did not get my cards?»

«New York is too big,» she said evasively. «We are too busy, too selfish, too bent on our own devices, too scattered. Nobody is (at home) now, unless to a raft of people.»

«A man can't keep up going forever and never getting in.»

«If we were in London in the season, and could stray out into Hyde Park and sit upon penny chairs, everything would come to us; but here one never runs upon any one outdoors where it's possible to stop and talk without blocking up the street.»

«Do your (people) not walk?» he asked, eagerness in his gaze. «Would you come with me to our park?»

«From the Marble Arch to the Obelisk, and then (take a walk,» she said, laughing. «What a magnificent distance you are laying out!»

«Then you hold out to me no hope?» he replied in an impassioned undertone. «I may not call; we may never meet. What remains for me?»

Sybil would have given anything in reason to control her heart-throbs at that moment. Her voice, shaking as she tried to answer him lightly, played her false.

«I will walk with you,» she said rapidly. «I think you would not find it pleasant to call for me at my aunt's house. I shall be leaving Mrs. Stanley's to-morrow at four o'clock. If you are there, we may stroll down the Avenue together.»

«Mrs. Stanley hardly knew me when I bowed just now,» he said, bewildered; «but if you say so, I shall be there.»

Sybil, who had never before made an arrangement of this unconventional nature, had no sooner seen him go than she would have recalled it. Her concession could surprise no one more than it had herself.

«That is a man I have often wanted to see,» said Mrs. Arden, leaning over to Sybil. «I understand he is (booked) to marry Agatha Carnifex.»

«I had not heard of it,» murmured Sybil, faintly.

«I forget who told me. One hears so many things. But it is certainly suitable; don't you think so?»

«I suppose so.»

«They are just the couple to found a New York household of the higher substantial sort—heads of the community, and all that. Agatha will go on presiding over committees, and his name will be in every list of eminent citizens. They say Mr. Carnifex is enchanted with his future son-in-law.»

«When did this happen? Are you sure?

Are they old enough acquaintances?" asked Sybil, confused and wretched.

"For the life of me, I can't remember. I wonder if it came from Katrina Grantham, whose (swan) he is? Perhaps; but I don't know, really."

A new batch of callers distracted them. The shock of what she had heard nerved Sybil to sit upright, to talk and laugh with unusual animation. In no other way could she cover the blank dismay of her feelings.

In the lobby Davenant came upon the ever-cheerful Mr. Hamilton Ainslie.

"Saw you in there a moment since," said Ainslie, indicating vaguely Mrs. Arden's box. "I fancy you know that all the rest of us have pretty much thrown up the sponge. Old Mortimer has gone West in a special. Our ancient playfellow, Mrs. Stanley, thinks the engagement will be out shortly."

"What engagement?" asked Davenant, brusquely.

"Miss Gwynne's with Cameron. He is a deuced good fellow, let me tell you. He will never bore her; he will treat her well. The place he gives her will fit like a glove. The more I've thought it out, the better I'm satisfied she won't do over here. With every wish to adapt herself, she's not adaptable. She can't go on in her present line forever, don't you know. And after that—what? I confess I can't see."

"You believe she wishes to marry him?"

"I believe she will marry him. I don't see who's to prevent it. I can't, much as I'd like to. Must you go? Good-by. We'll have a spin together some of the fine spring days."

Davenant, from his seat in the parquet, gave one more glance into Mrs. Arden's box. He saw Sybil in conversation with Cameron, whose manner was nervous, his quiet face flushed with excitement. Many others noticed this little episode. It was the first time any one could say he or she had seen Miss Gwynne show her suitor such public favor.

The next day Davenant received a note from Sybil asking him to excuse her from filling the engagement to walk, that she felt she had made too hastily.

And the next week it was announced by the papers that Miss Gwynne had gone with her aunt, Mrs. Lewiston, to the Virginia Springs. Captain Cameron being still seen in his usual haunts about town, the surmise was that on their return the time for the nuptials would be given to the world. By and by, when Cameron departed to make his long-deferred visit to the Canadian provinces,

the gossips were thrown off the scent; and for a time they said nothing at all.

VI.

DURING the months following the crash of Davenant's air-castle he formed the habit of going frequently to visit Mr. and Miss Carnifex. His need of refined and sympathetic companionship had now become urgent. There was no one living of whom he would have made a confidant. To have loved Sybil was a glory, to have lost her a consequence to be expected by common sense. So brief, so passionate a dream might seem to others incredible; to him it was a reality that could not pass. In any case, he was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve for even a friend's investigation.

But he craved friends, and in the Carnifexes found, if not healing, comfort for his wounds. That amiable old worldling, Mr. Carnifex, proved to be a mine of information, philosophy, and quaint comment concerning the community and people of New York. Nothing that had occurred here in business or society for the last fifty years had escaped his notice or passed out of his tenacious memory. He had lived to see the great social-equality theory of democracy fall quite to pieces at the end of the first century in the leading city of the republic, to see new classes formed, new grades and distinctions assert themselves, with nobody to say them nay. His old pleasant life among his compeers and associates was gone. Poor Mr. Carnifex, after roving about among the houses of his friends and at his club, would often come back to his library, and drop down into his chair, determined to rove no more. Under these conditions, the society of Davenant was a boon, and to Davenant he attached himself with almost pathetic devotion.

With Agatha, Davenant advanced more slowly along the path of mutual confidence and esteem; but theirs was growing to be as good an example of friendship between the sexes as this troublous world can offer.

Ainslie, whom he encountered occasionally at the Carnifexes', was the only one who seemed to have discerned Davenant's feeling for Sybil. Since Ainslie was himself occupied in the task of trying to forget her, he gave no hint of his suspicions. What Agatha knew about either man's feelings, nobody knew. She was the rare woman who keeps impressions to herself.

One Sunday, after riding all the morning through the tender greens of a late-April

landscape, Davenant dropped in to luncheon with the Granthams, whom he found in the throes of deciding upon their summer plans.

"Help me, Davenant," said Mowbray Grantham, pausing in the act of carving a pair of fowls. "These womenkind of mine, my wife and Katty, are pressing for a vote from me which I know, and they know, will carry no possible weight. We are, in imagination, making the circuit of the country. I go to bed in one rural resort, get up in another, go down-town believing myself established for the summer at a third. By dinner-time they have found an entirely new place, where—but that I know we shall move out of it, bag and baggage, in a day or two—I might be resigned to settle down and thank God for a place of rest."

"The whole trouble," began Mrs. Grantham, patiently waiting till her lord had said his say, "lies in the way rich people have spoiled the nice places for those of moderate means. By the time I bring my girls and boys home from a summer at —, or —, or —, they are set up with ideas of expenditure perfectly ruinous to a professional income."

"That is very virtuous, O mother in Israel," quoth her husband; "but where is she who desires her young to be deprived of the advantages and enjoyments of their set? In my day—"

"Papa, you know I do not allow you to have had (a day) yet," cried his saucy Katty, with an admiring glance at him.

"In my day," went on Grantham, imper turbably, "we young people got our pleasures without price. We roamed, shot, fished, and played in the free open. Now, all joys must be paid for at the highest market rates. If your boy wheels, his machine must be one of the current year. If he golfs, there are subscriptions and an outfit of the best. If he fishes or shoots—I cease to contemplate the cost of those amusements! And then, girls—"

"Certainly a girl must have things not necessary for a boy. But I am sure our children are all perfectly reasonable, poor dears," mused Mrs. Grantham. "If it were not for the effort of Katty's coming out—"

"Mummy dear," cried Katty, buoyantly, "if my coming out is going to plunge the family into such trouble, I think I'd rather stay in. Anyhow, the boys and I had a thousand times rather go back to the farm, and have some fun, than to one of those prim, dress-up-and-visity places."

"You are lucky enough to possess a family homestead, are n't you?" asked the visitor of his hostess.

Mrs. Grantham's eyes, seeking her husband's, then Katty's, assumed a pensive and apologetic expression.

"We had determined to try to find a tenant for Hillcote this year," she said, hesitating.

"The truth is, Davenant," supplemented Grantham, "my ancestral domain, in a stony and unproductive region of western Massachusetts, has cost me so much money to (re-store) it according to my wife's ideas—"

"What about your experiments in agriculture?" interrupted Katrina, softly.

"—we can hardly afford to live there," pursued Mr. Justice Grantham. "Last year we got it off our hands to an estimable family, who at once went to Europe, leaving their horses, servants, an invalid daughter, a trained nurse, and a governess in possession."

"I wish you could have seen my chintz covers in the drawing-room afterward," interpolated the hostess, "and two bedrooms that have to be painted and papered new."

"But we must own that our tenants paid their way," said Grantham. "I am going to tell you also, Davenant, that it is n't the expensiveness of Hillcote that is the drawback, so much as the remoteness. Our very first season there, my wife and daughter and one son fancied they must have a month at the seaside for change—"

"Oh, oh!" cried Mrs. Grantham and Katty in concert, "you know it was really measles, and the doctor ordered us to go."

"Let me give Davenant my experience as a beacon-light to young men intending matrimony. I inherited that farm from my grandfather, and had a sentiment for it that need not be explained. I should have liked to go back there for my summer vacation, and live the old life just as it was. But the occasion offered too good an opportunity to my decorative wife not to be improved. New-Yorkers then were in the full flush of restoring old houses in new-old fashion. My wife had a nest-egg of a few thousands she wanted to put into our (summer home.) We committed ourselves to the mercy of a young architect who was said to have a (strong feeling) for the revival of early American art in house-building. After he had done with us we had a strong feeling of empty American pockets. The old house had taken on a fine style and complexion. Eccentricities my good Puritan forebears had never dreamed of cropped out everywhere. But my wife said it was (too beautiful for anything); and I suppose she knew. All of one winter she spent in ransacking curiosity-shops for furniture. She

would send home dejected specimens of second-hand chairs, sofas, and four-post beds, brasses, mirrors, and the like. She even bought a worsted fire-screen that she said (ought to have been) worked by my Aunt Pamela. I am not sure she did not purchase an imaginary portrait of my Aunt Pamela. For the hall we had English hunt-scenes, for the dining-room black old engravings that would frighten you. But Mrs. Grantham is always essentially correct—»

«Please, papa,» cried Katty, «let me interrupt, to tell Mr. Davenant that Hillcote is now the prettiest old model farm-house in Massachusetts. And may I tell him, too, about your vegetable-garden—how much the peas cost apiece by the time we got them on the table—and the strawberries?»

«My father does his farming by long-distance telephone from his chambers,» said one of the school-boys, with a mischievous look.

«How about those hogs, papa?» added the other lad, evidently touching some family joke. «Oh, don't let's talk about going anywhere but to Hillcote!» he burst out fervently.

«Agreed!» said Katty.

«Agreed!» cried the older boy.

«Carried!» exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands. «Mummy darling, if you knew how I hate dancing and prancing and going to dinners in summer-time, you'd never take me to Newport or Lenox or Bar Harbor. Keep all the money you'd have spent on our finery, and let us have the farm.»

«And be a ruined parent at the end of the season,» said Grantham; but it was easy to see that his sympathies were with his young ones.

«You see, Mr. Davenant, how our juveniles rule us,» observed Katrina, as, upon Peter's declining a cigar with his host, she returned with him to her drawing-room. «I don't doubt they will end by having their own way. And, should we go to Hillcote, you must promise to make us a visit there. The only neighbors of any consequence we have are the Stanleys, who own a fine house built on a great wide-spreading estate a few miles distant, where they keep up a stock-farm, but rarely go. Not once since we fitted up our farm-house has she been there. Etta goes abroad every spring, returns to Newport in July, and spends the autumn at Lenox or elsewhere. From year's end to year's end, she is never out of harness for the gay world.»

«No wonder your charming little daughter avoids such an example,» said Davenant. «You are good to let me have a glimpse of home life and natural talk in this reign of artificiality.»

«It is all natural talk in our house,» said she, smiling with a tender thought of her brood. «With all the abuse we Americans have to stand, I claim for us average people an intimacy of domestic life, a unity of interest with our children, that you see in few other countries. My boys and my girl are the best part of my existence, and their habit of confidence sweetens the bitter drops of the daily cup.»

«You must have few of those,» put in Davenant, with a half-sigh.

«Who has n't some?» she returned. «What two wedded lives, with their outgrowths, ever ran an even, unbroken course? A man thinks when he gets the woman he loves, and a girl thinks when she gives herself, that they will be always superior to petty differences—that they will set a pace for others to keep up with. Ah me! This world is nothing but going on from day to day, living as best one can, hoping, striving, falling, and scrambling up again. When you marry, pray for adaptability to your other half; pray also to recognize your limitations, and to fit yourself to them.»

«I am not likely to formulate any petitions of the kind,» he said, with an attempt to smile.

«Some day!» she answered, in a lighter vein.

Katrina had heard of his frequenting the Carnifex establishment. She was careful not to say anything direct upon this theme, but in her heart determined, if his visit to Hillcote did come off, she would somehow afford him an opportunity to make better acquaintance with Agatha.

«And, speaking of Mrs. Stanley,» went on Mrs. Grantham, «she is just about sailing for the other side, to do her usual spring shopping in Paris. Miss Gwynne goes with her—why, this is Sunday! They sailed yesterday.»

Not a muscle betrayed Davenant's feeling.

«Sybil Gwynne has been very nice in calling upon me two or three times lately; but I've always missed her. When she came back with her aunt from Virginia, that good-for-nothing son of Mrs. Lewiston's was taken ill in his mother's house, and Sybil was the only person he would allow to sit by him in his convalescence. His mother, dear knows, would make any invalid wretched by her presence. Sybil was very sweet and unselfish, but when he recovered she began running down herself; so Etta Stanley persuaded Mrs. Lewiston to let Sybil go abroad with her. Of course people say Miss Gwynne's pale looks and general abstraction are due to

her approaching marriage with Captain Cameron. That is such a common feature of engagements! But no one knows whether she is to marry him or not. There has been no announcement. The shopping business in Paris is confirmatory. If it is true, there goes another one of our choice maidens to swell the ranks of the British aristocracy! It is astonishing what a lot of them we have lost. And it's quite absurd to say their matches have not turned out well. There are as many prizes and as many blanks in the marriage lottery over there as in ours. Sybil Gwynne, for instance, will be happier than she could have been with anybody in New York."

"Upon what do you base your assertion?"

"Chiefly the parrot-cry of her set: (Who is there for her to marry here?) Whatever she was intended for by her Maker, shaping and training have not fitted her to be the helpmate of a good American."

THE first day out at sea! Sybil quitted the deck state-room wherein her friend Etta reclined upon a brass bed, covered by her own luxurious *duvet*, attended by an effusive maid and the cunning stewardess, and looking so yellow and ghastly it was as well Mr. Stanley kept himself severely within the smoking-room, where he usually played poker from shore to shore of the Atlantic. Leaning over the rail, the girl looked westward. Ainslie, who had come down to the dock to see her off at the last minute, had casually told her that he'd been to the theater the night before with the Carnifexes, and it was all rubbish to suppose Agatha meant to marry Peter Davenant. Agatha had, in fact, as much as told him of her persistent intention to remain unwed.

"I once fancied he is hard hit by you," the young fellow had added, in the midst of a mob of swarming, struggling women carrying bouquets, who had come on board to see the departure of their idol, the great pianist.

There had stood the artist, with his silk hat set on the back of his leonine locks, with his bare throat and turn-down collar, with his pale, intellectual face wearing an expression of abject boredom. Here had surged the women. Above the clack of tongues, the babel of noise from dock and shipboard, the sonorous clashing of the band, the bell warning loiterers to be off had sounded for the last time.

"And you decided he is too big and wise a man to waste himself upon an idle trifle of my kind?" Sybil had answered, a bitter note in her voice.

"I at least am not," had answered Ainslie, with a look of unwonted gravity. "*Bon voyage!* This coming down to the ships that are sailing for the other side is one of the severest tests of my friendship. If I always want to go on them, fancy how I feel now!"

"Some President will have to send you out as secretary of an embassy."

"That would undo all these years of striving. No, no! Let me alone, and in the course of time I may come out a good American."

"Do go; you will get left," Sybil had urged.

"Then good-by, once more. The chief steward will keep you supplied with white violets till about Queenstown; they are in his ice-box, and I hope won't prove messy. Think of me sometimes."

His hand clasped hers. The gaze of his clear blue eyes wore a look of lover's longing.

"There is no hope for me—*ever?*" he asked in a thick whisper.

"No, no. Good-by, good-by!" Sybil had answered—in her agitation lest he should be left putting her gloved hand against his breast to press him from the ship.

To-day she went over again what Ainslie had told her. The relief of knowing that Davenant was free filled her with joy. She almost forgot to sympathize with poor, faithful, handsome Ainslie; and for a time she quite forgot Ian Cameron, to whom she had promised to give a final answer on arriving at their hotel in Paris.

This exuberance went with her across the ocean, that, after two boisterous days, settled down into lamblike gentleness.

Nearing the Irish coast, they held aboard the usual concert, this time to be made forever memorable to its patrons. The ship's company gathered like bees in the saloon. The piano, tuned for the occasion, was to be touched by the famous magician. It was almost too good to be true!

A little while and he took his seat. There was breathless silence while he played on, on, without break except to change the melody. No matter what the theme, his fingers gave it harmony divine, and fitted it to the magic of the hour. Afloat on the wide ocean, the sound of the screws scarcely heard in the quiet sea that pulsed against the great ship's sides—an hour of enchantment, of rest, of tender reverie.

When Sybil laid her down that night she had reached the conclusion that was to color all her life. In vain had poor Ainslie's violets wasted their sweetness in a frozen atmosphere.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH WIVES AND MOTHERS.

BY ANNA L. BICKNELL.

WITH PICTURES BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.



THOSE who have gathered their opinions as to the real character of the average French woman from the romantic literature of the present century, more especially that of the last few years, would necessarily bear a severe judgment, tinged with a considerable amount of contempt. Such an opinion would, however, be unjust and wholly undeserved, as any impartial observer, having been privileged to share French home life, could truly tell them. The average Englishwoman is very graphically depicted in English novels, and a foreigner can form a fair estimate of her merits and demerits from the descriptions of English domestic life presented by popular writers. But it is not so in France or in French literature. The real French gentlewoman deserves to be better understood, for she is totally unlike the heroines of modern novels, whose writers know about as much of aristocratic life as the author of «The Lady Flabella» in «Nicholas Nickleby.» The pictures presented in Octave Feuillet's writings are perhaps the truest to nature as it is seen in some melancholy cases; but he himself certainly would have been ready to admit that the women he met in daily life had nothing in common with his morbid heroines. As he belonged to a good old family of the upper *bourgeoisie*, he had better opportunities of knowing the society which he depicted so powerfully in his novels of fashionable life than have the upstarts who describe *salons* of which they have never crossed the threshold.

But even in the works of Feuillet, although the frame is accurate, the portraits are those of exceptionally diseased minds. Women like Madame de Champallon in «Monsieur de Camors,» or the dreadful Julia de Tré-cœur, may exist in France or elsewhere; but those who know French society will certainly recognize more readily women like Madame de Camors and her charming mother, or the Suzanne of «La Clef d'Or,» with the home of Sibylle and the dear old people so delightfully

described there. Many examples might be quoted equally sweet and pure among the heroines of Feuillet's impassioned narratives, and one is convinced that these have been more faithfully copied from nature than the others.

The fact is that the great majority of French novelists belong to the Bohemia of literature, and are not admitted within the precincts either of aristocratic circles or of the less refined, but equally strict, bourgeois homes. They know only the borderland, peopled in general by the wealthy and adventurous foreign set which budded and expanded during the Second Empire, and has now taken its place by the side of French society, but not within its pale.

Napoleon III, with the intention of favoring the interests of trade and also of raising his own position, chose to have everything connected with his court on a scale of great magnificence, and gave splendid fêtes. But who attended the court balls? Not the old French aristocracy, with few exceptions—which were not always of the most estimable kind. The majority of the great families, partly from political opposition, but still more from pride of lineage, would not condescend to cross the threshold of the Tuileries. The dearth of French aristocracy opened the doors to foreigners—Wallachians, Hungarians, Moldavians, Russians covered with jewels, South Americans showering gold, all bringing barbarous wealth and too often barbarous morals. The women spoke French with a piquant foreign accent which seemed to give the language an additional charm; they wore splendid toilets,—for money can procure anything in Paris,—but of a style as foreign as their tongue; they imitated the fascinations and manners of the least respectable sirens; they lived in meretricious splendor, and opened their doors wide to all who chose to enjoy their luxury and to study their ways, imagining them to represent the very quintessence of refinement. But nothing of all this was *French*.

The younger and pleasure-loving members

of the wealthy parvenu families who have made their fortunes in financial or commercial enterprise have, it is true, often been drawn into the vortex, with very undesirable results. But these belong to a special class, particularly open to temptations, and deprived of the traditional restraints of the steady old families, whether belonging to the nobility or to the upper bourgeoisie.

The old *mariage de convenance*, which caused so much sorrow and consequent evil in former days, when a girl was taken out of a convent to be shown the man to whom she was about to be married, is now a thing of the past. It must be acknowledged, however, that marriages are still made up, often too hastily and superficially, by nicely balanced family arrangements and by the intervention of friends. Nevertheless, attraction and repulsion are now taken into consideration, and a girl is no longer forced to marry a man whom she positively dislikes. I could quote instances in the very highest (historical) aristocracy where, at the last moment, after the trousseau had been sent in (marked, according to custom, with the united initial letters of the two names elaborately embroidered), and all the social preparations made, the marriage was broken off because the bride had declared that she could not "get accustomed" to the bridegroom, nor endure the idea of seeing his face in her home during her natural life. In one of these instances the family lamentations over the initials of the trousseau were really amusing. Fortunately, a substitute was soon found, whose name, like that of the rejected suitor, began with an X, and the complications were thus happily settled.

The great object of the French girl's life is marriage. From the time of her birth her parents have prepared for this event, and in many cases they have considerably straitened their income and curtailed their enjoyments to make up her *dot*. Every girl in every class is expected to have something; those who have nothing are exceptions, and constitute a minority of old maids. The girls who from choice do not marry generally become nuns, usually much against the wishes of their parents. The old tales of young women being forced into convents to improve the position of their brothers are forgotten in these days when, while no child can on any pretense be deprived of a share in the father's inheritance, monastic vows are not recognized by law. Nuns and spinsters are exceptions; marriage is the rule.

When a girl is of an age to be introduced

into society, her friends and relatives immediately look out for a suitable husband, whom it is considered highly desirable to obtain before she has reached the age of twenty-one, that she may not be proclaimed *filie majeure* when the banns are published. The principal considerations are equality of birth, of position, of fortune; and in the last particular the scale is usually expected to weigh rather more on the side of the young lady, especially if the young man, in addition to sufficient present advantages, can bring forward a number of relatives not likely to live long. This is called having hopes (*des espérances—beaucoup d'espérances*). If the young lady with a substantial dot can also show a satisfactory background of invalid uncles and aunts, then everything is as it should be, and the young people are brought together with every prospect of a favorable conclusion. It happens, however, too often that they do not know each other sufficiently, and that they are persuaded to believe that the mutual liking is greater than it really is. Sometimes this sort of undefined attraction ripens into a deep and devoted love; when this occurs there are no more affectionate wives or more faithful widows than Frenchwomen.

More frequently, especially in the higher classes, a sort of cool friendliness springs up, where they see but little of each other, and freedom is enjoyed on both sides. The authority of the husband is less felt than in an English household. There is a sort of understanding that in her home the wife is queen, and settles matters as she pleases.

But their best and warmest feelings are awakened by all that concerns their children. French parents are perhaps the most affectionate in the world. The interests and welfare of their children are their first consideration, and wonderful sacrifices of their own pleasure and enjoyment are made in favor of their sons and daughters by the most worldly men and women. These are taken as a matter of course; no one thinks of doing otherwise, or of seeing any merit in such acts.

The mothers especially are unequaled; nothing will stand in the way of a Frenchwoman where her children's interests are concerned. This love is so engrossing that it swallows up every other; they are more mothers than wives, and if called upon to choose between allowing a husband to go alone on a foreign mission, or leaving their children, they would not hesitate. "Mes enfants avant tout."

The love of a Frenchwoman is always absorbing, leaving little room in her heart for anything outside. If she has no children, and loves her husband, he is her one thought, and she cares for nothing else; so that the union of an affectionate pair becomes a sort of "partnership in selfishness," as it has been called.

No matter how her matrimonial life may turn out, the Frenchwoman of the present day never complains, and never admits strangers, or even acquaintances, into her domestic troubles. On the contrary, she takes a sort of pride in describing everything about her as particularly delightful; above all, she never complains of her husband so long as she lives with him, whatever he may do. When at last some scandalous affair which cannot be concealed takes place, the public discovers with amazement that the affectionate couple hated each other; that the fathers- and mothers-in-law, always talked of as perfections and treasures, were intolerable plagues and made endless mischief; that the charming sons and daughters, so exceptionally gifted, gave great trouble in various ways; that the delightful home was a place of torture. But nobody ever knew anything about it; and most unhappy couples go on thus to the end. The thorns may prick their fingers, but then they wear faultless gloves, and no one sees the wounds. «Marie, you will bring my death through grief!» I once heard a French mother vociferate to a rebellious child, in accents of despair; but immediately afterward she gave us the assurance that everything had been blessed in her household since «that angel» had been sent to them.

When the first «angel» makes its appearance, the great question to be settled is that of the nurse; for few young women of the higher classes are considered sufficiently robust to perform maternal functions themselves. Many eminent physicians strongly express an opinion that this fatal prejudice is the cause not only of much injury to the health of many young mothers, but that it also explains the startling number of deaths in the higher classes after the birth of a first child. But warnings and expostulations are of no avail; custom has its way; and although the *nourrice* is considered in the light of a plague of Egypt, she is installed in the nursery, where she reigns supreme till the happy time when the baby no longer requires her services, and she is sent home. Meanwhile she is generously paid, and clothed from head to foot with more or less of ele-

gance, according to the position of the family, young and wealthy mothers taking great pride in her costume—a smart cap wreathed with broad ribbons, the streamers of which, fastened to the cap by large gold pins, fall to her feet. Then she must be delicately fed, and must never be contradicted; if irritated in any way, baby may be made ill from taking unwholesome nourishment. She is fully aware of the advantages of her position, and consequently tyrannizes over every one in the house, inflicting every imaginable whim and caprice on all about her. But the tables are turned in many cases, and in a manner which might not be thought quite justifiable; for many parents have no scruple in opening letters addressed to her, lest they should contain bad news, nor even in suppressing them if they seem likely to agitate her. I remember an instance when I could not help feeling great pity for a nurse, knowing that she had lost her eldest child, a boy, of whom she talked constantly with the fondest affection, wondering anxiously at having no news from home. These poor women seem to be sold in bondage for the time, and are treated more like pet animals than like rational human beings.

When the nourrice, or *nou-nou*, as she is familiarly called, has taken her departure, the child becomes the plaything of the mother and the darling of the father, who at first has not fully appreciated the charms of babyhood, except when it happens to be represented by a son who has been anxiously expected that he may revive an ancient name likely to become extinct. In other cases, partly through defective attractions on the part of the infant, who screams and cuts its teeth, partly through exasperation at *nou-nou's* exigencies, papa has kept aloof as much as possible. But now that baby has developed into a pretty little smiling doll, beautifully dressed, it is worshiped and usually most injudiciously spoiled by both papa and mama. Consequently baby becomes unmanageable, grandmama remonstrates, and assistance is called in—usually a German maid or nursery governess, who professes a violent attachment for her charge, shown by exaggerated terror of possible colds, inducing superfluous clothing, large fires, closed windows, and a prudent horror of the liberal use of water. After a time *Fräulein* becomes extremely exacting with regard to the gratitude which she considers due to her; she perpetually takes offense, and sheds tears. Mama becomes bewildered; papa is exasperated; and

finally Fräulein is sent to weep elsewhere, being replaced by a practical Englishwoman, who exacts an unknown amount of personal comfort, but who keeps baby under discipline, with plenty of fresh air and cold baths, much to the improvement of the freshness of its complexion. So far all is well; but then baby begins to talk a jargon composed of defective English mixed with a reminiscence of German gutturals and still more imperfect French. Papa and mama are then more puzzled than ever. "Yours is such a peculiar language," I was once told. "The pronunciation and spelling are so different that when you see written (Solomon) you may expect to be required to pronounce (Nebuchadnezzar.) But, more than this, the letter *h* is invariably introduced into words where it does not exist in the written spelling, and it is always suppressed when it does exist there." After a time they become sufficiently enlightened as to the cause of these latter mysterious difficulties to correct the instructions given by "Mees" (or, as she is often called, "Mademoiselle Mees") by a more able teacher, with the addition of a French teacher to prepare the way for general education.

But when the time comes for studies to begin in earnest, then fresh perplexities arise. In aristocratic and wealthy families boys are either sent to the junior classes of an ecclesiastical college, or an abbé is engaged to play the part of tutor, the latter arrangement, it must be owned, being often unsatisfactory. The priests who accept tutorships in wealthy families instead of devoting their time to parish work are not usually of the most zealous stamp, and the necessarily false position in which they find themselves placed is not likely to make them more devout or conscientious. The obligations of a Roman Catholic priest are so strict, and his duties are so austere, that a life of retirement seems absolutely necessary for their proper fulfilment, and constant contact with the world can produce only undesirable results.

For daughters there are several modes of education: a resident governess; a daily governess who takes them to the various *cours*, or classes, held by well-known professors; and the various convents. The *cours* are principally lectures, with a few questions addressed to the pupils; but they are a great trial to the governess, on whom hard work is devolved without reaping any personal satisfaction. The lecture of the professor is usually extremely superficial in the junior

classes, and but little understood by the children who attend. The governess must take notes incessantly, and then go over the whole with the pupil to make it intelligible to her. The trouble is much greater than if the instruction were left to the governess; and she has no credit for the progress of the pupil, which is entirely attributed to the professor. In the more advanced classes the *cours* is often interesting and useful; the professor takes more pains; he is better understood by his hearers; and his teaching has broader views and a wider range than are usually found in the instruction given by women. But the junior *cours* are deceptive, and of small practical value.

In former days the *cours* was, however, quite sufficient for education as it was understood at that time. No one cared for much learning in women. The Frenchwomen, celebrated for their *esprit* and attractions, were usually self-taught, and neither very learned nor very accomplished. Every man was afraid of learned women; the very phrase called up disagreeable associations. George Sand says that the image presented to most people's minds by the expression "a superior woman" was that of an ugly creature with blue spectacles and ink-stained fingers. Women really well informed were the exception; and they had not usually the art of carrying their acquirements easily and gracefully, but seemed provokingly pedantic. Like a very clever Frenchwoman of my acquaintance when offered books for seaside reading, they might have answered that they had with them all that they required for their enjoyment,—Homer and Sophocles,—proceeding to dilate on the merits of both. Average men, not having Homer or Sophocles present to their minds, felt annihilated by such speeches, and cordially hated the learned ladies with superior intellects. Even without such pretensions, women who read much or who talked of books were ridiculed.

The typical *jeune fille* was superficial, and her intellectual acquirements were required only to give piquancy to her conversation, and to save her from an appearance of absolute ignorance when more serious topics were discussed. The great object of her education was to keep anything "improper" out of her way. Consequently, she read and learned only "beauties" of various writers; but even these were improved upon and modified in defiance of rhyme and sense. In Lamartine's beautiful poem "Le Lac," for instance, not only were several stanzas

omitted, but the last verse was altered: «Ils ont *passé*» instead of «Ils ont *aimé*» (a forbidden word!). The same dread of «impropriety» prevented any detailed historical reading; a dry summary of events, with the dates of accession of the kings, the famous battles, the length of the reigns, was considered sufficient. The question of «impropriety» was carried to such an extent that while staying with an illustrious French family, during my holidays at the Tuileries, I was much surprised to see a number of Leech's sketches, in the published collection of his contributions to «Punch,» with slips of paper carefully pasted over them. Certainly no English parents, of however strict views, would see anything improper in the harmless jests immortalized by the pencil of John Leech, and I could not refrain from expressing astonishment. «Oh,» said a little girl present, daughter of the lady of the house, «mama pasted them over because she did not consider that they were proper for me. But if you would like to look at them, you have only to hold them up to the window; you will see them quite well.» This practical illustration of the consequences of too much severity struck me as more amusing than satisfactory.

This doubtful system by which young girls were kept, as it were, in a glass case, like rare plants, till they were married, was carried out with great strictness at the convents, where at least a portion of school-room years is usually spent, especially by the daughters of aristocratic families. The principal convent in Paris is the *Sacré-Cœur*, where most of the teachers and pupils belong to the highest nobility of France. The tone of the *Sacré-Cœur* is aristocratic and Royalist. Any other political opinion would be considered, if not absolutely sinful, at least very improper and highly reprehensible. Formerly the studies had the reputation of being very superficial; now the necessity of keeping up with the government schools has wrought considerable improvement, and it must be acknowledged that the pupils are more thoroughly taught than when the convents had matters entirely their own way. The discipline is strict,—perhaps too much so,—but the spirit inculcated is essentially fitted for the development of Christian gentlewomen. There is a little too much talk about pedigrees, and too much importance is attached to illustrious names, although the foundress, who is revered as a saint, was not of noble birth.

Next to the *Sacré-Cœur* comes the *Congrè-*

gation de Notre-Dame, better known as *Les Oiseaux*. The original house, now built into the conventual establishment, belonged to a gentleman who possessed a remarkable aviary. Thus it was popularly called «*La Maison des Oiseaux*,» which name has been retained. Here there is more simplicity and a less exclusive spirit; the higher middle class is more widely represented; and the nuns themselves, though thoroughly ladylike, have less of the courtly stiffness which characterizes the *dame du Sacré-Cœur*. The tone of the establishment is more homelike. Apart from particular social views, there is no reason for preferring one to the other; the choice must depend on individual requirements and positions.

Of course there are many other convents both in Paris and the provinces; but the one considered next in rank to the two previously mentioned is the Assumption, of which the principal or «mother» house is at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris. It has the reputation of being the educational establishment where the studies are almost as wide and thorough as those at the government institution of the *Légion d'Honneur*, which, however, is open only to the daughters of members of the Legion of Honor.

The objection to all those immense educational establishments lies in the gathering together of too many girls under the same roof. Education cannot be thoroughly satisfactory in what has been called a «women's barracks,» under almost military drill. Experienced mothers, especially those who have spent some years in such establishments, often take their daughters home when they have reached the age of fifteen. They feel that in all well-regulated families the mother alone can efficaciously watch over the final development of a girl's mind and character. In the conventual houses, although it is impossible to remove all that may be criticized, the constant, conscientious watchfulness of the nuns, and the religious spirit which pervades all their teaching, are nevertheless valuable preservatives.

There is nothing of the kind in the government schools, even in those of the *Légion d'Honneur*, which rank as the best. In its anxiety to destroy so-called «clerical» influences, the present government has established secular lyceums for young ladies, in opposition to the convents. It provides excellent accommodation and capable teachers, and the terms are sufficiently moderate to prove a temptation. Public examinations are now required of all professional teachers,

and the curriculum has been raised. But for the education of girls more is required than a mere official diploma, and, unfortunately, many of the teachers in the *lycées de filles* have no better qualification than the possession of this guaranty that they are sufficiently competent as regards their studies. Experience, principles, moral and religious training, are secondary considerations. What is called «morality» is taught exactly like grammar—by rule and precept, without any higher motive for distinguishing between right and wrong. In the schools of the Legion of Honor there is more of traditional training, the teachers being exclusively chosen from among former pupils of the establishments; but even here the religious teaching is a matter of social propriety, learned like any other lesson; the guiding spirit of religious faith and fervor plays no part. But in the other government schools there is an unfortunate advance beyond this indifference; religion is wholly set aside, and the spirit cultivated is decidedly free-thinking.

It is therefore only natural that families with religious principles, even in the bourgeoisie, should refuse to send their daughters to the lycées, the objections to which are so obvious that many men in public life known as anti-clerical, and even as free-thinkers, actually prefer the convents for their daughters. The lycées de filles are comparatively deserted, and rejected particularly by the upper classes.

But competition has had the effect of greatly raising the level of female studies, even in the convents. The sisters have passed examinations and obtained diplomas, while the narrow spirit of former days has been widened to suit modern exigencies. It is now fashionable for young ladies in perfectly independent and even wealthy positions to pass the examination at the Hôtel de Ville, and to obtain the diploma authorizing to teach professionally. In such cases this is, of course, intended only as a guaranty that the studies have been followed in a satisfactory manner; but the real advantage lies in the fact of having an object in view to stimulate the energies of the girls. In these examinations, unhappily, the prudery of former days is only too much set aside, especially in the case of candidates coming from the conventual schools, and questions are sometimes asked which no modest girl could answer without embarrassment. They are a wholly gratuitous annoyance, due to the bad taste and ill will of some examiners,

as to which many indignant protestations have been made.

There are two degrees of diplomas: the first, called «elementary», is comparatively easy; the second, or «superior», diploma is a serious test of capacity; but it must necessarily be preceded by the other,* and cannot be obtained at once. Those who do not intend to study professionally are generally satisfied with the first, and do not go beyond; but the «superior» diploma is now often required by mothers even of their private governesses, and is a necessity for all professional teachers.

Yet surely even this guaranty of mere abstract learning should not be considered to sum up all that is required for the delicate task of developing the mind and character of a gentleman's daughter.

It often happens that when it is thought desirable for a young girl to return home from her convent, for reasons to which we have previously referred, her education is still unfinished, and has to be completed either by private lessons or by following the higher cours, which now require hard work; for pupils no longer have to exercise their faculties on such interesting subjects of composition as the following: «What Flower is My Favorite, and Why I Prefer It»; «Letter to a Friend on Her Brother's Promotion»; «Whether I Like Town or Country Best, and Why»; «The Season that I Prefer, with Description»; etc.

These intellectual achievements caused, however, great excitement among fond mothers and considerable rivalry among pupils; but even in the easy time now gone by some professors forestalled the present system, and required of their pupils—what are now the rule—compositions which really called intellectual faculties into play. For example:

«Write a summary of the struggle between the Guelfs and the Ghibellines; its origin and principal events.»

«Explain the motives of the war between the popes and the emperors.»

«Give an account of the occupation of Spain by the Moors.»

«Analyze the character of Catherine de' Medici, and that of Queen Elizabeth; compare and show the difference between them.»

«Give a summary of the great wars occasioned by the rival pretensions of royal families up to the present time.»

Such subjects required real study on the part of the pupil, and were certainly very useful for mental development; but what was then the exceptional teaching of some



TOILET FOR THE FIRST COMMUNION.



THE ENGLISH NURSE BATHING THE FRENCH BABY IN COLD WATER.

particularly clever and zealous professor is now more or less happily carried out by all.

It is in the families of the middle and professional classes, usually of straitened means, that the character of the French wife and mother is fully developed in all her devotedness to her duty. She cannot have the assistance of a governess, and all the work consequent on the necessities of her children's education falls upon her. She begins by taking them to the *catéchisme*, a prolonged course of serious religious instruction to prepare them for their first communion, which takes place at about the age of twelve, and constitutes the greatest event of their early years—a day always remembered and treasured in French families, when children are admitted to make a solemn profession of faith, to renew their baptismal vows, and for the first time to participate in the holy communion.

Everything that can be done by magnificence of ceremonial is combined to produce a lasting impression on the minds of the children. Even the white robe worn, with its veil falling to the ground, becomes an event in the life of girls who have not yet known any worldly excitement, and the whole seems to

give them a vision of heaven. But even on such a solemn occasion the extreme simplicity of attire required by rule is a sore trial to maternal vanity in the more wealthy families. In all cases, whether it be for the daughter of a princely house in the aristocratic Faubourg St.-Germain, or for the child of a petty tradesman or even workman, the dress must be the same plain white muslin, the bodice lined up to the throat, without any mundane transparency recalling, even at a distance, anything like a ball-dress; the same unpretending close little cap; the same long muslin veil shrouding the figure from head to foot.

I remember being much amused at the anger of a fashionable lady, which I happened to witness, and against which I tried to expostulate.

«The idea of the child being muffled up to her chin, as if she were seventy!»

«But, my dear madame, remember that it will be worn in a church, and that it is a general rule; there must be nothing transparent in the bodice of the dress.»

«Well, if they don't want to see her skin, just as if she had some disease, I don't want to show it to them. She might as well be a

leper! It is too ridiculous! But why, on the happiest day of her life, she is to be got up to look like Jane Grey going to the scaffold is more than I can understand!»

And the indignant mother paced the room, repeating, «Jane Grey—just like Jane Grey!» while I laughed beyond polite dissimulation, and a chorus of attendants cried, «But it must be! The lady inspectresses would not allow her to pass!»

It must be owned, however, that these «sumptuary laws» preventing invidious distinctions are a great boon to families such as those to whom I have referred.

When the first communion is over, the cours becomes the great occupation, entailing even more work on the mother than on the pupils. She also takes them to the houses of the different masters for accomplishments, because the lessons are cheaper thus. Then she does not wish to deprive them of all relaxation, so she accompanies them to the houses of their young friends, or takes them to walk in the public gardens. In the intervals of time she mends and makes their clothes. When evening comes, and the children are safe in bed, the mother has no strength left for any interest more engrossing than her daily «Figaro»; and the flirtations or intrigues with which she is so

liberally credited by novel-writers are simply impossible.

In the families where the father conducts any business the wife becomes his best clerk, and usually his cashier. The wives are exceedingly intelligent and acute, extremely sharp at driving bargains, and accurate in keeping accounts. They are their husbands' partners in every sense of the word, and it is wonderful to see how they acquit themselves of such a multiplicity of duties. Self is completely annihilated; and if weak health is mentioned, it is never an impediment to what they have to do for their children or their husbands, but is mentioned only as a disagreeable accompaniment to necessary fatigue, without an idea of using it as an excuse for shortcomings.

In the same spirit ladies of the higher classes sacrifice their health to take their daughters into society when of marriageable age; and if it is suggested that such late hours are destructive to those who absolutely require a quiet and regular life, the answer is a look of astonishment and the rejoinder: «But it cannot be helped. It must be! My daughter must have every opportunity to be married.» And though she should die for it, the mother goes on, day after day, or rather night after night, accepting any amount of



EXAMINATION AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL.

physical fatigue and consequent suffering. «It must be!»

Absolute sacrifice of self for a given motive,—or, what is perhaps still more remarkable, absolute forgetfulness of self,—is a striking characteristic of the Frenchwoman's nature developed by example and education.

Ladies of the highest rank, who seem the most engrossed by frivolous pleasures, will perform heroic acts of charity in the most

in their country houses, have regular days in the week when the daughters of the family dress wounds and sores among the surrounding peasantry. The mothers in such families repress energetically any morbid sensibility which might interfere with such duties. «What will you be fit for in after life if you cannot command your feelings?» I have heard said by a venerable marquise who looked as if she had stepped down from the frame of one of the pictures in her château. I may



THE BUSINESS MAN'S WIFE GOING OVER THE ACCOUNTS.

unexpected manner. The Infirmary for Cancerous Diseases, containing the most fearful and loathsome examples of that repulsive malady, is regularly attended by ladies of rank, who have their fixed days of duty, when, each in turn, they dress the wounds with their own hands. The Duchesse d'Uzès, one of the best-known leaders of fashion, whose splendid festivities fill the chronicles of the leading newspapers, is one of the most assiduous, showing an adroitness in the exercise of her charitable functions which induces her care to be particularly desired by the patients.

I know great families who, when residing

quote another instance, of a lady in a less high position, who took in a wretched beggar child on a cold wintry night, performing maternal offices as regards removing the consequences of his neglected condition which were so repulsive that her physical strength gave way and she was taken violently ill in consequence. On my praising her charity, she exclaimed almost indignantly: «What! when our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, you would have me shrink from doing what is necessary for a poor, wretched child, merely through a feeling of disgust?»

I said nothing, but could not help think-

ing how many would have left the care to others.

It must be acknowledged, however, that by the side of acts of heroic charity there is, saving exceptions, a great lack of that genial kindness which shows itself to equals in any trouble by many little friendly attentions in England and America—the «cup of cold water» of the gospel.

Here the French are usually supremely indifferent. It is no concern of theirs, and people must see to their own business. They are not hospitable, and it is rare indeed when an «outsider» is admitted into a French home. They will make some sacrifices for their relatives or the friends of their childhood; but that large-hearted helpfulness so readily found among English and Americans does not in general exist in France. I have seen a lady in bad health, absolutely deprived of all assistance by the misconduct of a servant, and unable to go out herself on account of the excessive severity of the weather, left without even an offer of a share in their dinner by acquaintances living in the same house, who were perfectly aware of her difficulties. The same people would have gone through snow and frost to visit some poor protégé, for that would have been «an act of charity.» There is certainly here a mistaken view of the meaning of the word; for «charity» does not necessarily imply almsgiving, but may be shown in many ways. This sort of indifference is, however, the general rule; active kindness the exception.

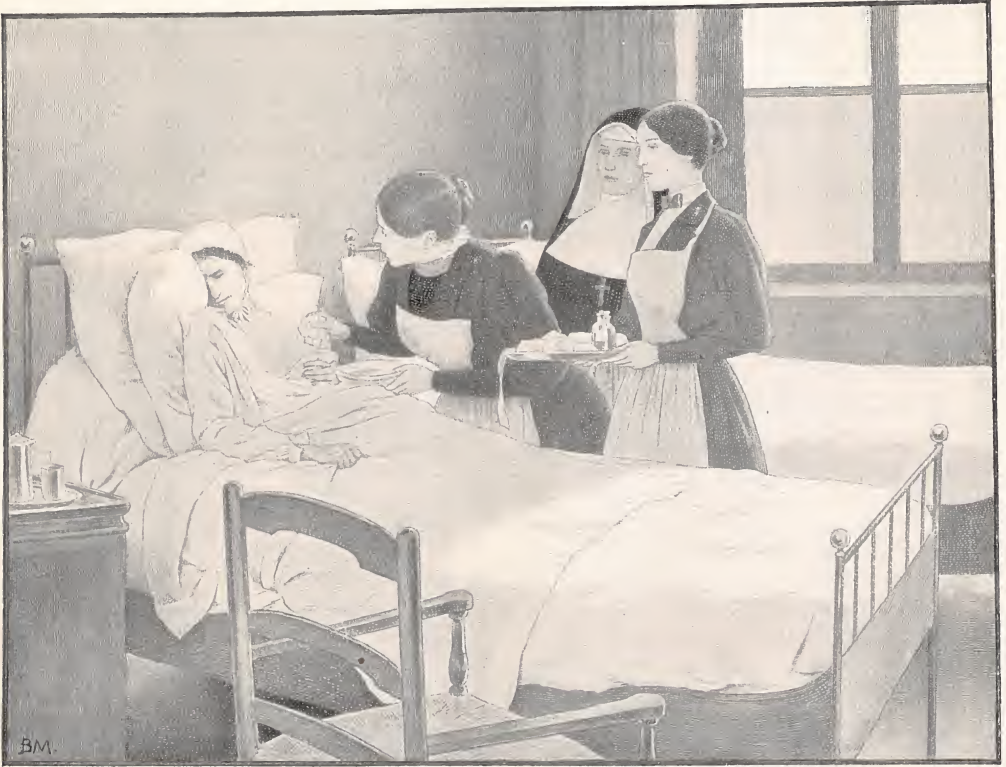
With the present cost of living in Paris, where prices rise constantly, it is often puzzling to imagine how some people live at all—the people whom nobody helps, because the straits of their position are carefully concealed. An innumerable body of former government employees of all classes have no resource worthy of mention beyond their pensions, which are ridiculously small. At a fixed age they are superannuated to make room for others, and then they must live as they can on these pensions. Those that are married and have sons and daughters are less to be pitied than others; Frenchwomen are ingenious and industrious, family ties are strong, and they will do anything to help their parents. The ingenious contrivance with which such home affairs are managed is really remarkable. Whole families pack into flats of two or three rooms, out of which they always reserve a «salon,» which once a week is set out to receive visitors, but is invariably closed to all comers on any

other day. «Madame est sortie,» says the concierge, and no one is allowed to go up to the fifth or sixth floor where they nestle. They work incessantly, the mother sewing and mending, the daughters, when not competent to give lessons, doing embroidery for the shops. At night they sleep anywhere—perhaps in a corner of a dark passage screened off, the father or brother on a «shake-down» in the salon, the mother and another daughter crammed into a tiny cell too small for one and intolerable for two. It is all dreadfully unwholesome, no doubt, especially as the whole is warmed by a pestilential «Choubersky» stove, poisonous, but cheap, and consequently adopted in all such homes, notwithstanding its dangerous and often fatal effects. «We must manage to live somehow, and rents are so dear that we cannot stop to think of such things.» All are very shabbily dressed; usually the mother is even frightfully untidy; but, they argue, no one can get into their den, «so what does that matter?»

On the day devoted to visitors no one would suspect the «secrets of the prison-house.» The salon is set out attractively for all comers, and adorned with evergreen plants—often imitations from the Bon Marché, as the real plants are an expensive luxury, but so well placed in corners, and so prettily surrounded, that the delusive appearance is complete. The mother and daughters are becomingly, although not expensively dressed; above all, they are smiling and cheerful, seeming perfectly happy and contented, and never allude to any drawbacks in their position, or complain of any inconvenience. All those who visit them leave the house with a pleasant impression, and do not dream that when the last visitor has left economy again rules supreme, and that the smiling hostesses sit down to a dinner of sausages and cabbage, or eat the cold boiled beef which has made soup, with a little oil and vinegar. The *pot-au-feu*, or meat-soup, is in fact a festive meal; more often the mother has made soup with dry crusts soaked in the water which has boiled vegetables, and the addition of pea-pods or some such delicacy. If they live near the Halles Centrales, or principal markets, the mother goes there late in the afternoon, and looks out for articles of food which would not bear a day's delay, and pounces upon these because they are sold at any price. In the case of old bachelors or widowers, «lone and lorn,» who are not so expert at bargaining, there is the characteristic resource of what are called technically *les*

bijoux, namely, the remnants sold by cooks of large establishments and by first-class restaurants. These are collected from door to door, and tumbled together in no very appetizing fashion; but the retailer sorts and arranges the various articles, which are then properly adorned (*parés*), scraped, and cut into neat pieces, nicely garnished, and set out on clean plates. Customers who are brave enough to forget the antecedents of such dainties may thus purchase for a trifle portions of the

French family of the class of which I am speaking despises tea, which is resorted to only as a remedy after some indigestible omelet, or too large a portion of fried potatoes—a favorite treat. On such occasions *une pincée de thé* (literally, a « pinch » of tea) is put into a large china tea-pot, which is then filled up with moderately warm water. Those who have great pretensions as to their proficiency in the art of making tea then put the tea-pot over a saucepan of hot water, and



A WOMAN OF FASHION ATTENDING THE SICK IN A HOSPITAL.

choicest game or the best fish served on high-class tables, with many other delicacies of tempting appearance. Many old *rentiers*, so called, living in garrets, and sunning themselves all day on benches in the public gardens, where they talk politics with their fellows, get really good dinners in this way.

The typical French families, such as I have described, are not reduced to such straits as these, and would shrink from such suspicious good things. Their fare is cheap and coarse; they are very frugal in their habits; but they have in general more substantial food than English families in equivalent positions. « Making up » with tea and bread and butter is unknown here. The

thus let it simmer slowly till they consider it *bien infusé*. The liquid thus obtained is poured into a cold cup or bowl, mixed with about an equal quantity of boiled milk, with several large lumps of sugar, and stirred with a large table-spoon. It is then swallowed by the patient with mingled resignation and confidence in its virtues as a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia. Often great astonishment is expressed as to the peculiarities of the English nation, which is so strangely fond of tea; this they consider incomprehensible, and no wonder.

One small indulgence is treasured by Parisian women who have reached middle age—that of their morning coffee, the cherished

café-au-lait, for which they would give up any other treat, and which, like the English-woman's tea, seems the one comfort of their lives. This is strictly Parisian; for they are more philosophical in the provinces, and more primitive in their habits. I could name ladies of princely rank who begin the day with a bowl of pumpkin-soup as their only breakfast.

An instance may be quoted of a young English lady who, through a peculiar assemblage of circumstances, was by a rare privilege admitted on a visit to share the home life of a great French family in their château. The Marquise —, a most dignified old lady, inquired what her visitor wished to have for breakfast. The young stranger, considerably frightened and bewildered by her new surroundings, answered shyly:

«Tea—or coffee—or anything Madame la Marquise pleases.»

«My dear,» was the reply, «you are my guest, and of course you shall have anything you like; but my daughters take soup, and if you are wise you will do as they do; young people should avoid contracting habits.»

Of course the hint was sufficient, and the English girl breakfasted on a bowl of onion-soup; but I would not guarantee that she enjoyed the necessity.

In the case of the real old aristocratic families the country life of the mistresses of châteaux is usually extremely simple. When the church is near the ladies usually go to early mass; but this is rather exceptional, as the châteaux are not usually near the villages. In towns it is, however, a general custom. No one is expected to be seen before the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, or luncheon, the hour for which varies between eleven and twelve. The family then meet in the simplest dresses imaginable, which are frequently retained for the dinner without any change. Everything they wear is fresh and neat, but often of the humblest material, such as printed cotton. The meals are, however, served ceremoniously, on massive old plate, and the fare is excellent. Nothing is supposed to be necessary between luncheon and dinner, except for children, who are given preserves and bread, or fruit. The young children and their governesses are present at all the meals, even the late dinner—a very undesirable practice for many reasons. «Afternoon tea» is unknown out of Paris, except as a compliment to an occasional visitor; nor is teaserved in the evening; but excellent coffee is taken immediately after dinner. A tray with sugar, water, and syrup, placed within

reach, is considered sufficient for all needs till the next morning.

The long walks and rides which play such an important part in English country life are unusual here, and the ladies of the family do not habitually walk beyond the private grounds. Croquet and lawn-tennis have made their appearance in some country-houses, especially those in the neighborhood of Paris, usually belonging to wealthy bankers, or manufacturers, or large tradesmen, whose household arrangements are much more luxurious, trying hard to imitate English ways. They certainly come nearest to the traditions of country life in England, and there is usually plenty of gaiety going on; but, in general, hospitality is not a virtue congenial to the French soul. There is a good deal of display, but also a considerable amount of thrift.

Among the old French aristocracy, their principles of education are much shocked by the familiarity of modern habits, and especially of modern games. A great advance in this direction has been made within the last few years, under the patronage of some wealthy and rather «fast» leaders of fashion, who have introduced hunting- and shooting-parties in which young ladies take an active share; but these innovations belong to a peculiar set, and are viewed with consternation by the others.

There is not so much visiting of the poor and teaching of children as in English villages. The Sisters of Charity, where they are allowed to remain, undertake the distribution of alms, and keep poor-schools, visited and patronized by the château families, who give all assistance to the poor under the guidance of the sisters; but in many places the sisters have been dismissed; then there is tacit war with the authorities, causing much annoyance and unpleasantness on both sides. In such cases the ladies of the château take the place of the sisters in tending the sick, and even in dressing their wounds, as has been previously stated. They also make clothes for the poor and embroider vestments for the village church.

The families in which the education of children does not oblige them to return to Paris early for the sake of classes and masters remain more and more in the country, notwithstanding the monotony of their lives, in such strong contrast to the animation of Paris; so that now the great families dwell there but a short time, taking all their gaiety, as it were, in one dose.

But the real Parisians born and bred, who



A SISTER OF CHARITY NURSE.

usually belong to the financial and commercial classes, have no love for the country, and would as soon choose to live in a cemetery.

When summer has fairly set in, everybody who is anybody has left long ago, and those who are nobodies try to cheat themselves into the belief that they are «in the country» by taking refuge in the white cardboard houses of the environs. Here they are choked with dust and blinded by the glare of white, chalky roads. They pay a higher price for all provisions, and have very limited resources within their reach; but they are «in the country,» and monsieur, who goes to Paris every morning, can bring back anything not to be had in the locality. Then *mon fils* is at school in Paris, and can spend his weekly holidays with his loving parents, who can also be present at the distribution of prizes which precedes the vacation, and enjoy the thrilling sight of a succession of laurel wreaths placed on the head of their cherished son; for he must be a dunce indeed who does not get a prize of some kind in a French college, and each prize has its wreath of laurel, or crown, as it is called in republican France.

When monsieur is in Paris, madame enjoys the delight of walking about a tiny garden in a state of cool, comfortable untidiness, which becomes the privilege of monsieur when he returns in the evening and puts himself at ease. Notwithstanding her professed love for the «country,» madame is forced by supposed dire necessity to go into Paris two or three times a week, in the freshest of summer toilets; and thus she gains sufficient strength of mind to get through her time of exile without repining, and even with eloquent dissertations on the delights of country life to her friends, when they come to dinner on Sundays, and take back with them large bouquets of strongly scented flowers, to the great annoyance of their fellow-travelers in the railway-carriages.

In families of all classes, when *mon fils* is at home his tastes, his amusements, his enjoyments, are the one thought of his parents. In the case of sons there is as much sybaritism encouraged as there is simplicity and a certain amount of austere discipline shown in the education of daughters.

One thing remains after an over-spoiled childhood—a devoted affection for their mothers on the part of the sons. Family feelings are very strong: they love their sisters and respect their fathers; but they worship their mothers, who often can obtain from

them sacrifices which they would refuse to all other entreaties or remonstrances.

The period of enforced military service is a hard time for all, but more especially for the young men of the upper classes, who have not been inured to hardships and privations. It is an anxious time for mothers—in many cases even calamitous, in others perhaps really useful as a means of counteracting the too luxurious habits of many young French gentlemen brought up like spoiled girls, and accustomed to every indulgence. For such Sybarites, of which there are too many, the life of French barracks, where a duke's son lies next to a plowman's son, on the same sort of pallet, may be a useful lesson, when it is not beyond their physical strength, necessarily much reduced by habits of luxurious comfort. Unhappily, many deaths are registered every year, either through accidents or through illness caused by hardships endured.

The lists of pupils admitted to the military schools show a great increase of aristocratic names. For some time after the establishment of the republic there was a good deal of holding back among the high families, and a disinclination to serve in the army; but now that they *must* do so, there is so great an advantage in the position of an officer that, besides the considerations of patriotism, which overrule political dislikes, the question of personal interest would prove sufficient in many cases. The white flag was buried with the Comte de Chambord; there is now but one for all parties, and the army represents *la patrie*, the fatherland.

Besides, no other profession is now open to young men of high birth. Under the empire there were the prefects and sub-prefects—in other words, governors of departments and sub-governors of towns. This sounded well, and had an air of viceroyalty about it which was a temptation. But now all these functionaries must be declared republicans, and as such are kept at a distance by all the local families of position, to whom ceasing to be monarchists would be like renouncing their religion, and would be considered as a sort of apostasy. Any one who goes to the prefect's receptions or balls is immediately put outside the pale of aristocratic society. «They are people—who go to the prefect's receptions!» Nothing more need be said, and henceforward every other door is closed upon them.

The violence of political feeling, especially in the provinces, could hardly be imagined by outsiders. I could quote an instance of an English lady, received in the best society of

a provincial town, who, having met on neutral ground a republican gentleman whom she thought particularly clever and agreeable, allowed him to recognize her and exchange a few words with her in the street.

« You spoke to Monsieur —— ? »

« Why not? Is he not perfectly respectable and very agreeable? »

« But he is a *declared republican* ! »

« What does that matter? »

« It matters so much that if you know him no one will receive you. »

And the Englishwoman was forced to submit to local tyranny, on pain of losing all her acquaintances.

Such a state of affairs is not likely to bring about much friendly feeling between the different political parties.

The antagonism was slightly modified during the presidency of Marshal MacMahon, when the Faubourg St.-Germain itself condescended to be represented at his receptions. But then, he was one of their set, and his wife was the daughter of the Duc de Castries; so it was considered that the visits were addressed to the marshal of France, and not to the president of the French republic!

The diplomatic career was formerly eagerly sought by young men of good family; but the same difficulties now prevent them from trying to obtain any post. They could not be attachés under a republican ambassador or minister without finding themselves perpetually placed in false positions, while the hope of promotion for those bearing significant names would be very slight.

The result is that young men of high birth now enter the army as the only way of having something to do, and remain there after marriage. The attractions of Paris are no longer sufficient to induce young ladies to lay down the condition that their intended husbands should leave the army and live in the only place where, under the empire, life seemed endurable. When daughters married *sous-préfets*, or even *préfets*, the whole family wept over the miseries of the separation, and the dire necessity of residing, at least for some time, in a provincial town. They were called « exiles, » and it was considered only natural that they should escape to Paris whenever they could find an excuse to do so. When their « *espérances* » were realized by the death of rich relatives, they hastened to give up their post of uncongenial honor, and returned to Paris—or Paradise.

At the present time people are more sensible and more practical, though perhaps with lessened merit; for Paris has lost many

of its charms. They travel more; they no longer fear distances; and young wives consent very philosophically to inhabit garrison towns for an indefinite period. They now have a better understanding of comfort, and have learned how to make homes pretty; they are always well dressed, and always bright and cheerful in public, whatever their domestic troubles may be: in short, they make the best of their position.

I hope to have proved that the Frenchwoman is not the frivolous being that she is supposed to be. She is very intelligent, and exceedingly practical in her views; not much given to literature, and heartily glad to have « finished her education, » but retaining enough of the past « cramming » to join brightly in any conversation and say a sparkling word on any subject. She is devoted to her children, for whom she will perform any sacrifice or accept any amount of slavery; for which she is rewarded by the love and confidence of her children, more especially of her sons, over whom she retains through life great influence.

When Casimir-Périer persisted in giving up the presidency of the French republic, notwithstanding the entreaties of his mother, every one felt that his decision must be irrevocable indeed.

The Frenchwoman, of the upper classes especially, is sincerely religious and conscientious; she is a good housewife and a good manager, even inclined to too much thrift in everything but her toilet, where her reasoning powers seem to disappear. Toilet she must have, at any cost and any risk. But here, again, appearances are not always to be trusted. Many Frenchwomen are exceedingly expert with the needle, and will unrepiningly work for whole days, without change or relaxation, to get up a pretty dress for some occasion, if their purse should be insufficient for dressmaking bills. The bonnet especially is the great achievement, the established principle being that a dress, if well made, may be of any material, provided the *chapeau* be irreproachable. Therefore many fashionable ladies make their own bonnets, so as to have an endless variety. I have known princesses whose deft fingers could *chiffonner* any amount of tulle or lace into fascinating head-gear, so as to rival the productions of a fashionable milliner.

In short, the Frenchwoman is a butterfly gathering honey like a bee. « A monster! » some may exclaim. Well—perhaps—if by « monster » is meant something heterogeneous; but what a charming monster!

SCENES FROM HUXLEY'S HOME LIFE.

BY HIS SON, LEONARD HUXLEY.



MY father was characterized by a rare union of exquisite tenderness and inflexible determination. Sensibility too often ripens at the expense of judgment; but here strong feeling was the servant, not the master, of a clear mind.

As children we were aware of this side of his character. We felt our little hypocrisies shrivel up before him; we felt a confidence in the infallible rectitude of his moral judgments which inspired a kind of awe. His arbitrament was instant and final, though rarely invoked, and was perhaps the more tremendous in proportion to its rarity. This aspect, as of the oracle without appeal, was heightened in our minds by the fact that we saw but little of him. An eight-o'clock breakfast was the preliminary to an early start «into town»; and until years brought us promotion to the dining-room, we were scarcely certain of seeing him for a moment when he came home to dine or to dress for dinner elsewhere. This was one of the penalties of his hard-driven existence. In the struggle he had scarcely any time left to devote to his children. Well might he describe himself as the «lodger in the house» which he maintained.

But on Sundays he often used to take us walks,—the three elder ones,—somewhere northward, as a rule, from our home in St. John's Wood. In those days the walk to Hampstead led over open fields or by real country lanes, and the Heath did not boast a Rotten Row of its own, nor require the adornment of posts and placards threatening pains and penalties on breakers of the Heath by-laws. Bricks and mortar ceased on the Finchley road just beyond the Swiss Cottage. The West End Lane, winding solitary between its high hedges and rural ditches, was half mysterious to explore, like a real country road at the seaside in holiday time, and gladdened sometimes in June with real dog-roses, although the church and a few houses had already begun to encroach on the open fields at the end of the Abbey road—fields where I distinctly remember having tea amid the new-made hay.

This, I think, was our favorite walk. The mystery and thrill of it were enhanced by an-

other circumstance. The lodge of an old house stood close to the road on the left, and within view through the high iron gates stood a stone kennel, in which a real bloodhound was often to be seen—a fearful joy, completed by the sense of protection in my father's presence. This bloodhound evoked the story of a gentleman staying in a country house in Jamaica, who one hot night sallied forth in remarkably light attire to get cool, only to find himself pulled down by a couple of bloodhounds that kept watch and ward over him, threatening his life at any movement or sound, until morning and the gardener released him from a cooler position than he had bargained for.

My father often used to delight us with sea stories and tales of animals, and occasionally with geological sketches suggested by the gravels of Hampstead, or the great hollows scooped out near the Frognaal end, which he dubbed, one the Giant's Bath, and the other the Giantess's Bath—names which took our fancy. But regular «shop» he would not talk to us, contrary to the expectation of many good people who have asked me, at one time or another, whether we did not receive quite a scientific training from such companionship.

It was on one of these walks along the Finchley road that we were met by a quondam opponent of my father's, whose face of astonishment at unexpectedly seeing so terrible an ogre displaying the common affection of a man and a parent afforded him boundless amusement for years afterward.

In the country it was a little better. There, although the greater part of the «holiday» was spent in hard work, yet the afternoons regularly saw him take his favorite exercise of a good tramp over fields or commons; and several delightful memories leap up, notably of a walk one hot morning from Littlehampton to near Arundel, where we luckily managed to get some lunch at a lodge-keeper's cottage—a hot lunch which had been kept for «John,» but John had not come in. My father kept us amused by all manner of jokes about what the luckless John would do if he were to come in, after all, and find his good dinner entirely demolished. This, too, was the occasion when I was first taught to look

at a wasp with unfeigned interest, for a bold fellow settled on my plate, and fell upon some meat with great vigor, and my father pointed out the queer lateral movement of the wasp's jaws. I think I have felt more kindly toward wasps ever since.

I remember his fooling us delightfully over a tortoise he had bought from a barrow on his way home one evening. We three elder children—for the family divided naturally into the three big ones and the four little ones—danced about in an agony of excitement, expecting a mouse or a rat, or some other suggested monster, to leap out of the parcel. Alas! this was the tortoise whose career was cut short by a misguided charwoman, who took the creature (so she said) for a brick, and flung it against the garden wall with all her might. This treatment would have been bad for a brick; for the tortoise it was fatal.

One of my father's greatest gifts was a first-rate power of draftsmanship. When time allowed, he would delight us with drawing all manner of pictures for us, from ships, such as a boy loves, to animals or people. I have a vivid recollection of a moss-trooper, in steel cap and buff jerkin, with a great gray horse, drawn with colored chalks on a big sheet of brown paper. But, as a rule, he professed a horror of being watched, or receiving suggestions, while he drew. "Take care, take care," he would exclaim, "or I can't say what it will turn out!"

This gift of drawing was a great solace to me when I had the misfortune to be laid up with scarlet fever at the mature age of seven. The solitary days—for I was the first to catch it from an insidious nursemaid—were very long, and I looked forward with intense interest to one half-hour after dinner, when my father would come up and draw scenes from the history of a remarkable bull-terrier and his family that went to the seaside in the most human and child-delighting manner. I have seldom suffered a greater disappointment than when, one evening, I fell asleep just before this fairy half-hour, and lost it out of my life.

Earlier in this same year we had all spent six weeks at Swanage, a place quiet enough at this day, but at that time quieter still. Here Dr. Anton Dohrn, founder of the Marine Biological Station at Naples, on whom recently Oxford has conferred the degree of D. C. L., spent a day or two with us, and with his warm heart, his ready tongue, his good spirits, and his quick enthusiasm, became a great friend of us all. A year later he is de-

lighted to hear that "his memory is green among the children"; and his general impression of the atmosphere in which parents and children lived together is summed up in the title by which he called them ever after—"the Happy Family." "I have been reading several chapters in Mill's (*Utilitarianism*) to-day," he writes after leaving Swanage, "and have found the word (*happiness*) several times. If I had to give any one the definition of this much-debated word, I would say, (*Go and see the Huxley family at Swanage, and if you would enjoy the scene I enjoyed, you would feel what is 'happiness,' and nevermore ask for a definition of this sentiment.*)"

It was a misfortune for us that my father's unceasing work made such intercourse rare; but after his retirement in 1885 his grandchildren reaped the benefit of his greater leisure. In his age his love of children brimmed over with undiminished force, and unimpeded by circumstances. He would make endless fun with them, even pretending to misbehave at table, and being banished temporarily to the corner. Little Miss Madge, a quaint, observant mite of three and a half, on her first visit was much astonished at a grave and reverend signor thus conducting himself, and at last broke out with, "Well, you are the curious't old man I ever seen!" This tickled his fancy amazingly, and he delighted in telling the story. Another little granddaughter spent a winter or two with her grandparents at Eastbourne to escape the chills and fogs of London. Not only was she gifted with a most unusual faculty of draftsmanship, but she had a good head for figures, a clear and logical mind, quite able to hold a good deal of plain reasoning. So she developed a great liking for astronomy, under her grandfather's tuition. One day a visitor, entering unexpectedly, was astonished to see the pair of them kneeling on the floor in the hall, before a large sheet of paper, on which the professor was drawing a diagram of the solar system on a large scale, while the child was listening with the closest attention to the account of the planets and their movements, which he knew so well how to make simple and precise without ever being dull.

Children seemed to have a natural confidence in the expression of mingled power and sympathy which, especially in his later years, irradiated his features, and proclaimed to all the sublimation of a broad native humanity tried by adversity and struggle in the pursuit of noble ends. It was the confi-

dence that an appeal would not be rejected, whether for help in distress or for the satisfaction of the child's natural desire of knowledge.

Spirit and determination in children always delighted him. His grandson Julian, a curly-haired rogue, alternately cherub and pickle, was a source of great amusement and interest to him. The boy must have been about four years old when my father one day came in from the garden, where he had been diligently watering his favorite plants with a big hose, and said: «I like that chap! I like the way he looks you straight in the face and disobeys you. I told him not to go on the wet grass again. He just looked up boldly, straight at me, as much as to say, 'What do *you* mean by ordering me about?') and deliberately walked on to the grass.»

The disobedient youth who so charmed his grandfather's heart was the prototype of Sandy in Mrs. Humphry Ward's «David Grieve.» When the book came out my father wrote to the author: «We are very proud of Julian's apotheosis. He is a most delightful imp, and the way in which he used to defy me on occasion, when he was here, was quite refreshing. The strength of his conviction that people who interfere with his freedom are certainly foolish, probably wicked, is quite Gladstonian.»

Next spring, however, there was a modified verdict. It was still, «I like that chap; he looks you straight in the face. But there's a falling off in one respect since last August—he now does what he's told.»

Happily this phase did not last too long. In the autumn he writes to me: «I am glad to hear that Julian can be naughty on occasion. There must be something wrong with any of my descendants, even if modified by his mother's notorious placidity, who is as uniformly good as that boy used to be.»

The greater obedience was rewarded by promotion. My father would take him round the sacred garden, would let him help water, and actually played cricket with him on the lawn, a thing he certainly had not done since playing with his own children on the natural green of the Littlehampton common, some time at the end of the sixties.

The mention of cricket recalls another incident. He was hard at work in his study one afternoon the same August. Julian was playing in the garden with the housemaid. Presently the four-year-old came running in, quite out of breath. «Oh, grandpater, I am making such a lot of runs! Please get a piece

of paper and pencil, and write them down for me, or I shall forget how many they are.»

So he got up from his work, rummaged out a tiny pocket-book, tore out a few pages already written upon, and entered on a clean sheet, «Julian, thirty-nine runs.»

«Thank you—thank you so much»; and off went the boy. A quiet interval ensued. Then in he ran again, radiant, pocket-book in hand. «Grandpater, please write down again what I have made—sixty-five runs.» So he wrote again. And soon the scene was repeated a third time, to the tune of one hundred and twelve runs; and then came the housemaid's innings, which ended in a triumphant victory for Julian. On inquiry, however, it turned out that he had had fifteen innings to her one. Great was the enjoyment with which my father told us the tale; but we were secretly touched by the way he entered into the child's feelings when it would have been so easy to say, «Run away; I'm busy.»

A year after, when Julian had learned to write, and was reading the immortal «Water-Babies,» wherein fun is poked at his grandfather's name among the authorities upon water-babies and water-beasts of every description, he greatly desired more light as to the reality of water-babies. There is a picture by Linley Sambourne showing my father and Owen examining a bottled water-baby under big magnifying-glasses. Here, then, was a real authority to consult. So he wrote a letter of inquiry, first anxiously asking his

Dear Grandpater have you
seen a Water-baby?
Did you put it in a bottle?
Did it wonder if it could
get out? Can I see it some
day?

Your Loving
JULIAN.

mother if he would receive in reply a «proper letter,» that he could read for himself, or a «wrong kind of letter,» that must be read to him. To this he received the following reply from his grandfather, neatly printed, letter by letter, very unlike the orderly confusion with which his pen usually rushed across the paper,—time being so short for such a multitude of writings,—to the great perplexity, often, of his foreign correspondents:

HODESLEA
STAVELY ROAD,
EASTBOURNE. March 24
1892.

My dear Julian

I never could make
sure about that Water
Baby. I have seen
Babies in water and
Babies in bottles; but
the Baby in the water
was not in a bottle and
the Baby in the bottle was
not in water.

Ever
your loving
Grandpater

Those who knew him most closely can picture the delight with which he must have flung himself into the fun of the thing; and yet he could not give rein to his humor but some flash of his wisdom endued it with living power. And the wisdom was not all for the young, nor the humor all for the old. The blending of the two makes of the letter a fit pendant to the "Water-Babies," in the same spirit that had drawn both men together years before.

He was generally the first of the elders down of a morning, and it was eminently refreshing to hear the sound of his voice as he gave a cheery welcome to the grandchildren whom he would find down-stairs, playing with the wonderful box of stone bricks that lived at Hodeslea, or looking at picture-books. "You must spare me one of your boys for science," he used to say playfully; for they were both wide awake to all their living surroundings, and delighted in books on natural history. Miss Buckley's charming "Life and

Her Children" is really responsible for the following incident: My father was speaking at lunch of the fact that until you come as high in the animal kingdom as monkeys the male parent has no affection for his young. Suddenly a little voice broke in from the side of the table: "Oh, yes, grandpater. There's the male stickleback builds a house and looks after his young ones, and the mother does n't care for them a bit."

Nothing could better illustrate my father's tenderness to the little ones than a chance comparison in a letter dealing with a very different subject: "— is the most wonderful innocent I ever met with. I could no more be angry with him than I could with one of my grandchildren."

This sympathy with the joys of childhood was united to an equal tenderness for their sorrows and sufferings. He writes to his staunch ally, Parker, on hearing that one of his little boys had died: "Why did you not tell us before that the child was named after me, that we might have made his short life happier by a toy or two?"

His own griefs had taught him to respond to others' griefs, and he fully recognized the power of intense suffering to deepen and broaden the humanity of a man. Little as he wore his heart upon his sleeve, he was profoundly moved by the death of beloved children, the vicissitudes of their illnesses, the mourning of a mother over her children.

"*Experto crede*," he writes to a friend in 1888, "of all anxieties, the hardest to bear is that about one's children." The first blow had come early. The eldest boy was just four years old, the very delight of his parents, the sunshine of the house. A sudden visitation of scarlet fever carried him off. The blow was somewhat lightened by the birth of another son three months later; but even then my father could write of the household: "The boy's advent is a great blessing to her in all ways. For myself, I hardly know whether it is pleasure or pain. The ground has gone from under my feet once, and I hardly know how to rest on anything again. Irrational, you will say, but nevertheless natural."

In after years, perhaps by contrast with the unalterable poignancy of the mother's sorrow, he declared that he felt, with King David, "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept. . . . But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast?" Yet both in this case and in the later loss of his brilliant daughter Marian, it was long before he had the heart to take up the interests of life again, although the other half of the saying

was true enough, and his anxiety while his daughter was ill retarded his recovery when he was sent abroad for his health. Another illustration dates from the summer of 1883, when a blundering telegram from Paris led him to believe that his eldest son, who had just gone abroad, had been seized with fever or had met with an accident. He rushed over to Paris «in a horrid state of alarm,» only to find a telegram from home explaining matters. On his return, he writes to Dr. Foster, and winds up: «Judging by my scrawl, which is worse than usual, I should say the anxiety had left its mark; but I am none the worse otherwise.» And a few years later: «I wish there were no such thing as anxiety. I stood it worse than ever.» His later correspondence, indeed, contains many references to his own and his friends' children. One may be quoted: «I am very glad to hear of R——'s success, and my wife joins with me in congratulations. It is a comfort to see one's shoots planted out and taking root, though the idea that one's cares and anxieties about them are diminished we find to be an illusion.»

A sketch of my father's home life would be incomplete without a word as to his domestic pets. Dogs were rather a trouble in London, and he seldom kept one; but cats were great favorites of his—those cozy creatures that add a final touch of homelikeness to a home, and are like the cricket that Leigh Hunt apostrophizes as

Warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass!

The story is told of Mohammed that once, rather than disturb his cat, he cut off the sleeve of his robe, on which it had gone to sleep. Not less kindly has my father been found in his study reading in an uncomfortable seat, while the cat was lazily curled up in the one arm-chair. He laughingly defended himself by saying he could not turn the poor beast out. At dinner-time he might often be seen with a big cat either on the arm of his chair or couched on his shoulder, demanding proper attention, and, if it thought itself neglected, putting out an eager paw at the morsels on their way to its master's mouth.

In 1893 he was written to by a gentleman who was writing an article on «*Pets of Celebrities*,» and sent the following reply, which is well worth reviving:

«A long series of cats has reigned over my household for the last forty years or thereabouts; but I am sorry to say that I have no

pictorial or other record of their physical and moral excellencies.

«The present occupant of the throne is a large young gray tabby, Oliver by name. Not that he is in any sense a protector, for I doubt whether he has the heart to kill a mouse. However, I saw him catch and eat the first butterfly of the season, and trust that the germ of courage thus manifested may develop, with age, into efficient mousing.

«As to sagacity, I should say that his judgment respecting the warmest place and the softest cushion in a room is infallible, his punctuality at meal-times is admirable, and his pertinacity in jumping on people's shoulders till they give him some of the best of what is going indicates great firmness.»

The withdrawal from the engrossing struggles of life in London, which once more made it possible for some part of my father's energies to run over abundantly upon the little ones, brought another and a very fascinating interest into his life. His love of nature had never run to collection-making, either of plants or animals. He, like one of his German friends, regarded mere «spider-hunters and hay naturalists» as the camp-followers and hangers-on of science. As he so often said, it was the engineering side of physiology, the general plan of animal construction, worked out in infinitely varying detail, which interested him. But now, when long stooping over the microscope became physically impossible, and the power of keeping in the front rank of investigators deserted him, he found some object to pursue in the outdoor world. Driven abroad for his health, in 1886, to spend the summer in the mountain air of Arolla, he began to investigate the Alpine flora, and more particularly the groups and distribution of gentians. «As the best sign of renewed vitality,» he writes to Hooker, «which I can give you, let me say that I have taken to botany. I bought a Swiss flora in Lausanne, and no sooner went to work than I was inveigled by the gentians and their variations. My flora was Gremli's analytical,—no great good, except for finding out names,—but a man in the hotel had Rapin, which helped. I have got hold of some odd things, but I don't doubt they are all known. Please tell me the best monograph on gentians. I must get my head clear about them while I am about it.»

He gives another account of it to Dr. Foster: «By way of amusement I bought a Swiss flora in Lausanne, and took to botanizing; and my devotion to the gentians led the Bishop of Chichester, a dear old man who paid us (that is, the hotel) a visit, to declare

that I sought the (Ur-gentian) as a kind of holy grail.»

This botanizing, which continued the following year at Arolla, «in the interests of the business of being idle,» and later at the Maloja, and culminated in a paper read before the Linnæan Society, took a new form in his last five years, when he had built himself a house and laid out a garden in Eastbourne. Here he threw himself into gardening with characteristic ardor. He described his position as a kind of mean between the science of the botanist and the empiricism of the working gardener. He had plenty to suggest, but his gardener, like so many of his tribe, had a rooted mistrust of any gardening lore culled from books. «Books? They'll say anything in them books.» And he shared, moreover, that common superstition, perhaps really based upon a question of labor, that watering of flowers, unnecessary in wet weather, is actively bad in dry. So my father's chief occupation in the garden was to march about with a long hose, watering, and watering especially his rockeries of Alpines in the upper garden and along the terraces lying below the house. The saxifrages and the creepers on the house were his favorite plants. When he was not watering the one he would be nailing up the other, for the winds of Eastbourne are remarkably boisterous, and shrivel up what they do not blow down. «I believe I shall take to gardening,» he writes, a few months after entering the new house, «if I live long enough. I have got so far as to take a lively interest in the condition of my shrubs, which have been awfully treated by the long cold.» To a great extent this pottering round the garden took the place of the long walks on the bracing downs which had been one of the chief inducements to settling at Eastbourne. After a spell of writing or reading, the garden lay always handy and inviting a stroll of inspection for as long or as short a time as he liked; indeed, my mother was not quite so well satisfied with the saxifrage mania, and declared he caught cold in pottering about his plants. The first terrace behind the house, sheltered from the north, was the place for a bit of exercise on a wet day, and rejoiced in the name of «the quarter-deck.» In the lower garden a corresponding walk was made between two hedges of cypress, designed, when they grew up, to shelter the path from the southerly winds.

«I begin to think with *Candide*,» he writes in 1891, «that (*cultivons notre jardin*) comprises the whole duty of man.»

From this time his letters contain many

references to the garden. He is astonished when his gardener asks leave to exhibit in the local show, but delighted with his pluck. Hooker jestingly sends him a plant «which will flourish on any dry, neglected bit of wall, so I think it will just suit you.»

«Great improvements,» he writes in 1892, «have been going on, and the next time you come you shall walk in the (avenue) of four box-trees. Only five to be had for love or money at present, but there are hopes of a sixth, and then the (avenue) will be full ten yards long! *Figurez vous ça!*»

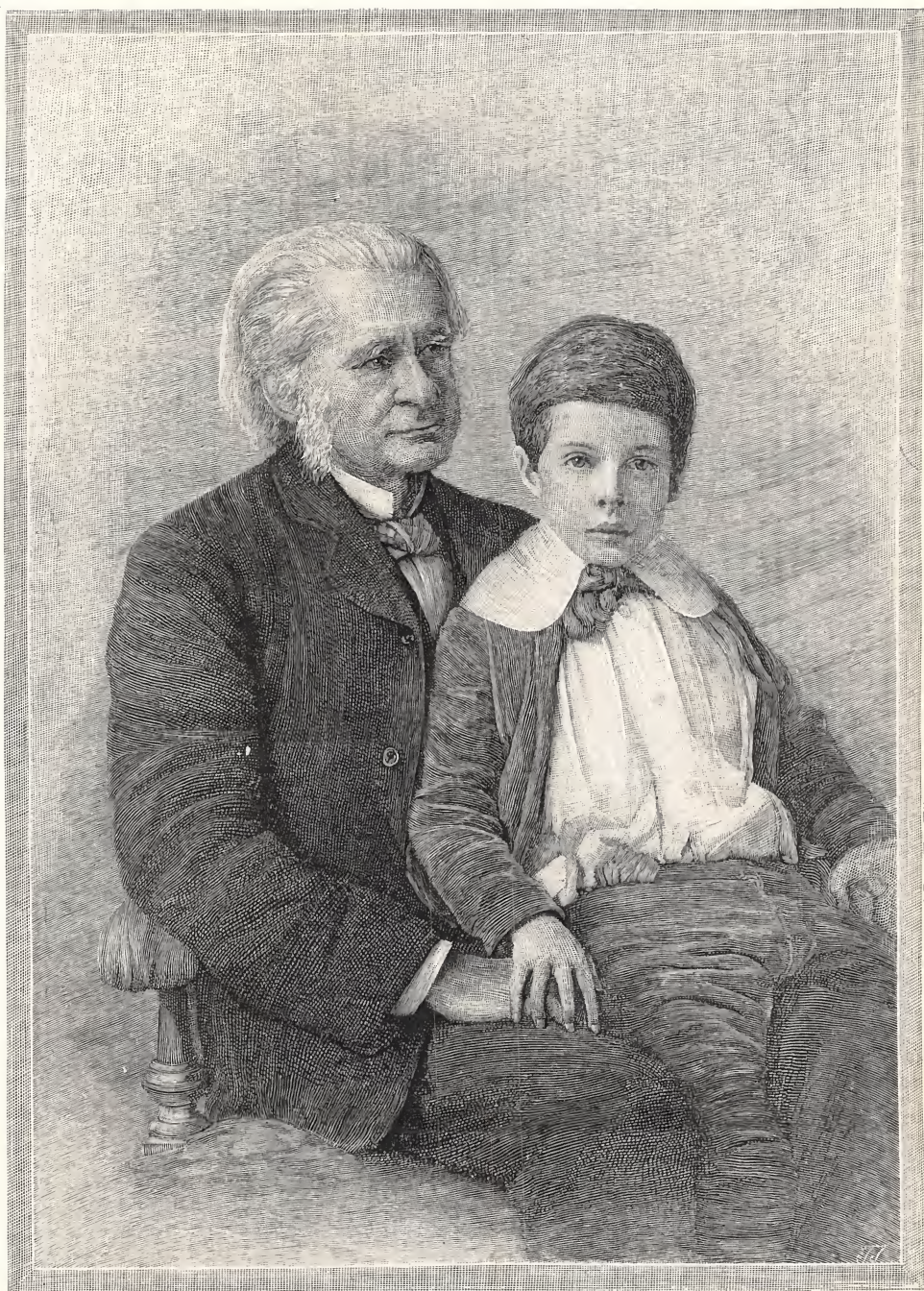
Sad things will happen, however. The local florist vowed that the box-trees would not stand the Eastbourne winds. My father was set on seeing whether he could not get them to grow despite the gardeners, whom he had once or twice found false prophets. But this time they were right. Vain were watering and mulching, and all the arts of the husbandman. The trees turned browner and browner every day, and the little avenue from terrace to terrace had to be ignominiously uprooted and removed. A sad blow this, worse even than the following.

«A lovely clematis in full flower, which I had spent hours in nailing up, has just died suddenly. I am more inconsolable than Jonah!» Next spring he inquires, «Is Mr. Leach going to publish his lecture on (Hardy Clematis and Creepers)? They are just the things I want to know about. What with gales of wind, cold, and lack of rain, gardening here is pursued under difficulties, but we are getting on by degrees.»

He answers some gardening chaff of Dr. Michael Foster's: «Wait till I cut you out at the Horticultural. I have not made up my mind what to compete in yet. Look out when I do!» And when the latter offers to propose him for that society, he replies, «Proud an' 'appy should I be to belong to the Horticultural if you will see to it. Could send specimens of nailing up creepers, if qualification is required.»

One thing that proved my father to be a genuine garden-lover was his pleasure in giving cuttings of his favorite plants to the friends who lived near him. His friends were as generous to him.

A delightful surprise was sprung upon him from an unexpected quarter. My friend and neighbor Mr. Leonard, whose Alpine garden at Guildford is an endless delight to his acquaintances, heard from me that my father was devoted to saxifrages. He promptly asked me to find out how many species my father possessed, and begged to be allowed



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENT & LACEY.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND HIS GRANDSON.

to send specimens of the kinds he had not. As my father possessed only forty species, he wrote back: «Embrace Mr. Leonard for me, and tell him I gladly accept his kind offer.» The saxifrages duly arrived, to the great embellishment of the rockeries.

After his long battlings for his early loves of science and liberty of thought, his later love of the tranquil garden seemed in harmony with the dignified rest from struggle. To those who thought of the past and the present, there was something touching in the sight of the old man whose unquenched fires now lent a gentler glow to the peaceful retirement he had at length won for himself.

His latter days were fruitful and happy in their unflagging intellectual interests, set off by the new delights of the *succidiam alteram*, that second resource of hale old age for many a century.

All through his last and prolonged illness, from earliest spring till midsummer, he loved to hear how the garden was getting on, and would ask after certain flowers. When the bitter cold spring was over, and the warm weather came, he spent most of the day outside, and even recovered so far as to be able to walk once into the lower garden and visit his favorite flowers. These children of his old age helped to cheer him to the last.

«LET THERE BE LIGHT!»

BY STUART STERNE.

«THE life of man,» said one of passing ken,
 «Is like a sparrow's flight
 Through a lit hall—out of one dark again
 Into another night!»

Some sit at feasts with myrtle crowned and rose,
 Some toil with heavy heart,
 Within that House of Life whose portals close
 On us, who thence depart—

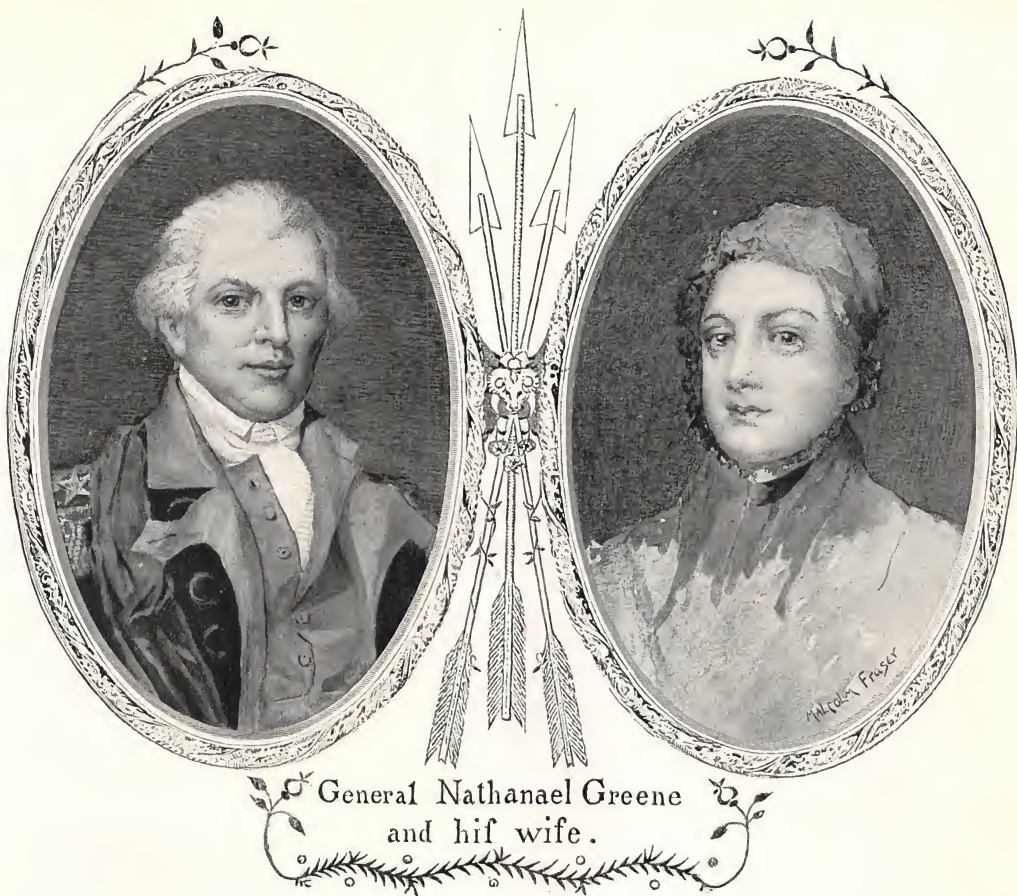
Go, unaccompanied, without one friend,
 Even as we came, alone,
 Blind, dumb, our solitary path to wend
 Into the dim unknown.

On that strange journey shall, some time, somewhere,
 We mayhap come to find
 Some other House of Life, more wide, more fair
 Than this we leave behind?

Oh, question vain! Oh, passionate cry of earth!
 To which the brazen sky,
 Since our small world from chaos had its birth,
 Has never made reply!

And yet, O souls unnumbered as the sand
 Beside the eternal sea,
 Who took your flight from out the Father's hand
 That fashioned thee and me,

Surely our faltering course cannot go far
 Through that dim second night,
 Ere there shall cleave the darkness, like a star,
 His voice, «Let there be light!»



RECOLLECTIONS OF WASHINGTON AND HIS FRIENDS,

AS PRESERVED IN THE FAMILY OF GENERAL NATHANAEL GREENE.

BY MARTHA LITTLEFIELD PHILLIPS.

WITH PICTURES BY MALCOLM FRASER.

I WAS the adopted child, and for many years the constant companion, of my grandmother Cornelia, next to the youngest daughter of Major-General Nathanael Greene. For my instruction she reviewed her early life, and entertained me with stories illustrative of that life. The grip of her recollection on those early times seemed to tighten as the years went on. Her memory was most tenacious, holding fast all of the incidents and observations of her youth.

I propose to collate in this article a few of her narratives of Revolutionary and later times. The earliest of these that I recall was her account of her first interview with her father. She was born while General Greene

was absent on military duty in the field, struggling to uphold the unequal fight for freedom. The baby who afterward became my grandmother was so small and delicate that grave fears were entertained of her life. Such a human mite was she at her birth that she was put into the big cider-mug of her grandfather, and the lid closed, without protest or any observable sense of discomfort.

For several years the once inmate of the cider-mug grew so slowly in stature that her mother was alarmed at the prospect of a dwarf. The midget developed, however, intellectually, and displayed a keenness of sensibility and intelligence that was almost uncanny. It was not until three years after the cider-mug event that General Greene was

able to get leave of absence and visit his home. After greeting his wife and elder children, he asked for his little stranger daughter. Mrs. Greene rang, and ordered the child to be brought; and accordingly the nurse fetched her into the room where the family were assembled.

"I remember distinctly," said my grandmother, "young as I was, the scene of the introduction, and the sense of the importance I felt as the principal person in it. My great soldier-father, of whom I had heard so much and had never seen, was come, and had asked for my acquaintance. The nurse led me, arrayed for the occasion, to the door where my father, throbbing with expectation, awaited me, cheered with the thought of seeing in his youngest daughter the handsome face and form characterizing his other children. When the pale and dwarfish little creature crept to his side, he was overcome with sudden horror, and shut me out from his vision with hands clasped over his eyes, crying out to my mother, 'For God's sake, Katie, take her away!' I read his feelings, and darting from the room, hid

myself in the darkest corner of the nursery. It was a long while before I consented to receive the slightest tender of reparation from my father, or could even be coaxed to look at him. By shows of contrition he finally conquered a peace with me, and made me ever after his pet and darling.

"Of my father his children stood in no sort of awe. On the contrary, he was our boon companion and playfellow, who winked at every atrocity we perpetrated. Discipline, however, we had in abundance from my mo-

ther. One could hardly differ more radically from another in emotional character than my mother from my father. She was undemonstrative, and exacted from her children implicit obedience and unfailing deference. I never entered a room where my mother was without a deep courtesy, and never left it without asking her permission. When I wrote to her from school, each letter began with

(Dear and honored Madam,) and closed with (Your obedient daughter.) It was not that I failed in love for my mother, but it was love mixed with fear. She was the most remarkable combination of intellectual power and physical beauty I have personally encountered in woman. Her glossy black hair, her brilliant violet eyes, her clear-cut features, transparent complexion, and exquisitely molded hands and feet, united to make her lovely. One of my great delights as a child was to steal into her dressing-room and watch the arraying of my beautiful mother for some brilliant function. Her blue-black hair, drifting from the poised head over alabaster shoulders, her tiny shoes aglint with diamond buckles, and the delicate laces enmeshing her



«(OF MY FATHER HIS CHILDREN STOOD IN NO SORT OF AWE.)»

in filmy glory, contributed to the make-up of a vision which centered the gaze of all eyes. I have to this day as an heirloom a pair of those tiny slippers which inclosed her feet. They were made to order in Paris, of white satin brocaded in blue forget-me-nots. The slippers, with their faded satin, are still mine, but minus, alas! the diamond buckles."

In view of the grand toilets of the society dames of colonial and post-colonial days, I inferred that their children were somewhat similarly attired. On inquiry, my grandmo-

ther informed me that the reverse was the case.

“The mothers of that day,” she said, “did not approve of finery for children, and thus it was that my sisters and I wore cottage bonnets, and plain white linen dresses cut low neck and with short sleeves. These, worn winter as well as summer, supplemented by white stockings and black slippers, completed the outside of the young-girl costume of that period.”

“But, grandmother,” said I, “was it not very extravagant to clothe the girls with whitelinen frocks every day?”

“Waiving the question of extravagance,” she replied, “it was a matter of necessity. Cotton cloth was not then in use for any purpose, and therefore linen had to take the place of cotton in all of the latter’s present uses. This reminds me that the first piece of cotton cloth woven in the United States was presented to my mother. My sisters and I covered it with embroidered buds and roses, done in tambour. From this a gown was made, which she wore, to the admiration of all beholders.

“Speaking of gowns,” continued my grandmother, with a far-away look in her eyes, “reminds me of the first beautiful frock of my childhood; and I speak to you of it because it is associated with a circumstance illustrative of my mother’s method of child-training and discipline. I was ten years of age, and this my first beautiful vanity came to me as a present. It was gossamer in texture, and covered with delicate embroidery and rare lace. It was my delight; but I was permitted to wear it only on extraordinary occasions. Once—it is vivid as yesterday—

I was invited to spend a long day in the country with a party of fellow-madcaps. I secretly determined to wear my beautiful frock. Knowing that permission to do so would be denied, I arrayed myself in solitude, and waited alone in my room until the moment that the carriage was ready to bear my sisters and me to the scene of festivity. Then I ran with the speed of a frightened lapwing

and took my place in the carriage, where the others were already seated, and escaped detection. The day in the country was a poem. We plucked flowers and devoured fruit, ran races in the meadows, rode on horses that were without saddles and bridles, and climbed trees. In the intoxication of the romp my frock was soiled, stained, and rent. Reaching home, I hurried, with gathering tears and fluttering heart, to my mother’s room. To my amazement, she showed no trace of anger. After a calm and judicious examination, she said, ‘Well, my daughter, it must be mended.’ ‘But, mama,’ I retorted, ‘that is impossible; it is torn to pieces.’ ‘Nothing is impossible, dear, to patience and perseverance; the frock must be mended.’ And it



“I NEVER ENTERED A ROOM WHERE MY MOTHER WAS WITHOUT A DEEP COURTESY.”

was mended. For the next three weeks I invested two hours of each day threading dwarf-eyed needles, setting invisible stitches, and darning up to the exactions of pattern, until at last the impossible was accomplished.

“One other fact illustrative of my mother’s mode of domestic administration occurs to me. The white sugar, then used exclusively for tea, came in long, conical loaves, and was broken into irregular, small lumps, and dropped into the tea-cups from the grip of massive sugar-tongs. My brother, Nathanael

Greene, Jr., when a mere boy was extravagantly fond of this sugar, and often, after a hungry peep into the big silver sugar-bowl, would express the wish to eat it all.

«My mother in vain assured him that the granting of his wish would end in his sickness. He persisted; and finally, in response, she put the bowl of sugar before him, and compelled him to eat its entire contents! The short but sharp indisposition incurred was a lesson in forbidden saccharine things which my brother afterward declared had more power of reformation than a thousand sermons.»

«Give me, grandmother, the round of your customary daily pursuits in those days, so that I may form an idea of your life then, and that of other children of your age.»

She smiled, and replied: «I am afraid, my daughter, the answer to your question will seem to imply a reflection on the dreamy, pleasure-loving life you and your young friends of to-day are leading. My mother, and the mothers of her time, had a horror of idle hands and brains, which their

children considered almost sinful in its exaggeration. Each daughter of a household was assigned to certain domestic duties, the performance of which was faithfully enforced. No servant, for example, was ever permitted to touch the old silver of the family, or their delicate china, or to fill the vases with flowers, or to dust the ornaments of the drawing-rooms. In our home such functions were performed one week by me, and by my sisters the alternate weeks.

«In addition to such duties, we were carefully taught to knit, to do embroidery in all forms, to learn drawing, music, and dancing,

and acquire poise and grace of carriage. My mother set me in the stocks an hour every day to give the proper outward turn to my toes, and a back-board strapped to my spinal column was a daily companion until I became erect and statuesque of figure.»

Even then, in her seventy-fifth year, my grandmother had the grace and bearing of a queen.

«The second great event of my early life,» said she, «was my first interview with General Washington. But a faint suggestion now survives of the love and reverence for Washington which inspired the children of the Revolution. These sentiments were exceptionally strong in my brothers and sisters and myself, because in addition to the sentiment of patriotism was the personal regard we held for Washington as our father's intimate friend and immediate commander.

«My mother had deeply imbued me with the honor in store, and had drilled my behavior to meet all the probable requirements of the occasion. I was, for example, to rise from my seat for presen-

tation to General Washington, and after tendering him my profoundest courtesy, stand at ease, and modestly answer all his possible questions, but at the same time keep religiously in the background, where all the good little girls of that day were socially referred.

«The eventful day came, and I was taken by my mother to Mount Vernon to make the longed-for visit. We were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Washington; but my heart was so thick with fluttering, and my tongue so tied, that I made but a stuttering semblance of response to her kindly questions. At length the door opened, and General



«MY MOTHER SET ME IN THE STOCKS
AN HOUR EVERY DAY.»

Washington entered the room. I felt my mother's critical eyes, and advanced with the intention of making a courtesy and declaiming the little address previously taught me; instead of which, I dropped on my knees

not have a tender sound, but language may not convey the gentleness of his manner and the winning softness of his voice, as he wiped away my tears with his own handkerchief, kissed my forehead, and led me to a seat as



«I WAS, FOR EXAMPLE, TO RISE FROM MY SEAT FOR PRESENTATION TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.»

at Washington's feet, and burst into tears. All the resources of dramatic art could hardly have devised a more effective coup. Washington stooped and tenderly raised me, saying with a smile, 'Why, what is the matter with this foolish child?' The words do

he might a young princess. He sat beside me, and with laughing jests, brought down to the plane of my appreciation, banished my sins from my eyes, rescued me from humiliation, and brought me back to composure. He guarded me from my mother's outraged eyes,

kept me with him while in the drawing-room, had me placed beside him at the dinner-table, and with his own hands heaped all of the good

revelations of my hopes and fears. It has always impressed me as a quaint and pretty picture, that of the famous warrior, states-



«SO PROUD AND HAPPY WAS THE LITTLE GIRL.»

things on my plate. After dinner he took me to walk in the garden, and with an intelligent stooping to my intellectual stature, and a sympathetic understanding of my emotional state and need, he drew me into talks on the themes of my daily life, and won me into

man, and patriot turning from great affairs, and lending himself to the task of making the happiness and charming the confidence of a shy and frightened child. And so proud and happy was the little girl thus made that, seventy-five years afterward, she lives, with

tears of joy in her eyes, to tell the story to her granddaughter."

"How about Mrs. Washington, grandmother? How did she impress you?" I asked.

"The fact is," she replied, "I was so absorbed on that occasion with General Washington, I paid very little attention to his wife. She took small note of children, and the only recollection that comes to me of her in that first interview is that she was handsome, of dignified carriage, and was dressed in a rich figured silk, with an embroidered apron around her waist, and a dainty kerchief folded about her neck and shoulders.

"The third great event of my young life was my acquaintance with Lafayette. Child as I was, I appreciated in some degree the romance of his mission, and its significance to the patriot cause. He was young then, scarce risen to majority; and while full of the enthusiasm and fire of his nature and race, he had a gentleness of bearing and a benevolence of expression that won all hearts, especially the hearts of children. As the companion in arms and the beloved of my father, he was brought by the latter into the intimacy of our home circle, and became the idol of our affections. Partly because of his attachment to General Greene, and in part also, possibly, because the sight of young things, so far from France, had a special charm for him, a warm attachment sprang up between us, and he taught us to call him 'our dear marquis,' with an evident enjoyment of the loving sound. A circumstance long afterward occurred which showed how kindly and faithfully Lafayette bore in mind the friendship for my father, woven from the ties of

a common cause, a mutual love, and so many common dangers survived.

"My father's youngest son, and the son born to Lafayette during the Revolution, were both named George Washington. This fact abided with Lafayette, and after my father died he applied to my mother to allow him to take my brother George to France, where he might be educated with *his* George, so as

to perpetuate in the sons the love which had illustrated the lives of their fathers. My mother finally consented, and Lafayette's wish was carried into effect; for the boys grew up strong, in full health, thoroughly educated, and loving each other as fondly as their parents could have wished. But alas for human hopes! Shortly after my brother's return home, this young physical and intellectual athlete, so well equipped for the world's work, and on whom so many prayers and ambitious hopes centered, gave up life in its opening flower. A few weeks after his return home, in the midst of a pleasure sail with a party of young friends, his yacht was capsized by a squall, and every soul on board perished."

"Tell me something of your school-days away from home," I requested.

"I am afraid, my daughter,"—and the mischief of remembered pranks smiled in her face,—*"I am afraid my story of those days would not be entirely edifying; for the impression rests with me that for a part of that period I was 'little better than one of the wicked.'* I was placed for four years at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, under the tuition of the Moravian nuns, excellent, good women, who strove with all their pious might to turn into a meek and manageable child the



«THE VISITOR DRANK HIS COFFEE FROM HIS SAUCER.»

breaker of rules, the ringleader in mischief, and the beguiler of the sedate, all of which I was during the first year of my school life. This wild surplus of vitality exhausted itself in a year, and after that I became a diligent student."

"Now, grandmother, tell me something of your young ladyhood, and where its most charming period was passed."

"Unquestionably the period of my *début*," she replied, her eyes kindling.

"Where was that period passed?" I eagerly asked.

"In the Presidential mansion at Philadelphia, as the guest of General and Mrs. Washington. My great father had died three years before Washington's inauguration as President; and when, in the early part of his second administration, the young daughter of his friend and favorite general had grown into womanhood, he and Mrs. Washington sent for her, welcomed her to their home, and in name as well as deed launched her on the tide of social life as their daughter. I spent two winters with them in Philadelphia; and when I review in memory the occurrences



PRESTWOULD, THE FAMILY SEAT OF THE SKIPWITHS, VIRGINIA.



THE HALL AT PRESTWOULD.

of those winters, they seem more like chapters from dream-life than pages from the volume of my actual observations. Everything in America, in the way of men who had made its history, passed under my curious eyes; and many of them came into transient, and a few into permanent, relations with me. Chief of them all, the personality graven deepest on my recollection, is that of Alexander Hamilton. He was then in the meridian of his young manhood, intellectually as well as physically, and was not only a model of manly beauty, but distinguished by a refinement of thought and bearing which made him easily the most attractive man in the social life of his day.

«His marvelous genius for finance had just completed the miracle which Mr. Webster afterward happily described when he said: (Hamilton touched the dead corpse of the national credit, and it sprang to its feet.) Washington betrayed a tenderness of manner with Hamilton almost paternal. He loved and trusted the young fellow who had stood so loyally by him on many hard-fought fields, and had given him so many proofs of his fidelity, insight, and genius; and that one of the strong desires of his life was to see Hamilton

at some future time President of the United States he made no effort to disguise. Years afterward, when Hamilton was struck down by the hand of Aaron Burr, the whole land was oppressed with a sense of personal bereavement, and I was but one of thousands who wept over his untimely fate.

«One incident which occurred during that visit was so comical in itself, and so characteristic of Washington, that I recall it for your entertainment. Early in a bright December morning, a droll-looking old countryman called to see the President. In the midst of their interview breakfast was announced; and the President invited the visitor, as was his hospitable wont on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer; but lest any grief should come to the snowy damask, he laboriously scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's edge before setting it down on the table-cloth. He did it with such audible vigor that it attracted my attention, and that of the several young people present, always on the alert for occasions of laughter. We were so indiscreet as to allow our amusement to become obvious. General Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his

visitor's method of drinking his coffee, making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he reproduced. Our disposition to laugh was quenched at once.

"From the shadow-land of those days," said my grandmother, "there steals out the picture of a gown I wore, so unique in its embellishment, and so sensational in its effects on my companions, that I am moved to tell you of it. An affair of unusual state was to be given at the mansion; and my host and hostess were solicitous that I should pass with credit the challenge of the critical eyes, foreign and domestic, by which I should be studied on that occasion. My invention was aroused to devise something that might signalize my costume; for you must bear in mind that in those days silks and satins were the monopoly of the matrons, and the highest flight in stuffs permitted a girl was India muslin. On the wings of the countless black-birds which infested the plantation of my mother in southern Georgia were small glittering tufts, as brilliantly red as the plumage of a flamingo. From these radiant tufts I had wreaths arranged, and with these the skirt and waist of my gown gleamed from hem to shoulder. 'There needs but one thing to complete the picture,' said Mrs. Washington, as she brought, and had fastened into my sleeves and around my willing arms, a lovely piece of Brussels lace. 'With my love,' she continued, and sanctified the gift with a pressure of tender lips. For that night, in very truth, I was the observed of all observers.

"There, my daughter, you are a naughty girl! For you have aided and connived at a resuscitation of vanity in the heart of an old woman.¹

"The rest of my life as a young lady was passed at 'Dungeness,' the beautiful home of my mother, constructed for her by General Greene, on Cumberland Island, just off the coast of Georgia. It was a superb pile, five stories high, with walls of great thickness, and constructed of 'tabby,' a material made from oyster-shells, and supposed to be indestructible. The grounds were extensive, over-canopied with wide-spreading live-oaks and olive-trees, and brightened with flowers. For years Dungeness was the center of a wide and generous hospitality, and covered with its welcoming roof many of the companions in arms of my father. Chief of those in my recollection was bluff General Knox, who gave me my earliest lessons in horse-back-riding, and fought the battles of the

Revolution over again, in description, for my special edification.

"Long afterward came 'Light-Horse Harry' Lee to Dungeness, saying prophetically, as he entered its doors: 'I come to lay my bones among the children of my comrade in arms.' Not long afterward the expressed purpose of his coming was fulfilled, and he was buried at Dungeness. I am advised that his remains have since been removed by the members of his family, and now rest in the family tomb in Virginia.

"During my life at Dungeness a circumstance occurred there of some historic and scientific interest, and in regard to which much erroneous statement has been made. I refer to the invention of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney, and my mother's connection with it. The facts, briefly stated, were about as follows: While spending the previous summer at Newport, Rhode Island, my mother became acquainted with Mr. Whitney, and grew much interested in the outcome of the experiments he was then making in the interest of his projected gin. To assist in his enterprise, my mother invited him to spend the following winter at Dungeness, where an abundance of cotton and quiet could be assured. Mr. Whitney accordingly came to Dungeness, and diligently pursued his experiments, a room in the fifth story having been specially fitted for his use as an inventor. One morning he descended headlong into the drawing-room, where a number of guests were assembled, and excitedly exclaimed, 'The victory is mine!' In deep sympathy with him, the guests and hostess went with him to his workshop. Whitney set his model in motion. For a few moments the miniature saws revolved without hindrance, and the separation of the seed from the cotton-wool was successfully accomplished; but after a little the saws clogged with lint, the wheel stopped, and poor Whitney was in despair.

"('Here 's what you need!') exclaimed my mother, in her clear, decisive way; and she instantly seized a clothes-brush lying on the mantel, and held it firmly to the teeth of the saws. Again the drum revolved, and instantly the saws were cleaned of the lint, and the last requirement of the great invention was satisfied.

"('Madam,' said Whitney, overcome with emotion, and speaking with the exaggeration of gratitude, 'you have perfected my invention!')

¹ The piece of lace referred to by my grandmother was given by her to her granddaughter Virginia Grey

Skipwith, the wife of Major John Withers Green of Atlanta, who still treasures it as a sacred heirloom.

My grandmother first married Mr. Peyton Skipwith, the eldest son in America of Sir Peyton Skipwith, Baronet, of (Prestwould,) the family seat of the Skipwiths in Mecklen-

She was born in our first, and died during the fratricidal throes of what, please God, was our last, revolution. She prayed that the cup of that bitterness might be spared



«(HERE 'S WHAT YOU NEED!)»

burg County, Virginia. Some years after the death of Mr. Skipwith she was married to my grandfather, Mr. Edward Brinley Littlefield of Newport, Rhode Island, leaving children of both marriages, whose descendants reside in different parts of our country.

her lips—that when her eyes closed they might be shut on a happy, united, and harmonious people. To her, more perhaps than to any living man or woman, our war of sections was an immeasurable horror. Hers, probably more than any heart in America,

was torn by conflicting agonies. Every aspiration of her soul turned to the star-faced banner which Washington, Lafayette, and her own soldier-father had so largely helped to make the emblem of a great nation. On the one side she was drawn, by the forces of nativity, friends, and kinsmen, to the North;

on the other side, by the irresistible ties of blood, home, and children, to the South. Rent by this mortal conflict, the vital powers of eighty-nine years succumbed; and she was laid at rest in her Mississippi home, her frail coffin vibrating with the thunder of hostile cannon.



RUINS OF DUNGENESS.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG.

I.

SAYRE had counseled him on the voyage out (for he had repined ceaselessly at what he called their banishment to the Asiatic station) to wait till they arrived. *He* had never regarded service in Japanese waters as banishment, he said, and he had been out twice before.

Pinkerton had just come from the Mediterranean.

"For lack of other amusement," continued Sayre, with a laugh, "you might get yourself married and—"

Pinkerton arrested him with a savage snort.

"You are usually merely frivolous, Sayre; but to-day you are silly."

Without manifest offense, Sayre went on:

"When I was out here in 1890—"

"The story of the Pink Geisha?"

"Well—yes," admitted Sayre, patiently.

"Excuse me, then, till you are through."

He turned to go below.

"Heard it, have you?"

"A thousand times—from you and others."

Sayre laughed good-naturedly, and passed Pinkerton his cigarette-case.

"Ah! Ever heard who the man was?"

"No." He lighted his cigarette. "That has been your own little mystery—apparently."

"Apparently?"

"Yes; we all knew it was yourself."

"It was n't," said Sayre, steadily. "It was my brother." He looked away.

"Oh!"

"He's dead."

"Beg pardon. You never told us that."

"He went back; could n't find her."

"And you advise me also to become a subject for remorse? That's good of you."

"It is not quite the same thing. There is no danger of you losing your head for—" he glanced uncertainly at Pinkerton, then ended lamely—"any one. The danger would probably be entirely with—the other person."

"Thanks," laughed Pinkerton; "that's more comforting."

"And yet," mused Sayre, "you are hard to comfort—humanly speaking."

Pinkerton smiled at this naïve but quite exact characterization of himself.

"You are," continued Sayre, hesitating for the right word, "impervious."

"Exactly," laughed Pinkerton. "I *don't* see much danger to myself in your prescription. You have put it in rather an attractive light. The idea cannot be entirely disreputa-

ble if your brother Jack used it. We lower-class fellows used to call him Agamemnon, you remember."

"It is not my prescription," said Sayre, briefly, leaving the deck.

BUT Pinkerton not only got himself married; he provided himself with an establishment, creating his menage in quite his own way and entirely for his own comfort.

With the aid of a marriage-broker, he found both a wife and a house in which to keep her. This he leased for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Not, he explained to his wife later, that he could hope for the felicity of residing there with her so long, but because, being a mere "barbarian," he could not make other terms. He did not mention that the lease was determinable, nevertheless, at the end of any month, by the mere neglect to pay the rent. Details were distasteful to Pinkerton; besides, she would probably not appreciate the humor of this.

Some clever Japanese artisans then made the paper walls of the pretty house eye-proof, and, with their own adaptations of American hardware, the openings cunningly lockable. The rest was Japanese.

Mme. Butterfly laughed, and asked him why he had gone to all that trouble—in Japan.

"To keep out those who are out, and in those who are in," he replied, with an amorous threat in her direction.

She was greatly pleased with it all, though, and went about jingling her new keys and her new authority like toys,—she had only one small maid to command,—until she learned that among others to be excluded were her own relatives.

There had been what her husband called an appalling horde of these at the wedding (they had come with lanterns and banners and disturbing evidences of good will), and he asked her, when she questioned him, whether she did not think they would be a trifle wearisome.

"You thing so?" she asked in turn.

"Emphatically," said her husband.

She grew pale; she had not expected such an answer.

He laughed consolingly.

"Well, Ane-San" (which meant only "little sister": there are no terms of endearment in the Japanese language), "you will have to get along without ancestors. Think of the many people who would like to do that, and be comforted."

"Who?" She had never heard of such a thing.

"People, for instance, whose ancestors have perished on the gallows, or, in America, have practised trades."

She did not understand, as often she did not, and he went on:

"I shall have to serve in the capacity of ancestors, and the real ones will have to go, or rather not come."

Again he had the joke to himself; his wife had gone away to cry.

At first she decided to run away from him. But this, she reflected, would not probably please her relatives, since they had unanimously agreed upon the marriage for her. Besides, she preferred to remain. She had acquired a strange liking for Pinkerton and her new way of life. Finally she undertook a weak remonstrance—a very strong one, in fact, for a Japanese wife; but Pinkerton encouraged her pretty domestic autonomy.

"Mr. B. F. Pikkerton,"—it was this, among other things, that he had taught her to call him,—"*I lig if you permit my august ancestors visit me. I lig ver' moach if you permit that unto me.*"

Her hair had been newly dressed for the occasion, and she had stuck a poppy in it. Besides, she put her hand on his arm (a brave thing for her to do), and smiled wistfully up at him. And when you know what Cho-Cho-Sana's smile was like, you will wonder how Pinkerton resisted her. However, he only laughed at her,—good-naturedly always,—and said no.

"We can't adopt a whole regiment of back numbers, you know. You are back number enough for me."

And though he kissed her, she went away and cried again; and Japanese girls do not often cry.

He could not understand how important this concession was to her. Sayre explained to him that in Japan filial affection is the paramount motive, and that these "ancestors," living and dead, were his wife's sole link to such eternal life as she hoped for.

He would provide her a new motive, then, Pinkerton said,—perhaps meaning himself,—and a new religion, if she must have one—himself again. So when she diffidently undertook to explain the phantoms which made up her "religion," Pinkerton expounded what he called the easier Western plan of salvation—seriously, too, considering that all his communications to her were touched with whimsy. After all, she *was* quite an impossible little thing, outside of lacquer and paint. But he struck deeper than he knew; for she went secretly to the church of the



DRAWN BY C. D. WELDON.

MADAME BUTTERFLY.

missionary who served on the opposite hill, and heard the same thing, and learned, moreover, that she might adopt this new religion at any time she chose—even the eleventh hour.

She went out joyously; not to adopt his religion, it is true, but to hold it in reserve if her relatives should remain obdurate. Pinkerton, to his relief, heard no more of it.

But his wife's family (the word has a more important application there than here) held a solemn conference, and certain of them waited upon Lieutenant Pinkerton, and, with elaborate politeness, intimated that his course had theretofore been quite unknown in Japan. This was their oblique way of saying that it was unsatisfactory. They pointed out with patient gravity that he would thus limit his wife's opportunities of reappearing on earth in a higher form of life.

Pinkerton remarked that he was not sure that it was best for his wife to reappear on earth in a higher form.

«Do you know,» he continued to the spokesman, «that you look exactly like a lacquered tragedy mask I have hanging over my desk?»

At this they all laughed good-naturedly, and quite forgot their errand. And Pinkerton labored that they should remember it no more. In the politest way possible he made them drink his liquors and smoke his tobacco (in the generous American fashion), either of which operations was certain to make a Japanese very ill.

They protested a deal of friendship for Pinkerton that night; but at the final conference, where Cho-Cho-San was solemnly disowned, none were more gloomily unfriendly than they who had eaten and drunken with him.

«I did the very best I could for you, little moon-goddess,» said Pinkerton to his wife; «but they were proof against my best wine and tobacco.»

«Ah, you mean—I begin learn you, Mr. B. F. Pikkerton! You mean they *not* proof. Aha!»

And Pinkerton delightedly embraced her.

«You are no longer a back number,» he said.

«Aha! Tha' 's what I thing. Now I bed you I know what *is* that bag number!»

«Well?»

«People lig I *was*.»

«Exactly.»

«But not people lig I *am*?»

«No; you are up-to-date.»

«I egspieg I ought be sawry?» She sighed hypocritically.

«Exactly why, my moon-maid?»

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«Account they outcasting me. Aeverybody thing me mos' bes' wicked in all Japan. Nobody speak to me no more—they all outcast me aexcept jus' you; tha' 's why I ought be sawry.»

She burst into a reckless laugh, and threw herself like a child upon him.

«But tha' 's ezag why I 'm *not*! Wha' 's use lie? It is not inside me—that sawry. Me? I 'm mos' bes' happy female woman in Japan—mebby in that whole worl'. What you thing?»

He said honestly that he thought she was, and he took honest credit for it.

AND after his going, in the whimsical delight they had practised together, she named the baby, when it came, Trouble. Every Japanese baby begins with a temporary name; it may be anything, almost, for the little time. She was quite sure he would like the way she had named him—Trouble, meaning joy. That was his own way. As for his permanent name, —he might have several others before,—that was for him to choose when he returned. And this event was to happen, according to his own words, when the robins nested again.

And spring and the robins had come.

All this to explain why Madame Butterfly and her baby were reclining on the immaculate mats in attitudes of artistic abandon, instead of keeping an august state, as all other Japanese mothers and babes were at this moment doing. American women, we are told, assume more fearless attitudes in the security of their boudoirs than elsewhere. Japanese women, never. Their conduct is always the same. It must be as if some one were looking on—always. There is no privacy for them short of the grave. They have no secure boudoirs.

But Madame Butterfly (through the courtesy of her husband) had both these. It will therefore be argued, perhaps, that she is not a typical Japanese woman. But it is only Lieutenant Pinkerton's views about which we are presently concerned. He called her an American refinement of a Japanese product, an American improvement in a Japanese invention, and so on. And since he knew her best, his words concerning her should have a certain ex-cathedra authority. I know no more.

AND she and the maid, and the baby too, were discussing precisely the matters which have interested us hitherto—Pinkerton, his baby, his imminent return, etc.

Cho-Cho-San, with a deft jerk that was

also a caress, brought the baby into her lap as she sat up suddenly.

«Ah, *you*—you think he is just like any other baby. But—he is a miracle! Yaes!» she insisted belligerently. «The sun-goddess sent him straight from the bridge of heaven! Because of those prayers so early—oh, so *very* early—in the morning. Oh, that is the time to pray!» She turned the baby violently so that she might see his eyes. «Now did any one *ever* hear of a Japanese baby with purple eyes?»

She held him over against the dwarfed wistaria that grew in a flat bronze *koro* at the *tokonuma*, full of purple blossoms. She addressed the maid Suzuki, who stood by, happy as herself, apparently aware that this subject must always be discussed vehemently.

«As purple as that! Answer me, thou giggler; is it not so? Speak! I *will* have an answer!»

Then the maid laughed out a joyous no. If she cherished the Eastern reservations concerning blue eyes and pink cheeks, it was a less heinous offense to lie about it a little than to assert it impolitely. Besides, neither she nor any one else could resist the spirits of her pretty mistress.

«Nor yet so bald of his head?» she insisted, with the manner of Pinkerton—such is example!

The maid also agreed to this.

And then Cho-Cho-San flung the kicking youngster high above her, turned abandonedly over on her back (in charming, if forbidden, postures), and juggled with him there.

«But ah! you *will* have hair, will you not?—as long and glittering as that of the American women. I will not endure thee else.» She became speciously savage. «Speak, thou beggar, speak!»

«Goo-goo,» said the baby, endeavoring diligently to obey.

She shook him threateningly.

«Ah-h-h! You making that non-*senze* with your parent? Now what *is* that you speaking with me? Jap'nese? If it is, I—» She threatened him direly. But he had evidently already learned to understand her; he gurgled again. «Listen! No one shall speak anything but United States languages in these house! *Now!* What you thing? You go'n' go right outside *shoji* firs' thing you do that!» She resumed her own English more ostentatiously,—she forgot it herself sometimes,—and pretended to pitch the baby through the fragile paper wall.

«Also, tha' 's one thing *aeverybody* got

recomleck—account it is his house, his wife, his bebbly, his maiden, his moaney—oh,—*aeverything* is his! An' he say, those time he go'n' 'way, that *aexcep'* we all talking those United States languages when he come, he go'n' bounce us all. *Well!* I don' git myself bounce, Mr. Trouble! An' you got loog out you don', aha! Sa-ay, me? I thing if we doing all those thing he as' us, he go'n' take us at those United States America, an' live in his castle. Then he never *kin* bounce us, aha!»

A bird flew to the vine in the little porch.

«Ah, Suzuki!»

But the maid had withdrawn. She clapped her hands violently for her to return.

«Now why *do* you go away when»—her momentary anger fled, and she laughed—«when birds flying to the wistaria? Go quickly, little maiden, and see if he is a robin, and if he has completed his nest—quickly.»

The maid returned, and said that he was indeed a robin, but that he had no nest there as yet.

«Oh, *how* he is slow! Suzuki, let us find 'nother robin, one that is more indus-tri-ous-and-domes-tic, aha, ha, ha!»

«They are all alike,» said the girl, cynically.

«They—*not!*»

Suzuki giggled. When her mistress took so violently to English she preferred to express herself in this truly Japanese fashion.

«Inform me, if you please, how much nearer beggary we are to-day than yesterday, Suzuki.»

The girl had exact information for her on this subject. She said they had just seventeen yen, fifty-four sen, two rin.

«Alas—alas! *How* we have waste his beautiful moaneys! Tha' 's shame. *But* he will not permit that we starve—account he know we have no one *aexcep'* him. We all outcasted. Now loog how that is bad! *So* jus' when it is all gone he will come with more—lig the stories of ole Kazabu. *Oh!* lig story of uncombed Ronin, who make a large oath that he go'n' be foo-el if he dress his hair until his lord arrive back from the banishment. *Lo!* when they cutting his head off him, account he don' comb his hair, his lord arrive back, an' say, (What they doing with him?)—an' reward him great deal, account he constant until he 'mos' dead. *So*, jus' when we go'n' out on the street mebbly to fine him—you with Trouble on your back, me with my samisen, standing up before all the people, singing funeral songs, with faces, oh, 'bout 'mos' so long,»—she illustrated liberally,—«sad garments, hair all ruffled—so,

dancing liddle—so,»—she indicated how she should dance,—«an' saying out ver' loud, (O ye people! Listen, for the loave of all the eight hundred thousan' gods and goddesses! Behole, we, a poor widow, an' a bebbly what got purple eyes, which had one hosban', which gone off at United States America, to naever return no more—naever! Aexcep' you have seen him? No? See! Oh, how that is mos' tarrible! We giving up all our august ancestors, an' gods, an' people, an' country, oh, *aever*thing, jus' for him, an' now he don' naever come no more! Oh, *how* that is sad! Is it not? Also, he don' even divorce us, so that we kin marry with 'nother man an' git some food. *He?* He don' even *thing* 'bout it! Not liddle bit! He forgitting us—alas! *But* we got keep his house nine hundred an' ninety-nine year! Now thing 'bout *that!* An' we go'n' starve bifore, aexcep' you giving us—ah-ah-ah! jus' one sen! two sen! mebbly fi' sen! Oh, for the loave of sorrow, for the loave of constancy, for the loave of death, jus'—one—sen! Will you please pity us? In the name of the merciful Kwannon we beg. Loog! To move your hearts in the inside you, we go'n' sing you a song of—sorrow—an' death—an' heaven.»

She had acted it all with superb spirit, and now she snatched up her samisen, and dramatized this also; and so sure was she of life and happiness that this is the song of sorrow and death she sang:

Hikari nodokeki haru no nobe,
Niwo sakura-no-hana sakari,
Mure kuru hito no tanoshiki ni,
Shibashi uki yo ya wasururan.

Sunshine on a quiet plain in spring,
The perfume of the blooming cherry-blossoms,
The joy of the gathering crowd,
Filled with love, forget the cares of life.

And then, as always, abandonment and laughter.

«Aha, ha, ha! Aha, ha, ha! What you thing, liddle maiden? Tha's good song 'bout sorrow, an' death, an' heaven? Aha, ha, ha! What—you—thing? Speak!»

She tossed the samisen to its place, and sprang savagely at the maid.

«If that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton see us doing alig those—» ventured the maid in the humor of her mistress.

«O-o-o! You see his eye flame an' scorch lig lightening! O-o-o! He snatch us away to the house—so—so—so!»

The baby was the unfortunate subject for the illustration of this. He began to whimper.

Rog-a-by, bebbly, off in Japan,
You jus' a picture off of a fan.

This was from Pinkerton. She had been the baby then.

«Ah, liddle beggar, he din' know he go'n' make those poetries for you! He don' suspect of you whichever. *Well!* I bed you we go'n' have some fun when he *do*. Oh, Suzuki! Some day, when the emperor go abroad, we will show him. You got say these way»—she changed her voice to what she fancied an impressive male basso: «(Behole, heaven-descended-ruler-everlasting-great-Japan, the first of your subjecks taken his eye out those ver' blue heaven whence you are descend!) Hence the emperor loog on him; then he *stop* an' loog; he kin naever git enough loogs. Then he make Trouble a large prince! An' me? He jus' say onto me: (Continue that you bring out such sons.) Aha, ha, ha! What you thing?»

The maid was frankly skeptical.

«At least you kin do lig the old *nakodo* wish you—for you are most beautiful.»

Cho-Cho-Sud dropped the baby with a reckless thud, and sprang at her again. She gripped her throat viciously, then flung her, laughing, aside.

«Speak concerning marriage once more, an' you die. An' tha' 's 'nother thing. You got know at his United States America, if one is marry one got stay marry—oh for-aever an' aever! *Yaes!* Nob'y cannot git himself divorce, aexcep' in a large court-house an' jail. Tha' 's way with he—that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton—an' me. If he aever go'n' divorce me, he got take me at those large jail at that United States America. Tha' 's lot of trouble; hence he rather stay marry with me. Also, he *lig* be marry with me. Now loog! He leave me a 'mos' largest lot money in Japan; he give me his house for live inside for nine hundred an' ninety-nine year. I cannot go home at my grandmother, account he make them outcast me. *Sa-ay*, you liddle foolish! He coming when the robins nest again. Aha! What you thing?»

The maid should have been excused for not being always as recklessly jubilant as her mistress; but she never was. And now, when she chose silence rather than speech (which was both more prudent and more polite), she took it very ill.

If Pinkerton had told her to go home, even though she had no home to go to, she would have been divorced without more ado. Perhaps she was logical (for she reasoned as he had taught her—she had never reasoned before) in considering that as he had distinctly

told her not to do so, it was an additional surety for his return.

Her mistress again took up the happier side of the matter. The baby was asleep.

«An' also, what you thing we bedder doing when he come?»

She was less forcible now, because less certain. This required planning to get the utmost felicity out of it—what she always strove for.

«Me?—I thing I—dunno,» the maid confessed diplomatically.

«Aha, ha, ha! You dunno? Of course you dunno whichever! Well—I go'n' tell you.» The plan had been born and matured that instant in her active little brain. «Jus' recomleck 't is a secret among you an' me. We don' tell that Mr. Trouble. Hoash! He don' kin keep no secret. Well, listen! We go'n' watch with that spying-glass till his ship git in. Then we go'n' put cherry-blossoms aeverywhere; an' if 't is night, we go'n' hang up 'bout 'mos' one thousan' lanterns—'bout 'mos' one thousan'! Then we—wait. Jus' when we see him coming up that hill—so—so—so—so,»—she lifted her kimono, and strode masculinely about the apartment,—«then! We hide behine the shoji, where there are holes to peep.» She glanced about to find them. «Alas! they all mended shut! But»—she savagely ran her finger through the paper—«we soon make some, aha, ha, ha! So!» She made another for the maid. «Then we lie quiet lig mice, an' make believe we gone 'way. Better n't we leave liddle note: (Gone 'way foraever. *Sayonara*, Butterfly)? No; tha' 's too long for him. He git angry those ways on the first word, an' say those remark 'bout debbil, an' hell, an' all kind loud languages. Tha' 's time, bfore he gitting *too* angry, to rush out, an' jump all roun' his neck, aha!»

Cho-Cho-San paused ecstatically. But the maid would not have it so. She had seen them practise such divine foolery,—very like two reckless children,—but never had she seen anything with such dramatic promise as this.

«Oh! an' what he say *then*?» she begged with wild interest.

Madame Butterfly was reënergized by the maid's applause.

«Ah-h-h!» she sighed. «He don' say—jus' he *kiss* us, oh, 'bout three—seven—ten—a thousan' time! An' amberace us two thousan' time 'bout 'mos'—till we got make him stop, aha, ha, ha! account he might—might—*kill* us! Tha' 's *ver* bad—to be kill kissing.»

Her extravagant mood infected the maid.

She had long ago begun to wonder whether, after all, this American passion of affection was altogether despicable. She remembered that her mistress had begun by regarding it thus; yet now she was the most daringly happy woman in Japan.

«Say more,» the maid pleaded. Cho-Cho-San had a fine fancy, and the nesting of the robins could not, at the longest, be much longer delayed now; she let it riot.

«Well,»—she was making it up as she went,—«when tha' 's all done, he loog roun' those ways lig he doing 'mos' always, an' he see sump'n' an' he say: (Oh, 'el-lo! Where you got that chile?) I say: (Ah—oh—*ah*! I thing mebbly you lig own one, an' I buy 'im of a man what din' wan' no bebbly with those purple eye an' bald hairs.) An' he as' me, (What you pay?) Americans always as' what you pay. I say: (Oh, lem me see. I thing, two yen an' two sen. Tha' 's too moach for bald bebbly?) But tha' 's a time he saying: (I bed you tha' 's a liar; an' you fooling among me.) Then he gitting angry, an' I hurry an' say, one las' time, (Tha' 's right. I tole you liddle lie for a *fun*. I din' pay nawthing for him, *aeexcep*—*sa-ay*!) Then I whisper a thing inside his ear,—jus' a liddle thing,—an' he see! Aha, ha, ha! Then he say once more, las' time,—ah, what you thing, Suzuki?»

But the girl would not diminish her pleasure by guessing.

«(God a'mighty!) Aha, ha, ha!»

«Tha' 's all things you know?» questioned the maid, reproachfully, «an' all things you do?»

She had a right to feel that she had been defrauded out of a proper dénouement.

«Ah-h-h-h! What would you have that is more? Jus' joy an' glory foraevermore! Tha' 's 'nough. What you thing? You know that song?

«'T is death when we part,
'T is life when we meet?»

Her mistress had grown plaintive in those two lines.

«I hear him sing that,» murmured the maid, comfortingly.

Her spirits vaulted up again.

«But ah! You aeever hear him sing—?»

She snatched up the samisen again, and to its accompaniment sang, in the pretty jargon he had taught her (making it as grotesque as possible the more to amuse him):

I call her the belle of Japan—of Japan;
Her name it is O-Cho-Cho-San—Cho-Cho-San;
Such tenderness lies in her sweet almond eyes,
I tell you she 's just *ichi ban*.

«Tha's *me*—aha, ha, ha! Sa-*ay*—you thing he aever going away again when he got that liddle chile, an' the samisen, an' the songs, an' all the joy, an'—an' *me*?» And another richly joyous laugh.

«Oh, you an' the samisen an' joy—poof!» said the maid. «But the chile—tha's 'nother kind thing. Aexcep' *he* grow up, an' go 'way after his father?»

She was odiously unsatisfied. She would leave nothing to fate. But out of her joyous future her mistress satisfied even this grisly doubt.

«Ah-h-h! *But* we go'n' have more—lig steps of a ladder, up, up, up! An' all purple eyes—oh, aevery one! An' all males! Then, if one go 'way, we got 'nother an' 'nother. Then, how *kin* he, that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton, aever go 'way? Aha!»

«Yaet, O-Cho-Cho-San, if you—»

Was this a new doubt? It will never be known.

«Stop! Tha's 'nother thing. You got call me O-Cho-Cho-San, an' Missus Ben-ja-meen Frang-a-leen Pikkerton. Sa-*ay*; you notize how that soun' gran' when my hosban' speaking it that aways? Yaes! 'Mos' lig I was a emperess. Listen! I tell you 'nother thing, which is 'nother secret among you an' me jus': I thing it is more nize to be call that away—jus' Missus Ben-ja-meen Frang-a-leen Pikkerton—than heaven-descended-female-ruler-everlasting-great-Japan, aha! Sa-*ay*; how I loog if I an emperess? What you thing?»

She imitated the pose and expression of her empress very well.

«If your face a liddle longer you loog ezag lig,» said the maid.

But her mistress was inclined to be more modest.

«Ah, no. *But* I tell you who loog lig a' emperor—jus' ezag—that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton, when he got that unicorn upon him, with gole all up in front an' down behine!»

And at this gentle treason the maid made no protest.

The baby continued to sleep. He rather justified the praises of his mother. He was as good as a Japanese baby, and as good-looking as an American one.

Somebody was without.

«Gomen nasai» («I beg your pardon»).

It was a familiar, deprecatory voice, accompanied by the clapping of hands.

Cho-Cho-San smiled intelligently, and called the maid.

«Oh, Suzuki, Goro the nakodo—he is without.»

The two exchanged glances of amusement, and the maid proceeded to admit him.

Madame Butterfly received him with the odious lack of ceremony her independent life with Pinkerton had bred. The go-between pointed out how sad this was to as beautiful a woman as she.

«Is it a trouble to you?» she asked, perking her head aside.

The nakodo only sighed gloomily.

Madame Butterfly laughed. «Poor, nize liddle ole man,» said she, with specious pity, inpolitest English; «do not trouble'bout me.»

«I must; you have no parents now.»

«Ah-h-h! *But* will you not permit *me* to suffer?»

«But you will never be married!»

«How tarrible!»

He took this quite seriously, and became more cheerful.

«Yes; a beautiful woman like you must have a husband.»

«Yaes. Thangs; I got one.»

«I mean a Japanese husband.»

«Oh—ah? That will have me a month, and then divorce me? And then another, and another, and another?»

She was becoming belligerent.

«How is it better with you now?»

She recovered her good humor.

«At America one is married foraever—aexcep' the other die. Aha! What you thing?»

She had been speaking indifferently both languages, and now the nakodo, who was not apt at English, begged her to explain this in Japanese. She did so.

«Yamadori has lived long at America, and he says it is not thus. Is it not safe to rely upon his excellent wisdom?»

«No; for I, which am foolish, are wiser than both you an' he. Aeverybody got stay marry at United States America. No one can git divorce, except he stay in a large courthouse, all full of judges with long faces, an' bald on their heads, long, long time; mebbly two—four—seven year! Now jus' thing'bout that—*how* that is tiresome! Tha's why no one don' git no divorce; they too tire' to wait. Firs', the man he got go an' stan' bfore those judge, an' tell all he thing'bout it. Then the woman she got. Then some lawyers quarrel with those judge; an' then the judges git jury, an' as' 'em what they thing'bout it; an' if they don' know they *all* git put in jail till they git done thinging'bout it, an' whether they got git divorce or not. Aha!»

«Where did you learn that?» asked the old nakodo, aghast.

It was so evidently the invention of Pikkerton that it seemed superfluous to make the explanation. The nakodo said curtly that he did not believe it.

Cho-Cho-San was exasperated. She flung the blue-eyed baby up before him.

"Well, then, do you believe *that*?"

She laughed almost malignantly. The marriage-broker gulped down this fearful indignity as best he might. He hoped there were not going to be any more such women in Japan as the result of foreign marriages. But even this phase of the situation had been discussed with his client.

"But Yamadori, who was bred to the law, tells me that our law prevails in such a matter, the marriage having taken place here."

She gave a gasp, and cried like a savage wounded animal:

"Yamadori—lies!"

The nakodo was silenced. She crushed the baby so fiercely to her breast that he began to cry.

"*Sh!*" she commanded harshly. He looked up for an incredulous instant, then burrowed his head affrightedly into her kimono. She turned upon the nakodo in magnificent scorn.

"Oh—*you—foo-el!* You thing he naever arrive back. He *do!*"

She snatched a photograph from an easel at the tokonoma, tore the child from his hiding, and held them up together. Her purpose was quite evident.

The nakodo was thoroughly frightened.

"Now what you thing? Aha, ha, ha! *Sa-ay*—I bed you all moneys he go'n' come 'mos' one millions mile for see that chile! Tha' 's what I all times praying Shaka an' the augustnesses—for one chile ezag' lig him. *Well, sa-ay!* I got him. An' now that Mr. Ben-ja-meen Frang-a-leen Pikkerton he *got* come back—hoarry—even if he don' lig. He cannot stand it. But he do lig."

All her passion was gone now, and her sure gladness returned. She was naïve and intimate and confidential again.

"*Sa-ay!* Firs' I pray his large American God—that huge God a'mighty,—but tha' 's no use. He don' know me where I live. Then I pray Shaka an' all the *kaimyo* of the augustnesses in the god-house. I thing they don' hear me, account they outcasted me when I marry with that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton. *But*—she smiled at her pretty celestial cajolery—"I pray them so long an' so moach more than they aever been pray with bfore that they feel good all times, an'—an'—there was finality in this—"an' 't *is* use. An' mebbly I not *all* outcasted! Don' tell him.

He—he laugh upon my gods, an' say they jus' wood an' got no works in them. An' he all times call the augustnesses bag numbers! Jus' he don' know till he fine out. Aha, ha, ha!"

"If he returns he will probably take the child away with him—that is his right."

But nothing could ruffle Madame Butterfly now. She laughed sibilantly at this owl-like ignorance.

"Oh-h-h! *How* you don' know things! *How* you don' onderstan' me what I mean, whichever! Of course he take that chile away with him—of course! An' *me*—me also; an' Suzuki, aha! An' we go an' live in his castle foraeve an' aever!"

The improbability of changing the girl's point of view began to dawn upon the slow intellect of the nakodo.

"At least, Yamadori wishes for a look-at meeting. I have promised him. Will you not grant this?"

Cho-Cho-San shook her head at him knowingly.

"An' if I do not, he not go'n' pay you one present?"

She laughed wildly, and the nakodo by a grin admitted the impeachment.

"Well,—the spirit of mischief possessed the girl,—"*sa-ay*—I don' keer. Let him come. He lig see me; I lig see him. An' if I say I go'n' marry him, he got marry me right away. Aha!"

The nakodo said delightedly that that was precisely what he sought.

"Yaes; *but* suppose they put me in a large jail, an' got loog out between bar—so,—she illustrated,—"*an' don' git nawthing to eat; he go'n' stay all times behine my side, an' comforting me? I dunno. Mebbly they cut my hade off me. Then he got git his hade cut off, too, an' go the road to Meido together. An' suppose*—she whispered it horridly—"that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton—aha, ha, ha!—arrive?"

The nakodo was not sure how much of this was meant seriously. They were extremely unusual humors to him. But she had consented to the meeting, and he promptly took her at her word.

"When, then, will it please you to have me bring Yamadori?"

"When you lig."

The nakodo fixed that day a week.

As he was going, Cho-Cho-San laughingly asked:

"*Sa-ay!* How often he been marry?"

"But twice," the nakodo replied virtuously.

"An' both times divorce?"

He admitted that this was the case.

«An' both times jus' on visit from United States America?»

Under her laughing gaze it seemed best to admit it.

«Oh! *he*—he jus' marry 'nother for *fun*.»

He heard her laugh again as he left the courtyard; but he had confidence in the ability of Yamadori to accomplish his purpose if he could be brought into contact with her. He was one of the modern pensioned princes of Japan, a desirable matrimonial article.

The look-at meeting came about as planned. There was a distinct air of state about Madame Butterfly's house on that day. The baby, and all the frivolities that attended him, were in banishment. The apartment had been enlarged by the rearrangement of the *shoji*. At the head of it, statuesque in her most brilliant attire, sat Cho-Cho-San. Japanese women are accomplished actresses; and looking in upon Cho-Cho-San just at the moment of Yamadori's arrival, one would not have known her. She was as unsmiling as the Dai-Butsu.

The grave ceremonies attending the advent of a candidate for matrimony went forward with almost no recognition from Cho-Cho-San until they had come to the point where they might seat themselves before her, to inspect and be inspected. Then she struck her fan against her palm, and Suzuki appeared, and set the tobacco-box between them.

Yamadori suggested somewhat the ready-made clothier—inevitable evidence of transformation; otherwise he was the average modern Japanese. He might not converse directly with Cho-Cho-San, especially concerning the business in hand; but he was not prohibited from conferring with the *nakodo* about it in her presence. The rule of decorum for such an occasion simply decreed that she should be blind and deaf concerning what went on. The convenience of the arrangement is obvious. The *nakodo*, the representative of both parties, was happily permitted, on the part of the one, to regard what was happening as if it had not happened, and, on the part of the other, as if it had.

«She is quite as beautiful as you said,» remarked Yamadori, after a careful inspection with his glass.

The *nakodo* nodded virtuously, and filled his pipe. His client lighted a cigarette.

Cho-Cho-San did not even smile.

«And her father, you say, was in the Satsuma rebellion on the emperor's side?»

The marriage-broker satisfied his client

to the last particular of her father's bloody end.

«And you have told her faithfully of me?»

He paused on the last word to note its effect upon Cho-Cho-San. There was none, and he hastened to add cumulatively, «And my august family?» He paused again. But again there was no sign from the lady of the house. «And have offered her my miserable presents?»

To each of these the broker answered yes.

«Then why, in the name of the gods, does she wait?»

The *nakodo* explained with a sigh that she had declined his presents.

«I will send her others. They shall be a thousand times more valuable. Since I have seen her I know that the first must have been an affront.»

Yamadori unquestionably smiled in the direction of Cho-Cho-San, as if she were a woman of joy.

The light of battle came into the stony eyes of the girl. She clapped her hands almost viciously. The little maid appeared.

«Tea!» she said.

The maid brought the tea; and with that splendid light of danger still in her eyes, Cho-Cho-San served it. With the air of a princess she put on in an instant all the charms of a *mousmee*. She gave back smile for smile now, and jest for jest. She begged Yamadori, with the most charming upward inflections, to put away his cigarette and take her *shippo* pipe, and he did it. She let him touch her hands in the passage of the cups.

«I will give her a castle to live in,» said Yamadori, breathlessly.

The *nakodo* sighed. Cho-Cho-San refilled his pipe with an incomparable grace.

«She shall have a thousand servants.»

There was no response.

Cho-Cho-San returned the pipe, smiling dazzlingly.

«Everything her heart can wish!» cried Yamadori, recklessly.

The *nakodo* turned beseechingly toward the girl. She lifted her eyebrows. He did not understand. As she passed him then she laughed.

«Is it enough?»

«I will give a solemn writing,» added Yamadori, fervidly.

«She still fancies herself perhaps married to the American,» sighed the *nakodo*.

Yamadori laughed disagreeably.

«If your excellency would condescend to explain—»

"Oh, she is not serious. A sailor has a sweetheart in every port, you know."

Cho-Cho-San whispered something to the nakodo.

"But she is perhaps his *wife*," answered he, obediently.

"Yes," said Yamadori, as if they were the same.

Cho-Cho-San whispered again.

"But the child—there is a most accomplished child?" said the nakodo again.

"Yes," said the traveled Japanese with the same smile and the same intonation.

There was a distinct silence. Cho-Cho-San smiled more vividly. The nakodo grew anxious. Yamadori cast his eyes toward the ceiling, and continued:

"A sailor does not know the difference. In no other country are children esteemed as they are here. In America people sometimes deny them. They are left in a basket at some other person's door. But the person does not receive them. They are then cared for by the municipality as waifs. It is shameful to besuch a child. There are great houses and many officers in each city for the care of these. They are an odious class by themselves, and can never rise above their first condition."

The nakodo glanced askance at his client. He had not the slightest objection to a man who would lie a little to win his cause, but to lie too much was to lose it.

"I myself knew a man whose child became a cripple. He sent him to the mayor of the city, saying that as the cars of the city had injured him, the city must bring him up. He was sent to the poorhouse, and afterward to the stone-quarries. It was a most piteous sight."

Cho-Cho-San bent again to the ear of the old man. There was a tremor in her voice now.

"Had he eyes of purple?"

"He was beautiful of face; but surely eyes of purple are not desirable?" Yamadori brought his own down from the ceiling and leveled them at Cho-Cho-San. She still smiled, but there was a bright-red spot in each cheek now. "But he was misshapen, and he was never known to laugh. I saw many such. I saw—"

Madame Butterfly clapped her hands again. The maid appeared promptly; she had expected the summons.

"Suzuki—good Suzuki, the excellent gentlemen"—she swept a royal gesture toward them—"who have done us the honor to call, they wish to go hurriedly. Their shoes—will you not hasten them?"

With a final brilliant smile she turned her back upon them and left the room.

"YOUR story of the rejected children did it," reproached the nakodo, on the way.

"I had not got to the worst," said his client, ruefully.

"Lucky she turned us out when she did, then."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the suitor, in sudden wrath.

"Oh," said the broker, in polite haste, "I was beginning to feel—ill."

The irony of this escaped the client. Still, Goro would have had a less opinion of Yamadori if, having lied once, he had not lied again in defense of the first.

Though Yamadori came no more, he had brought the serpent to Madame Butterfly's Eden.

II.

ONE day she took her courage, and the maid's too, for that matter, in both hands, and called upon the American consul. She saw the vice-consul. There was a west wind, and it was warm at Nagasaki. He was dozing. When he woke, Madame Butterfly was bowing before him. At a little distance was the maid with the blond baby strapped to her back. He was unable to account for them immediately.

"Goon night," said Cho-Cho-San, smiling amiably.

The consul glanced apprehensively about.

"Night! Not night, is it?"

They both discovered the error at the same instant.

"Ah! no, no, no! Tha' 's *mis*-take. Me—I 'm liddle raddle'. Aexcuse us. Tha' 's not nize, mak' *mis*-take. We got call you good morning, I egspeg, or how do? What you thing?"

"Whichever you like," he answered without a smile.

Then Cho-Cho-San waited for something further from the consul. Nothing came. She began to suspect that it was her business to proceed instead of his.

"I—I thing mebbly you don' know me?" she questioned, to give him a chance.

"Oh, yes, I do," declared the consul. In fact, everybody knew her, for one reason and another—her baby, her disowning, her marriage. "You are O-Cho-Cho-San, the daughter"—he forgot her father's name, though he had often heard it. "You used to dance, did you not?"

"Aha! See! Tha' 's what I thing. You don' know me whichaever. I nobody's daugh-

ter; jus' Missus Ben-ja—no! Missus Frang-a-leen Ben-ja-meen—no, no, *no*! Missus Ben-ja-meen Frang-a-leen Pikkerton. Aha, ha, ha! I liddle more raddle'»

«Oh!» The consul was genuinely surprised, and for the first time looked with interest at the child. Cho-Cho-San, to aid him, took Trouble from the maid. Finally he politely asked her what he could do for her.

«I got as' you a thing.»

She returned the baby to the maid.

«Proceed,» said the consul.

«You know 'bout birds in your country?»

«Yes, something.»

«Ah! tha' 's what I thing. You know *aever*thing. Tha' 's why your country sen' you here—account you ver' wise.»

«You do me too much honor,» laughed the consul.

«You—*don*'—know?»

She was distinctly alarmed.

«Everything? No; only a few things.»

«*But* you know 'bout birds—*robins*—jus' liddle robins?»

Her inflections denounced it a crime not to know. He was not proof against this, or against these.

«Oh, yes,» he said; «of course.»

«Aha! Of course. Tha' 's what I all times thinging. Tha' 's *mis*-take by you?»

They could laugh together now.

«Ah! Tell me, then, if you please, when do those robin nest again? *Me*? I thing it is later than in Japan, is it not? Account—jus' account the robins nesting again jus' *now*.»

The consul said yes because the girl so evidently desired it.

«Aha! Tha' 's what I thing. Later—moach later than in Japan, is it not?»

Again her fervid emphasis obliged him to say yes, somewhat against his conscience.

«An'—*sa-ay*! When somebody gitting marry with 'nother body at your America, don' he got stay marry?»

«Usually—yes; decidedly yes; even sometimes when he does n't wish to.»

«An' don' madder where they live?»

«Not at all.»

«Ah-h-h! *How* that is nize! *Sa-ay*; you know all 'bout *that*. What you thing?»

«Well, I know more about that than about ornithology. You see, I've been married, but I've never been a robin.»

The joke passed quite unnoticed. She put her great question:

«An' no one can't git divorce from 'nother *aexcep*' in a large court-house full judge?»

«Yes,» laughed the consul; «that is true.»

«An' that take a ver' long time?»

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«Yes; nearly always. The law's delay—»

«An' sometimes they git inside a jail?»

«Occasionally that happens, too, I believe.»

Every doubt had been resolved in her favor.

«An' if they got a nize bebbly yaet—don' they—ah, don' *aever*ybody lig that?»

«I did, very much. Mine is a fine boy.»

«*Sa-ay*! He loog lig you—purple eye, bald hairs, pink cheek?»

«I 'm afraid he does.»

«'Fraid?»

«Glad, then.»

«Oh! 'Fraid mean glad? Yaes. Tha' 's way Mr. B. F. Pikkerton talking.»

The consul laughed, but he could not quite understand the drift of her questioning.

«If people have a nize bebbly alig that, they don' give him away, not to nobody—they don' *lig*? What you thing?»

«I should think not!» For a moment he looked savage, as a young father can.

Cho-Cho-San's face glowed. She stood consciously aside, that the consul might the better see the baby on Suzuki's back. He understood, and smiled in the good-fellowship of new parenthood. He made some play with the child, and called him a fine fellow.

«Ah! You naever seen no soach bebbly, I egspeg?»

In the largess of his fellowship he declared that he had not. He had only recently been engaged in putting the same question to his friends. She had hoped, indeed, that he would go on from that and say more, the subject so abundantly merited it: but she now remembered that, in her haste to satisfy her doubts, she had neglected all those innumerable little inquiries which go to make up the graceful game of Japanese courtesy. Though she might neglect them with Pinkerton, she must not to a stranger who was obliging her.

«Ah! How is that health? Also, I am sawry I woke you up, excellent. That is not a happy for the most exalted health. Therefore, I pray your honorable pardon. An'—*how* is that health?»

The consul said that he was quite well.

«Ah, *how* that is nize! An' you always sleeping well, most honorable?»

He nodded.

«Yaes—I hear you sleep. Oh! Tha' 's not joke! No, no, no!»

He had laughed, but she would never do that.

«But I do—snore, I believe.»

«*Oh*! Jus' lig gen-tle bree-zes.»

He said that he could not do better than adopt this charming euphemism.

«Also, how ole you gitting ver' soon?»

«Thirty.»

A Japanese always adds a few years. She therefore thought him younger, and her veneration abated accordingly. But he was in fact older.

«Tha' 's also nize—ver' nize. I wish I so ole. That Mr. B. F. Pikkerton he lig me more if I older, I thing.» She sighed.

«I don't know about that.» But he would not meddle. «How old are you, pray?»

This was only the proper return for her courtesy. Besides, the consul was enjoying the usually dull game of decorum to-day. The girl was piquant in a most dazzling fashion.

«Me? I 'bout—'bout—» (what he had said made her doubt a little the Japanese idea) «'bout 'mos' twenty-seven when the chrysanthemum blooms again.»

She was seventeen.

He acquiesced in the fiction, but smiled at the way she hung her head and blushed; this was not the Japanese way of telling one's age (or any other gentle lie).

«You got a grandmother?» she proceeded.

«Two,» alleged the consul.

«Tha' 's ver' splendid. An' is she well in her healths also?»

«Which one?»

She passed the joke, if she saw it. No Japanese will make his parent the subject of one.

«The ole one—always the ole one firs'.»

The consul felt queerly chidden.

«She was well at last accounts.»

«Tha' 's nize. An' the young one?»

«The same. And now, about yours?»

«Alas! I have not that same happiness lig you. I got not ancestors whichever. They all angry account that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton, so they outcast me out the family. He don' lig that they live with him, account they bag numbers. He an' me go'n' be only bag number, he say. He big boss bag number, me jus' liddle boss bag number. *Me?* I don' got ancestors before me nor behine me now. Hence they don' show me the way to Meido when I die. Well, me? I don' keer whichever. I got hosban' an' bebbly tha' 's mos' bes' nize in Japan, mebbly in the whole worl'. An' I kin go at Nirvana by 'nother road, aha! if I moast.»

The kindly consul better than she understood both the effect of this separation of her from her «ancestors,» and the temperament of Pinkerton. He undertook, notwithstanding his resolution not to meddle, a tentative remonstrance. She listened politely, but he made no impression.

«You must not break with your relatives. If Pinkerton should not, should—well, die, you know, you would indeed be an outcast. If your own people would have nothing to do with you, nobody else would. It must, of course, be known to you that your—marriage with Pinkerton has put you in unfortunate relations with everybody; the Japanese because you have offended them, the foreigners because he has. What would you do in such a case?»

«Me? I could—dance, mebbly, or—or die?»

But she laughed as she said it. Then she acknowledged his rebuking glance.

«Aexcuse me, tha' 's not—nize? Well, it is not so easy to die as it was—before he came.» She sighed happily.

The consul was curious.

«Why?» he asked.

«He make my life more sweet.»

«But that is no reason for quarreling with your family.»

«*But they don' wan' me, because my hosban' don' wan' them!* Henceforth I got go 'way from my hosban' if I wan' them; an' if I wan' him more bedder, I got go 'way from them. No madder whichever, I got go 'way from some one. Well, I wan' those hosban' more bedder than any. *Sa-ay!* Tha' 's a foanny! They make me marry with him when I don' wish him; now I 'm marry, they don' wish him. Jus' after my father he kill hisself sticking with short sword, tha' 's how we gitting so poor—oh, ver' poor! *Me?* I go an' dance liddle, so we don' starve. Also, I thing if somebody wish me I git married for while, account that grandmother got have food an' clothings. *Well,* those ver' grandmother she as' the ole nakodo 'bout it; she lig me git marry with some one. He say man jus' as' him other day kin he git him nize wife, an' he don' know none nizer.»

She paused to let the consul make sure of this fact, which he did, and then acknowledged the appreciation she had provoked with a charming smile.

«Whichever, he say he thing I don' lig him, account he Amerika-jin, he also remarking with me that he a barbarian an' a beas'. *Well,* me?—I say I don' wan' him. I 'fraid beas'. *But* aevery one else they say yaes—yaes, ah, yaes—he got *moaney*, an' for jus' liddle while I got endure him. So I say, «Bring me that beas'» An' lo! one day the ole nakodo he bringing him for look-at meeting. *Well!*»

She paused to laugh, and so infectious was it that the consul adventurously joined her.

«At firs' I thing him a *god*, he so tall an' beautiful, an' got on such a blue clothes all full golden things. An' he don' sit 'way, 'way off, an' jus' *talk*!»

She laughed abandonedly.

«He make my life so ver' joyous, I thing I naever been that happy.»

She had an access of demureness.

«Oh, jus' at firs' I frighten'; account he sit so *close* with me—an' hol' my han'—an' as' if it made satin. Aha, ha, ha! Satin! Loog!

«I beg your august pardon. I jus' thing-ing in the inside me, an' speaking with the outside. Tha' 's not nize. You don' keer nothing—'bout—that?»

«Yes, I do,» declared the consul; «it is a charming story.» And it was.

«You mean—you lig hear more?»

«Yes.»

She reflected an instant.

«I thing there is no more. Jus'—yaes, jus' after while I naever git frighten' no more.»

«But then you—I beg pardon—you were married? I think you said so?»

«Oh, yaes,» she replied, as if that had made little difference in their situation; «I marry with him.»

«I think his ship was then ordered to—»

She nodded.

«Alas! he got go an' serve his country. But he go'n' come back, an' keep on being marry with me. What you thing?»

The consul contrived to evade the interrogation.

«Is that why you asked about the robins?»

«Yaes; he go'n' come when the robins nest again. *He*? He don' naever eggspeg we got this nize bebbly, account I don' tell him. I don' kin tell him. I don' know where he is. But—*me*? I don' tell if I know, account he rush right over here, an' desert his country, an' henceforth git in a large trouble—mebby with that President United States America, an' that large Goddess Liberty Independence! What you thing?»

It was quite superfluous to point out such of her ideas as had birth in the fertile brain of Pinkerton. Certainly he had enjoyed his married life with her, but it was for another reason than hers. The consul could observe, he thought, how exquisitely amusing it had been. It was, too, exactly in Pinkerton's line to take this dainty, vivid, eager, formless material, and mold it to his most wantonly whimsical wish. It was perhaps fortunate that his country had had need of him so soon after his marriage.

However, the consul informed her that

her fears of trouble for Pinkerton from the sources mentioned were entirely groundless. But this was not pleasing intelligence. She liked to believe (as he had let her believe) that Pinkerton occupied a large space in the affairs of his country; that he was under the special patronage of the President, and the Goddess of Liberty was, perhaps, her own corollary. But it fitted his character as she had conceived it. To her he was a god, perhaps. But let it be understood that a Japanese god is neither austere nor immaculate.

«Well, whichever,» she said, in some disappointment, «tha' 's a so'prise on him when he come. He all times joking with me; I make one joke upon him. Tha' 's good joke. What you thing?»

The consul shook his head. The matter began to have a sinister look. But the girl's faith was sublime.

«Ah-h-h! *You*?» Her inflection was one of pity for his ignorance. «Tha' 's account you don' know him, you shaking your nize head. He joking all times. Sometime I dunno *if* he joking, aexcep' he stop, look solemn, an' laugh. *Then* he make the house raddle! Oh, mebby you thing I don' joke too, also? Well, tha' 's *mis*-take. I make joke jus' lig him—jus' bad. One time I make joke with him 'bout run 'way to that grandmother, account I don' keer for him no more. *Well*—what you thing? He say ('Ello! Less see how you kin run fas'.) Aha, ha, ha! Tha' 's liddle joke upon me. Now I go'n' have the larges' joke upon him. *Sa-ay*—you got tell him, if you please, augustness, that I could n't wait, it was so long—long—long! I got tire'. So—I am marry with a great an' wise prince name' Yamadori Okyo, an' live in a huge castle with one thousan' servants, an'—an' all my hearts kin wish! Aha, ha, ha! Also, that I go'n' away to his castle with his purple-eye' bebbly, to naever return no more. You go'n' tell him that?»

«I would prefer not to have a hand in any further—that is, any deception,» the consul objected gravely.

The girl was amazed and reproachful.

«Ah-h-h! Don' you lig joke? I thing aevery American do. Tha' 's not nize for me. I got be sawry I telling you all those. Alas! *How* that would be nize for you! You see him git angry so quick.» She smote her hands together. «An' then he say those remark 'bout debbil, an' he rush up the hill this away.»

She again lifted her kimono, and acted it recklessly across the apartment.

«But, my dear madame—»

She came at him with a voice and movement that were resistlessly caressing. He perceived how useless it would be. He acknowledged her protean fascination.

«Ah-h-h! *Please*, augustness, to tell him? It will be that *nize* for me! Ah, you go'n' do it?»

The consul had capitulated to her voice and eyes.

«Ah—thangs, most excellent. You the mos' bes' nize man in the worl'—»

She paused guiltily; even this purely Japanese euphemism might be treason.

«Except?» laughed the consul.

«Aexcep'», confessed the girl, with drooping head.

A smile began to grow upon her lips; when she raised her face it was a splendid laugh.

«*How* we have fun seeing him rush up that hill at the house»—she was frankly dissembling—«so!» She illustrated again. «After that—ah—after that—*well*—I make aeverything correc'»

She was radiantly certain that she could.

The consul remembered the saying of the professor of rhetoric that no comedy could succeed without its element of tragedy. Well, Pinkerton *might* have meant to return to her. Any other man probably would. He would not have been quite certain of himself. Only, that stuff about the robins sounded like one of his infernal jokes. He probably supposed that she knew what he meant—farewell; but she had not so construed it. Unless Pinkerton had changed, he had probably not thought of her again—except as the prompt wife of another man. He never explained anything. It was his theory that circumstances always did this for one; it was therefore a saving of energy to permit circumstances to do it. There was a saying in the navy that if any one could forget a played game or a spent bottle more quickly than Pinkerton, he had not yet been born. Providing her with a house and money meant nothing. He probably would have given her all he had whether it were a dollar or a thousand. But, on the other hand, if she had been one of the sudden and insane fancies that occasionally visited him, the case was altogether different, and altogether like Pinkerton; for in case of an attractive woman the emotion might survive the absence in question. In his own case he was quite sure—had he been Pinkerton, of course—that it would have survived something greater. And finally his own views prevailed with him as if they were Pinkerton's, and he believed that he would be de-

lighted to return and resume his charming life with her on Higashi Hill.

He thereupon told her that Lieutenant Pinkerton's ship was under orders to stop at Nagasaki, the government rendezvous for the navy, about the 1st of September, to observe and report the probabilities of war with China; and he was instantly glad that he had told her.

The girl's superb joy was expressed in a long, indrawn sigh, and then silence.

«I—I lig as' you 'nother thing,» again dissembling, as if the talk were still at the trivialities where it began.

«Certainly,» said the consul, with a smile. «But won't you have a chair?»

He had noticed that she was trembling. She sat up unsteadily on the edge of it.

«*Sa-ay!* All bebbies at your America got those purple eye?»

«A—yes, very many of them,» said the consul.

«An'—an' also bald of their head?»

«All of them, I believe, at first.»

The rapture growing surely in the girl's face now was not reflected in that of the consul.

«*Sa-ay!* Mebby you also don't thing he go'n' take us to live in his large castle at United States America?» she challenged reproachfully.

«Did he tell you that he would—that he had one?»

«No; he don't tell me—nawthing. He laugh, when I as' him, lig the house go'n' fall down. But—what you thing?»

The consul answered her quite briefly. He knew that he hurt her, but his impotent anger was at Pinkerton; he had not thought him capable of that.

«If I were to advise, I should ask you to consider seriously Yamadori's proposition, if he has really offered himself. It is a great and unusual opportunity for you—for any girl.»

She looked at him for an amazed and reproachful instant; then gathered her kimono in her hand, and pushed her feet into her clogs.

«Go before, Suzuki,» she said gently to the maid; to the consul, «Goon night.»

At the door she turned with a ceremonial sweep of her draperies, looked, and came hurrying back again. All the joy had returned to her face at the sincere regret she saw upon his. She impulsively grasped his hands—both of them.

«Once more—different—goon night, augustness. Aha, ha, ha! *Me?* I jus' a foo-el

—*yaes*. You! you the mos' bes' nize man in all the whole worl'—"

She paused. He understood that she wished to repeat their pretty play upon the phrase.

"Except?"

She nodded and laughed.

"Aexcep'. Ha, ha, ha!"

She hurried after the maid, laughing back at him confessingly as she went.

When they again reached the pretty house on the hill, Cho-Cho-San looked ruefully back over the steep road they had come.

"Oh, *how* that was tiresome, Suzuki! But he—when he comes, it will be jus'—one—two—three great strides! *How* he will rush up that hill it cost us so much sweat to climb! Lig storm with lightening and thunder! Flash! flash! flash! Boum! boum! boum! An' here he is—all for jus' liddle me! Then *how* he will stamp about—not removing his boots—spoiling the mats—smashing the fusuma—shaking the house lig earthquake animal! (Where is she? Hah! Mans tole me she gone an' marry with a fool Yamadori! Gone me my purple-eye bebbly away.) Then I jump on his neck bfore he gitting *too* angry, an' hole his han', an' say, close with his ears: (How do, Mr. B. F. Pikkerton?) Aha, ha, ha! What you thing, Suzuki?"

And Suzuki said, in English, too:

"Tha' 's mos' bes' nize thing I aever see!"

From that time until the 17th of September not a ship entered the harbor but under the scrutiny of the glass that Lieutenant Pinkerton had left at the little house on Higashi Hill to read his signals aboard. And there were very many of them, for the war was imminent. Faith had begun to strain a little with unfaith, after the first. It was very long; but on the 17th his ship came into the bay. So like a great bird did she come that the glass did not find her until her white-and-gold mass veered to make an anchorage. Then, all at once, the gilt name on her bow was before Cho-Cho-San's eyes. It was tragically sudden. With a hurtling cry, she fell to the floor. The little maid, with Eastern intuition, understood; but she said nothing, and did what was best. Both she and her mistress—and all the world, for that matter—knew the comfort of this speechless, sympathetic service. And presently she was better, and could talk.

"I—I din' know I *so*—glad," softly laughed Cho-Cho-San.

But the maid had known what to expect.

"You go'n' res' liddle now, please, Oku-

San! You go'n' sleep liddle—please, jus' liddle—sleep?"

She drew her mistress's eyelids down, and lightly held them. Cho-Cho-San shook her off, and sprang up, revived.

"Rest! Sleep! Not till he come!"

"Now, hasten lig you got eagle's wings an' a thousan' feet! It will not be one hour—not one half—till he will be here. My pink kimono—widest *obi*—*kanzashi* for my hair—an' poppies. I will be more beautiful than I have aever been. Flowers—alas! there are no cherry-blossoms. *How* that is sad! Seem lig we cannot be gay without them. In the month of the cherry-blossoms we were marry! But chrysanthemums—all of them! His house shall be gayer than it has aever been. There shall naever again be such good occasion.

"Ah, Suzuki! I *am* as beautiful as when he went away?"

The maid was silent.

She snatched the metallic mirror out of her hand.

"I *am*!" she cried savagely. "Say so!"

She brandished the heavy mirror over the girl's head.

"I as' you to res'. Tha' 's way git beautiful once more."

"Oh-h-h! (Once more!) The mirror crashed to the floor and she burst into tears.

"Jus'—you been too trouble'. Now you got res' liddle," urged the comforting maid.

"Oh, all the gods! I cannot!—I cannot till he come. I shall die bfore."

She sorrowfully recovered the mirror.

"No—no; pitiful Kwannon, I am no longer beautiful! Waiting an' doubting make one soon sad an' old. But now I am happy—happier than I have aever been. Therefore shall I be more beautiful than I have aever been again. For happiness is beauty. Ah, Suzuki, be kine with me!" She got on her knees to the maid, and laid her head at her feet. An ecstatic thought came to her. "Suzuki, *you* shall make me beautiful to-day, an' to-morrow the gods shall. Now we have not even time to pray them. Will you not? Can you not? Ah-h-h! You *moast*!"

She pulled the girl down to her, and whispered the last words in her ear.

And the girl did. Let us not inquire how. There was a certain magic in her deft fingers. No daintier creature need one ever wish to see than this bride awaiting anew the coming of her husband.

And when it was all done, they each took a final delighted look into the mirror. It was

too small to show the whole figure, but they moved it up and down and round about until every portion had been seen. They both pronounced it very good.

«Stan' jus' that way,» begged the maid, going the length of the apartment to observe. «Jus lig those new porcelains of Kinkozan!» she declared.

«Jus' lig those ole picture of Bunchosai!» retorted Cho-Cho-San.

«Now the flowers for his room! Take them all—oh, aevery one! We shall not need them again. Go—go—go! Aha, ha, ha! An'Trouble—make a picture of him! He will be Trouble no longer after to-day. He go'n' git new name—mebbly Joy!»

Her commands were obeyed. Within the appointed hour the house was decked as for a festival, and not a flower remained upon its stem. The baby had indeed become a picture; and so had Cho-Cho-San and the maid and the house.

Then they hid behind the shoji, recklessly making peep-holes with their dampened fingers, as they had planned. There was one very low down for the baby, so that he could sit on the mats, and one each for the others.

Cho-Cho-San sang as she fixed herself at her peep-hole so as not to disarrange her finery. The maid had tossed the baby like a ball into her lap.

«Aha, ha, ha!» laughed Madame Butterfly once more.

Everything was at last quite as they had planned it.

The hour passed. Then two—four. Night fell. They ceased to chatter. Later came perfect silence; then that other silence of the dead of the night. Suzuki noiselessly lighted the lanterns which had been provided against such delay. Later, at a gesture from her mistress, she lighted the *andon* in their room; then the *hibachi*. She had grown very cold. All night they watched. He had the careless habit of the night. But he did not come.

And all the next day they watched, and many after, quite silent now, always. The baby wondered at this, and would look inquiringly from one to the other. It was very strange to him, this new silence. They did nothing but watch, and eat a little, sleep a little. Finally Cho-Cho-San could no longer hold the glass. She lay on the mats with the baby, while the faithful handmaid watched. Every day the faded flowers were replaced by purchased ones. Their last money went for this and the candles which renewed the lights of the lanterns each night.

She did not think of going to him. In destroying her Japanese conventions this was the one thing that had been left. In «Onna Yushoku Mibea Bunko» («The Young Ladies' Old Book of Decorum») she had read that the only woman who seeks a male is a *yujo*, a courtesan.

In a week a passenger steamer came into the bay. They took no interest in her. But the next day, quite by accident, they saw him for the first time. He was on the deck of the strange ship. A blonde woman was on his arm.

And on the following morning the war-ship had disappeared from the harbor.

Cho-Cho-San was frightened. The sinking at her heart she now knew to be black doubt. Her little unused, frivolous mind had not forecast such a catastrophe. There might have been a reason, she had conceived, for his detention aboard his ship. He was never very certain. She had not been sure that he was with her until the day before; the position of the vessel had been unfavorable for observation.

Demoralization set in. Even the comfort of the maid was dulled. They decided that Cho-Cho-San should go to see the good consul, while the maid and the baby remained at home to welcome him if, perhaps, he had not gone with the war-ship. They had already created this hope.

The maid helped her down the steepest part of the hill. Nevertheless, when she arrived at the consulate she was quite breathless. The consul was alone. There were no frivolities now. Each knew that the other understood.

«Me? I got—liddle heart-illness, I thing,» the girl panted in excuse of her lack of ceremony; but her smile was still tragically bright.

The consul placed her a chair. She declined it. There was a moment of conscious silence. Then the consul went hesitatingly to his desk, and got an envelop containing money—a large sum. He silently handed her this.

She looked at him in appealing inquiry, but she did not take the money.

«It is only—only in remembrance of the—the past. He wishes you to be always happy—as—he says he is. He confidently hopes for your good wishes and congratulations.»

There was moisture in the consul's eyes, only questioning in hers. He suddenly saw that she did not understand. He decided that she never should. He did not speak again, nor did she for a space. Then:

«Happy—happy?» she murmured dizzily.

«*But*—how kin I be happy if he do not come? How kin *he* be—if—he do not come?»

The consul was silent. He still held the money toward her. She tried to smile a little, to make him think she was indifferent concerning his answer to the question she was about to ask.

«Ah—oh—*ah!* You tole him 'bout—'bout that joke—that liddle jokewe make on him?»

The consul pretended ignorance. She explained:

«That 'bout me go'n' marry with Yamadori, an' take his bebbly 'way?»

He had to answer now:

«Oh, that was too foolish to talk about seriously.»

(He had been glad to hear it.)

«But—you—*tole* him?»

She hoped now he had not.

He looked out of the window. He would not strike, but she would be struck.

«But—you—you *tole* him?» She had raised her voice piteously.

«Yes,» answered the consul dully, wondering what he could say next.

«Yaes; tha' 's—right. Tha' 's—what I as' you. An'—an' what he—*say?*» she questioned huskily.

The consul was willing to lie as deeply as the occasion might demand. The woe in the girl's face afflicted him. He saw in her attire the pitiful preparations to welcome her husband. But in specie the lie was difficult.

«Well,» he began uncertainly, «we—it all happened about as you had supposed. He got very angry, and would have rushed right up the hill, as you thought, only—only—» What next? The despatches on his desk caught his eye. «Only he was not permitted a moment's leave while in the harbor. He had all these despatches to prepare—for his government—the war, you know.»

He showed them to her. A brilliant thought came into his head.

«See! They are all in his handwriting.»

He had not written a line of them.

«His ship was ordered away suddenly to China; but he'll be back here some of these fine days, and then—»

The rest was for her.

«All—all the gods bless—you,» she said, sinking with the reaction.

She reeled, and he put her into the chair. Her head fell limply back, and her pallid face looked up at him with the weary eyes closed. But there was rest and peace on it, and it was still very beautiful.

Some one was approaching in haste, and he drew a screen before her.

A woman entered.

«Mr. Sharpless—the American consul?» she asked, while crossing the threshold.

The consul bowed.

«Can you reach my husband at Kobe—by telegraph?»

«I think so. Who is your husband?»

He took up a writing-pad as he spoke.

«Lieutenant Pinkerton of the —.»

«One moment, for God's sake!»

It was too late. The eyes of the little woman in the chair were fixed on his. They even tried to smile a little, wearily, at the poor result of his compassionate lying. She shook her head for silence.

«I beg your pardon; I'm—I am—*ill*,» said the consul, roughly. Insufficient as the explanation was, he made no other. «Proceed.»

«I should like you to send this telegram: (Just saw the baby and his nurse. Can't we have him at once? He is lovely. Shall see the mother about it to-morrow. Was not at home when I was there to-day. Expect to join you Wednesday week per *Kioto Maru*. May I bring him along? ADELAIDE,»

As she advanced and saw Cho-Cho-San, she stopped in open admiration.

«How very charming—how *lovely*—you are, dear! Will you kiss me, you pretty—*plaything!*»

«No,» said Cho-Cho-San, staring at her.

«Ah, well,» laughed the other, «I don't blame you. They say you don't do that sort of thing. I quite forgive our men for falling in love with you. Thanks for permitting me to interrupt you. And, Mr. Sharpless, will you get that off at once? Good day!»

She went with the hurry in which she had come. It was the blonde woman they had seen on the deck of the passenger steamer.

Cho-Cho-San rose, and staggered toward the consul. She tried again to smile, but her lips were tightly drawn against her teeth. Searching unsteadily in her sleeve, she drew out a few small coins, and held them out to him. He curiously took them on his palm.

«They are his, all that is left of his beautiful moaney. I shall need no more. Give them to him. I lig if you also say I sawry—no, no, no! glad—glad—glad!» She humbly sighed. «*Me?* I—I wish him that happiness same lig he wish for himself—an'—an'—me.»

Her head drooped for a moment. When she raised it she was quite emotionless, if one might judge from her face.

«Thang him—that Mr. B. F. Pikkerton—for all that kineness he have been unto me. Permit me to thang you also, augustness, for

that same. You—you—she smiled a little at the pretty recollection, then the tears came slowly into her eyes—"mos' bes' nize man in all the worl'."

She closed her eyes a moment.

The consul said below his breath:

"—Pinkerton, and all such as he!"

"Goon night," said Cho-Cho-San, and at the door, "Sayonara," and another tired smile.

She staggered a little as she went out.

"ALAS, you also have seen her!" wailed the intuitive little maid, as she let her mistress in.

"An' she is more beautiful than the sun-goddess," answered Cho-Cho-San.

The maid knelt to take off her shoes.

"She—she thing me—jus' a—plaything."

She generously tried to smile at the maid, who was weeping.

"That liddle while ago you as' me to res'," she said after a while, wearily. "Well, go 'way, an' I will—res'. An' I pray you, loog, when you see me again, whether I be not again beautiful."

The maid did not go. Once more she understood her mistress.

"But—I thing *you* loave me?"

The girl sobbed.

"Therefore go—that I suffer no more."

She gently took her hands and led her out.

"Farewell, liddle maiden," she said softly, closing the shoji.

She sat quite still, and waited till night fell. Then she lighted the andon, and drew her toilet-glass toward her. She had a sword in her lap as she sat down. It was the one thing of her father's which her relatives had permitted her to keep. It would have been very beautiful to a Japanese, to whom the sword is a soul. A golden dragon writhed about the superb scabbard. He had eyes of rubies, and held in his mouth a sphere of crystal that meant many mystical things to a Japanese. The guard was a coiled serpent of exquisite workmanship. The blade was tempered into shapes of beasts at the edge. It was signed, «Ikesada.» To her father it had been honor. On the blade was this inscription:

To die with honor

When one can no longer live with honor.

It was in obscure ideographs; but it was also written on her father's *kaimyo* at the shrine, and she knew it well.

"To die with honor—" She drew the blade affectionately across her palm. Then she made herself pretty with vermilion and powder and perfumes; and she prayed, humbly endeavoring at the last to make her peace. She had not forgotten the missionary's religion; but on the dark road from death to Meido it seemed best to trust herself to the compassionate augustnesses.

Then she placed the point of the weapon at that nearly nerveless spot in the neck known to every Japanese, and began to press it slowly inward. She could not help a little gasp at the first incision. But presently she could feel the blood finding its way down her neck. It divided on her shoulder, the larger stream going down her bosom. In a moment she could see it making its way daintily between her breasts. It began to congeal there. She pressed on the sword, and a fresh stream swiftly overran the other—redder, she thought. And then suddenly she could no longer see it. She drew the mirror closer. Her hand was heavy, and the mirror seemed far away. She knew that she must hasten. But even as she locked her fingers on the serpent of the guard, something within her cried out piteously. They had taught her how to die, but he had taught her how to live—nay, to make life sweet. Yet that was the reason she must die. Strange reason! She now first knew that it was sad to die. He had come, and substituted himself for everything; he had gone, and left her nothing.

The maid softly put the baby into the room. She pinched him, and he began to cry.

"Oh, pitiful Kwannon! Nothing?"

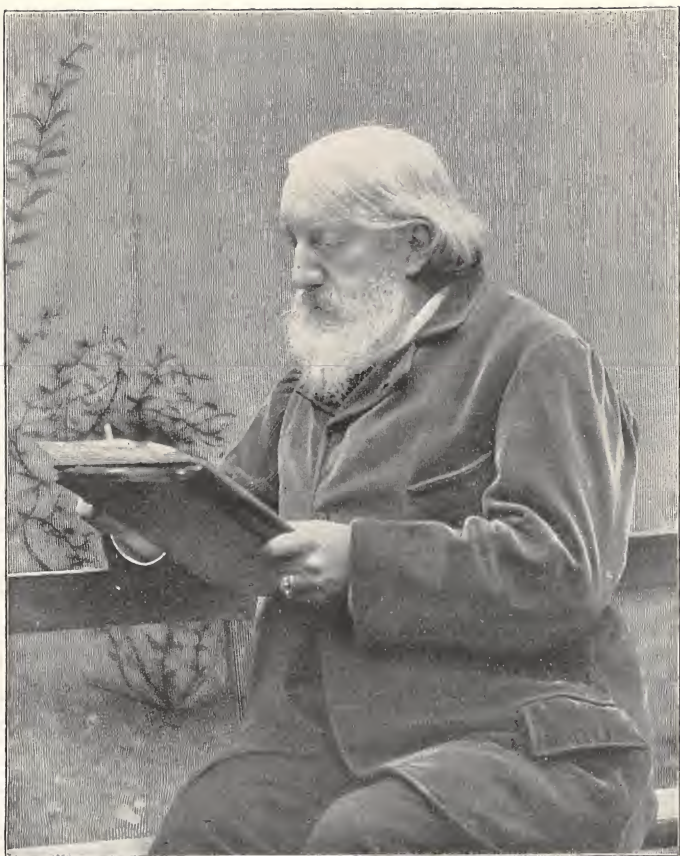
The sword fell dully to the floor. The stream between her breasts darkened and stopped. Her head drooped slowly forward. Her arms penitently outstretched themselves toward the shrine. She wept:

"Oh, pitiful Kwannon!"

The baby crept cooing into her lap. The little maid came in and bound up the wound.

WHEN Mrs. Pinkerton called next day at the little house on Higashi Hill it was quite empty.





JEAN-CHARLES CAZIN.

BY WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

WITH THREE PICTURES BY JEAN-CHARLES CAZIN.

ONE day in November, 1893, when I was with M. Cazin in the galleries where his exhibition was held in New York, he told me a little anecdote. His father was a physician, and throughout his lifetime had found interest and pleasure in making notes about botany, investigating the curative properties of plants, and recording the results of his observations. At last he made up these notes into a book. M. Cazin himself, one day in Paris, some time after his father's death, went into a chemist's, and asked if he could safely take a certain remedy for some ill that was troubling him at the time. «I'll tell you in a moment,» said the pharmacist, and consulted a book. «Yes; you can take it, certainly,» he said; «it's in (Cazin.)» «And so I found,» said M. Cazin to me, «that my father, taking his notes, had made a standard work

(*un ouvrage classique*). I have, in my painting, pursued about the same method. Understand me,» he went on; «I did not start out to paint saying to myself, (I will be an independent); but when, after a certain number of years, I looked back at what I had accomplished, I found myself one.»

Here, indeed, is the key to the intentions and purpose of his art. Nature may be looked at by everybody. M. Cazin loves it, studies it, is impressed by this or that effect, makes his notes, thinks it over, gets his impression clearly pictured in his mind, and then paints it. «Take one of my pictures of night,» he explained; «it is *one* night—some night that I have seen something»; by which he means that he depends on a definite impression to make a picture. If it be a night subject, it will not be a summary of a number of im-

pressions of different nights, but the reproduction of a particular effect seen and noted and kept apart from other effects similar, perhaps, in a general way, but different from this one in the distinctive phase of nature that he felt himself impelled to interpret. «If it were not that I feared it might be thought pretentious,» added M. Cazin, «I should have

leon from 1805 to 1813, and was a surgeon in the dragoons. Jean-Charles Cazin was born at Samer, May 25, 1841. When he was only five years old, in 1846, the three generations covered a century. His studies in his youth were directed toward the profession of medicine; for it was intended that he should be, like his forebears, a physician. But while pur-



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

THE ROAD TO THE VILLAGE.

OWNED BY FREDERIC BONNER.

placed at the head of my catalogue this sentence from Michel de Montaigne: «Entirely unfettered both in nature and in art, I have gone forward in my path and at the gait that I willed» («Extrêmement libre et par nature et par art, j'ai marché aussi avant et le pas qu'il m'a plu»).» It is easy to see in his pictures that M. Cazin has not been deterred from trying to paint anything that appealed to him by the thought of conventions in art, or by any laws that others may have laid down. Yet he is a most logical and consistent painter. He is a poet as well.

The Cazins belong in Samer, in the department of Pas-de-Calais. Jean Cazin, grandfather of the artist, was born there in 1746. His father, François-Joseph Cazin, born at Samer in 1789, made the campaigns of Napo-

suïng his medical studies in Paris, at about the age of nineteen, he determined to take up the pursuit of art, and entered the school of Lecoq de Boisbaudran. He studied also with Barye, and made drawings of the animals at the Jardin des Plantes. A young woman who was a pupil in a school directed by Mme. Rosa Bonheur was working under Barye at the same time, but separately, and M. Cazin had not the pleasure of knowing her. He met her afterward, however, and she became his wife. I may refer here briefly to Mme. Cazin's position as an artist. Her work both in painting and in sculpture is very well known in Europe, and is of most sympathetic quality and positive merit. She is specially clever in her work in pastel, and her pictures, something like those of her husband in gen-

eral intent and compass, bear a distinctive character that is entirely personal. At Berck-sur-Mer there is a monument to M. Cazin's brother, and the pedestal, as well as the sculptured group, is the work of Mme. Cazin. The monument is signed by her both as sculptor and architect. Mme. Cazin received an honorable mention for her work at the Salon of 1885, and a medal of the first class at the Universal Exposition of 1889. Their son, J. M. Michel Cazin, is an artist who sometimes paints pictures, but is best known as an etcher. Eighteen of his etchings, including reproductions and original subjects, were exhibited in New York in one of the galleries where his father's exhibition was held, and were notable for straightforward, technical methods and considerable cleverness of design. He was awarded an honorable mention by the jury at the Universal Exposition of 1889.

M. Cazin's first picture was a study of his father's library at Samer. It is now in the Museum of Boulogne, and he says it compares well with his later work. The fact that it does bears testimony to the sincerity of his painting from the very beginning. He exhibited pictures in the Salons of 1864 and 1865, and for the following five or six years devoted himself to teaching at Paris and Tours. From 1871 to 1875 he spent most of his time in England, Holland, and Italy, and during this period was engaged in making artistic faience both in England and in France. M. Cazin, wherever he found himself, and whatever might be his occupation, during these years, was making his "notes," and trying various experiments in methods and processes of painting. He expresses himself with facility in a number of mediums—oil-painting, pastel, water-color, combinations of pastel and wax, and modeling in clay, and painting for the kiln. In all of his work the decorative sentiment is pronounced, and appears as a factor of the first importance in the ensemble, considered either from the point of view of line or from that of color.

It was about 1879–80 that the high quality of M. Cazin's work was generally taken note of by the public. He had exhibited in the Salons of 1877, 1878, and 1879; and for his two pictures in the Salon of 1880—"Ishmael," placed soon afterward in the Luxembourg Gallery, and "Tobit," now in the Museum of Lille—he received a first-class medal. The decoration of the Legion of Honor was conferred on him in 1882, and he was made an officer of the order in 1889. He was a member of the jury for fine arts at the Universal

Exposition of 1889, and one of the founders of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which holds the "new Salon" at the Champ de Mars. It was owing to his suggestion that the society includes in its annual exhibitions objects of art not classed as painting or sculpture, and which include the productions of isolated workers in metal and ceramics. Few of his pictures found their way to the United States until 1884 or 1885; but of late years few other French artists have obtained greater recognition from American amateurs, and in the exhibition of one hundred and twelve of his works at the galleries of the American Art Association in New York in 1893, sixty-eight were lent by American owners in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities.

II.

Now that Corot, Daubigny, and Rousseau are gone, there are two painters (three, if you include Claude Monet) whose names one is apt to mention first in speaking of landscape-painting in France—Harpignies and Cazin. Harpignies is a much older man than Cazin, and his renown dates back to Daubigny's time. He is a master of form, and has long been a force in the development of landscape-painting, and much of what is best in it now is traceable to his influence, especially in regard to drawing and composition.

Cazin, on the other hand, is a colorist. He is not a colorist in the sense that Delacroix is, for his color-schemes are modified by the attenuating quality of atmospheric effects. He is more sensitive and refined than Delacroix, and more nearly resembles Millet, though his gamut is simpler and much more diversified in detail. His color-schemes are invariably quiet and reserved; and though contrasts and the counterplay exist, they are so subdued as not to attract attention to themselves. They are effective in the best sense of the word, because they make themselves felt only in the ensemble. Speaking generally, I do not think M. Cazin's pictures of daytime effects are so distinguished in color as those which depict evening or night. Tenderness in painting is a dangerous attribute, which in the hands of a man who lacks a certain sturdiness of temperament becomes mere sweetening. M. Cazin is not without this sturdiness, and it pervades his best work. The lack of it is most noticeable in effects of sunlight, where blue skies, green grass, and yellow grain-fields, under his hand, lose something of their frank brightness.



EXHIBITED AT THE CHAMP DE MARS, 1895.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.
CANAL IN ARTOIS.

OWNED BY L. CRIST DELMONICO.

Daubigny treated such effects uncompromisingly. Monet delights in their vividness, and even exaggerates. M. Cazin softens them in the attempt to escape the glare, and sometimes his interpretations are a trifle too tidy.

A gray day is more in accord with his temperament, and how well he can paint a gray sky is shown in the «Wheat Harvest» (No. 87 in the New York catalogue). How well he knows how to envelop a landscape in atmosphere on such a day, how admirably he can place a figure in it so that it shall neither usurp the importance of the landscape as a landscape, nor appear merely as an accessory, may be seen in the «Madeleine au Désert,» a beautiful picture, with its wide valley and hills covered with dark patches of forest green.

Some of the very best of M. Cazin's works are pictures in which he introduces figures. Certainly no two pictures by him are more deservedly celebrated than the «Ishmael» and the «Judith—the Departure.» Neither has been seen in the United States. Both may be properly called figure compositions, and yet in both the landscape is much more than a background or setting for the figures. Landscape and figures are treated as component parts of a harmonious whole, in which every note of color has its proper place and its proper strength.

In the «Ishmael» we see Hagar and her son in a barren waste of sand-hills, with patches of herbage growing here and there, and in the distance the line of a forest. There are rosy half-burnt-out clouds in the sky, such as often appear at the close of a hot, dry day, and Hagar sits, tired and disconsolate, on the ground. She has left Ishmael beside a clump of bushes, not wishing to see him die; but the angel appears, and she sees a spring bubble at his feet, and understands that succor has come. This picture presents a fine color-harmony, in which the bluish gown of Hagar, the white robe of the angel, the pale tones of the sandy desert and the evening sky, are admirably held together. It cannot be said that the figures are given prominence at the expense of the landscape; and yet the landscape, while impressing us as beautifully simple and true, does not detract from the interest felt in the personages in the dramatic scene.

The French government ordered from M. Cazin, several years ago, a series of pictures to be reproduced in tapestry at the Gobelins' studios. They are to represent the story of Judith, and the first composition, depicting

her departure from the town of Bethulia to go to the camp of Holofernes, was exhibited at the Salon of 1884. The artist, in treating this subject in religious history, discarded all archæological traditions, and placed his figure of Judith in the act of leaving one of the gates in the wall of a medieval town. The other figures, her servant and the people looking on, are costumed with little regard for historical accuracy. The subject is treated, first of all, from the purely picturesque side of art, and what might seem incongruities in another man's work here seem so natural that the question of archæological exactness is not even thought of. In painting the departure of Judith, the artist seems to have imagined a scene from impressions received somewhere, then to have waited till the complete impression was clear in his mind, and to have painted this vision. It is evidently the result of mental processes the reverse of those that move such scholars as M. Gérôme or M. Cormon. M. Cazin is perfectly well informed, but his picture cannot be a reconstruction. «Nobody could be more at a loss what to do than I before a bare canvas,» he said to me, one day, meaning that he cannot sit down and construct a picture from a starting-point merely. He must have a clear, definite impression of something he has either really seen, or that, derived from impressions received through his eyes, he seems to see complete in his fancy.

For his landscapes M. Cazin chooses the simplest of motives, and delights in rendering passing effects. Quiet evening skies over hill and plain, a cottage on the moors at twilight, the blue vault of heaven and the stars at night, moonlight falling on white walls and casting mysterious shadows on the village road, the moon rising through misty clouds over the sea, form the subjects that he uses over and over again, but in each one there is something that makes it different from every other. His effects of night seem to be painted in too high a key, sometimes, to be entirely truthful. I do not forget, in saying this, that the painting of such effects is a matter that depends on relative values. One painter may render a given effect in a cold key, and another in a warm one; and both may be true to nature if every part of the picture harmonizes with every other part. One or two pictures of night by M. Cazin that I have seen, however, did not impress me at first glance as being night effects, but seemed rather those of the twilight hour, and one even looked like a

dull, gray day. But these are rare exceptions. I note them simply because M. Cazin's work shows that he has been more successful in painting night effects than any other painter. Eugène Lavielle, whose range was a narrower one than M. Cazin's, is about the only painter I can think of who has approached him in expressing truthful and

sidewalk of a paved roadway at the water's edge—is more complex, is equally delightful to the eye; and here again the painter's art, by sympathetic observation, presents to us a poem of the night that enchants by its verisimilitude.

In a small canvas, «Starlight Night» (No. 99 in the New York catalogue), we have an



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

APPROACHING STORM. (CANAL ST.-OMER.)

OWNED BY A. M. DYERS.

poetical impressions of night. At the exhibition in New York in 1893 there was a picture called «Home by the Sea,» in which the foreground is occupied by grass-grown bluffs and a tall, squarely built house overlooking the ocean. The sky is veiled halfway to the top of the canvas by curtain-like clouds of gray, and above them rides the moon. There are lights in the house, and the feeling of space and vastness out of doors is contrasted with the thought of comfortable nooks within. This picture, of extreme sobriety in its color-scheme, does not attract at first glance, but it is soon seen to contain a great store of beauty. «Moonlight in Holland,» in which the motive—tall houses fronting a harbor, and a row of trees along the

attempt to paint a scene without the light of sun or moon. There is no doubt that a night scene in the country, with no light but that of the stars, cannot be represented in color. Anything like a reproduction of the relative values of the sky and the ground and trees results in no more than a piece of dark-colored canvas. But some artificial light may be introduced, so that something in the picture may be seen by it; and M. Cazin, in this instance, places a window with lamplight within at one side of his canvas, allows the light from it to fall in a checkered square on the pavement of a courtyard and to bring out by its indirect illumination a white wall at the other side. Thus a foreground is obtained that can be perfectly well seen. It

then becomes comparatively easy to get the just value of the sky, which does not appear now as the lightest part of the picture, as it is in the open country, and to put the stars in it so that they will keep their places. M. Cazin has done all this so well in this little canvas that the result is a picture of most subtle charm. It was exhibited at the first Salon at the Champ de Mars, and was greatly admired by Meissonier, who said he should like to have it for himself.

I might point out in a dozen other pictures by M. Cazin the different elements that contribute to their beauty and truth. In all of them, suffice it to say, truth is the predominant factor. Whatever the effect, whether fleeting, like the glow that colors the sky at evening, or constant for a time, like the silvery sheen of the moonlight on the sea, M. Cazin notes it as it appears to him, and tries to paint it so that all other things in the composition he imagines for his canvas may seem in harmony with it. As to detail, it may be said that his *facture* is singularly suave, while it does not fall into mere softness. At times his brush-work is more vigorous than at others; but his hand is always held in bounds, and never slips into passages that might be reproached with lack of sureness

on one side, or too vehement brusqueness on the other.

When the municipal council, whose duty it was to give the commissions to the artists chosen to decorate the halls and chambers of the new Hôtel-de-Ville of Paris, decided on the places to be apportioned to each artist, some one said to Cazin that he would do well to confer with one of his brother-artists, who had the space next to his to decorate, for he believed this artist intended to use a color-scheme of red. The well-meaning adviser feared lest one of Cazin's delicate color-harmonies might suffer by contrast with its fiery neighbor. But Cazin told him—as I have heard the story—that he had no objection to red or any other «note» in his vicinity, and he thought the best way was for each one to do what he liked. If you look in at the Hôtel-de-Ville now, you will see his «*Le Dimanche des Parisiens*,» a party of people enjoying a game of blindman's-buff at a picnic, more than holding its own by its very simplicity and unobtrusiveness. Herein may be found the charm of his art. It is personal, refined, and sure to appeal to all those who perceive that, in painting, simple beauty is more potent to move than audacious display of skill or flights of imagination that depart in the smallest degree from truth.

THE WANDERER.

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

AT drowsy dawn I left the Gate—so very long ago,
Whether that home be memory or dream I hardly know.

The cloud-hung visions of the morn were far more real then
Than now are thronging city streets and cries of eager men.

The hours ere yet the sun was high were like eternities,
But now how swift the shadows run, how near the darkness is!

Ah, well! 'T is aye the happiest day comes swift to even-song;
With merrier comrades never yet did pilgrim pass along.

The paths that widest seem to part still winding turn and meet;
Perchance they do but homeward lead again our wandering feet.

Familiar faces vanish, but the voices vibrate still,
And nothing now seems far away, at the ending of the hill.

To one warm hand alone I cling, as fast the night grows late,
And crave that we may come at last together to the Gate.

EVERY-DAY HEROISM.

HEROES OF PEACE.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

“AS EACH MAN CAME ALONG, HE PUSHED . . . HIM . . . INTO THE AIR-LOCK.” (SEE PAGE 405.)

IT is often reserved for “every-day people,” as we are apt to call them, to illustrate one of the facts of life—that a crisis produces the man to meet it.

This article deals with a few such people—people who led simple and unpretentious lives, and in whom their most intimate friends had probably never suspected a strain of the

heroic. The soldier, the fireman, or the policeman is apt, through the very nature of his employment, in which heroism is the main-spring of honor and advancement, to be called upon to risk his life in the line of duty; and he should, indeed, be ever on the lookout for opportunity thus to distinguish himself. But the people of whom I now tell wore no uniforms which faltering would have disgraced; the occupations of all were pre-eminently peaceful, and in the case of several involved nothing that might have familiarized them with the thought of danger, let alone eventual heroism.

Yet once in their lives there came to these every-day people a moment when they were suddenly confronted with the question whether or not they would risk death to save the lives of others; and the manner in which they met, without preparation or forethought, that supreme moment furnishes evidence of a heroic strain in our every-day humanity, often latent, yet likely to flash up, when a crisis comes, even in the humblest of those we daily pass. That workman swinging his kit and lunch-box, that miner in his overalls about to descend the shaft, that negro loitering at the street-corner—any one of these may before sunset develop into a hero, and prove to us, even better perhaps than the man in uniform, that beneath this common clay of ours there beats a spirit waiting only the moment to rouse us to heroic action.

One of the heroes I have in mind was Thomas Hovenden, the artist, who sacrificed his life in attempting to save a little girl. She was no relative of his; he had never even seen her before her moment of peril—circumstances which combine to make his sacrifice peculiarly heroic.

Hovenden's heroism raises, in fact, a question. In the more material occupations a man is little more than a cog in a machine. He drops out, another takes his place, and the machine runs smoothly on, and this whether his cog was near the bottom or the top. But there are men whose intellectual or artistic gifts are so peculiarly personal that their death means an irreparable public loss. For when death stays, for instance, the hand of the poet or the painter, there is no one who can take up the pen or the brush and give to the result those individual touches which distinguished that one poet or that one painter from his brothers in art. And the question arises if, from the mere standpoint of profit and loss, the world would not excuse men whose gifts are so peculiarly their own from risking their lives. Fortunately for the

glory of art, Hovenden was only the latest man of his stamp to answer that question in the spirit of a hero—as it was answered centuries ago by Sophocles when he accepted a command in the Samian war, and in our century by men like Körner, the poet-soldier who fell in the German uprising against Napoleon; the American author Winthrop, who was killed in the Civil War; and the French artist Regnault, who fell at Buzenval. These were men who turned from letters and from art to face the dangers of war; and as it is the glory of heroism in war that it obliterates every impulse save that of patriotism, so it is the glory of heroism in peace that it obliterates every impulse save that of humanity.

It was this impulse that caused Thomas Hovenden, at the height of his powers and in the full tide of his success, to give his life in an attempt to save that of a child. Hovenden was Irish by birth, but he had come to New York in 1863, when eighteen years old, and had studied at the National Academy of Design. He had then taken a studio in the house of his friend Bolton Jones, in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1874. From there he went to Paris, and studied under Cabanel, of whom he was a favorite pupil. His "Breton Interior of 1793" (showing a family molding bullets and sharpening swords), "Puzzled Voter," "Last Moments of John Brown," and "Elaine" were widely known; while his "Breaking Old Ties" has probably been more frequently engraved than any other American painting.

One August afternoon in 1895, Hovenden was returning by trolley-car from his country residence to Norristown, Pennsylvania. The trolley ran to what was known as the "Trenton cut-off" of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the passengers were obliged to alight and cross the railroad-track at grade to take trolley on the other side.

The passengers had just alighted from the first trolley when a fast freight-train came thundering down the track. A little girl who failed to notice the train ran ahead of her mother and right in front of it. The engineer gave a shrill blast of the whistle. The child, seeing the train bearing down upon her, became dazed, and stood as if rooted to the spot.

A moment later Hovenden had rushed forward and snatched up the child. But before he could take the leap that would have saved them both, the engine struck them and hurled them across the track. They were found lying side by side. The artist was dead; the

little girl died as she was lifted from the ground. The fatal outcome showed how desperate a chance he took.

Through a sacrifice as noble as Hovenden's, a woman in one of the humblest walks of life heroically met her death.

Ellen McGaugh was a servant employed in Montclair, New Jersey. On one of her afternoons «out» she was visiting in Newark. While she was standing at a street-corner with a group of friends, they heard her give a sudden scream, and saw her rush toward the middle of the street. A little girl was on the trolley-track, and speeding toward her was a car.

Ellen sprang in front of the car, and pushed the child from the track; but before she could save herself she was struck by the car and was under the wheels. The child was only slightly bruised; but Ellen died of her injuries in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

For her to see the little girl's peril, to spring to the child's rescue, and to be herself crushed beneath the wheels, was the act of only a moment; but in that moment this serving-woman was transformed into a heroine. Her body did not lie in state, and no public memorial bears witness to her deed. Yet is not the difference between her heroism and that of a public hero a difference, not in degree, but only in result? Where the public hero saves a nation, the every-day hero may save only a life; but where the public hero finds an incentive for his act in the possible acclaim of a whole nation, the every-day hero sacrifices his life with no incentive save that of humanity.

One of the medals awarded by the government for heroism displayed in saving life at sea is worn by a negro, and one of my every-day heroes also belongs to that race. That he escaped with his life from the rescue in which he figured was not due to any caution on his part, but simply to lucky chance.

Scott Brown is a hard-working, honest negro of Montgomery, Alabama; and if all of his race had set about improving their lot as he has, the «negro question» would have been eliminated long ago: for Scott has a little home for which he has finished paying, a wagon, two horses and two mules, and the necessary utensils for running a small farm. In winter he drives a dray.

One day recently Scott was standing at a corner of Court street. Two little girls, six and eight years old, were crossing. At that moment a runaway horse came dashing down the street. The runaway was almost

upon the children when Scott became aware of their peril. On the instant he sprang to their rescue. One he pushed out of the horse's way with the impetus that had carried him to the spot. Realizing that there was no time to get the other child out of the runaway's path, he deliberately shielded her with his body, he himself receiving the blow that would have struck her. While his own injuries were fortunately not fatal, they were severe; and there is no doubt that his action saved two children surely from great bodily harm, and probably from death.

These children were members of the Court Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school, which unanimously voted to show some recognition of Scott's brave deed. So a committee was appointed, which bought a watch and chain; and this gift, suitably inscribed, was presented to Scott in the Sunday-school room, which had rarely been so crowded.

As this modest, unassuming negro left the Sunday-school after the presentation, he was loudly cheered; and one of the many who took him by the hand remarked, «Scott, I'd rather shake your hand than the President's.»

This scene is not wholly unlike the closing incident of James Lane Allen's «King Solomon of Kentucky,» and suggests that Mr. Allen may have found King Solomon's prototype in real life, as F. Hopkinson Smith did Captain Joe's, and Colonel Hay, Jim Bludso's. The negro ne'er-do-well who remained behind in a plague-stricken community to help nurse the dying and bury the dead when his «betters» had deserted; the river-captain who stopped a leak in a crowded ferry-boat with his arm, at the risk of losing it by freezing; and the Mississippi deck-hand who lost his life on a burning steamboat because determined to

Hold her nozzle ag'in' the bank
Till the last galoot 's ashore,

are perhaps only a few of the fiction heroes drawn from the every-day heroes of real life.

About a year ago, a young coal-miner, John Anderson, Jr., fell from a train which he was attempting to board, and was killed beneath the wheels. There were many households in the Pennsylvania coal-region to which his tragic death came as a personal loss; for he had, a few years before, at the risk of his own life, saved forty-eight miners from death. His heroism was perhaps not as dramatic as that which involves instantaneous and concentrated action; but it was all the more remarkable because he had had time to deliberate upon its possible consequences.

Anderson and one or two other men were about half-way down the shaft, repairing a brattice. They were using naked lamps, the man in charge carrying his on his head as he went into the column-way. While he was testing a leak, the current of air drew the flame into the crevice, and the brattice took fire. There was a pool of water in the bottom of the shaft-cage on which the men were standing, but this was not enough to extinguish the flames. More time was lost in further vain efforts to get the fire under control. When it became apparent that it was bound to spread, the men with Anderson fled for safety.

Not so Anderson. Down the burning shaft he went; through the slopes he dashed, a Paul Revere of the mines, shouting to the men in the seams to flee for their lives. He thus gathered forty-eight men about him. From the last gang he learned that they had been unable to get up the traveling-way, and that escape by the old shaft had been cut off. Fortunately, he knew the location of a shaft that had lately been sunk, and was thus able to guide his fellow-workmen out of the mine.

"It is hard to make any one not acquainted with mining understand how much courage it required for young Anderson to do what he did," the manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Coal Companies writes me. "He had to traverse possibly a mile of subterranean workings, notifying one party here, and another there, of the danger above them. He was not certain that he himself could get out alive. Had any of the air-currents reversed, and the fumes overtaken him, death would have been certain." That his heroism undoubtedly saved the forty-eight men whom he led out appears from the fate of three men who disregarded his warning, and of two whom he could not reach. These five were suffocated.

Before the fast steamship *City of Paris* had changed her name to the *Paris*, she met, on one of her eastward trips, with an accident which imperiled the thousand lives aboard her, and kept many more people on two continents in a state of anxious suspense for several days.

The steamer was making what promised to be a record-breaking run. It was half-past five in the evening of the day before that on which she was expected to steam gaily into Queenstown harbor.

That moment, with a smooth sea and a clear sky, there was a sudden crash of machinery and timber, an outpour of steam from the engine-room hatches, a trembling

of the ship from stem to stern, an almost immediate list to starboard, and on deck the sharp command, "Clear the life-boats!"

Seven men, engineers and "greasemen," had rushed up from the engine-room to escape the scalding steam and flying machinery. What had happened none of them could tell. But what was happening? For down there was still a crashing and thrashing, as if everything were being smashed to pieces. Into that roaring, steaming hell there plunged a man. A few moments later the uproar had ceased, and he emerged again. He had stopped the machinery, and, as investigation showed, probably saved the ship.

The engine-room was a water-tight compartment—virtually, in fact, two water-tight compartments in one; for a steel bulkhead separated the starboard from the port engine, and it was supposed that with this arrangement, whatever might happen to one engine, the other would remain intact. But the accident to the *Paris* was one that wrought havoc with all the calculations of human ingenuity. The starboard engine had broken. Its wreck continued revolving. Part of this was a broken rod, which acted like a giant flail, beating down everything in its way, among other things battering and breaking through the steel bulkhead between the two engines.

It was the destructive work of this flail that John Gill, one of the second assistant engineers, checked when he shut off the steam. Some of the broken pieces of machinery had already dropped below. Had they been followed by other and more massive portions, which doubtless would have smashed through the bottom of the ship, she would probably have sunk like an iron pot. When, at the imminent risk of his own life, Gill stopped the machinery, he saved the ship and the souls it bore. He is now one of the chief engineers of the American Line.

It sometimes happens that in recalling a critical situation one can also remember some humorous incident that for the moment relieved it. When the steamer *Mosel*, aboard which I was at the time, was wrecked on the Lizard on the Cornish coast, an affrighted passenger, rushing on deck valise in hand, was greeted with shouts of "Cab, sir? Cab!" When, after Gill had stopped the machinery, the captain and the chief engineer descended into the engine-room to ascertain what had occurred, the passengers, with life-preservers adjusted, were grouped about the various life-boats to which they had been assigned; for the

vessel had not only listed, but had settled somewhat. At this solemn moment there appeared upon deck a woman who, fearing the vessel would sink, had not only adjusted her life-preserver, but, as a further precaution, had put on her rubbers—an incident that caused an explosion of laughter, and for the moment broke the backbone of apprehension.

James Bain, chief engineer of the ill-fated steamer *State of Florida*, not only risked his life, but deliberately sacrificed it, to save a woman. The disaster was most pitiful. The steamer collided with a bark in mid-ocean, and both vessels sank almost immediately. Only two men were saved from the bark, and only a handful of passengers and part of the ship's company from the steamer. Bain was safely in one of the life-boats, which was about to cast off, as there were as many people in it as it could hold. At that moment he saw a woman at the steamer's rail. She was too dazed to move. The steamer's deck was almost level with the water. Bain deliberately left his place in the boat, stepped on to the steamer's deck, lifted the woman over the taffrail, placed her on the seat he had occupied, cast off the boat, and went down with the steamer.

An enterprise that attracted wide attention at the time was the attempt to tunnel the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York. It was of the first importance to commerce, for it would afford direct access to New York to the railroads having their termini on the New Jersey side of the river. It involved a novel and difficult feat of engineering, and for the public it had the added fascination of danger. The veriest layman appreciated the peril in which the workmen would be the moment the tunnel penetrated beyond shore under the river's bed. Night and day would be one to them; above them the great fleet of steamers, tugs, ferry-boats, and sailing craft of all kinds would pass and re-pass; over them, as they dug and picked and hammered and welded down there in the depth and the darkness, would roll the billows of one of the great waterways of the Western hemisphere. What would be between them and this ever-threatening flood? At the extreme end, where the work was being extended out farther and farther under the bed of the river, a mere shell of silt and mud and ooze, sustained by compressed air—a device as yet untried in exactly this class of work, and considered by some engineering authorities of doubtful value. If these doubts proved true, if that thin shell gave way, the Hudson River

would pour in upon the men in the tunnel, and they would be drowned like rats in a hole. It was man against nature, with nature represented by a great river directly overhead.

Into this narrow tube of brick and iron under the bed of the river the workmen descended in shifts of twenty-eight each, at intervals of eight hours. They knew that every time they entered the tunnel they took their lives in their hands; but each shift took the chance that the accident, if any, would happen to the others.

One midnight twenty-eight men went into the tunnel. Only seven came out alive. They owed their escape to the fact that of the twenty-one who perished, one deliberately sacrificed his life to save theirs.

In order to understand just what took place at that time, it is necessary to know how work was carried on in the tunnel. It was begun on the New Jersey side of the river. Here a deep circular well was sunk. The men descended into this, and passed from it into the tunnel through an air-lock, designed to prevent the escape of compressed air from the tunnel, and also to equalize the pressure of air for the men as they entered or left it. The air-lock was filled with or emptied of compressed air according as the men were to enter or leave the tunnel, just as a canal-lock is filled or emptied according as a boat is to be raised or lowered.

This air-lock was a cylindrical chamber of heavy iron, fifteen feet long and six feet in diameter, closed at each end by massive doors swinging inward toward the tunnel, as otherwise the air pressure would have forced them open, with the result that the compressed air would have escaped and the roof of the tunnel have fallen in. The men having entered the air-lock from the shaft, the door was closed upon them, and before the door at the tunnel end was opened the lock was slowly filled with compressed air until the pressure was equal to that in the tunnel, which the men were then prepared to enter. The work had been pushed forward several hundred feet. The braces, aided by an air pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch, had so far sufficed to support the iron roof-plates, and there had been no accident. But there was one point of danger. Where the iron roof-plates and the wall of the shaft came together near the tunnel end of the air-lock, the joining was not fairly plumb. A watch was supposed to be constantly maintained there. Leaks had been discovered,

but had been quickly stopped with clay, of which there was plenty in the bottom of the tunnel.

One midnight a shift of men went down the shaft as usual, entered the air-lock, remained there the customary length of time, and then went into the tunnel. They were in charge of a foreman named Peter Woodland, a Dane, who had been in this country nine years, and had been employed at the tunnel since the beginning of the work. At half-past four in the morning some of the men prepared to go up for lunch. At that time the danger-point must have remained unguarded for a fatal interval.

Suddenly there was a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying:

«Back, men, and stop the leak!»

But, where a moment before there had been a hole that might have been stopped with a pinch of clay, there was now a rapidly widening gap. Under it stood Peter Woodland. The foul bottom of the river was pouring in upon him; ooze and slime were blinding him; he felt the water rising about his feet. One step would have taken him safely into the air-lock; of all the men, he was nearest safety. He did not move toward it. Standing there by the entrance, he shouted:

«Quick, boys! Get into the lock!»

But he did not lead the retreat. As each man came along, he pushed and shoved him through the rising ooze and water into the air-lock. Seven men had passed him. As he was helping the eighth, the iron roof-plates gave way, felled the man in the doorway, and pinned the door against him. Several men inside the air-lock grasped the prostrate man and tried to draw him in. He was dead, and pinned fast. The heavy iron plates against the door made it impossible to open this, and the man's body in the doorway made it impossible to close it by a few inches. Through this narrow space water began pouring from the tunnel into the air-lock. Escape had been cut off for Woodland and the twenty men behind him, and the men in the air-lock were in danger of drowning; for the compressed air which had entered it from the tunnel made it impossible for them to open the inward-swinging door at the other end.

«Take off your clothes and stop up the doorway!» shouted Woodland, who was now above his waist in water.

The men in the air-lock stripped themselves and thrust their clothing into the crack. The air-lock was now half full of water, and while the inflow was checked, it

was not wholly stopped. This water and the pressure of the air made their frantic efforts to tear open the door at the shaft end of the lock still unavailing.

There was a bull's-eye in each door. The man nearest the door leading into the tunnel was attracted by a sound, and, looking, saw Woodland peering at him through the bull's-eye. The water was up to his armpits. Beyond him were blurred, watery heads. Then he heard Woodland's voice:

«Break open the outside bull's-eye!»

The men in the air-lock were not cowards; it had required a certain degree of courage to work in the tunnel. They knew if they knocked out the bull's-eye, and the air escaped through it, their chances of tearing open the door would be improved; but they also knew that with the outrush of air from the lock and the tunnel the roof about the leak would come crashing down, and the last desperate chance for Woodland and his twenty hemmed-in men be gone. They hesitated. Woodland must have noticed their hesitation, for he called:

«Knock it out! It's your only chance!» Then for the first time his voice wavered as he added: «And if you're saved, try and do what you can for the rest of us!»

They smashed the bull's-eye, and tore at the door. At the same time they felt pressure applied from the outside. The door yielded slightly. The water began pouring out of the lock into the shaft. Relieved of this weight and of the air pressure, the door swung in, and seven nude and terrified men were literally shot into the shaft, where the water gained upon them so rapidly that they had to take to the ladder for safety. The caving in of a shed near the water's edge had given warning to two men above that something was wrong below. They had hurried down the shaft, and had reached the air-lock door just as the bull's-eye was smashed.

The nine men paused at the brink of the shaft. As they looked down into it, and then cast a glance at the river, they saw that both were on a level. The water of the Hudson had filled the tunnel and the air-lock, and risen in the shaft to the height of the tide. That the twenty-one men in the tunnel had met their doom there could be no doubt.

Before Woodland came to this country he had been a sailor. For nine years he had been employed, chiefly in bridge-building, by the superintendent of the tunnel work. Once before, while working on a bridge at Little Rock, Arkansas, he had had a chance to show his grit. Part of the structure was

carried away by a flood during a savage electrical storm. Woodland, bystander while most of the others fled, saved much of the remaining portion. One of his arms was partly paralyzed by the lightning that played about the iron trestles at the height of the storm; but he only smiled at those who had sought safety, and stuck to his post.

To appreciate fully what Peter Woodland did in the tunnel disaster, one must recall for an instant the circumstances under which he met his death. It was not on the field of battle. There was no trumpet-call, no hurrah from a thousand throats to urge him on, no surging army to carry him to the front with its own momentum, no flag flashing in the sun to stir his soul—not one of those dramatic effects that sometimes lift a man out of himself and inspire him to play a part, with the world for an audience. This catastrophe was shrouded in gloom. About it there was not one touch of the dramatic to inspire heroism. Peter Woodland stood in a tunnel under the bed of a great river. In that bed above him was an ever-widening gap through which the river was pouring in upon him. There was but one step between him and safety. He never took it; for there were men—*his* men—behind him! And so he stood there by the air-lock door, helping one after another in,

till the crash came. Then, under circumstances that would have converted almost any man into a tiger fighting for his life, he coolly, to his dying breath, directed the men he had helped into the air-lock how to save themselves. Weighing well all these things, I say deliberately that Peter Woodland, a plain man but little above his own workmen in rank, performed an act of heroism as sublime as any of which the history of the world contains a record.

At Marion, Alabama, is a shaft erected in 1855 to a negro slave named Harry, who had belonged to President Talbird of Howard College, and who died of injuries received at the burning of the college building on the night of October 3, 1854. When Harry was awakened and warned to flee from the burning building, he replied, "I must wake the boys first." So he dashed through the corridors, shouting to the students to save themselves, until, overcome by the flames, he fell unconscious upon the floor; but not until many students had been enabled, through his warning cries, to escape. He was borne out of the building, but died after a few days of severe suffering.

Of the heroes here mentioned he was in life the humblest—less than a servant, a slave!



SPEAKING THE SHIPS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

UNTRAVELED dweller by the haven-side,
 I saw the great ships come, sojourn a day,
 Then set their eager sails, their anchor weigh,
 And give themselves to rocking wind and tide.
 I spake them not, nor they to me replied,
 Of where their void and lonely journey lay;
 Now, since my lips have tasted mid-sea spray,
 In common speech I hail those wanderers wide.
 To this: "Proud Scotia gave thy ribs to thee!"
 To this: "Thy masts have known the Apennines!"
 Or, "Tagus empties where thy frame was planned."
 Or, "Say, thou gallant one, if true it be,
 Thou hither cam'st with hoard of Levant wines
 And dulcet fruits from many a sun-loved land!"

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY OF HONDURAS.

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES IN COPAN.

BY THE EXPLORER, GEORGE BYRON GORDON.



THE exploits of Cortez and the conquest of Mexico, rendered into popular literature by Prescott, are chiefly responsible for the common belief that north of the Isthmus of Panama the high-water mark of pre-Columbian civ-

ilization on the American continent was that reached by the Aztecs. It is true that at the time of the conquest the Aztecs were the dominant race; they were then at the height of their power and glory, and their influence was more extended than that of any other nation. It is not intended to detract from the brilliancy of the Aztec civilization as set forth in the testimony of eye-witnesses at the time of the conquest; but, compared with that of another civilization that had already passed away, it was as the brightness of the full meridian moon to the splendor of the sun that has already set. Nor is it claimed that the Aztec culture was a borrowed culture. That is a matter involving vast differences of opinion; and it is characteristic that, while so much ingenuity has been wasted in vain speculation, so little has been accomplished by actual investigation that it is still a matter of dispute whether the Maya culture was developed on the soil where its remains are found, or brought with the people from parts unknown; whether the Aztecs borrowed from the Mayas, or the Mayas from the Aztecs; or whether both these great nations derived their culture from the Toltecs. And again, it is claimed that the Toltecs themselves are nothing more than the figures of a sun-myth.

The two great aboriginal civilizations of the North American continent that furnish us with material for investigation and study are those of the Aztecs and the Mayas. The relationship between them is not clearly defined; but it is noteworthy that these two peoples, having an entirely separate political existence, differing radically in language and

customs, had legends which appear to have had a community of origin in some indefinitely remote past.

From the valley of Mexico, the center of its power and influence, the Aztec civilization at the time of the conquest had spread itself to the Gulf of Mexico and to the Pacific Ocean, to the river Panuco on the north and to the Gulf of Tehuantepec on the south, with small outlying colonies still farther south.

The broad plains of Yucatan and the fertile valleys of Central America comprise the theater where the much older Maya civilization had its rise, culmination, and decline—the unrecorded acts in a very imposing drama played long ago by actors whose names have been forgotten. Yes; long before the dream of western empire began to fill the minds of Europeans, firing the ambition of kings, and inciting the adventurous spirits of the time, full of the romantic daring of the age of chivalry, and thirsting for conquest, to seek fortune and fame at all hazards in the golden regions to the west,—centuries before the kingdom of the Montezumas, whose evil destiny it was to fall a prey to these avaricious and unprincipled men, had risen to power and glory in the beautiful valley of Mexico,—the curtain had already fallen on the last sad scene that closed another empire's career. On the arrival of the Spaniards the scepter of the Mayas had already passed away, and their ruined cities were the conqueror's spoil.

It is true that at the time of the conquest there was a remnant of a population on the peninsula of Yucatan,—a number of tribes who still haunted the vicinity of the deserted cities,—and these are generally believed to have been the descendants of the builders, though this is by no means certain. They called themselves Maya people; their language, they said, was Mayathan, the Maya speech; and their ancient capital they called Mayapan, which means literally the Maya banner, and in this connection means the Maya capital. This was the first acquaintance of Europeans with the name Maya. At the present day the name is applied ge-

nerically to all the affiliated tribes speaking dialects derived from the same ancient stock as the Maya proper, and specifically to that ancient civilization the remains of which are found scattered over Yucatan and Central America.

Whatever the origin of the people whom the Spaniards found in Yucatan, they doubtless had traditions, however vague, reaching back to the time when the great changes involving the rise and fall of the populous cities were going on. Some of these traditions have been handed down to us by the early missionaries—perverted, indeed, through the efforts of the ecclesiastical mind to interpret them in the light of the Holy Scriptures, but still of inestimable value to the student who, by a vigorous application of critical analysis, may be able to restore them to some semblance of their natural shape. Even then they will serve not to satisfy, but only to whet, his appetite. His task will not be an easy or yet altogether a pleasant one; for it is a melancholy picture these monkish writings present of the intellectual thralldom that bore the name of learning in that day. Full of the fantasies and imagery of the East, those who undertook to teach the Indians were unable to comprehend a traditional knowledge of institutions more advanced and an intelligence far more liberal than their own.

THE MAYAS A LITERARY PEOPLE.

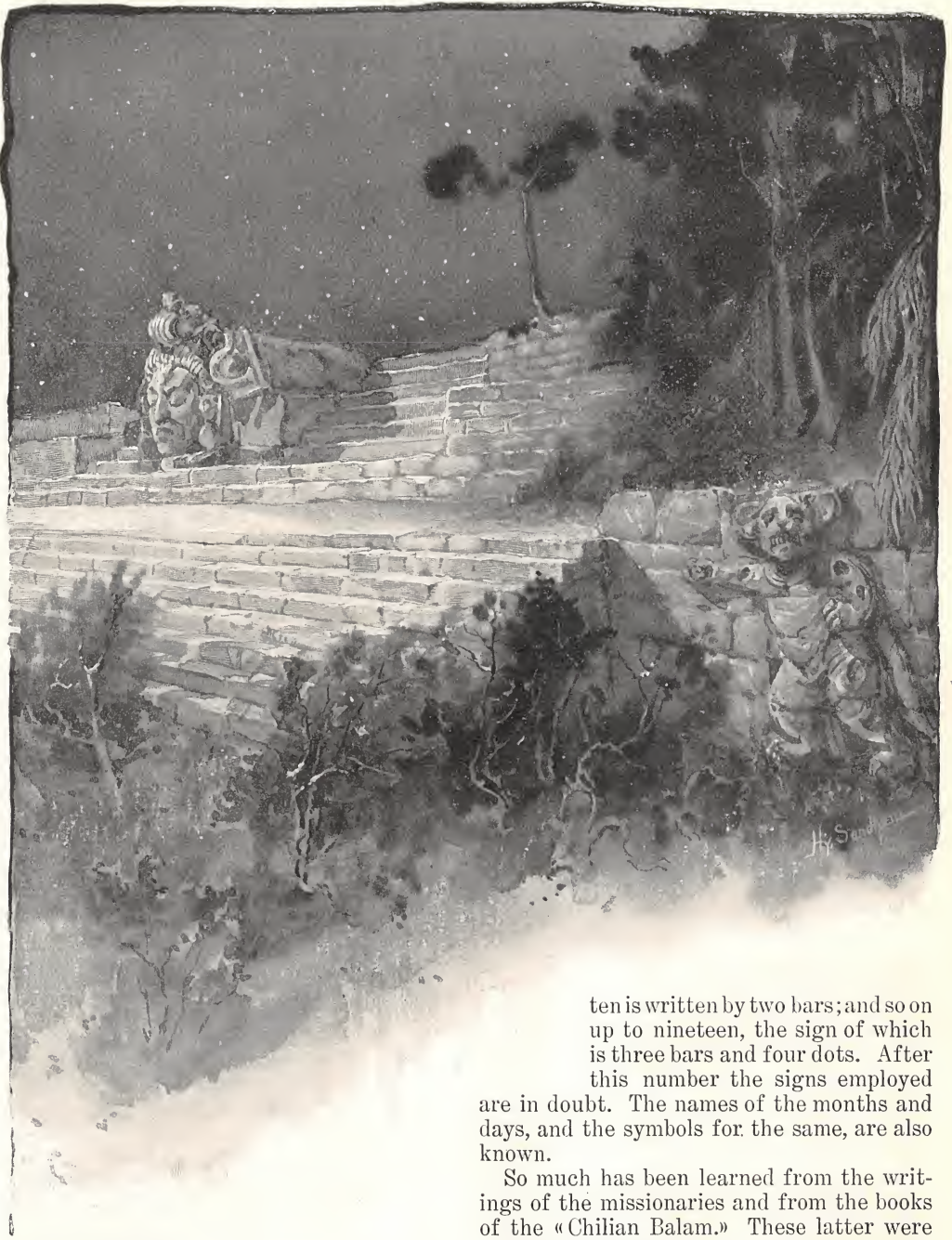
NOT only did traditions exist in the minds of the people, but many of the old Indian families still preserved their books, the remnants of once extensive libraries, in which the history, traditions, and customs of the people were recorded. All these books that the Spanish priests could lay their hands upon they burned. Four only have come down to us—priceless relics that in some unknown manner found their way into European libraries, where they lay hidden until unearthed by scholars of recent years. The books of the Mayas consisted of long strips of paper made from maguey fiber, and folded after the manner of a screen so as to form pages about nine by five inches; these were covered with hieroglyphic characters, very neatly drawn by hand, in brilliant colors. Boards were fastened on the outside pages, and the completed book looked like a neat volume of large octavo size. The characters in which they are written are the same as those found upon the stone tablets and monuments in the ruined cities of Palenque and

Copan. This system of writing, which is entirely distinct from the picture-writing of the Aztecs, was the exclusive possession of the Mayas. It was a highly developed system, and, as investigations have shown, embraced a number of phonetic elements. In this respect, as in many others, the Mayas were far in advance of any other American people. A venerable but vague and elusive legend that has come down to us ascribes the invention of these characters to Itzamná, the Maya Cadmus, a great hero-god who, in the beginning of their history as a nation, led the people from the East across the sea, gave them laws, and ruled over them for many years.

It is not possible here to enter into a discussion of this system of writing, the explanation of which forms one of the great problems in American archæology; nor shall I attempt to review what has been accomplished toward its solution. Although nothing has yet been found that will enable any living man to decipher a single inscription, the results attained by the labor of a number of eminent scholars here and abroad give ground for the hope that future investigations will bear more fruitful results.

Not only were the Mayas a literary people, but they had also a turn for mathematics, and attained considerable proficiency in the use of figures. They possessed a well-developed system of numeration, in which they counted by units and scores—a vigesimal system. Its chief application seems to have been in their time-reckoning and the adjustment of the calendar. The Maya chronological scheme embraced two time-counts. The basis of one was the astronomical year of three hundred and sixty-five days, beginning on the day of the transit of the sun by the zenith; it was divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, which gave a period of three hundred and sixty days, just as in the Egyptian year, which was divided into twelve months of thirty days each; and, like the Egyptians, the Mayas added the remaining five days required to complete the solar year at the end of the last month. The years were arranged in cycles of twenty years, called *katunes*; and thirteen *katunes*, or two hundred and sixty years, made an *ahau katun* or *king katun*.

But in matters pertaining to their sacred functions and religious rites the Maya priests adhered to the older reckoning, the basis of which was the ceremonial year of two hundred and sixty days, not derived from astronomical relations, but from mythical notions. The task of reconciling these two time-counts and pre-



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

THE JAGUAR STAIRWAY.

venting confusion occupied the attention of the scholars, and led to the development of a very capable system of mathematics.

In this connection we are familiar with the numeral signs from one to nineteen, thus: the numbers from one to four are represented by dots; a bar signifies five; a bar and a dot, six;

ten is written by two bars; and so on up to nineteen, the sign of which is three bars and four dots. After this number the signs employed are in doubt. The names of the months and days, and the symbols for the same, are also known.

So much has been learned from the writings of the missionaries and from the books of the «Chilian Balam.» These latter were written during the half-century immediately following the conquest, in different parts of Yucatan. They are written in the Maya language, but in Roman characters, by natives who had acquired a knowledge of writing from the missionaries. The name «Chilian Balam» seems to have been the title of a class of native priests whose duty it was to teach the sciences, and who doubtless con-

tinued, long after their forced profession of Christian doctrines, to transmit in secret the learning derived from their ancestors.

EXPLORATIONS, EARLY AND LATE.

WITH such preparation as is afforded by this preliminary outfit of knowledge, the archæologist turns to the material remains that lie buried in the soil of the ancient empire to seek a clue to the history of the people and the origin of their civilization. He is met at the outset by the problem of the inscriptions. Therestand the tablets and monuments the silent characters of which contain the very clue he is in search of; and until these are read the lost page of history can never be restored. Still, we shall not remain altogether ignorant of that history. We may never know when or by whom the cities of Palenque and Copan were built; when and why they became a desolation and a ruin we may never learn: but by a careful study of the material relics at our command we may, without any claim to supernatural vision, in a measure unveil this mystery of the past, and hold our discourse with the vanished people.

Stephens and Catherwood led the way, and opened up a path into this previously unknown field of exploration. Much has since been accomplished by others, chiefly in Yucatan; and the names of Maudslay, Thompson, Charnay, and Le Plongeon will always be known in connection with important discoveries.

In 1891 the Peabody Museum of Archæology at Harvard University, after having carried on explorations in Yucatan, established, under an edict of the government of Honduras, a systematic course of explorations on the site of the prehistoric city of Copan. These have been continued with gratifying results, and, with the additional fruit of a few more years of uninterrupted labor, will be the means of letting a flood of light into this obscure corner of human history.

The explorations have been brought about by Mr. Charles P. Bowditch, who, in conjunction with other patrons of science, has facilitated the work which has been carried on with remarkable success under the supervision of Professor Putnam, the curator of the museum.

The first expedition was in charge of Mr. M. H. Saville and Mr. J. G. Owens. The history of the second, which set out in the fall of 1892, was made tragic by the melancholy death of Mr. Owens, the director, who fell a victim to a malignant fever contracted on the deadly lowlands. This was the occasion

of my first experience at Copan; since then I have visited the ruins each year, remaining from six to nine months, or until the heavy rains put a stop to the excavations. Our supplies of provisions, tools for clearing the forest and excavating, surveying apparatus, matrix-paper for taking impressions of the monuments, photographic materials, etc., were shipped to Yzabal, on the Atlantic coast of Guatemala, and from there transported on pack-mules to the scene of our labors. The only roads are rough mountain trails, which in places are sometimes impassable; and the journey from Yzabal to the ruins is a toilsome one of several days. We have been beset by many difficulties; for, besides the vicissitudes of climate, the hardships to be endured in a wild and secluded region, and the constant persecution arising from the teeming activity and pernicious habits of insect life that make existence a bitter curse, our work has frequently been obstructed by wars, the strife of rival factions arising from the unsettled political condition of the country, so that the men upon whom we depended as workmen, if not employed in the defense of the government, were avoiding that occupation by hiding in the mountains.

Copan is the name by which the most remarkable and ancient of the prehistoric cities of the New World is known to us. Whether or not this was the name by which the city was known to its ancient dwellers we do not know; but when we consider the etymology of the word, its appropriateness would seem to suggest a probability in its favor. In the Maya language the substantive *pan*, as has already appeared, signified primarily «standard»; and when applied to a city as a part of its name, it was equivalent to «capital.» Thus, as Mayapan was the capital of Maya, so Copan would be the capital of Co, a name that appears in no written record known to us. The internal evidence of the ruins tends to convince us that Copan is still more ancient than Palenque in Chiapas; and while both belong to that great civilization known to us as Maya, they were not necessarily contemporaneous. It seems more probable that the former was the earlier home of the race that founded the later empire of Maya in Yucatan and Chiapas. Co may have been the ancestor of Maya.

ONE OF THE GREATEST MYSTERIES OF THE AGES.

HIDDEN away among the mountains of Honduras, in a beautiful valley which, even in that little-traveled country, where remoteness

is a characteristic attribute of places, is unusually secluded, Copan is one of the greatest mysteries of the ages. After the publication (in 1840) of Stephens's account of his visit to the ruins, which made them known for the first time to the world, the interest awakened by his graphic description, and the drawings that accompanied it from the skilful pencil of Catherwood, relapsed; and until within the last decade writers on the subject of American archæology were dependent entirely for information concerning Copan upon the writings of Stephens, which were regarded by many with skepticism and mistrust. Not only do the recent explorations confirm the account given by Stephens as regards the magnitude and importance of the ruins, but the collection of relics now in the Peabody Museum is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that here are the remains of a city, unknown to history, as remarkable and as worthy of our careful consideration as any of the ancient centers of civilization in the Old World. Whatever the origin of its people, this old city is distinctly American—the growth of American soil and environment. The gloomy forest, the abode of monkeys and jaguars, which clothed the valley at the time of Stephens's visit, was in great part destroyed about thirty years ago by a colony from Guatemala, who came to plant in the fertile soil of the valley the tobacco for which, much more than for the ruins, that valley is famous throughout Central America to-day. They left the trees that grew upon the higher structures, forming a picturesque grove, a remnant of which still remains—a few cedars and ceibas of gigantic proportions, clustered about the ruins of the temples, shrouding them in a somber shade, and sending their huge roots into the crevices and unexplored chambers and vaults and galleries of the vast edifices.

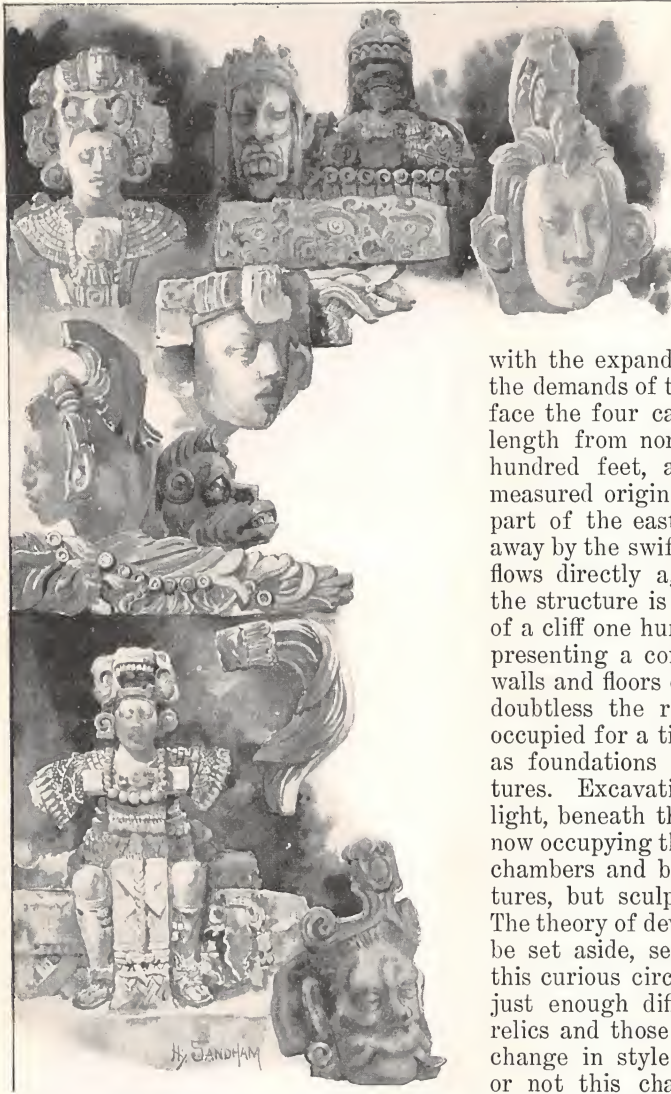


MORTUARY VASES.



The area comprised within the limits of the old city consists of a level plain seven or eight miles long and two miles wide at the greatest. This plain is covered with the remains of stone houses, doubtless the habitations of the wealthy. The streets, squares, and courtyards were paved with stone, or with white cement made from lime and powdered rock, and the drainage was accomplished by means of covered canals and underground sewers built of stone and cement. On the slopes of the mountains, too, are found numerous ruins; and even on the highest peaks fallen columns and ruined structures may be seen.





FRAGMENTS OF SCULPTURE.

On the right bank of the Copan River, in the midst of the city, stands the principal group of structures—the temples, palaces, and buildings of a public character. These form part of what has been called, for want of a better name, the Main Structure—a vast, irregular pile rising from the plain in steps and terraces of masonry, and terminating in several great pyramidal elevations, each topped by the remains of a temple which, before our excavations were begun, looked like a huge pile of fragments bound together by the roots of trees, while the slopes of the pyramids, and the terraces and pavements below, are strewn with the ruins of these superb edifices. This huge structure, unlike

the great pyramids of Egypt and other ancient works of a similar character, is not the embodiment of a definite idea, built in accordance with a preconceived plan and for a specific purpose, but is rather the complex result of a long process of development, corresponding to the growth of culture, and keeping pace

with the expanding tastes of the people or the demands of their national life. Its sides face the four cardinal points; its greatest length from north to south is about eight hundred feet, and from east to west it measured originally nearly as much, but a part of the eastern side has been carried away by the swift current of the river which flows directly against it. The interior of the structure is thus exposed in the form of a cliff one hundred and twenty feet high, presenting a complicated system of buried walls and floors down to the water's edge—doubtless the remains of older buildings, occupied for a time, and abandoned to serve as foundations for more elaborate structures. Excavations have also brought to light, beneath the foundations of buildings now occupying the surface, not only the filled chambers and broken walls of older structures, but sculptured monuments as well. The theory of development, though it cannot be set aside, seems inadequate to explain this curious circumstance; and yet there is just enough difference between these art relics and those of later date to indicate a change in style and treatment. Whether or not this change continues in regular sequence lower down has not yet been determined. If, as I am inclined to believe, we shall find, away down in the lower levels, the rude beginnings from which the culture of the later period developed, we shall have pretty conclusive evidence not only that Copan is the oldest of the Maya cities, but that the Copan valley itself, with the immediate vicinity, was the cradle of the Maya civilization.

Within the Main Structure, at an elevation of sixty feet, is a court one hundred and twenty feet square, which, with its surrounding architecture, must have presented a magnificent spectacle when it was entire. It was entered from the south through a passage thirty feet in width, between two high pyramidal foundations, each supporting

a temple. A thick wall, pierced in the center by a gateway, now stripped of its adornments and in ruins, guarded this passage to the south. The court itself is inclosed by ranges of steps or seats rising to a height of twenty feet, as in an ampuitheater; they are built of great blocks of stone, neatly cut, and regularly laid without mortar. In the center of the western side is a stairway projecting a few feet into the court, and leading to a broad terrace above the range of seats on that side. The upper steps in this stairway are divided in the midst by the head of a huge dragon facing the court, and holding in its distended jaws a grotesque human head of colossal proportions.

To the north of the court stood the two magnificent temples, 21 and 22,¹ the massive ruins of which create a feeling that they were the work of giants. The ranges of seats and the floor of the court below are buried beneath the huge stones thrown from their walls, and by the massive sculptures that adorned the elaborate façades, as completely as if the place had been the scene of a land-slide. The excavations that have been made in these ruined buildings have brought to light a very interesting lot of material. Although their ruin is too complete to allow us to form a very accurate conception of their original appearance, enough remains to prove the symmetry and excellence of their design, and the high artistic merit and sumptuous splendor of their architecture.

Temple 22, in many ways the most interesting yet explored, furnishes a typical example of this class of building. From the stone-paved terrace above the western side of the court, a great stairway, with massive steps, leads up to a platform which runs the whole length of the building, and is carried out at each end upon solid piers to the line of beginning of the steps. From the head of the stairway two graceful wing stones, extending across the platform, guard the approach to the first entrance, which gives access to the outer chambers. This doorway is nine feet wide, and was covered with a vaulted roof, now fallen. Directly opposite it, in the interior, is a second doorway, leading to the inner chambers. In front of this second entrance is a step two feet high, ornamented on the face by hieroglyphics and skulls carved in relief. At each end a huge death's-head forms a pedestal for a crouching human figure supporting the head of a

dragon, the body of which is turned upward, and is lost among the scrollwork and figures of a cornice that runs above the doorway. All the interior walls were covered with a thin coat of stucco, on which figures and scenes were painted in various colors; and the cornices were adorned with stucco masks and other ornaments, likewise painted. The roofs, with the massive towers which they supported, had fallen and filled the chambers completely. The horizontal arch formed by overlapping stones was always used in the construction of roofs—a type that is common to all the Maya cities. The outside of the building, profusely ornamented with grotesques at every line, bears witness to the ambitious prodigality of the architect, his love of adornment, and his aversion to plain surfaces—a characteristic that is manifested on all the monuments and carvings at Copan. An elaborate cornice with foliated design, adorned with plumage, all beautifully carved, ran around the four sides. Higher up, a row of portrait-like busts was also carried around the entire building. Whatever of plain surface remained was covered with pure white stucco, and the same material was used upon the sculptures to give a finish to the carving and a suitable surface for the colors that were used to produce the desired effect.

There is still another court on the same level as the one I have attempted to describe. Here rise the great stairways that lead to temples 11 and 16, the one covered with carvings and painted stucco, and the other adorned with rows of death's-heads, which give the place an air of solemnity and gloom. So deep was the impression they made on the mind of Stephens that for once he departed from his cautious reserve to indulge



SCULPTURED STONE WITH GREAT SERPENT,
SUPPOSED TO BE AN ALTAR.

¹ For convenience of description, the different structures have been designated by numbers or by letters. See «Memoirs Peabody Museum,» Vol. I, No. 1, 1896.



ALTAR Q. WEST SIDE.

in speculations. He fancied they resembled the skulls of monkeys rather than of men; they reminded him of the four monstrous animals that once adorned the base of the obelisk of Luxor, now in Paris, and which, under the name of *Cynocephali*, were worshiped at Thebes. The analogy led him to make the suggestion that monkeys may have been worshiped as deities by the people who built Copan.

Here also stands the great altar, or table Q, with its procession of priests on the four sides, and an inscription on the top.

THE MONOLITHS OF COPAN.

CLIMBING the steep flight of steps at the north side of the court, and standing among the ruins of temple 11, we command a view of what must have been one of the finest sights in this marvelous city, where, it would seem, the *genii* who attended on King Solomon had been at work. To our right are the ruins of another lofty temple (26), from the entrance of which the hieroglyphic stairway, to be described later, descended to the pavement one hundred feet below. Right in front of us the northern slope of the main structure goes down abruptly, in a broad, steep flight of steps, to the floor of the plaza, which stretches away to the north, and terminates in an amphitheater about three hundred feet square, inclosed on the eastern, northern, and western sides by ranges of seats twenty feet high. The southern side is open, except that its center is occupied by a pyramid that rose almost to a point, leaving a square platform on top. In the plaza stood the principal group of obelisks, monoliths, or stelæ, as they are variously designated, to which Copan owes its principal fame. There are fifteen in all scattered over the plaza, some overthrown and others still erect. Although affording infinite variety in detail, in general design and treatment these

monuments are all the same. No verbal description can convey any idea of their appearance; the illustrations will have to speak for themselves. They average about twelve feet in height and three feet square, and are carved over the entire surface. On one side, and sometimes on two opposite sides, stands a human figure in high relief, always looking toward one of the cardinal points. Upon these personages is displayed such a wealth of ornament and insignia that the figures look overburdened and encumbered, giving the idea that the chief object of the artist was the display of such adornment. While nearly all these human figures are disproportionately short, the accurate drawing and excellent treatment of the smaller figures in the designs surrounding the principal characters show that this is not owing to deficient perception on the part of the sculptor.

The sides of the monuments not occupied by human figures are covered by hieroglyphic inscriptions. In front of each of the figures, at a distance of a few feet, is a smaller sculpture, called an altar. These measure sometimes seven feet across and from two to four feet in height. The design sometimes represents a grotesque monster with curious adornments; but a common form of altar is a flat disk seven or eight feet in diameter, with a row of hieroglyphs around the edge. Much



STELA B. FRONT.

of the carving on these obelisks and altars is doubtless symbolical; and until this is better understood it is useless to speculate upon the character of the monuments themselves—speculations in which our ignorance would allow us unlimited scope. Two of the figures have their faces hidden by masks, a circumstance which seems to preclude the theory that they are portraits, although that is suggested by the striking individuality of many of the faces. But who can tell? The statues may be those of deified kings or heroes; on these altars a grateful people may have paid the tribute of affection; or, as some would have us believe, they may have been idols, insatiate monsters, on whose reeking altars the bloody sacrifice prevailed. But there is nothing in all the sculptures at Copan to suggest the sacrifice of human or any other victims; nothing to recall the revolting traffic in human blood that was common in Mexico down to the time of the conquest; no trace of analogy with the frightful orgies that marred the history of the Aztecs, pervading every phase of their national life, finding constant expression in their decorative art, and filling their picture-written annals with scenes of blood. We would fain believe that the Mayas were a humane and gentle people, given to generous impulses and noble deeds; that these relics of their art, in which the thought and feeling of the people strove to find expression, had for their object and inspiration a better motive than the deliberate shedding of human blood.

THE HIEROGLYPHIC STAIRWAY.

THE most extraordinary feature that our excavations have yet brought to light is the hieroglyphic stairway already referred to. Facing the plaza at the southern end, it occupied a central position on the western side of the high pyramidal elevation that forms the northern wing of the Main Structure. Even in the sad state of ruin in which we behold it now, it affords a magnificent spectacle. What must it have been in the days when it was entire, and reached from the floor of the plaza to the entrance of the temple that stood on the height a hundred feet above!

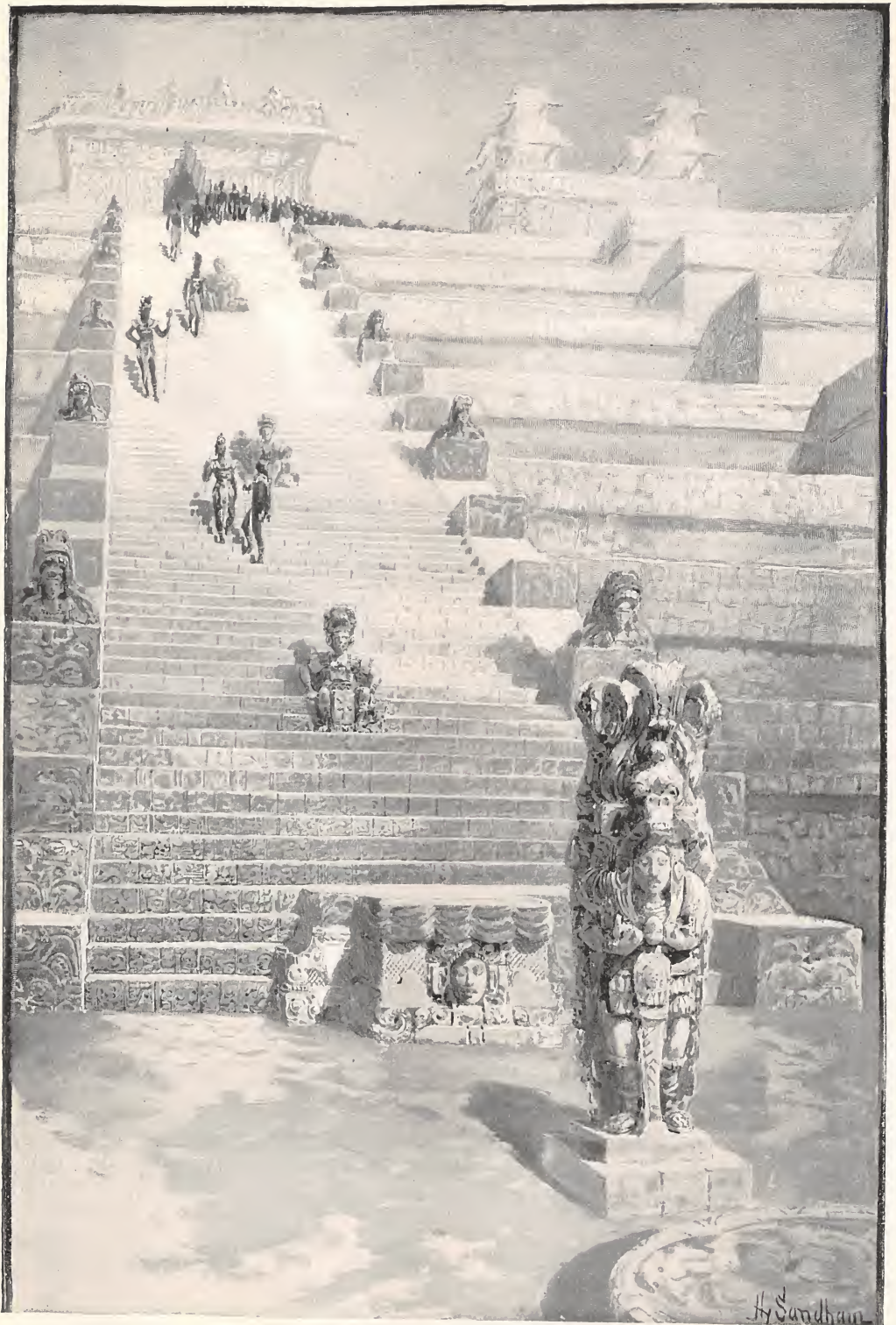
When discovered, in 1894, this stairway was completely buried beneath the debris fallen from the temple, of which not one stone remained upon another. The upper part of the stairway itself had also been thrown from its place as if by an earthquake, and lay strewn upon the lower por-

tion. When, at length, after months of labor on which from fifty to one hundred men were employed, the fallen material was cleared away, an acre of ground was covered with broken sculptures removed during the progress of the work, and the lower steps were found unharmed. In the center of the stairway, at the base, is a throne or pedestal rising to the fifth step, and projecting eight feet in front. The design upon its face



STELA A. SOUTH SIDE.

is rich in sculpture and delicate in detail. It is made up in part of handsome faces, masks, death's-heads, and scrolls, beautifully carved, and disposed with perfect symmetry; but the ensemble is perfectly unintelligible. On the face of each step in the stairway is a row of hieroglyphs, carved in medium relief, running the entire length. At intervals in the ascent the center is occupied by a human figure of noble and commanding appearance, arrayed in splendid attire, seated on the steps. The upper parts of all these figures were broken away, but the pieces of several were recovered and restored. On each side was a solid balustrade two feet thick; the upper



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM,

HIEROGLYPHIC STAIRWAY (RESTORED).

parts of these were also broken away, but by careful study and comparison enough was recovered to enable us to make out the curious and complicated design. Portrait-like busts issuing from the jaws of grotesque monsters, standing out upon these balustrades, and repeated at regular intervals, formed their principal adornment.

Notwithstanding the arduous toil under the fierce rays of a tropical sun, the exhuming of this stairway, in the construction of which the ancient sculptors exhausted the resources of their art, was a fascinating labor, and was performed under the constant stimulus of expectation and the excitement of discovery. When the last day's work was done, and I stood upon the broken throne at the base of the stairway, to take a last look at the scene of my labors, so familiar had I grown with every feature of the place that it seemed to cost but little effort of the mind to roll aside the mist that hid the past, and restore again the shattered fabric. From my position I could see the whole plaza, with its monuments and temple-crowned pyramids. In front of me the smooth, cemented pavement stretched away westward to a range of terraces that bounds it in that direction, but leaves unobstructed the view of the mountains beyond the valley. In other days the parting shafts of the sun struck the temple, and its sculptured walls, adorned with paint and stucco, flashed in the light, until the shadows, mounting the throne and climbing the stairway, shot above the highest tower, and left the city wrapped in gloom. For a moment the peaks stood dark and gigantic against the dazzling sunset hues, crowned with glory; then the colors faded rapidly, giving way to a pale glow above the mountains, while sudden darkness fell upon the valley.

Musing on the scene, I was dimly aware of a long array of shadows projected from the past. Nor was it altogether fancy. This plaza has witnessed many a scene of august pomp and many a glittering pageant. Many a priestly procession with solemn rites has trod these sculptured stairs; and here, doubtless, on many a day famous in the annals of the nation, the plumed warriors of Co, returning with victorious banners, bowed before the throne where their monarch sat in state and proudly reviewed them as they passed.

No regular burying-place has yet been found at Copan, but a number of isolated tombs have been explored. The location of these was strange and unexpected—beneath the pavement of courtyards and under the foundations of houses. They consist of small

chambers of very excellent masonry, roofed sometimes by means of the horizontal arch, and sometimes by means of slabs of stone resting on the top of the vertical walls. In these tombs one, and sometimes two, interments had been made. The bodies had been laid at full length upon the floor. The cerements had long since moldered away, and the skeletons themselves were in a crumbling condition, and give little knowledge of the physical characteristics of the people; but one fact of surpassing interest came to light concerning their private lives, namely, the custom of adorning the front teeth with gems inlaid in the enamel, and by filing. Although not all of the sets of teeth found had been treated in this way, there are enough to show that the practice was general, at least among the upper classes; for all the tombs opened, from their associations with prominent houses, seem to have belonged to people of rank or fortune. The stone used in the inlaying was a bright-green jadeite. A circular cavity about one sixteenth of an inch in diameter was drilled in the enamel of each of the two front teeth of the upper row, and inlaid with a little disk of jadeite, cut to a perfect fit, and secured by means of a bright-red cement.

Besides the human remains, each tomb contained a number of earthenware vessels of great beauty and excellence of workmanship, some of them painted with figures in various colors, and others finished with a peculiar polish resembling a glaze. Some of these vessels contained charcoal and ashes; in others were various articles of use and adornment. The beads, ear-ornaments, medallions, and a variety of other ornaments, usually of jadeite, exhibit an extraordinary degree of skill in the art of cutting and polishing stones, while the pearls and trinkets carved from shell must have been obtained by trade or by journeys to the coast. In the same tombs with these ornaments were frequently found such objects of utility as knives and spear-heads of flint and obsidian, and stone hatchets and chisels. These were doubtless family vaults, though none of them contained the remains of many burials.

As to the antiquity of the city, although we have no data that will enable us to fix a date, there are certain historical facts that remove it from the reach of history or tradition, and place the era of its destruction long anterior to the discovery of America.

In 1524 Alvarado subdued the tribes in the province of Guatemala, and founded the city of that name. From this as a center the

dominion of the Spanish arms was gradually extended over all of Central America, and intercourse opened with settlements already established.

tended influence, had it still existed, would not have escaped the ambitious enterprise of the conquerors. According to custom, the exploits of boasting generals and the zeal of



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

STELA I AND ALTAR (RESTORED).

What was the condition of Copan at this time? Surely such a center of wealth and power, with all its barbaric splendor and ex-

missionaries ought to have spread its fame through the length and breadth of the Spanish dominions. All that we find, however, in

the written records of that time is a brief mention of an expedition sent in 1530 from Guatemala, under the leadership of Hernando de Chaves, who conquered an Indian stronghold called Copan, situated somewhere in this region; but from the brief and ambiguous account given, it is evident that the place, in strength and importance, must have been insignificant compared with the city of antiquity the ruins of which are called Copan to-day, and concerning which history and tradition are silent.

Moreover, Hernando Cortez, during his march from Mexico to Honduras in 1525, must have passed within a few days' journey of Copan; yet neither he nor any of his companions makes any mention of such a place, though several of them give detailed accounts of the journey. Would the conqueror of Mexico have turned aside when such a prize was in his way?

Furthermore, in 1576 Don Diego Garcia de Palacio, an officer of the King of Spain, journeying from Guatemala to San Pedro, passed through the ruins, and in a letter to Philip II—a letter that is still preserved in the British Museum—describes what he saw there. His description is such as might be written to-day by any intelligent traveler; the buildings were in complete ruin, and the Indians who lived in the vicinity were unable to give him any enlightenment concerning them. Yet this was only forty-six years after the expedition of Chaves.

There is but one reasonable conclusion: the city was abandoned and in ruins long before the arrival of the Spaniards; all tradition concerning it was lost, and its name forgotten. Its glory was never beheld by Europeans. Could we conceive of that privilege as having been theirs, what would have been their astonishment when, issuing from the rocky passes and dangerous defiles of the cordilleras, they first beheld the vision of this enchanted valley with its guardian city! Standing in such a situation, and gazing on that scene in its present aspect, clothed in

the melancholy charm of the wilderness, I was filled with admiration at the consciousness of what must have been, from the beauty of the situation and the barbaric grandeur of its architecture, the effect of that proud city in its prime.

The moral effect of the ruins on one who sojourns among them is not easily described. The more familiar they become, the more the mind is impressed with the strength and magnitude of the structures; with the character of the monuments, so elaborate in composition, so strange in design, so rich in ornament, and yet so perfectly unintelligible; the lavishness of the sculpture, its beauty and solemnity; and then, the silence, the desolation, and the mystery of it all. The cause of the city's destruction we have yet to learn, but history is full of suggestions. The trees that flourish over it may have been nourished by the blood of its slaughtered population; the terrific subterranean forces that have shaken the foundations of still greater cities may have driven the stricken inhabitants in terror from their homes; they may have died of famine, or pestilence may have piled the streets with dead. Who shall tell the story of their fall?

The tale of Troy divine has not a more pathetic human interest than this picture of a nameless city with its unknown story. One fell amid the clash of arms, while gods and godlike men wrought deeds that poets wrought in song. Against the darkness of the former night the heroic action fills the golden dawn, and they who fought and fell are still the foremost heroes of the world. The other filled its destiny obscurely, perished in obedience to the will of Heaven, and, with its name, its virtues, and its very gods, went down into the darkness of a voiceless past, unhonored and unsung.

. . . Who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say "Here was or is" where all is doubly
night?

ROSE-RENT.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

LIFE! lordly giver and gay!
I, for this manor of Time,
Lightly and lovingly pay
Rent with the rose of a rhyme.

MAXIMILIAN'S EMPIRE.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

THE "CINCO DE MAYO."

THE health officers who boarded the steamer at Vera Cruz gave us unexpected and startling news. The little French army had been repulsed with serious loss before Puebla. The direct route, by which the trip from Vera Cruz to Mexico via Orizaba—one hundred and ten leagues—could be made in four days,¹ was blocked by the contending armies. If we wished to proceed on our journey, we must do so via Jalapa, a much longer route. The usual discomforts of this road were complicated by the fact that it was now infested by a large number of guerrillas,—one might as well say highwaymen,—who made it difficult for travelers to get through unmolested, unless through some special arrangement. This my companions were confident could

¹ It can now be made by rail in ten hours.

easily be settled; but some days might be spent in negotiations, and the health officers said that the yellow fever was raging as it had not raged for years. The presence of so many foreigners had added to its violence, and the French garrison could be maintained only by constant reinforcements.

Upon landing, our little party went directly to the house of Mr. Lelong, the hospitable French banker who in Vera Cruz represented the house of Labadie & Co. Here we remained five days, enjoying every comfort, while the necessary preparations were being made for our somewhat perilous journey to the capital. I then heard for the first time the details of the disaster brought upon the French by General de Lorencez's wilful blindness.

Confident in the élan of his picked troops, and, as one of his officers afterward told me, complacently holding up to himself the ex-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

CHAPULTEPEC, MAXIMILIAN'S PALACE.



EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

ample of Cortez, who had conquered the land with as many hundreds as he had thousands, the French general, unable with so small a force to undertake a siege, determined to attempt the assault of the Cerro de Guadalupe. This fort dominated the place, and its posses-

sion must, in his opinion, insure the fall of the city.

The ill-advised attack was made on May 5, 1862, with twenty-five hundred men. The place was topographically strong. It was defended by General Zaragoza with the

very pick of the Mexican army, and was, moreover, supported by the well-manned battery of the Fort de Loreto. To attempt the assault of such a position without the support of artillery seemed madness; and when the general ordered his troops forward it was found that his field-battery—owing to the lay of the land—could not even be brought to bear upon the fort at sufficiently close range to reach it. One fifth of the corps of attack was thus uselessly sacrificed.

Some months after these events (September, 1862) I witnessed in the city of Mexico the public obsequies of General Zaragoza, whom this exploit had naturally placed high in the esteem of his countrymen. Upon the elevated catafalque, drawn by a long line of horses draped in black trappings, lay the stately coffin. Tossed at its feet was the French flag; banners, hung everywhere, inscribed with devices recalling his signal service to his country, proclaimed him «the conqueror of conquerors» (*el conquistador de los conquistadores*). The French, it was asserted, had measured themselves with and conquered all the nations of the world, and Zaragoza had conquered the French!

This day is proudly recorded in the Mexican annals as the *Cinco de Mayo*. The historic importance of a battle is not always to be measured by the numbers of the contending forces, and although its far-reaching significance was at the time scarcely understood, this check must ever be remembered by future historians as the first serious blow struck by fortune at Napoleon III and his fated empire. To-day the fire from the fort of Guadalupe casts a flash of lurid light upon the beginning of *la débâcle*, and upon the last chapters written at Sedan. During the whole of that fatal day the doomed men marched, as they were ordered to march, upon the Mexican battery. They hopelessly fought, and died heroically; and when night came they beat an orderly retreat, carrying away with them most of their wounded.

The French army, which fell back upon Orizaba, was in a critical position. Its communications with the coast had been interrupted by the Liberal guerrillas, and it was completely cut off from the seaport and from France. The bridges were destroyed; the convoys of provisions were attacked and burned; anxiety was felt by the commissariat with regard to supplies. The garrisons left by the French on the way had been driven back and hemmed in in the unhealthy region, where the French regiments were fairly melting away,

and no courier was permitted to bring news from the seat of war to the French fleet and to the garrison of Vera Cruz.

The rainy season was near at hand when communication was restored by the arrival at Vera Cruz of General Félix Douai, who landed with reinforcements on May 16.

LIFE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO IN 1862.

THE five days that we spent in Vera Cruz were anxious days for those who had assumed the responsibility of our little party. Never was there a worse time to travel over a road which at best was unsafe, and yet we could not remain where we were without danger.

At last arrangements were completed, terms were made with a small guerrilla band whose chief undertook to see us safely through to Mexico, and on May 27 we began our journey.

The men of our escort, whom we met just out of the city, were a ruffianly-looking set. The chief had received an ugly saber-cut across his face, which added to the forbidding expression of a naturally repulsive physiognomy. They were well mounted, however, and seemed inclined to be civil. We were allowed only an *arroba* (twenty-five pounds) of luggage, and were supposed to have no money with us; but on the night before we left we sewed a few ounces of gold (sixteen-dollar pieces) in unlikely places of our underwear. Thus we left Vera Cruz.

Well it was that we had made terms with this little guerrilla company. All along the road we met armed bands, varying in strength. Our escort fraternized with all, and they let us pass unmolested.

The capital was quiet and peaceful. It seemed utterly shut out from all the excitement created by the invasion, as though, really trusting in its remoteness, its barriers of mountains, its lakes and natural defenses, it defied the foreigner. Was it that Mexico was then so accustomed to transfer its allegiance from one military ruler to the other that even foreign invasion left it indifferent? Or was it the childlike faith in the unknown, the national *Quien sabe?* spirit, virtually carried out at this supreme crisis? However this may have been, very little of the outside conflict seemed as yet to have penetrated the minds of the people. The diplomatic corps entertained our little coterie, which was composed of those Mexicans who were willing to mix with the foreign element.

Society danced and flirted, rode in the Paseo, and walked in the Alameda, just as though the «Cinco de Mayo» had been a de-

cisive battle and General de Lorencez's army had been driven back to its ships.

The bull-fights once in a while gathered in the vast *enceinte* of the Plaza de Toros the society of the capital. During the winter

usual bull-fight, where the poor, miserable hacks, too jaded to obey the rein, are generally gored, and soon turn the arena into a slaughter-house, the sight of which it is impossible for an Anglo-Saxon to endure.



EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

of 1863 the young men of fashion of Mexico took the Plaza de Toros, and invited Mexican society to a performance. All who took part were amateurs, and it was a brilliant affair. Besides the ordinary bull-fight, there were many exercises of horsemanship and with the lasso that did credit to the skill of the young gentlemen. Moreover, as these men, who were all wealthy, rode their own spirited horses, the performance presented none of the most revolting features of the

THE SIEGE OF PUEBLA—GENERAL FOREY.

THE news of the check sustained by the French at Puebla—a check to which the precarious condition of the army lent all the proportions of a serious defeat—was made public in France by means of a despatch sent from New York on June 14. The army was at once raised to twenty-five thousand men. The command-in-chief of this increased force was given to General Forey.



MARÉCHAL BAZAINE AND MME. LA MARÉCHALE.

He entered upon his official duties on October 25, 1862.

The new commander-in-chief was, like those whom he was superseding, under precise orders from the home government to be guided by M. de Saligny. Notwithstanding the disastrous consequences of his misrep-

resentations, the French minister, strangely enough, still retained his hold upon the Emperor and his advisers.

General Forey's instructions, given in a note from Napoleon dated July 3, 1862, were to bring about, through General Almonte, the convocation of an assembly of notables to de-

cide upon the «form of government and the destinies of Mexico.» Should the Mexicans prefer a monarchy, «it was in the interest of France to support them, and to indicate the Archduke Maximilian as the candidate of France» (Louët, «Rêve d'Empire,» page 91).

On February 18, 1863, after wasting four precious months, at an enormous cost of money and prestige, General Forey appeared before Puebla. The procrastination of the French commander had given the Mexican government time to elaborate the defense. General Zaragoza had died, in the full blaze of his glory, in the month of September. His successor, General Jesus Gonzalez Ortega, had now under his command a fairly organized army of twenty-two thousand men. The main trouble was the scarcity of arms. The guns were mostly old rejected muskets, and I was told that during the siege unarmed bodies of men waited to use the arms of the slain or wounded. But the place had been strongly fortified; and this time it was to be war in earnest.

The episodes of the contest recall those of the siege of Saragossa, when the Spaniards so fiercely resisted the French forces; only at Puebla the cruel struggle lasted two whole months.¹ To quote a French officer, it was «a noble defense, admirably organized.»

The pulse of the capital now quickened under the influence of Puebla's sacrifice to the national honor. Every now and then a thrill of vindictive patriotism ran through the city and clamored for revenge. Already, before the celebration of the anniversary of the national independence (September 16, 1862), wild rumors of a contemplated wholesale slaughter of all foreigners had run through the town, arousing among us fears of an impending catastrophe. The news had one day been brought us that the 16th was the date fixed for these new Sicilian Vespers, and all were warned to be watchful. The day, however, passed without any further demonstration of ill will than a few shots, and cries of «Kill the French!»

Much of this excitement had, of course, been fostered by the stirring proclamations of the government, issued with a proper desire to arouse into something like patriotic enthusiasm the apathy of a people accustomed to submit to the inevitable. There was no telling, however, to what extremes might resort a populace composed of Indians and half-breeds should it once become fully

alive to the situation. To such a people geographical discrimination seemed a nicety; the issue was between them and the foreigners, and the words «French» and «foreigner» were at that time generally used as synonymous.

It was a Mexican custom on Good Friday to burn Judas in effigy on the Plaza Mayor. Judas was a manikin made in the shape of the person who happened to be most unpopular at the time. It was quite admissible to burn Judas under different shapes, and sometimes these summary *autos-da-fé* were multiplied to suit the occasion and the temper of the people. At the same time, rattles were sold on the streets, and universally bought alike by children and adults, by rich and poor, to grind the bones of Judas; and the objectionable noise—second in hideousness only to that of our own sending off of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July—was religiously kept up all day. In the year of our Lord 1863 Judas was burned in Mexico on the Plaza Mayor under the shapes of General Forey, Napoleon III, and last, but not least, M. Dubois de Saligny, who especially was roasted with a will amid the wild execrations of the populace.

President Juarez had bent his whole energy upon the raising of an army of relief. He succeeded in getting together some ten thousand men, the command of whom he gave to General Comonfort. This had been no easy task. A general *leva* had been ordered, and all were mustered into the army who could be provided with arms. Of uniforms there was, of course, no mention. It was a supreme and desperate effort.

A convoy of supplies for the relief of General Ortega was also prepared, which it was hoped General Comonfort might succeed in throwing into the besieged city. He utterly failed, however; and his raw recruits having been routed at San Lorenzo by General Bazaine (May 8), further resistance became hopeless. Puebla was lost. General Ortega faced the situation with a dignity worthy of his courageous defense of the town. He spiked his guns, blew up his magazines, disbanded the garrison, and, with his officers, surrendered on May 19.

JUAREZ LEAVES THE CAPITAL.

THE news fell like a knell upon the capital. As far as we were concerned, there seemed to be just then only a choice of evils. Either the government would await in Mexico the impending issue, and we must be exposed to all the unspeakable horrors of which Puebla

¹ From March 18 to May 10, 1863. (See Loizillon, «Lettres sur l'Expédition du Mexique.»)

had just been the scene, or the President and his administration would abandon the city, and an interval must follow during which we must be left exposed to mob law, or, should Marquez first take possession of the city, perhaps to pillage and bloodshed.

Meanwhile Congress had indefinitely adjourned, after conferring full and extraordinary powers upon Juarez. The President issued a proclamation announcing his firm resolve to continue the war. After this he prepared to leave the city and to retire to San Luis.

That night, while sitting in our drawing-room, we heard the dull, steady tramp of men marching, otherwise noiselessly, down the Calle de San Francisco toward the plaza; and looking out of the window, we saw the debris of the defeated Liberal army making its way through the city. A strange, weird sight they presented in the moonlight—these men whose sole equipment consisted of a musket and a cartridge-box slung over their white shirts. Most of them wore only loose *caloneras*, and many, according to the Mexican custom, were accompanied by their women. Apparently undrilled, or, at least, tramping on with scarcely an attempt at order, and seen in the half-shadow cast by the houses upon the moonlit street, their loose ranks reminded one more of the immigration of some ancient barbaric horde than of the march of a modern army.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

I SHALL never forget the impressions of that night. The picturesqueness of the scene was not lessened by the element of personal interest that attached to it. What did this portend—this ragged remnant of a defeated army hurrying through the capital in the dead of night? Were the French approaching, driving it before them? Was it intended to garrison the city, and here to make the last stand in defense of the republic and of Mexican liberty? Or, on the contrary, was it beating a retreat into the interior of the country, making way for the advent of the foreigner and monarchy and priest rule?

The next day (May 31, 1863) an unusual stir was noticeable in the city. The air was all aglow with human excitement. Horsemen were galloping in the streets leading pack-mules, and the sleepy town seemed full of bustle and animation. As we stood at our balcony, we saw many acquaintances, apparently equipped for a journey, speeding past, with a wave of the hand as a last farewell;

and soon the attaché of the American legation dropped in with a message from Mr. Corwin to the effect that Juarez and his government were leaving the city.

The exodus of the previous night was thus explained. The remnants of Comonfort's and Ortega's armies had fallen back to serve as an escort for the government in its flight. The city was now without an administration, without a police, without an army. It was left unprotected, at the mercy of the mob or of the invader, and the serious question before us was how best to protect ourselves pending the arrival of the French forces.

The foreign representatives, fearing that the vanguard might be formed of the Mexican contingent under Marquez, and knowing the pitiless ferocity of the "Leopard," as the chieftain was called,¹ petitioned General Forey to send one of his divisions to take immediate possession of the capital. Meanwhile the foreign residents organized and formed themselves into mounted patrols, and although only seven hundred strong, they managed to maintain fair order.

Here and there ominous incidents occurred to show the necessity of such vigilance. A Frenchman was lassoed, and dragged through the streets by a small mob; another was shot in the head in front of our house, and, bleeding, took refuge in our patio. Upon inquiry, I was told that he had cried, "*Vive la France!*"

No one thought of retiring on that memorable night. From time to time a stray shot, a few shouting drunkards, or some other unwonted noise in the street, would excite our apprehension; then again, occasionally, some friend, passing with a patrol before our door, would step in and report that so far all was quiet.

Late that night, when at the window, listening in the stillness reigning over the city, a distant but strangely familiar sound fell faintly upon my ear—very faintly; but never did the finest harmony born of Wagner's genius so fill a human soul with ecstasy. There was no mistaking it: it was a French bugle. The French were entering Mexico. We were safe, and now might go to bed.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.

THE next morning the town was swarming with red trousers, the wearers whereof were seeking quarters. From our balcony we saw, standing at the corner of the Calle de la

¹ His name was Leonardo, from which came the sobriquet *Leopardo*.

Profesa and Espirito Santo, a little group of officers talking together in that half-earnest, half-distract manner so characteristic of men newly landed in a town, whose interest in every trifle gets the better of the topic under immediate consideration.

By their uniforms and demeanor we could judge that one was a general and the other were officers of various rank. As we appeared at the balcony there was a perceptible flutter among them, and some of them began to ogle us as only Frenchmen could whose eyes had not rested upon a white woman for several months. This incident, trifling as it seems, was to become the key-note of our future Mexican existence. The group of officers in quest of suitable quarters turned out to be General Bazaine and his staff, some of whom afterward became our warm friends.

We now found another source of apprehension. The apartment we had rented, at the corner of the Calle de San Francisco, opposite the Iglesia de la Profesa, was larger than necessary for our small family, and a very spacious room looking upon Mexico's fashionable thoroughfare had been left unfurnished and unoccupied by us. It was obvious that we should be required to give it over for the use of some officer of the invading army, and the matter was naturally not without interest.

Early in the morning of June 5, a carriage drove up and some middle-aged officers of the administration, in green-and-silver uniforms, applied. One of them was the paymaster-in-chief of the army, M. Ernest Louët. He was a worthy man, who afterward became a frequent visitor, although his general appearance and peculiar, peak-shaped skull, undisguised by any hirsute covering, were not likely favorably to impress frivolous feminine minds.¹

We drew a forlorn picture of the rooms, which, as a fact, were utterly unsuited to his purpose. He left without even looking at them, and we had a reprieve.

The unfinished condition of the apartments, as well as an abundant expenditure of tact and diplomacy on our part, saved us from other applicants, and we were beginning to flatter ourselves that we should es-

cape this much-dreaded imposition when, late in the afternoon, two young naval officers called, accompanied by orderlies and pack-mules. They presented *billets de logement*, requesting to be given possession. We tried to discourage them, assuring them that the rooms contained no conveniences of any kind, not even furniture: but the young men were evidently easily satisfied; they politely but firmly insisted—their only wish, they said, being to camp under cover.

This annoyed us, and we showed them scant courtesy, not even attempting to disguise the fact that they were most unwelcome. Fate was, however, kind to us when it sent us these men. They turned out to be perfect gentlemen, and completely won us over by their unvarying good breeding under shabby treatment. Before long we were, and remained, the best of friends. As for their orderlies, they soon made love to our Indian maidens, and there is every reason to believe that the interlopers obtained all necessary comforts, after all. So all went well enough in the two ménages.

Indeed, an *entente cordiale* between the population of Mexico and the French army was rapidly established. In a few days the place assumed an unwonted aspect of cheerfulness and festivity. The French officers, who for over a year past had led a life of hardship, were now bent upon pleasure. They fell gracefully into the Mexican mode of life, and took kindly to the *havanera*, the bull-fights, the Paseo, and the style of flirtation preferred by the Mexican women. For this they soon coined a French word, *noviutage*,² and thus expressed the semi-Platonic love-making of indefinite duration and undefined limits which with the natives usually culminates in marriage, after a prolonged term of years, but which with foreigners seldom culminated at all, for lack of time. They «played the bear,»³ and ogled their chosen one from the street or at the Alameda, or followed her carriage on horseback at the Paseo, according to the most approved Mexican methods; and in exchange for small favors received, they cast a glow of sparkling cheerfulness upon the city of Montezuma.

¹ M. Louët, after the Franco-Prussian war, visited Marshal Bazaine in his Spanish retreat, and obtained from him all the documents relating to the intervention and the empire of Maximilian then in his possession. It was his intention to use them as the basis for an authentic history, which he did not live to publish. The task was subsequently completed in three volumes by M. Paul Gaulot, in 1889, under the titles, «Un

Rêve d'Empire,» «L'Empire de Maximilien,» and «Fin d'Empire.»

² Derived from *novio*, betrothed lover.

³ The Mexicans call «hacer l'oso» the mode of courtship by which the lover, on horseback, passes under his chosen one's window, up and down, casting longing glances at her—the worse the weather the more ardent the love.

THE REGENCY.

GENERAL FOREY made his triumphant entry on June 10. It was a magnificent sight, and one not easily forgotten. As the victorious veteran troops,—many of whom had seen the Crimea, Syria, and Italy,—in their battered though scrupulously neat uniforms, marched through the Calle de San Francisco, laden with their cumbersome campaign outfit, the whole population turned out to see them, and the balconies and windows on the line of march were lined with eager and interested faces.

This was no ordinary pageant. It was serious work, and full of the deepest meaning. These survivors of an army of thirty thousand men had arduously fought their way to this triumph for sixteen months. No one will probably ever know how many of their comrades had dropped on the roadside; and the weather-beaten faces, bronzed by long exposure to the tropical sun, the patched clothes, the long line of ambulances following in the rear, told a story in which little room was left for the imagination. The sight kindled genuine interest and aroused the sympathy of the crowd, and something very like spontaneous enthusiasm thrilled through the air on their passage.

The keys of the city had been solemnly offered to General Forey by General Salas, amid the acclamations of the people. The next day M. de Saligny presented a list of thirty-five citizens destined to form a junta. These were to select three men to act as regents pending the final decision of the people with regard to a permanent form of government. The junta was empowered to add to its numbers two hundred and fifteen citizens, supposed to be taken from all classes, who, with the thirty-five appointed by the French, would compose the assembly of notables upon whom must devolve the carrying out of the farce which it was intended must take the place of a popular expression of the will of the country.

Don Theodosio Lares was elected its president. This junta, in a secret meeting at which two hundred and thirty-one members were present, deliberated upon the form of government to be chosen for the Mexican nation, and on July 10, at a public meeting, presented a report in which the republican system was denounced as the cause of the greatest evils which had of late years been the scourge of the country, and monarchy was advocated as the only remedy.

A regency, composed of General Almonte,

General Salas, and Archbishop la Bastida, was forthwith established, under the protection of the French.

It was obvious to all that the performance was enacted for the «benefit of the gallery.» Gossip even told how the French had paid for the very clothes worn by some of the so-called «notables» upon that occasion. Nevertheless, the monarchy, by the will of the people, was voted in, and a commission was appointed, consisting of the most distinguished among the reactionary leaders, to wait upon Maximilian of Austria, and to offer him the throne on behalf of the Mexican nation.

But although the part played by the French in this comedy was thinly disguised, every one in the capital was now in a good humor. After the severe strain of the past year, the onerous burdens which had been imposed upon the people by the Liberal government in order to carry on the war,—the forced loans raised from the wealthy, the *leva* by means of which the poor were seized upon and pressed into the army,—a sudden reprieve had come. All responsibility now seemed lifted off the Mexican people and assumed by the French; and the revival of trade under the impulse given by the influx of pleasure-loving foreigners, who freely spent their money, was regarded as an earnest of the prosperity to come. No one seemed disposed to be over-critical as to methods, if only peace and plenty could be assured.

HESITATION OF MAXIMILIAN.

MEANWHILE Maximilian's faith had been shaken by the refusal of England to guarantee the empire. He now showed himself unwilling to regard the invitation of the junta assembled in the capital as sufficient to constitute a claim to the imperial crown. He insisted upon a similar expression of feeling from the other large centers of population in the country, and stated his readiness to accept the trust «when the vast territory should have been pacified.» This meant the conquest of the country, neither more nor less.

Napoleon apparently did not hesitate. Trusting in the love of warlike achievement so strong in the French people, he pushed ahead along his dangerous path.

NAPOLEON RECALLS HIS DISCREDITED AGENTS.

ON July 16, 1863, the Emperor had promoted General Forey to the rank of marshal, and

had thus softened the recall of his incompetent though faithful servant.

General Forey's elevation had mainly been due to the fact that he was one of the men who had served Napoleon in 1851 in the *coup d'état*. Indeed, many of the Emperor's most glaring failures were due to the same cause,—i.e., loyalty to individuals,—which led him to place in responsible positions men of small merit and of less principle who had stood by Cæsar and his fortunes.

In France the effect of the general's incapacity had been serious. The delay that had occurred in bringing about a result announced as easy of accomplishment had furnished sharp weapons to the opposition. It had forced the government to ask the Chamber of Deputies for large appropriations to conduct the war upon a serious scale. It was no longer a military parade from Vera Cruz to Mexico to present the French flag to the enthusiastic gratitude of the Mexicans: it was a fighting army of thirty-five thousand men to be maintained across the seas at the expense of France.

The French leaders may be said to have displayed, in their Mexican venture, the same lack of administrative efficiency and of military organization, the same insufficient knowledge of, and preparation for, the task to be performed, as so conspicuously appeared at the very outset of the Franco-Prussian war. It is impossible to read the accounts of the various campaigns since published without recognizing the presence—in victory over an unorganized enemy—of the elements of the later failure when the same men were arrayed against the strongly organized German forces.

With characteristic patriotism, the Chamber voted the appropriations necessary to vindicate the honor of the French flag; but the government was condemned to hear many unpleasant truths.

As for M. de Saligny, he had turned the French legation into a business office, in which the guaranty of France was traded upon to cover the most doubtful transactions. Napoleon had at last recognized his true character, and now—too late alas!—recalled him from his post.

MARSHAL BAZAINE'S EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

IN October, 1863, the reins of power, so loosely held by General Forey, at last passed into firmer hands. General Bazaine took command of affairs. It was high time. The

Juarists, profiting by the long respite afforded them, were reorganizing in the interior, and were threatening. The daily stage was attacked on its way to the coast as often as not. Highwaymen tore up the rails of the Paso del Macho Railroad, attacked the train, and killed passengers. Detachments of banditti, called by courtesy guerrillas, everywhere infested the roads, even at the very gates of the capital. A picnic was given to us at this time, by some officers of General Bazaine's staff, at a wild, beautiful spot, where the ruins of a graceful aqueduct, built by the Spaniards, formed the principal attraction. It was less than a twenty-mile ride, yet it was deemed unsafe to go without a strong escort, although we and the officers who gave the affair formed, with their orderlies, a large cavalcade.

General Forey's policy in letting the regency have its way, and in countenancing reactionary legislation of an aggressive character, had discouraged the honest partizans of order.

Bazaine handled all these complications with firmness and skill. He compelled the regency to repeal the decrees most objectionable to the thinking portion of the community. He enforced the maintaining of all bona-fide transactions in clergy property, but advocated the revision of such contracts as might be proved fraudulent, and urged a concordat proposing that the state provide for the support of the clergy. His orders were to rally around him the Liberal chiefs, and he strove by a wise, tactful policy to conciliate men of all shades of opinion. His vigorous military action soon established order in the territory surrounding Mexico. With the concurrence of General Almonte, who earnestly wished the welfare of his country, he reduced Archbishop la Bastida to terms, if not to silence.

Having done this, he took the field, concentrated his army from the various distant points where the different corps had been ordered in view of the campaign which he was preparing, and within six weeks defeated, by rapid and well-concerted blows, Generals Doblado, Negrete, Comonfort, and Uruga, who at that time, thanks to General Forey's procrastination, were holding the country with the rallied forces of the Liberal party.

From Morelia to San Luis, from Mexico to Guadalajara, the French flag waved over every stronghold. The conquered cities received the conquerors coldly, but acknowledged the Archduke (of whom, we were told

by the officers, many did not even know the name) just as resignedly as for over forty years of civil war they had been wont to acknowledge the victor's chosen presidential candidate.

This campaign was little more than a race, and it was said that the French conquered the country with their legs far more than with their bayonets.

In February, 1864, the general, uneasy at the turn which political affairs were taking in the capital, returned with an escort as suddenly as he had departed. It was high time. In his absence, Mgr. la Bastida, not giving due consideration to the change of leadership that had taken place at the French headquarters, had so far forgotten himself as to fulminate, in the name of the church, against the French. But upon the return of the commander-in-chief he reconsidered his action, and publicly "gave them his blessing."¹

General Bazaine was at this time the most popular man in the army. Hitherto eminently successful in all his military undertakings, he had risen from the ranks, having won his honors step by step upon the battle-field, at first by his courage, later by his remarkable military ability.

He was a plain-looking man, short and thick-set, whose plebeian features one might search in vain for a spark of genius or a ray of imagination; and yet under the commonplace exterior dwelt a kindly spirit, an intelligence of no mean order, and, despite a certain coarseness of thought and expression too common among Frenchmen, a soul upon which the romance of life had impressed its mark in lines of fire.

The story went that, when a colonel, he had in Spain come across a little girl of great beauty and personal attractions, who seemed to him out of place amid her surroundings. He picked up the little wild rose as it grew on the roadside, and conceived the notion of transplanting it into good, rich soil, and of giving it its share of sunshine. He took the child to Paris, where he left her in a convent to be educated.

The soldier continued his brilliant career in the Crimea, Italy, Syria, and Africa; and

when, after some years, he returned to Paris, he found the little girl grown into a beautiful and attractive woman, whose heart was full of warm gratitude for her benefactor. He fell in love with her, and, breaking through all rules of French matrimonial usage, married her.

Her charm won for her many friends in the circle which his position entitled her to enter, and her death, which occurred under peculiarly distressing circumstances soon after his promotion to the command of the army in Mexico, was a cruel blow.

The news of her death reached the general while away from the capital on the brilliant campaign which added the greater part of the country to the projected empire (November, 1863). After a funeral mass, which he heard with his officers, he retired to his tent, and, alone, fought that hardest of all battles, and conquered his own heart. In a few days he returned to his duty, and no one ever knew what had passed in his innermost soul.

Two years later a ball was given at the quartier-général. Bazaine, who had lately been promoted to the rank of marshal (1864), had stopped for a moment to say a few words, when one of his guests, a young Mexican girl who was waltzing by, suddenly stopped near us, having torn her dress. Pins were produced, the damaged ruffle was repaired, and the girl passed on. "Who is it?" asked the marshal, evidently much struck with her appearance. "It is extraordinary," he muttered, "how much she reminds me of my wife." He looked distraught, and shortly after excused himself, and wandered off in the direction Mlle. de la Peña had taken.

The courtship was a short one. Maximilian, in order to facilitate a union which he deemed to be in the interest of his government, gave the young girl as a dowry the palace of San Cosme, valued at one hundred thousand dollars; and thus was May united to December. Two children were born to the marshal, one of them in Mexico,² and never was father prouder of his young wife and of her offspring than was the marshal.³

¹ M. de Kératry.

² Maximilian was his godfather.

³ When, after the Franco-Prussian war, the marshal, having been made a sacrifice to France's wounded pride, was court-martialed, and, amid the imprecations of his countrymen, was imprisoned in the Fort de Ste. Marguerite, his young wife and her nephew contrived the perilous escape of the old man. By means of a rope

procured for him by them he lowered himself from the walls of the fortress. Mme. Bazaine was awaiting him in a small boat, the oars of which were held by her nephew. A ship was near by, ready to sail, on board of which they sought refuge in Spain. And so it was that a fallen marshal of France passed from a state prison into exile, where he ended a life in which fame and romance had an equal share.

ARRIVAL OF ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN AND
ARCHDUCHESS CHARLOTTE.

THE difficult task intrusted to General Bazaine had been triumphantly performed.

The adhesion of the main part of Mexico to the empire was secured. Oajaca and Guerrero in the south still held out, under General Porfirio Diaz; and in the north Chihuahua and Durango had not submitted; but enough of the Mexican territory was pacified to answer immediate purposes. European criticism and the scruples of Maximilian must be satisfied by this appearance of a popular election and a quasi-universal suffrage. For forty years Mexico had not been so quiet. The defeated and demoralized Liberal forces were scattered, and the Juarez government, retreating toward the extreme northern frontier at Monterey, seemed to have nothing left save its eternal rights.

On May 28, 1864, Maximilian of Austria and the Archduchess Charlotte landed at Vera Cruz. By some unfortunate contretemps, the deputation that had left the capital with much pomp and flutter in order to greet them upon their arrival was not there. They landed alone, as ordinary passengers, the people evincing little curiosity and less cordiality. Vera Cruz is in itself not calculated to cheer the newcomer, and their first impression of their venture was a painful one.

In due time, however, things righted themselves. General Almonte and his suite appeared upon the scene, and all the necessary pageant was brought into play to soothe the wounded feelings of the new sovereigns.

The rest of the journey was a well-prepared ovation. The priests, now anxious to come to the fore, had ordered out the Indian population. The action of Maximilian in going to Rome, and in piously securing the papal blessing before sailing to take possession of his new dominions, had been received by the ultra-clerical party as a hopeful symptom of returning papal ascendancy under the coming reign.

The new sovereigns might well imagine that they were the elect of the people when, followed by a multitude of Indians, they entered the capital.

It was under the scorching rays of a hot June sun that they made their formal entry into the city of Montezuma. Never had such a sight been seen since the days of the Aztecs. The lavish ingenuity of the French—anxious, for obvious reasons, to make the occasion a telling one—vied with the interested patriotism of the clerical party to ex-

cite the enthusiasm of the people, and to produce an impression upon the Austrian travelers. Triumphal arches of verdure, draped with flags and patriotic devices, were raised along the principal avenues leading to the Plaza Mayor and to the palace. As far as the eye could reach, the festively decked windows, the streets, and the flat roofs of the houses were crowded with people eager to catch a glimpse of the new sovereigns. As they slowly approached in the official landau, the crowd was so dense as to be with difficulty held back.

It was a singular spectacle. They seemed very tall and fair, these two young people of another race, as they smilingly advanced through the swarthy multitude of their small, ragged subjects, bowing in acknowledgment of their acclamations. Involuntarily one thought of visiting angels, or, better still, of the fair god Quetzalcohuatl, whom the Mexican legend of olden times brought from the East to rule over and to civilize the natives of this land by bringing them plenty. The analogy spontaneously occurred to every thoughtful onlooker, and spread like lightning throughout the city.

MIRAGE.

For a brief space we all felt as though a new era was indeed about to dawn upon this Western land. There is no doubt that at this time the empire seemed a fact, and that, with the exception of a certain number of outlying districts, the country was fast rallying around its banner. It represented order and stability, while the Liberals occupied the position of anarchists.¹

General Bazaine did all in his power to inaugurate brilliantly the advent of the empire. A splendid ball was given to the young sovereigns at the quartier général—such a ball as is seldom seen outside the great European capitals. The general's aides-de-camp had been put in charge, and all that unlimited funds and a large experience of such matters could accomplish was done to make the occasion the memorable feature of a memorable historic event.

The great patio of the palace of San Cosme was floored and roofed over to serve as a ball-room. At the back of the great arcade surrounding it, the arches and pillars of which were draped with French and Mexican flags, was banked a profusion of plants and flow-

¹ See Masseras, *«Un Essai d'Empire au Mexique,»* p. 9, where he quotes a letter of Señor Zamacona to President Juarez, of June 16, 1864.

ers, upon which was cast the light of myriads of candles and colored lanterns. In the middle of the huge improvised ball-room the great fountain played, and its sparkling waters were seen through masses of tropical vegetation. Here and there enormous warlike trophies reminded the spectator that he was the guest of a great army. The artillery had supplied groups of heavy cannon, stacked on end, and huge piles of cannon-balls, while at intervals trophies of flags and drums, of guns and bayonets, tastefully grouped about the French and the Mexican coats of arms, broke with striking effect the expanse of wall above the arcades.

When the imperial cortège entered the crowded ball-room, the *quadrille d'honneur* was danced by their majesties, the general-in-chief, and the more distinguished members of their respective suites, after which they were respectfully escorted by the general to their throne, set under a crimson velvet canopy literally as well as allegorically resting upon French cannon.

They were so young and so handsome in their imperial pomp! By them stood Princess Zichy, tall and distinguished, in a simple white tulle gown and natural flowers, with a wealth of such diamonds as are seldom seen on one woman—a homely woman, but interesting to us as the daughter of the Metternichs. Her husband, Prince Zichy, was the most striking figure in the imperial party. He wore the full state costume of a Hungarian Magyar; and his many orders, hanging around his neck and upon his breast, as well as the marvelous hilt, belt, and jeweled sheath of his ancestral sword, stood out finely upon his black-velvet costume, and made him a conspicuous figure even in an assemblage where the ordinary evening dress was almost unseen.

The glitter of all this court life, the revival of trade, the abundance of money so freely

brought and spent in the country, dazzled the people, and a golden dust was thrown into the eyes of all, which for a brief period prevented them from seeing the true drift of political events. Indeed, the brilliancy of the scene was not entirely due to flash-light. The revenues derived from the customs of Vera Cruz and Tampico were at this time materially increasing. An official report, read to the French Chamber in 1865, showed that the revenues from those ports, which for three months in 1864 had been \$96,000 and \$900,000 respectively, had for the same period in 1865 risen respectively to \$431,000 and \$1,645,000.

Large concessions for railroads had been asked for and granted under solid guaranties—the line from Vera Cruz to Mexico to an Anglo-French company, pledged to complete it in five years, and another concession for three lines, for the carrying out of which \$4,500,000 had been subscribed. Telegraph-lines were being established; coal, petroleum, and gold and silver mines were being exploited, or were in a fair way to be; and it seemed as though France might possibly get out of her rash venture with honor and profit.

The mirage that had lured Napoleon to these perilous shores now appeared materially nearer, and its outlines seemed more vivid and attractive than ever before.

BUT if it was an easy matter to create an empire as the result of an armed invasion of an unwilling land, it was quite another thing to organize it upon a permanent basis. As Prince Napoleon—familiarily known as Plon Plon—very wittily remarked later, «One can do anything with bayonets, except sit upon them.» («On peut tout faire avec des baïonnettes, excepté s'asseoir dessus.») For over two years Napoleon III endeavored to make Maximilian perform the latter feat—with what result we all know only too well.

(To be continued.)



THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

PLAY IN LONDON.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



SWEARING IN THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

IN London a great deal is heard about Queen's weather; for the sun is supposed to know how to behave, and always to shine, when the Queen comes to town—perhaps because she comes so seldom. But less is said of Lord Mayor's weather, which means fog, smoke, drizzle, damp, and everything abominable, since the one special day set apart for the Lord Mayor's drive through the streets falls on the 9th of November, a month that has the reputation of being the vilest in the London year.

A new lord mayor has been elected regularly every year from the time of a certain charter of King John's, and the annual election has been an excuse for a pageant that, nowadays at least, has not its like on earth for pomp and splendor. It begins with a little-known function in the Guildhall on the 8th of November, when the old Lord Mayor yields up the keys or symbols of of-

fice to the new Lord Mayor, then duly sworn in. Mace-bearer and sword-bearer, and sheriffs and under-sheriffs, and aldermen, and all the masters and wardens of the worshipful city companies, attend in their purple and scarlet robes and gold chains, and the recorder bids the unlawful intruder begone at the penalty of something very dreadful, and everybody looks absurdly ashamed of being mixed up in a scene as sumptuous and pictorial as any Veronese ever painted. Not even the palace in Venice on a doge's feast could have been finer. Yet the stately ceremonial of to-day remains to be chronicled on canvas, while the historical painter breaks his heart trying to reproduce the past's great spectacles, which he never saw. Unfortunately, this first performance is enjoyed only by the few for whom space can be found in the beautiful old hall. The second performance, on the 9th, is the show that all London

crowds to see; for this has the public streets for its stage. Before actually entering upon his duties, the Lord Mayor must take the final declaration of office before her Majesty's representatives—a ceremony which of old, when the pageant was by water, and afterward until very recent years, sent him all the way to Westminster. He still does go to St. Stephen's to be presented to the Lord Chancellor; but this is a few days beforehand, when any one who happens to be on the Embankment can see his state coach driving westward, with no display beyond gilded panelings and powdered footmen, that would seem amazingly gorgeous everywhere except in London, long accustomed to the sight. But the law-courts have been removed to Fleet street, and it is there that he must now drive from the Guildhall, on the 9th, to pay his respects to the chief justices of the royal courts of justice, and there, consequently, that the official end of the day's program is accomplished. But he is amiable enough to go back again by a long and circuitous route through the Strand, down Northumberland Avenue, and along the Embankment.

Of course in the greater part of London

the 9th passes as quietly as in New York or Hong-Kong; but its excitement begins with the day on the line of procession and in the neighborhood. By nine in the morning—or before dawn, for all I know—groups of idlers already gather in the City; by ten they are jammed in Cheapside and overflowing into Fleet street and the Strand. All traffic is stopped, all business at a standstill. Employers and sweaters may protest, for the 9th is not a national holiday; the economical balance may be endangered: it makes no difference. When the sturdy Briton wants a holiday he takes it, and not one provided by a thoughtful nation does he love so well as Lord Mayor's day.

With busses gone from the Strand, and cabs vanished, the narrowness of «the long, lean, lanky street» is all revealed, and the shabbiness, the meanness, the squalor, of its smoke-stained buildings are laid bare. The paltry decorations only set off its insignificance. No more, as in the happy past, do fountains flow with wine and beautiful maidens blow gold-dust into the air. No more, as when royalty came to see, do rare tapestries cover the shabby walls. Instead, here and there flimsy



THE PROCESSION AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

red stuffs are flapping from a window or stretched skimpily across a house-front. Most of the banners waving over the street advertise some of the many things that the London family should not be without, and the few that flaunt more appropriate inscriptions are so commonplace and cheap that the soap-manufacturer or the pill-maker would disdain them as posters. It is no better in Fleet street. And if the City, in the Lord Mayor's own ward, seems more lavish with its pyramids of flowers and triumphal arches, why, any impoverished Italian town—Siena when the *Palio* is run, Venice for the *Festa del Redentore*—could easily surpass it in dignity and magnificence. But the rich atmosphere, the splendid grime, the smoky glory, the shadowy perspectives, and the thick, dim distances—where could you find them except in London? And the people, the wonderful people! hundreds, thousands, millions, swarming in the open street, massed on the sidewalks, or crushed against the boarded-up shop-fronts; groups in the windows where usually the tailor's dummy stands or the latest news bulletin hangs; groups looking down from the housetops;

groups clambering over the base of St. Mary le Strand's, of «cold, staid Clement's», of every convenient church along the route. And such a crowd—the London crowd: tradesmen from the suburbs; Mr. Davidson's clerks «at thirty bob a week»; 'Arriet in feathers from her factory; 'Arry from Whitechapel; small shopkeepers; errand-boys in buttons; workmen in corduroys; children of every age and size; pickpockets from Drury Lane; harpies in battered bonnets from Seven Dials and Clare Market, whose curses would make a Moll Flanders blush; Tommy Atkins dashing the gray monotony with red!

Every public-house is as full as it can hold. The air is heavy with the classic city perfume of fried steak and onions, tempered for a space by strong whiffs from Rimmel's, «the house of odors in the Strand.» Pushing, elbowing, struggling through the crowd are fakirs selling overgrown macaroons and oranges and nougat; or the «Lord Mayor's show panorama, a pinny!»—a beautiful long sheet of brilliant lithographs, soldiers' coats and helmets put in with great slabs of red and yellow; or the «Program of the Lord Mayor's procession, a

pinny!» or «A dozen songs, a pinny! All copyright!» which you buy, hoping for genuine broadsides of the people on the screaming crimson, green, and orange sheets, but finding there only the latest music-hall songs. From the windows coppers are thrown to be scrambled for by ragged boys and gaunt men under the very heels of the crowd—the same game played everywhere, from the canals of Venice to the Alhambra's groves, but nowhere in such grim earnest. And there are showers of *confetti*—London pretending to take its pleasure with the jauntiness of Nice or Monte Carlo. And there are heavier downpours of paper circulars and adver-



THE PROCESSION ON LUDGATE HILL.

tisements—the Londoner never losing sight of the main chance.

Above the voices of the crowd there rise the twanging of banjos, the strumming of guitars, the jingle of hurdy-gurdies, the squeak of Punch, his little theater set up in any chance court or passage, the songs of the «nigger» minstrels, who carry their blackened faces and worn-out jests into the thick of every holiday crowd from Henley to Epsom, from Hammersmith to the City. And presently, toward noon, all this uproar is drowned in the welcome clashed and hammered from a hundred towers, as the Lord

Mayor sets out upon the first, which is the most splendid, of the year's official journeys. The little city churches, hidden away in their quiet nooks and corners, are pealing and ringing like mad; in Cheapside Bow Bells are clamoring and calling, as they called centuries ago to the runaway resting on the stone in Holloway:

Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London!

And loudest of all are the clear, jubilant chimes of St. Paul's; all making a perfect saturnalia of bells.

And then gradually other sounds mingle with the jangling chorus of the churches,—the loud beating of drums, the brazen blare of trumpets,—and through the City's labyrinth of streets, by the Mansion House, by St. Paul's, the procession makes its way in a gold and scarlet glory. From Ludgate Circus is the place to see it, if you can, just as it emerges from the curtain of mist that hangs about Wren's cathedral into the pale wintry daylight, and moves slowly down Ludgate Hill, under the gay lines of little fluttering pennons and the somber line of the railway bridge. Before the spurred, prancing horses of the mounted police the people are crushed a few feet to left and right, flattening themselves as best they can into the crowd behind them, now packed solid from the house-fronts to the horses' heels—the terrible London crowd, which is like none other in the world, compact, impenetrable, so that to stand in the midst of it is to be at its mercy, as powerless as the pebble caught in an avalanche. Between the shabby houses, between the swaying, swearing, surging, cheering, yelling, laughing, fainting masses, royal artillery and royal fusiliers pass in a blaze of splendor, muskets and bayonets and trappings gleaming through

the dull grayness. In a frenzy of music mounted royal bands ride with them, gorgeous in lace and gold. Then, far above the heads of the procession, the clustered banners of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle-makers and the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights break the misty perspective with sudden glints of green and crimson and silver, and the yells of the crowd become articulate. «Good old Juggins!» «Good old 'Arris!» it used to be in the great days of Drury Lane and Augustus Druriolanus. Wot price watches? Good old tickers! 'Ooray! 'Oo

's that bloke! Good old Juggins! 'Ooray! 'Ooray!» And in their carriages the masters and wardens of the worshipful companies, resplendent in gold chains and velvet and ermine, white-haired, white-bearded, like so many old prophets, bow with shamefaced shrinking from the part they play in one of the few beautiful pageants left in the world. Then there are more soldiers, royal troops and volunteers, more bands. There are squadrons of yeomanry and contingents of firemen, their helmets, brass and silvered, as you look down, a shining floor across the street. There are orphan boys, whom



THE MOUNTED BAND.

the sentimental Briton greets with frantic delight—little wretches, all of them, who go by singing. There are huge allegorical floats, or «cars», representing «England and her Heroes»—foolish, even vulgar, when seen too near, but as majestic as any old triumphal chariot as details are lost and only a brilliant outline survives in the friendly shadows. And there are more soldiers, more flamboyant banners, more schools, more firemen, more bands; and there is the «Old Times' Coach», and after it the «Present Times' Motor-car.» And the crowd has become a hopeless pandemonium, children shrieking, women swooning, boys shouting themselves hoarse, 'Arries jeering,



THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH PASSING UP FLEET STREET.

men mashing top-hats and swearing like troopers, policemen threatening and pushing back the mob with all their might.

And now, in greater pomp and solemnity, the chief city officials follow close upon the band of the Grenadier Guards, led by Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, bearskin shako, sword, and baton—Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, the greatest man in England, who won the battle of Waterloo, who has written all the music that ever was written—Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, the most wonderful man in the world! And if you do not believe it, the people of London do! First come the undersheriffs and the officers of the Corporation of the City of London, the town clerk, the remembrancer—every one of them in gorgeous costume. Then the mounted state trumpeters of the Household Cavalry, in gold and crimson, led by their bandmaster, his kettle-drums slung across his saddle, all swagger and glitter and gold, marking time with his drum-sticks, a picturesque figure that one can see nowhere else. And next the aldermen who have not passed the chair, in their carriages; and the recorder in his carriage; and the aldermen who have passed the chair, in their carriages, with the mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards, more gold and glit-

ter and swagger; and next Mr. Sheriff Somebody in his state carriage, drawn by four horses, accompanied by his chaplain, and Mr. Sheriff and Alderman Somebody Else in his state carriage, drawn by four horses, accompanied by his chaplain; and next the band of the Second Dragoons; and next the late Lord Mayor in his carriage, drawn by four horses; and the crowd with a single voice cries, «Good old Wilkins! 'Ooray!» and one wit finishes with «Good old Winkle!» and the crowd takes it up: «Good old Winkle! Good old Periwinkle!» until their «'oorays» are deadened in a loud burst of trumpets. For here are the city trumpeters, in a whirl of gold and brazen sounds; and close after them the city marshal on horseback, and the Lord Mayor's servants, in state liveries, on foot, their gorgeous pink legs giving gay flashes of color as they walk, and gay chances to boys with sticks to prod them. And now, at last, it is the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, with six horses to pull his gilt coach, which looks precisely like the carriage the fairy godmother provides for Cinderella, and is driven by the fattest coachman that ever sat on a box, and who, next to Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, is the greatest man in London—he is certainly the biggest. And the Right



RECEPTION OF GUESTS, GUILDHALL LIBRARY.

Honorable the Lord Mayor is accompanied not only by his chaplain, but by his sword-bearer and his mace-bearer, and the gold mace sticks out of the window; and the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor bows to left and to right, and it is all just the same as in Hogarth's picture of "Industry Rewarded," with the Right Honorable Francis Goodchild parading before royalty, while poor Tom Idle is trundled off to Tyburn in the cart with a coffin at his side. And the Lord Mayor is greeted with a deafening outbreak of cheers or of groans, according to the humor of the crowd, and with shrieks of "Wot 's the price of candles?" or "spectacles," or "clocks," or whatever it may be, according to his trade. And behind his coach and his escort of honor another detachment of mounted police brings up the rear; and behind it the crowd falls in, scuffling and cursing, and the splendor fades into the mist.

There is a rush, a wild flight, a scimmage, a human cyclone tearing down Ludgate Hill, around Farringdon street, through every alley leading out of Fleet street. Lord Mayor's day is only half over: a second glimpse of the show is to be had, if well

fought for, on the homeward route. For after the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, in the law-courts, has invited the judges to dine with him, and has stayed to lunch with them, the long return journey is still before him. And so, in Northumberland Avenue, on the Embankment, in Queen Victoria street, every inch of standing-ground is captured, and every chance parapet or low wall besieged. Every tree blossoms forth with small boys, and the temporary shelters in the Temple Gardens and under the arches of Somerset House are a mass of heads. By the time the procession reaches the Embankment the pale daylight is waning, the river is a vague, shadowy stream, South London floats in an opalescent fog. There is a stir of music and color in this strange gray shadow-land; a line of scarlet and gold winds between the leafless trees to where Waterloo Bridge throws ghostly arches across a ghostlier Thames, and the long façade of Somerset House rises, phantom-like, from the faint shores, and the "unsubstantial pageant" disappears into the grayness; and thus from

my own windows do I see the last of the Lord Mayor's show for a year to come. It is the fashion of our generation to laugh at it, I know; but really there is no other spectacle to compare with it. The very season lends additional beauty. Where June sunshine might reveal tawdriness, only splendor makes itself felt through the thick, soft, all-enveloping November atmosphere. And there is the mystery the painter loves in the way this pageant of color looms suddenly from out the smoky shadows, and is scarce seen before it has melted into them again. Had Rembrandt been an Englishman, he must have painted the Lord Mayor's show in a fog, instead of "The Night Watch."

Long after the parade has passed, streets are chaotic, people everywhere blocking the crossings, spreading over the road, packed tight on the sidewalks. Cabbies are wrangling and roaring, busses stranded, hemmed in by frantic women. Policemen are distracted, and lose their heads completely. London is in the hands of a friendly mob.

In the meanwhile the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor has gone back to the Guildhall to prepare for the evening rites. And to those

bidden the Lord Mayor's dinner is a far more important event than the Lord Mayor's show.

It begins early. City banquets provide not only more to eat, but more time to eat it in, than any others I know of. After the Lord Mayor, in civic state, has received his guests in the library, the company marches into the great hall, where Gog and Magog preside in stony state; and now eyes are dazzled more than ever by the lights and the celebrities, and the display of costume, such as cannot often be seen in this age of black swallow-tails and white ties. Everywhere the scarlet and purple, the ermine and gold, of civic robes and military uniforms; everywhere the elegance of court dress and the sheen of women's silken gowns; everywhere decorations and medals and twinkling wands of office. The farthest tables are dimly seen through the mists that seem to have crept in from the street; the turtle-soup flows; there are streams of champagne; there is a baron of beef, that dish so Elizabethan in

sentiment and substance; there is an endless menu. On all sides it is gobble, gobble, gobble, as at Thackeray's memorable City Dinner. At such a table, in such company, Gargantua would have been at home. And when all is over, the toast-master rises in his glory and gorgeousness, and begs, on the part of «your royal highnesses, your excellencies, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, pray silence for the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Richard Whittington,» who proposes, among other things, as he passes the loving-cup, the health of the Corporation of the City of London, which, root and branch, may it endure and flourish forever! And it is in this happy moment of repletion and mutual exchange of compliments that the Prime Minister makes the famous speech which is supposed to settle the affairs of state and empire, and which will be reported at length in every London paper to-morrow. And thus the great day ends in thick fumes of food and wine—the backbone of patriotism!



THE DINNER AT THE GUILDHALL.



FRANÇOIS.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of « Hugh Wynne, » « Characteristics, » etc.

INTRODUCTORY.

Wherein is some account of a thief reformed by circumstances, and of those who helped him.

IN a little tale which has found many friendly readers I related a strange story of the French Revolution.¹ In it was promised some further account of the most remarkable of the personages concerned, and I now fulfil my desire to relate the adventures of François. The singular incidents I recorded are not without foundation; and as to those which here follow, and should have come first, I leave the reader to doubt or to credit the narrative I offer.

After my first evening with M. des Iles and the old Duc de St. Cyr, I became by degrees a friend of these delightful people. I was a lonely student in the Latin Quarter, and felt deeply the kindness which never ceased insisting that their house should be to me a home. In the summer, and often after that, I was a guest at Des Iles's château in Touraine. There I came to know François, as one may know a French or an Italian servant. During these visits he acted as my valet, serving me with admirable care, and never better pleased than when I invited him to talk about himself. He had long since shed his thief-skin, but I fear that it was only the influence of fortunate circumstances which left him without excuse to be or to seem other than as honest as the rest of the world about him.

I have known a great variety of disreputable folk in my lifetime, but never one who had so many winning qualities, or who was so entirely at his ease. A scamp in the company of men of better morals usually becomes hypocritical or appears awkwardly aware of breathing an atmosphere to which he is unused. François had no such difficulties. For half a century he had been for Des Iles something between friend and servant. His former life and habits were well known to the few who came to his master's house. He was comfortable, with

some twenty thousand francs in the *rentes*, and had no necessity to exercise what he still tranquilly called his profession. Like a clever street-dog adopted by a respectable family, though for a time uneasy, he ceased by degrees to wander for the joy of stealing a bone, and became contented with the better and less perilous chances of a dinner at home.

I learned from M. de St. Cyr, the duke's son, that while Mme. des Iles lived François remained the most domestic of animals. Her death caused him a grief so profound that for a time his master was troubled lest his reason might suffer. She herself would never hear a word against him. Unlike her husband, she was a fervent Protestant, and had now and then some vain hope of converting François. While she lived he considered himself her special servant, but after her death transferred his regard to young Des Iles, the son. For many months after she died François pined, as I have said. He then became restless, disappeared for a week at a time, and it is to be feared that once, or more often, he courted temptation. When I knew him all this was in a remote past. At the château he usually came to my bedroom an hour before dinner to set out my evening dress, and was pretty sure, when this was done, to put his head in my little salon and ask if I needed anything. Perhaps, like M. des Iles, I might desire a *petit verre* of vermuth for the bettering of appetite. As I soon found what this meant, I commonly required this sustaining aid. When by and by he returned, carrying a neat tray with vermuth and cognac, it came to be understood that he should be led into talk of himself over the little glass, which would, I am sure, have paid toll before it got back to the buffet. Pretty soon I got into the way of making him sit down, while I drew from by no means unwilling lips certain odd stories which much amused me. With an

¹ « A Madeira Party, » Century Co.

English or Irish servant such familiar intercourse would have been quite impossible; but François, who had none of the shyness of other races, soon came to be on as easy terms with me as he was with M. des Iles. When I asked him one evening to tell me his own story of the famous escape through the catacombs, he said, «But it is long, monsieur.» And when I added, «Well, sit down; I must have it,» he replied simply, «As monsieur wishes,» and, taking a chair, gave me an account of their escape, in which he drew so mirthful a picture of the duke's embarrassments that I saw how little of the humor of the tale M. des Iles had allowed himself to put into his recital.

François's long life amid people of unblemished character had by no means changed his views. Yes, he had been a thief; but now he was out of business. He had retired, just as M. des Iles had done, there being no longer any cause why he should relieve his own necessity by lessening the luxury of others; monsieur might feel quite secure.

As for politics, he was all for the Bonapartes, who, he said, were magnificent thieves, whereas he had never been able to rise to the very highest level of his business. M. des Iles objected, and the last time he had indulged himself in a prolonged absence—monsieur would comprehend that this was many years ago—there had been a serious quarrel; and how could he annoy so good a master, even though they disagreed as to matters political? If monsieur were still curious as to his life, he had a few pages in which he had set down certain things worth remembering, and would monsieur like to see them? Monsieur would very much like to read them. Thus came into my possession this astonishing bit of autobiography, which at last I had leave to copy. It was oddly written, in a clear hand, and in a quaint and abrupt style, from which, in my use of it, I have generally departed, but of which I fear some traces may be seen at times.

Two evenings later, and before I had found leisure to read all of it, François said to me, «Does monsieur think to give my poor little account to the world?» I said I did not. At this I saw his very expressive face assume a look which I took to mean some form of regret. As he spoke he was standing in the doorway, and was now and then mechanically passing a brush over my dress-coat. Presently he said: «I only desired not to have set forth in France, when I am gone, such things as might give concern to M. des Iles, or trouble him if he should outlive me.»

I replied that it should never be published; and when, after this, he lingered, I added, «Is that as you desire?» It was not. His vanity was simple and childlike, but immense.

«Monsieur will find it entertaining,» he said; and I, that this was sure to be the case, and that it were a pity the world should lose so valuable a work. At this his lean face lighted up. Perhaps in English it might some day be of interest to monsieur's friends; and as he understood that the English were given to stealing whole countries belonging to feeble folks, it might seem to them less unusual than it would to people like those of France. But monsieur was not English. He asked my pardon. I kept a grave face, and inquired if it were a treatise on the art of theft.

This embarrassed him a little, and he made answer indirectly: did monsieur entirely disapprove this form of transfer? He seemed to regard it as merely a manner of commercial transaction by which one man alone profited. I returned that as to this nations held diverse opinions, and that some Oriental people considered it a creditable pursuit, but that personally it did seem to me wrong.

M. des Iles was distinctly of that opinion; but, after all, his (François's) account of what he had seen and been was not limited to mere details of business, and I might discover his adventures to have other interest. When he heard at last that some day I might, through his writings, enlighten the nations outside of the pale of Gallic civilization, he went away with the satisfied air of a young author who has found a publisher with a just appreciation of his labors—a thing both rare and consolatory.

His personal history, as I have said, was well known to the entire household; nor did he resent a jest now and then as to his disused art, if it came from one of a rank above his own. The old duke would say, «Any luck of late in snuff-boxes, François?»

«M. le Duc knows they are out of fashion.»

«*Eh bien!* then handkerchiefs?»

«*Diab!e!*» says François. «They are no more of lace; what use to steal them? M. le Duc knows that gentlemen are also out of fashion. M. le Bourgeois is too careful nowadays.»

«True,» says the duke, and walks away, sadly reflective.

This François was what people call a character. He had a great heart and no conscience; was fond of flowers, of birds, and of children; pleased to chat of his pilferings, liking the fun of the astonishment he thus caused.

Had he really no belief in its being wrong to steal? I do not know. The fellow was so humorous that he sometimes left one puzzled and uncertain. He went duly to mass and confession, but—«*Mon Dieu*, monsieur; nowadays one has so little to confess, M. le Curé must find it dull.»

When I would know his true ethics as to thine and mine, he cried, laughing, «*Le mien et le tien*; 't is but a letter makes the difference, and, after all, one must live.» It seemed a simple character, but there is no such thing; all human nature is more complex than they who write choose to think it. If character were such as the writer of fiction often makes it, the world would be a queer place.

He is dead long ago, this same François, as my old friend Des Iles wrote me a few years later. He was very fond of a parrot he had taught to cry, «*Vive Bonaparte!*» whenever the aged duke came by his perch. One morning Poll was stolen by some adroit purveyor of parrots. This loss François felt deeply, and vastly resented the theft,—in fact, he described himself as being humbled by the power of any one to steal from a man bred up to the business,—and so missed his feathered companion that for the first time he became depressed, and at last took to his bed. He died quietly a few weeks after, saying to the priest who had given him the final rites of the church: «M. le Curé—the gold snuff-box the duke gave you—» «Well, my son?» «The left-hand pocket is the safer; we look not there.» Then, half wandering, he cried: «Adieu, Master Time! Thou art the best thief, after all»; and so died, holding Des Iles's hand.

I learned from the duke and his son, as well as from M. des Iles, many more facts as to François than he himself recorded; the good old Curé Le Grand, who was a great friend of mine, also contributed some queer incidents of François's life; and thus it was that, when years had gone by, and I became dependent on my pen, I found myself able to write fully of this interesting product of Parisian life.

After considering the material in my possession, I soon discovered that it would not answer my purpose to let François's broken memoirs tell his story. There were names and circumstances in them which it were still unwise to print. Much of what I may call the scenery of his somewhat dramatic adventures was supplied by the singular knowledge of the Revolution which the curé delighted to furnish. The good priest was by far the most aged of this group, and yet to the last the most clear as to memories

of a tragic past. Thus it came that I was led to write my story of François in the third person, with such enlightening aid as I obtained from those who knew him better than I.

In his defense I may be permitted to quote the curé's cautiously worded opinion:

«Oh, monsieur, no man knows another, and every man is ever another to himself. For you François is a thief, strangely proud of an exceptional career and of his victories over the precautions of those from whom he stole. Is it not so, monsieur?» I said it was. «But the *bon Dieu* alone knows all of a man. I was not a priest until after the great wars. God pardon me, but I like still to tell tales of Jena and Austerlitz, and of what we did in those days of victory. To kill men! The idea now fills me with horror, and yet I like nothing better, as monsieur well knows, than to talk of those days of battle. And François—'t is much the same. How could one live with these dear people, and get no lesson from their lives? Our gay, merry-minded François loved to surprise the staid folks who came hither to visit us; but I know that—ah, well, well, priests know many things.»

I thanked him, but still had doubts as to whether the moral code of our friend François was ever materially altered by precept, example, or by the lack of necessity to carry on his interesting branch of industry.

Before telling his story I like to let him say for himself the only apologetic words I could discover in this memoir:

«I have no wish to write my whole life. I want to put down some things I saw and some scenes in which I was an actor. I am now old. I suppose, from what I am told, that I was wicked when I was young. But if one cannot see that he was a sinner, what then? The good God who made me knows that I was but a little Ishmaelite cast adrift on the streets to feed as I might. I defend not myself. I blame not the chances of life, nor yet the education which fate gave me. It was made to tempt one in need of food and shelter. 'T is a great thing to be able to laugh easily and often, and this good gift I had; and so, whether in safety or in peril, whether homeless or housed, I have gone through life merry. I had thought more, says M. le Curé, had I been less light of heart. But thus was I made, and, after all, it has its good side. I have always liked better the sun than the shadow; and as to relieving my wants, are the birds thieves?»

I noticed on the margins of François's

memoirs remarks in a neat female handwriting, which he told me were made by Mme. des Iles, who alone had read his story.

At the end I found written: "If ever another should read what is set down in these pages, let them have the comment of charity. He who wrote them was by nature gifted with affection, good sense, and courage. He

had many delicacies of character, but that of which nature meant to make a gentleman and a man of refinement, desertion and evil fortune made a thief and a reprobate. She who wrote this knew him as no one else did, and, with God's help, drew him out of the slough of crime and into a long life of honest ways. CLAIRE DES ILES."

I.

Of how François the foundling was cared for by the good fathers of the Benedictine asylum for orphans, and of what manner of lad he was.



N the summer of the year 1777 a lad of about ten years, clad in a suit of gray, was playing in the high-walled garden of the Benedictine Asylum for Orphans in Paris. The sun was pleasant, the birds sang overhead, the roses were many, for the month was June. A hundred lads were noisily running about. They had the look of being well fed, decently clothed, and kindly cared for. An old priest walked to and fro, at times looking up from his breviary to say a pleasant word or to check some threatening quarrel.

Presently he paused beside the boy who was at the moment intently watching a bird on a branch overhead. As the priest turned, the boy had thrown himself on the grass and was laughing heartily. "What amuses thee, my son?" said the father.

"I am laughing at the birds to see how they swing."

"And why does that make thee laugh, François?"

"I do not know."

"And I," said the priest, "do not know why the birds sing, nor why thou dost laugh. Thou hast a talent that way. The good God grant thee always cause"; and again, with his eyes on his breviary, and his lips moving in prayer, he walked away. The lad fell back again on the grass, and laughed anew, as if overcome with some jest he shared with no one but the birds overhead. This was a kindly little waif brought hither from the Enfants Trouvés, nameless except for the card pinned on the basket in which he lay when the unknown mother left him, a red-faced baby, to the charity of asylum life.

His constant mirthfulness was a sad cross to some of the good fathers, for neither punishment, fast, nor penance got the better of this gaiety, nor served to repress its in-

stinctive expression. He had, too,—what is rare in childhood,—quick powers of observation, and a certain joy in the world of nature, liking to lie on his back and watch the birds at work, or pleased to note the daily changes of flowers or the puzzling journeys of the ants which had their crowded homes beneath the lilacs in undisturbed corners of the garden. His nearest mother, Nature, meant the boy to be one of those rare beings who find happiness in the use of keen senses and in a wakeful mind, which might have been trained to employ its powers for the partial conquest of some of her many kingdoms. But no friendly hand was here to guide, no example present to excite or lift him. The simple diet provided for the intellect of these little ones was like the diet of their table—the same for one and for all.

His head was high, his face long; all his features were of unusual size, the mouth and ears of disproportionate magnitude; altogether, a quaint face, not quite of to-day, a something Gothic and medieval in its general expression.

The dull round of matins and vespers, the routine of lessons, the silent refectory meals, went on year after year with little variation. The boy François simply accepted them as did the rest; but, unlike some of his comrades, he found food for mirth, silent, gentle, or boisterous, where no other saw cause for amusement.

Once a week a sober line of gray-clad boys, with here and there a watchful priest, filed through the gay streets to mass at St. Eustache or Notre Dame. He learned, as he grew, to value these chances, and to look forward with eager anticipation to what they brought him. During these walks the quick-minded François saw and heard a hundred things which excited his curiosity. The broad gardens of the Luxembourg, the young fellows at unrestricted play, the river and the boats, by degrees filled him with keen desire to see more of this outer world, and to have easy freedom to roam at will. It was the first flutter of wings longing for natural flight. Before they set out on

these journeys, a good father at the great gateway said to them as they went by: "Look neither to the right nor to the left, my children. 'T is a day of prayer. Remember!" Alas! what eyes so busy as those of François? "Look at this—at that," he would cry to the lads close to him. "Be quiet, there!" said the priests' low voices; and on this François's droll face would begin to express the unspoken delight he found in the outer world of men and things. This naughty outside world kept calling him to share its liberty. The boy liked best the choir, where his was the most promising voice. Here was happiness such as the use of dexterous hands or observant eyes also gave him. Religion was to him largely a matter of formal service. But in this, as in secular education, the individuality of the creature may not be set aside without risk of disaster. For all alike there was the same dull round, the same instruction. Nevertheless, the vast influence of these repeated services, and of the constant catechism, he continued to feel to his latest day.

He was emotional and imaginative, fond of color, and sensitive to music; but the higher lessons of the church, which should control the life of action, were without effect on a character which was naturally one of exceptional levity. Such a mind has small power to apply to the conduct of life the mere rules laid down for its guidance, and is apt to accept as personally useful only what comes from the lessons of experience.

II.

In which François becomes a choir-boy, and serves two masters, to the impairment of his moral sense.

HE was about fourteen, and the best of the choir, when a great change took place in his life. He was sent, with a dozen others, to the vestry of Notre Dame, and there carefully tested as to the power and quality of his voice. The masters of the choir were exacting, but, to his great delight, he was thought the best of the four who were finally selected to fill vacancies among the boy choristers of the cathedral. This came about in the autumn of the year 1781.

The next day he received a long lecture on how he should behave himself; and thus morally provided, was sent, with his small belongings in a bag, to the house of certain of the choir-masters who lived in the Rue des Chanteurs. One of the priests who escorted the four boys stood at the door of the house

of the choir, and saying good-by to them as they went in, bade them come, if they might, and visit their old home; and so, with a benediction, sent them forth into a larger world.

It was not much larger, nor was it as agreeable. When the good father left them, one Tomas, who was steward of the choir-house, took the lads in charge.

"Up with ye, singing-birds!" he cried; "up! up!" And this at each story: "It will soon be your best chance of heaven; up! up!" until they reached a large attic under the tiles.

It was a dismal place, and hospitable to every wind that blew. Each of twelve choir-boys had a straw mattress on the floor, and pegs where hung his clothes and the white surplice he wore during service. The four newcomers took possession, and were soon informed by Tomas of their duties. They must be up at five to sing before breakfast with the second chanter.

"Before breakfast!" cried one of the recruits.

"Little animal!" said Tomas. "Before thou dost eat there is room to fill thy chest; but after, what boy hath room? Breakfast at six and a half; at seven a lesson. Thou wilt intone with Père Lalatte."

Thus the day was to be filled; for here were lessons a-plenty in Latin, and all must learn to read and to write, for they might be priests some blessed day.

François reflected as Tomas packed the hours with this and that as one packs a bag. He made his face as grave as nature would let it be, and said it was very nice, and that he liked to sing. Was there anything else? Tomas replied that this first day they might ask questions, but that after that he (Tomas) had only one answer, because to have only one saved thinking.

This amused François, who was prematurely capable of seeing the fun of things.

When a duller boy who did not apprehend asked to know more he received an illustration in the form of a smart smack, which proved convincingly instructive, and silenced all but François, who asked, "Please, monsieur, when may we play?" and "Is there anything more?"

Tomas replied that there was a free hour before supper, and a little while somewhere about noon in the garden; also, they must wait on table; and oh, he forgot the prayers; and then went on to complete the packing of the day with various small duties in the nature of attentions to the comfort of Tomas. With some last words as to

the time of the next meal, the steward left them.

The lads, silent and anxious, arranged their small possessions. A little goldfinch in a wicker cage was François's most valued property; he had taught it many pretty tricks, and now he had been allowed to bring it with him. François put the cage on the window-ledge, and fed his brightly tinted bird out of a small store of millet with which he had filled his pocket. Then he looked out to see what prospect the view from the attic afforded.

The home of the master-chanters was an ancient house of the days of Henri IV, and leaned so far over that as the boy looked out he had a sudden fear lest it should be about to tumble. The street was not more than twelve feet wide. The opposite dwellings were a full story below the attic from which the boy looked. The nearest house across the way had an ancient stoop. Others bent back from the line of the street, and the open windows gave them a look of yawning weariness which set the boy to gaping in sympathy.

Above was a mottled wilderness of discolored tiles, chimney-pots, and here and there gray corner turrets with vanes which seemed to entertain diverse views as to the direction whence the wind blew. Below was the sunless well of the street. As he gazed he saw the broad hats of priests hiding the figures beneath them. It interested the boy. It was new and strange. He was too intent to notice that all but he had gone, obedient to an order of Tomas.

A woman at a window over the way let fall a skirt she had been drying. It sailed to and fro, and fell on the head of a reflective abbé. The boy broke into laughter. A cat climbed on to a chimney-pot, and was met by a gust of smoke from the flue beside it. She scrambled off, sneezing.

«What fun!» cried the boy, and laughed again.

«Little beast!» shouted Tomas. «Must I come for thee? 'T is not permitted to laugh. It is forbid to laugh. It spoils the voice»—a queer notion which, to his sorrow, the boy found to prevail in the house of the chanters.

«How can that be?» said François, boldly.

The man gave him to understand that he was to obey his betters without answering, and then, taking the cage from the window, said: «Come—quick, too! Thou art late for the dinner, and must do without it. There is a singing-lesson. Off with you!»

He was leaving the room when, suddenly, a strange fury of anger came on the boy. He

snatched the cage from the man's hand, crying, «My bird! It is my bird!»

Tomas caught him, and began to administer a smart cuffing; but the lad was vigorous and of feline agility. In the struggle he used nails, teeth, and feet. Then, of a sudden, he ceased to struggle, and fell on a mattress in an agony of tears. The man had set his foot on the fallen cage, crying:

«I will teach thee a lesson, little animal!»

There lay in the crushed cage the dead bird, still quivering, a shapeless mass of green and yellow with a splotch of red. It was the first lesson of that larger world toward which the foundling had been so joyfully looking.

He made no further resistance to the discipline which followed. Then came a dark cell and bread and water for a weary day, and much profit in the way of experience. It was a gentle home he had left. He had known there no unkindness, nor had he ever so sinned as to suffer more than some mild punishment. The new life was hard, the diet spare. As the winter came on, the attic proved to be cold. The winds came in from the tiles above and through the shrunken window-frames. Once within, they seemed to stay and to wander in chilly gusts. The dark suits that the choir-boys wore were none too warm. If the white surplice were clean, little more was asked in this direction. There were long services twice a day at the great cathedral near by, and three hours of practice under the eye of a junior chorister. The boys were abed at eight, and up at five; and as to play, there were two uncertain hours—after the noon meal and at seven in the evening—when they were free to move about a small court behind the house, or to rest, if they pleased, in the attic. Four days in the week there were lessons in Latin and in reading and writing. Assuredly the devil had little of the chance which idle hours are presumed to give. But this fallen angel has also the industry of the minute, and knows how to profit by the many chances of life. He provided suggestive lessons in the habits of the choristers who dwelt in the stories above the wine-shop on the first floor. Sounds of gay carouses reached the small garret saints at night, and gay voices were heard which had other than masculine notes. At meal-times the choir-boys waited on the master-chanters, and fetched their food from the kitchen. The lads soon learned to take toll on the way, and to comfort their shrunken stomachs with a modest share of the diet of their betters.

«Little rats!» said Tomas the steward, «you will squeal in purgatory for this; and 't were better to give you a dose of it here.» And so certain of the rats, on account of temporary excess of feed, were given none for a day, and left in a cold cellar to such moral aids as reflection might fetch.

François sat with his comrades of mishap in the gloom, and devised new ways of procuring food and concealing their thefts.

«Rats we are,» said François, gaily; «and rats had need be smart; and who ever heard that the *bon Dieu* sent rats to purgatory?» Then he hatched queer stories to keep up the spirits of the too penitent; and whether full or empty, cold or warm, took all that came with perpetual solace of good-humored laughter. It was not in him to bear malice. The chanters liked him, and with the boys he was the leader.

Most of the dozen choir-boys were dull fellows; but this sharp-witted François was of other make, and found in the table-talk of the choristers, and of the curés who came now and then to share their ample fare, food for such thoughts as a boy thinks. He soon learned, as he grew older, how difficult is complete sin; how many outlets there are for him who, being penitent, desires to create new opportunities for penitence. François was fast forming his character. He had small need to look for excuses, and a meager talent for regret. When his stomach was full he was good, and when it was empty he must, as he said in after years, «fill it to squeeze out Satan.»

There were singular books about, and for his education, now that he read Latin fairly well, a manual on confession. It was not meant for half-fed choir-boys. More fascinating were the confessions of one Rousseau—a highly educative book for a clever boy of sixteen. At this age François was a long-legged, active fellow, a keen-witted domestic brigand, expert in providing for his wants, and eagerly desirous of seeing more of the outside world, of the ways of which he was so ignorant. The procession of closely watched boys went to church and back again to the old house at least once a day, and this was his only glimpse of the entertaining life of the streets. When left to himself, he liked best in good weather to sit at the open attic window and watch the cats on the roofs across the way. So near were the houses that he could toss a bone or a crust on to the roof opposite, and delight to see these Ishmaelites contend for the prize. He grew to know them, so that they would come at dusk

to the roof-edge, and contemplate dietetic possibilities with eager and luminous eyes. He soon knew them all, and would call them when, by chance, he could regale them. Being versed in the Bible, as all good choir-boys should be, he found names for his feline friends which fitted their qualities; for there, among the chimneys, was a small world of stirring life which no man disturbed. He saw battles, jealousies, greediness, and loves. Constancy was not there. Solomon of the many wives was king of the tiles; a demure blue cat was Susannah, for good reasons; and there, too, were the elders. It might have seemed to some pitiful angel a sad picture—this poor lad in the grasp of temptations, but made for better chances, finding his utmost joy in the distant company of these lean Arabs of the desert housetops.

III.

Of the misfortunes caused by loss of a voice, and of how a cat and a damsel got François into trouble—whereupon, preferring the world to a monastery, he ran away from the chanters of Notre Dame.

It was in the month of June, in the year 1784, that a female got him into trouble, and aided to bring about a decision as to his future. This was, however, only one of the distressing incidents which at the time affected his career, and was not his final experience of the perils to which attention to the other sex may expose the unwary. A few days before the sad event which brought about a change in François's life, he was engaged in singing one of the noble Gregorian chants. Never had he used his voice with greater satisfaction. He was always pleased and eagerly ambitious when in the choir, and was then at his best. This day it seemed to him, as he sang, that his clear tones rose like a bird, and that something of him was soaring high among the resonant arches overhead. Of a sudden his voice broke into a shrill squeak. The choir-master shook a finger at him, and he fell into a dead silence, and sang no more that morning. The little white-robed procession marched out, and when it reached the gray old house there was wrath and consternation over the broken treble. He was blamed and beaten; but, after all, it was a too likely misfortune. If it chanced again he must go to the Dominican convent at Auteuil, and perhaps in a year or two would be lucky enough to get back his voice. Meanwhile let him take care. Poor François did his best; but a week

later, amid the solemnity of a mass for the dead, came once more that fatal break in the voice. He knew that his fate was sealed.

Little was said this time, but he overheard the head of the choir arranging with Tomas the steward that the boys should go to Auteuil. Until then he was no longer to serve in the choir.

François had seen all this occur before, when, as was common, some little singer lost control of his changing voice. His case was hopeless. Yet here was an idle time and no more singing-lessons. But a part of the small joys of a life not rich in happy moments was gone, to come back no more, as he knew too well. Of late his fine quality of song had won him some indulgence, and he had learned how much a fine voice might mean. Dim visions began to open before him, as he heard of how choir-boys had conquered fame and wealth in France or elsewhere. One day the head chanter had praised him and his diligence, and hoped he would never leave them. He was told what a great possession was a voice like his, and had even been envied by the less gifted. Now this possession was taken from him, and he was at once made sadly aware of his loss. His vanity, always great, was wounded to the quick. A little kindness would have led him to go to the convent and hopefully bide his time; but nobody cared, or seemed to care, for him, or to pity what to his active imagination was a fatal wreck of goodly chances.

For a day or two he went about disconsolate, and was set to serve in the kitchen or to wait on the man Tomas, who jeered at his squeaky voice, and called him «little pig» with additions of some coarser amenities of language, and certain information as to the convent life of a lay servant ill calculated to make Auteuil appear desirable.

In his leisure hours, which now were many, François took refuge from the jests of his fellows in the lonely garret. The people across the way in their rooms amused him. The cats were never long absent. He watched their cunning search for the nests of the sparrows, and very soon began to feel again the invincible lifting power of his comic nature. Some remembrance of the alarm in the choir-master's face when his voice broke came upon François, and he began to laugh. Just then he saw Solomon on the roof opposite. The master of a populous harem was in the company of the two naughty elders. Susannah, behind a chimney, was making her modest toilet with a skilful tongue. He called her, and held up a tempting bone.

The shy maiden hesitated, and he called, «Suzanne, Suzanne!» to bring her to the edge of the tiled roof and near enough to make sure that the elders would not capture her desired prize.

As he called, a little grisette who was hanging out clothes to dry kissed her hand to the boy. François had seen her before. She was not attractive. He liked his cats better. «Suzanne, Suzanne!» he called, as the virgin, looking about her, daintily picked her way to the edge. High on the roof-top, Solomon exhorted the elders, and in a moment backs were humped, and claws out, and there was bad language used, which may have been Hebrew, but at all events appeared to be sufficiently expressive; for the elders and Solomon of a sudden rolling over in a wild scuffle, disappeared on the farther side of the roof. This was the maid's opportunity, and gratefully licking her anticipative chops, she crawled to the gutter.

«*Bonne Suzanne! Viens donc! Come, come, Suzanne!*» cried the boy.

Of a sudden a smart box on the ear broke up this pretty love-affair. There stood Tomas.

«A nice choir-boy! Talking with that beast of a grisette!» Then there were more liberal whacks as the boy, in a rage, was dragged away, and bidden to come down-stairs and carry to market the nets used in place of baskets. Tomas usually went alone to buy provisions, but now the choir-boy was free and could be made of use.

François uttered no complaint. It was literally the only time he had had a chance to be in the streets, except as part of the procession to and from the church. He was sore, angry, and resentful of the ill usage which in the last few days had taken the place of the growing respect his talent had created. He took the nets and his cap, and followed Tomas. «What a chance!» he thought to himself.

The boy concealed the delight he felt, and followed the steward, who went down to the river and across it to the open market on the farther bank. He stopped here and there to buy provisions and to chat with the market-women. When one of them, pleased with the odd-looking lad, gave him an apple, Tomas took it from him. François laughed, which seemed always to offend the saturnine steward. He could not destroy the pleasure of the gay market for François, who made queer faces at the mistresses of the stalls, teased the dogs and cats for sale in cages, and generally made himself happy until they came home again.

But from this time onward, except for these excursions, his life was made miserable enough. He was the slave of Tomas, and was cruelly reminded day after day of the misery of him who has a servant for his master.

At last he learned that the time was near when he must go to Auteuil. His voice had been tested again, and he had been told that there was small hope of its return. He began to think of escape. Once he was sent alone on an errand to a shop near by. He lingered to see some street jugglers, and paid for it with a day in a damp cellar. Within this sad home he now found only reproaches and unthanked labor. The chanters laughed at him, and the happier boys mocked his changed voice. On the day after his last experience of the cellar, he was told by Tomas to be ready to go to Auteuil, and was ordered once again to follow the steward to market. He took up the nets and went after him. The lad looked back at the chanters' house. He meant to see it no more. He was now seventeen, and in the three years of his stay had learned many things, some good and some bad.

They went past Notre Dame to the *quai*, and through rows of stalls along the shores of the Seine. Tomas soon filled the nets, which were flung over François's shoulders. Meanwhile the chattering women, the birds and cages, the flowers, the moving, many-colored crowd, amused or pleased the boy, but by no means turned him from his purpose.

«Come!» cried Tomas, and began to elbow his way through the noisy people on the river-bank. Presently François got behind him, and noting his chances with a ready eye, slipped through between the booths and darted up the Seine.

IV.

Of how the world used François, and of the reward of virtue. He makes his first friend.

WHEN Tomas, having won his way out of the press about a fortune-teller, looked for François, there was a lost choir-boy and two days' diet gone none knew whither—least of all the fugitive. He quickly crossed a bridge, and was at once in the somber network of narrow streets which in those days made the Île St. Louis the refuge of the finest assortment of thieves, bravos, gypsies, and low women to be found in any capital of Europe.

His scared looks and decent black suit betrayed him. An old fellow issued from a

doorway like a spider. «Ha, ha, little thief!» he said; «I will buy thy plunder.»

François was well pleased. He took eagerly the ten sous offered, and saw the spider poke a long red beak into the loaded nets, and soon pass out of sight in the dark doorway. François looked at the money. It was the first he had ever owned. He walked on in haste, happy to be free. At the far end of the isle he sat down in the sun and watched the red barges go by, and took no more care for to-morrow than a moth just out of its cocoon. He caught up the song of a man near by who was mending a bateau. He whistled as he cast stones in the water. It was June, and warm, and before him the river playing with the sunset gold, and behind him the dull roar of Paris. Ah, the pleasure to do as he would! Why had he waited so long?

Toward night he wandered into the *cité*, and saw an old woman selling fried potatoes, and crying, «Two sous, two sous!» He asked for thus much, and received them in the top of his cap. The hag took his ten-sou piece, and told him to begone. Amazed at this bit of villainy, poor François entreated her to give him his change. She called him a thief, and when a dreadful man sallied out of a wine-shop and made murderous threats, the boy ran as fast as he could go, and never ceased until he got to the river again. There, like Suzanne, he kept watch for the foes of property, and at last ate his potatoes, and began to reflect on this last lesson in morality. He had stolen many morsels, many dinners, and his fair share of wine; but to be himself robbed of his entire means was calculated to enlarge his views of what is possible in life, and also undesirable. The night was warm; he slept well in an abandoned barge, but woke up early to feel that liberty had its drawbacks, and that emptiness of stomach was one of the large family of needs which stimulate the ingenuity of man or boy.

Quite at a loss, he wandered through the vile filth of the *cité*, hearing strange slang which his namesake François Villon would have better understood than he. The filth of the roadways and that of the tongue were here comparable. Some boys, seeing his sober suit of the dark cloth worn by the choir, pelted him with stones. He ran for his life, and falling over a man who was sawing wood, received a kick for remembrance. Far away he paused breathless in a dark lane which seemed unpeopled, and where the houses leaned over like evil old scoundrels who would whisper to one another of

ancient crime. Even to a boy the place was of asudden terrible. There was murder in the air.

He felt, without knowing why, the danger of the place. A painted creature, half clad, came out of a house—a base animal whom the accident of sex had made a woman. She called to him to come in. He turned and went by her in haste and horror. A man in a red shirt ran toward him, crying out some ordures of speech. As he fled there was a sudden peopling of window and doorway with half-naked drunken men and women. He had never before seen such faces. He was in that pit of crime and bestiality which before long was to overflow and riot in a limitless debauch of blood. The boy's long legs served him well. He dodged and ran this way and that. At the mouth of the *cul-de-sac* a lank boy caught him by the arm. François struck him fiercely, and with a sense of joy in the competence of the first blow he had ever given one of his own years, he fled again; nor did he pause until, free from foes, he was over the bridge and panting in the open sunshine below the great buttresses of Notre Dame.

He saw that here no one noticed him, and, once more at his ease, took his way hither and thither down the Seine, and at last over one of the bridges which spanned the broad ditches then bounding the Place Louis XV, where now is the Garden of the Tuileries. The ducks and swans in these canals delighted him. He lingered, liking the gaiety and careless joy of the children with their nurses. The dogs, acrobats, musketeers, and the pomp of heavy, painted carriages rolling by with servants in liveries, the Swiss guards, the magnificence of the king's palace, were all to him as a new world might have been.

He went on, and at last along the Rue St. Honoré and to the Palais Royal, where, amid its splendid shops, cafés, jugglers, fortune-tellers, and richly clad people, he forgot for an hour his poor little stomach and its claims. By and by he took note of the success of a blind beggar. He watched him for an hour, and knew that he had in this time gathered in sous at least a franc. The shrunken stomach of the boy began to convert its claims into demands, and with this hint he put on a sad face and began to beg. It was not a very prosperous business; but he stated his emptiness so pitifully, and his voice had such sweet, pleading notes, that at last he thus acquired six or eight sous, and retired to the outer gate to count them.

The imprudence of estimating wealth in public was soon made clear to him. He was

seated back of the open grille, his cap on his lap, when a quick, claw-like hand, thrust between the railings, darted over his shoulder, and seized two thirds of his gains. He started up in time to see that the thief was the blind beggar, who was away and lost in the crowd and among the horses and carriages, to all appearances in excellent possession of the sense of sight. Pursuit was vain. François's education was progressing. Most lads thus tormented by fate would have given way to rage or tears. François cried out, «Sathanas!» not knowing as yet any worse expletive, and burst into a roar of laughter. At least there were three sous left, and these he put into his pocket. His lessons were not over. The crowd thinned at noon, and he rose to go in search of food. At this moment a gentleman in very gorgeous dress, with ruffles, sword, and a variety of dazzling splendors, went by, and at the boy's feet let fall a lace handkerchief. François seized it, and stood still a moment. Then he put it in his breast, and again stood still. To take food is one thing; to steal a handkerchief is quite another. He was weak with hunger, but he had three sous. He ran after the gentleman, and cried:

«Here is your handkerchief!»

«A very honest lad,» said its owner; «thou wilt do well in the world»; and so went his way, leaving to virtue the proverbial reward of virtue. This time François did not laugh. In the Rue St. Honoré he bought some boiled beans for two sous, and retired to eat them in peace on the steps of St. Sulpice. Soon he saw a woman with a tin pan come out of a little shop and after her a half-grown black poodle. She set down the pan, and left the dog to his meal. François reconnoitered cautiously, and giving the dog a little kick, fled with the pan, and was shortly safe in a passage at the rear of the church. Here he found that he was master of a chop and a half-eaten leg of chicken. He was through with the chop and some crusts, as well as the beans, when he became aware of the black poodle, which, being young, still had confidence in human nature, and now, with sense of ownership, thrust his black nose in the pan of lessening viands.

François laughed gaily. The touch of friendly trust gave the lonely boy a thrill of joy, and, with some reluctance doubtless, he gave the dog what was left, feeding him in bits, and talking as a comrade to a comrade. The poodle was clearly satisfied. This was very delightful society, and he was receiving such attention as flatters a decent

dog's sense of his social position. The diet was less than usual, but the company was of the best, and inspired the extreme of confidence. There is a charm of equality as between dog and boy. Both are of Bohemia. The poodle stood up when asked to beg. He was invited to reveal his name. He received with the sympathetic sadness of the motionless tail the legend of François's woes.

When at last François rose, the dog followed him a little way, saying plainly, «Where thou goest I will go.» But the unlicked pan needed attention; he turned back to the fleshpots. Seeing himself deserted, a vague sadness came upon François. It was the shadow of an uncomprehended emotion. He said, «Adieu, mon ami!» and left the little black fellow with his nose in the pan.

An hour of wandering here and there brought François to the palisades around the strong foundations of the new church of the Madeleine. Beyond were scattered country houses, the Pépinières of the king, and the great English garden of Monceaux belonging to the Duc d'Orléans. This fascinating stretch of trees and green and boundless country was like a heavenly land to the boy. No dream could be more strange. He set out by the Rue de Pologne, and at last went through the Barrière, and was soon in full country. To his surprise, he heard a yap at his side, and there was the little black poodle, apparently as well pleased as he. François had no scruples as to ownership. *Mon Dieu!* had he stolen the dog, or had the dog stolen him? They slept together that night on the roadside, the dog in the boy's arms. The country was not productive of easily won food, but a few stolen plums were to be had. A girl coming from milking gave a jug of milk, which François, despite

keen hunger, shared with his friend. When a couple of miles from Paris, he sat down to rest by the roadside. The dog leaped on to his lap, and the boy, as he lay in the sun, began to think of a name for this new friend. He tried merrily all the dog-names he could think of; but when at last he called, «Toto!» the poodle barked so cordially that François sagaciously inclined to the belief that he must have hit upon the poodle's name. «Toto it shall be,» he cried. That day they wandered joyfully, begged a crust, and at night slept in an orchard, the poodle clasped to the boy's bosom—a pair of happy vagabonds.

When, next day, the pair of them, half starved, were disconsolately wandering toward Paris, an old woman bade François earn a few sous by picking strawberries, but the dog must not range the garden. He should be tied in the kitchen. François worked hard at the matter in hand, taking good toll of the berries, and at noon went back with the old dame to her cottage.

«It is five sous, *mon garçon*, and a good chicken and bowl of milk thou shalt have, and a bit of meat; and how merry thou art!» Alas! as she opened the door the poodle fled past her with a whole steak in his mouth. Hot it was, but of such delicate savor that it gave him courage to hold on. The old woman threw a stool after him, and cried out in wrath that they were both thieves. Then she turned on poor François with fury and a broom, so that he had scarce time to leap the fence and follow the dog. He found him at last with his rather dusty prize; and seeing no better thing to do, he went deep into a wood, and there filled himself as he had not done for days. The brigand Toto had his share, and thus reinforced, they set out again to return to Paris.

(To be continued.)



FLOWERS IN THE PAVE.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER,
Author of «Nature in a City Yard,» etc.



T is a misty, moist morning. Dew has condensed on the pavement. Pulling weeds in the yard,—endless job, like all fights against evil,—my hand smokes as I lift it out of the earth. In a spin before breakfast on my bicycle, I find the hollows of the park reeking with cloud. I plunge into spectral fog-thickets and out again. The lake is patched, reminding me of the Connecticut as I have seen it when rowing there at two o'clock on a still morning—cottony masses of vapor rising to the boat's gunwale, like foam-floes in St. John harbor. Life is chilled, but inactive only for the hour. I find it later in the gutters: surprised earthworms drowning in the wet; grasshoppers kicking vigorously to shore; moths spinning in a circle on their backs, getting nowhere; and their larvæ, the caterpillars, afloat and helpless in the inch-deep ocean, swimming, if you can call it that, with alternate bends to right and left, that neither send them forward, back, nor sidewise. When I find these caterpillars eating the rose-bushes in our yard, I smite; when I find them drowning in the wet, I push them ashore. Toads visit these brief shallows, and sparrows bathe in them, as you may oftener see them doing in the public fountains, standing on leaves of lily and lotus as they souse their heads.

During warm weather mosquitos are hatched in some of these gutters and puddles. It takes only from ten days to a fortnight to raise a brood from the egg, and we have not come to the point in town cleanliness where we try to get rid of stagnant water, nor even to sprinkle the pools with kerosene to kill the larvæ of the mosquito—the little «wigglers» that every child knows who has a rain-barrel on his premises. Bigger game than mosquitos will be found in these pools at times. Passing along a frequented boulevard the other evening, I was surprised by the piping of a frog in a vacant lot. That lot is usually dry, but a day's rain had left a puddle in a hollow—a puddle maybe four or five inches deep. I could see the ripple made by the fellow in swimming. How did he get there, and what sent him? for

there are no permanent pools and no other frogs within a mile. It cannot be that he is the last of his tribe.

But the gutters and puddles without life are not always void of interest either, if, indeed, in this teeming world, there are such spots. This morning I find a remarkable color in one or two of them. Iron is common in many soils; I don't suppose any soil is wholly without it. Nearly all the reds, yellows, and browns that we see in sands, earths, clays, and rocks are painted there by iron. Some of the Rocky Mountains and the cañons that split them asunder are gorgeous with these tints. In the clear air of the West the colors leap and dazzle like fireworks. But while the scale is small, we get the same effects in town. So in one gutter I find a leathery scum of yellow and red, due to iron that a shower has washed out of the street. Occasionally there is an obstruction, and the water, being dammed, deposits an unusual amount of metal on evaporation, leaving it to dry over pebbles and mud, and you see a surprising iridescence. One tract of gutter glows in the clearing sun in a dozen shades of pink, red, brown, purple, blue, yellow, and green, oily-metallic, shifting like hues of a soap-bubble as the point of view changes; while a fallen leaf, thinly coated with this beautiful slime, is like bronze with a patina of two thousand years upon it. Skeleton leaves, too,—perfect frames with the flesh rotted out of them,—appear in this strange earthization of October painting. Look on all this with your knowledge, and it is mud, and so not pretty; but be an artist with your eye, and how beautiful you find it!

Down by the water I found a quantity of flints, some of unusual hue. It seems strange that while this mineral is often found near our coast cities, not a bit of it is native. It all came from England, and reached this country as ballast, being dumped on shore to make room for cargo; or else it arrived from the Channel cliffs in chalk, which is used in some of our whiting-works. The flints, of widely varied shape, are usually separated from the friable mass in clean gray nodules, fossil sponges in the immeasurable volume

of rhizopod shells that make the chalk. In this country we used flints, until the middle of our century, on firearms, and a trade in them is still kept up; for old-fashioned muskets are sold to the natives of Africa, and flints are needed for the locks. The Europeans who are invading and dividing the Dark Continent understand the art of self-preservation, and are not eager to extend it to others, for these rusty relics are liable to go off backward.

One often hears of flint arrow-heads in America, and finds specimens so marked in collections; but as a matter of fact the spear- and arrow-heads made by our Indians were cut from hornstone, quartz, obsidian, agate, jasper, and chalcedony. The red men had regular workshops for the making of some of their wares. Copper implements were manufactured on the shores of Lake Superior, pipes in Minnesota, shell money (wampum or sewant) on Long Island, and stone implements wherever workable material was found. Within a few years a number of relics have been found in northern New Jersey, so many chips of hornstone and so many spear-heads having been unearthed that they undoubtedly mark the site of former arsenals. Uncommonly perfect corn-mortars, hollowed from stone, have likewise been discovered. But there are no examples of flint. In England a fellow who was known as «Flint Jack» drove a profitable trade for some years in the manufacture of bogus relics of the stone age.

The only solace for the villainy of our city pavements is that they are mineral and geological cabinets. I forget how many specimens I took out of our streets and adjacent lots while forming a collection, but it was some hundreds, and it is now in one of the public schools. There were quartz crystals, rose-quartz, jasper, chalcedony, gypsum, garnets, tourmalin, hornblende, serpentine, anthophyllite, epidosite, mica of various colors, feldspar in crystals,—I don't know what all,—beside some fossils and several rocks exhibiting glacial scratches. It is odd how few nature-lovers—I use the term in its broader sense of untechnical scientists—notice minerals. Thoreau hardly saw them, unless they were made into arrow-heads, nor did Gilbert White, nor do Burroughs and Abbott. In the literature of that cool, kind, fine life of our Eastern country before the Civil War, much was written and affected about plants, flow-

ers, skies, birds, and streams, but seldom was there mention of the rocks. Doubtless we, having achieved mobility, expect the earth to evolve to our level; but there should be no impatience with the masculine hills and crags, nor should all the love be for the feminine vegetation that crowns them. Yet fixity makes us nervous. The restlessness that wrought nebulae into eventual men still urges us on to some larger and unguessed form and power that are at least figured in our hope of eternity, even as eternity itself is symbolized by the endurance of the crystal. This restlessness that has put soul into the elements is the cause of railroads, senates, and newspapers.

But we assume too much in supposing that movement is peculiar to us; for there is no fixity. The mineral works within itself, as leaves and minds do. The peaceful scene that makes in the beholder a Sabbath of thought is in slow flux of creation and death. Chemic and morphologic, atomic and molecular, change are incessant, if not caught by our unseeing eyes; and the artist will tell you that no two days are alike. Indeed, so constant is the change made by varying amounts and kinds of light, the transparency and color of the air, the tints imposed by cloud-shadows, reflections and filtrations, smoke, dust, humidity, rain, fog, snow, and the like, that probably we see a unique picture every time we look into the street. Add the moving figures and other accidents, and we certainly do. Yet we must look many times to know that the days and hours repeat each other no more than do men, trees, leaves, and crystals. An absolute monotony in nature would be as terrible as absolute change; but the watchful know what variety there is in stable things. Doubtless,—nay, surely,—the blood-corpuscles are all different, as leaves are. We change clear through in every seven years, albeit each bone, each particle of bone, each nerve-cell, imposes its tradition of form and quality on the one that takes its place. If only the strictness of this inheritance could be broken, how young, how wise, how different, we could be! Considering how greatly we are bound by ancestry and environment, why all this effort, this preaching, this reform, this study, but to make men adequate to their place, and to bring peace? And when we have found it,—secure, lasting peace,—what then?



DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

MISS 'STACY'S «BURYIN'-MONEY.»

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

«WELL, it's nobody's playtime with us, to be shore. It's gittin' up'forelight, an' goin' to bed consider'ble after dark. It's victuals none too plenty, an' clo'es wore commonly a leetle behind the fashion-book, and a heap o' pinchin' some o' these odd-come-shorts; but, thank the Lord A'mighty, the taxes is paid up regular, the land 'll be left in the name of Sellock, an' we 'll have enough to bury us genteel an' comfortable.»

In the above words, more or less varied at various times, Miss Betsey Sellock was wont to refer to the great objects of her honest, industrious, and very respectable life; nor did the end of that life, so far as this world is concerned, seemingly cast one gloomy shadow before it athwart her expectant satisfaction. Miss Betsey's mind was by no means lacking in life-born interests, and yet to go down to the dust whence she had sprung, in a spirit of friendly physical reunion, and in strict accordance with certain family funereal traditions, seemed to her no less desirable than the securing of that same dust to kindred possession. Miss Betsey and her people, being of the hard-working, homely sort, not given to either ideal or actual voyaging, which we fancy has a rather diminishing effect upon our own self-importance, alive or dead, belonged to a class that probably lays greater stress on the details of bodily interment than any other. Not a single sentimental aspiration, to be either wept 'for, honored, or sung, ever

stirred her austere content, though virgin bosom; but she did want to be buried «genteel an' comfortable.»

«Thar wa'n't never a Sellock,» she used to say with solemn pride, «buried in this here graveyard on less'n a hund'ed an' fifty dollars, cash out paid—leastways, none that ever I heerd of; an' I've heerd 'bout 'em all, pretty straight along down, since ole back-time Injun days. 'T was n't never less'n a seventy-five-dollar coffin with silver trimmin's, rich an' tasty, an' the deepest, widest kind of a grave that's dug. As poor mother said a-many a time, (I don't want to be plowed up, nor washed up, nor wore up, neither,) says she, (before the lawful judgment-day; an' I alw'ys wanted room to turn round in.) Then thar was alw'ys the best of eatin', with cake an' wine double measure for all that come, and everybody that could git here 'd be mighty apt to do it, which as I've often heerd it spoke how the Sellocks never failed pretty days for the'r buryin'. An' the appetites that folks gin'rally has at such times would disgrace any weddin' supper that ever was cooked. It's jest the natural hanker returnin' sharp from the grave to the pleasures o' life—as mother said when father was laid away. But it helps to spen' the money, not to mention real crape bands in plenty, an' the best black thread gloves give out all round, and a figgered tombstone ready to set right up. Yes; a good hund'ed an' fifty dollars,» went on Miss Betsey, «not

countin' buryin'-clo'es, an' they likewise o' the best. No narrer, straight-down shrouds like some you see, which to me they alwys look more like savin' goods 'an keepin' in comfort; but all neat, an' fitted genteel, from shift to tucker (as the ole sayin' is), an' the men in broadcloth, every one. 'T was n't less 'n three hund'ed people, countin' blacks as well as whites, that viewed poor father laid out in the big room; and it's been commonly said that except great-gran'father's brother, that was all tore up an' scalped by the Injuns in Ginerall Washin'ton's time, an' which he could n't ha' been any pleasure in the world to look at—leavin' out him, the Sellocks have made, all in all, the han'somest corpses in Broomsedge County.»

If these funereal splendors had sometimes narrowed the comfort and pleasure of living Sellocks, as some folks whispered was the case, Miss Betsey would never admit it.

«The Sellocks was n't never that sort,» she asserted with scornful sarcasm, «to spend all they made—an' like as not 'fore they made it—while they was a-livin', an' then die 'most on the county. They never keered to do like some poor light-heads: a-ridin' in a carryall early an' late, with the'r fashions just out o' the book, the'r panyers an' the'r tewnyers, the'r Grecian bends an' false teeth, an' the'r store hair piled up in a coffer (which a great-lookin' sight it is when it's done), an' the'r Dolly Vardens ruffled round the tail, an' the'r rides on the kyars to Alexandry an' Fred'ricksburg; an' then, when they die, be laid out in the'r petticut!»

This final disgrace had once befallen a certain thriftless and pleasure-loving neighbor of the Sellocks, and was often brought forward by Miss Betsey as the very depth of poverty-stricken calamity. Indeed, it served no little as a relish to the decently veiled exultation with which she foresaw herself «laid out» in those garments already waiting, amid dried rose-leaves and bergamot, in her top bureau drawer, with the seventy-five-dollar coffin and stately banquet on hand, gazed at and admired by everybody, far and near.

But as for Miss Betsey's sister, Miss Eustacia, or 'Stacy, as she was always called, her feelings on this subject fell lamentably short of the exalted family standard. Though a meek little body standing much in awe of «sister Betsey,» Miss 'Stacy was not without her own opinions and desires. A respectable burial did not seem to her the chief end of life, or even a satisfying compensation for some lacking good thing that she had often vaguely longed for and missed. I am afraid that

Miss 'Stacy's degenerate mind even secretly rebelled against the persistent working and saving whereby Miss Betsey, the older sister and manager, held on to every foot of their somewhat barren land, that it might finally be left to that distant young cousin wandering somewhere in California, just because his name was Sellock. The annual spring overlooking and «doing up» of the «buryin'-clo'es,» which the other so relished, though with due solemnity, tried her spirits not a little. Her share of the «buryin'-money,» a hundred and fifty dollars, painfully scraped together (as also Miss Betsey's), was rather a weight on Miss 'Stacy's spirit than a buoyant uplifter, and she would have been willing to spend it in the most frivolous ways; but never, never dared she hint at such a sacrilege. The store might be wanted at any time, as Miss Betsey often reminded her; for, as she said, the Sellocks were not long-lived people, and had always mostly died at between fifty and sixty years old. Miss 'Stacy was now sixty-one, her sister several years older; and so far they were both well and hearty, which fact, and Miss Betsey's impatient references thereto, gave Miss 'Stacy a rather guilty feeling, as of their debt to nature being somehow overdue and running on interest. The whole favorite «burying» subject was to her dreadfully dismal, and the notion of such a stark, lonesome, underground existence as some of Miss Betsey's expressions conveyed sent the cold chills down her backbone.

«Law! sister Betty, you talk like the po' dead creeturs knowed, with yo' *her* an' yo' *him*, an' heerd the clods a-rattlin' down atop of 'em,» she ventured once, when thus set quaking. Miss 'Stacy dropped her *r's* whenever possible, in a mild, irresolute fashion, while Miss Betsey sounded hers with characteristic energy. «'T ain't nothin' but *it*—an' that no mo' 'an a clod, neither, with the sense gone 'way off yonder.»

More than a hundred years of use and tillage had sadly worn out the ancestral soil so prized by Miss Betsey—about a hundred acres of northern Virginia upland. Scanty indeed were the crops it yielded. Miss Betsey was shrewd enough in her way, but her system of farming was but narrow and cautious. To sell a few acres for the benefit of the rest, as she had had both opportunity and counsel to do, was out of the question with her, even when the land-tax must be made up from the proceeds of dairy-work and stocking-knitting. Truly it was a hard life and a self-denying, even for their mod-

est needs. But, oddly enough, though without any sentimental longing for death's repose, Miss Betsey turned for comfort to the graveyard, and found it. This withdrawing-ground for retired Sellocks was within the garden inclosure, sloping gently up and away from the house, and in full view of its windows. But the gleam of the headstones conveyed no dismal ideas to Miss Betsey's mind. She had already chosen the kind of stone that she wished for herself, with a cross-and-crown device, and an epitaph verse of sternly admonitory style. Miss 'Stacy was still divided between a rose falling from the stem and an angel flying up to heaven. Both she admired, yet shrank, in what Miss Betsey called a «shilly-shally» spirit, from this final preparation.

One clear, mild afternoon in earliest March of a certain year not very long gone by, Miss 'Stacy Sellock had a visitor.

Miss Betsey had gone out to see a sick neighbor, and Miss 'Stacy was comfortably seated alone in her own patchwork-cushioned rocker, her feet on the fender, and her head bent over some bright-colored worsted-work, enjoyed only in the absence of Miss Betsey, who would certainly condemn anything so fanciful instead of the gray yarn socks which were sold at an amazingly low price to eke out their living. The wood fire burned brightly behind well-rubbed brass andirons. Hard by, the sunshine slanted redly through Turkey-cotton curtains. It was a cozy little old sitting-room; and there sat Miss 'Stacy, well content, when the door was gently opened, and in walked her young friend Jeffersonia Davis Lucket.

The name was a survival of war-time Confederate zeal, now nearly always mercifully shortened into «Jeffie,» as being better suited for the owner. When Jeffie entered, Miss Stacy gave a little start, and half hid her crimson wristlet under her apron, but looked relieved when she saw who it was. In answer to her visitor's inquiry after her health, she replied, with the afore-mentioned guilty feeling as of one entirely too well for a Sellock of her age, that she was «tolerable,» shaking her head, as she spoke, in a deprecatory way. Jeffersonia Lucket said that, as for herself, she was «right po'ly»; and she sighed as she took a chair. Jeffie was young, pretty, and pleasant to look upon. Born of a rough, clod-pated father and a shrewish, hard-featured mother, it is one of the numerous problems in heredity how she ever came by her delicate face and form, her soft voice, her big, gentle, pathetic eyes, her

smooth skin, and ladylike aspirations. Miss 'Stacy's heart had first been drawn toward her by the gentle spinster's love of pretty things, and a mutual fondness threw upon their congeniality in this very respect. Together they had secretly puzzled over fancy-work patterns, and conned the seductive pages of a fashion-book. Indeed, they were confidential friends, as Miss 'Stacy fondly believed. But to-day Jeffie seemed under a cloud, and sat with drooping mouth and dark circles around her eyes, mournfully gazing at the fire.

Miss 'Stacy's curiosity rose in leaps with several unsuccessful attempts to get at the reason of this, until at last, in answer to her appealing «Law sakes, child! whatever is the matter?» it all came out, amid a storm of sobs and tears, as Jeffersonia laid her brown head on her old friend's knee, and told her tale.

It was somewhat incoherent; but Miss 'Stacy, patting her on the back with «There, there, there!» for comfort, and listening eagerly meanwhile, made out thus much: Somebody—Jeffie did not call any name—the one particular glorified Somebody who always manages to get himself enshrined in such a heart as this young woman's—was in trouble, in need of help, somehow, somewhere. So Jeffie was heartbroken, and could never be happy again, and she wished she were dead—or, at least, she thought all this just then, and so did Miss 'Stacy.

Miss 'Stacy thrilled all over with romantic sympathy. She instantly decided the Somebody to be a certain young man, a good-looking, lively fellow, who had gone away to Texas six months before, and who was said by the neighbors to have been sweet upon Jeffie. But a total lack of tender experience on her own part had made Miss 'Stacy very shy in speaking about such matters. She did not ask the name, but after a while, rather stiffly, «Was it his fault?»

To this Jeffie made answer, half indignant, amid her sobs: «No, indeed!» that it was not his fault, but misfortune and a «markin' of Providence.» It must be confessed that Miss 'Stacy was disappointed. She would have preferred a more exciting tale of reckless daredeviltry, or law-defying boldness overcome by cruel numbers. Even more stiffly than before, she asked, «Would money do any good?» Jeffersonia replied, «Yes, of course.» What trouble was there that money could not help?—except death, to be sure, and even that is often put off «indefinite.» But talk of money was neither here nor

there, since *he* had n't any, and she had n't any; and it was mighty hard, that it was, how some people were so rolling in wealth—as much as fifty thousand dollars, she had heard tell of, for one man—when poor folks, for want of a bare hundred, must suffer and suffer—at which point poor Jeffie again broke down, and began crying more piteously than ever.

Miss 'Stacy sat perfectly still for some moments, her hand outspread on the girl's quivering shoulder, her eyes shining curiously bright, two warm red spots on her wrinkled cheeks—electrified, tingling, with the shock of a new and most startling idea. Then all at once she gave Jeffersonia's head a gentle yet swift push out of her lap, and stood up.

«Set here an' wait a minute, chile,» said she, in a thrilling whisper. «If a hund'ed an' fifty dollars will do any good,—make you happy,—it's yo's in less'n five minutes. Set up, an' wipe yo' eyes. Wait!»

And Jeffie, indeed, must wait perforce, being helpless with astonishment.

Up the steep, boxed-in, crooked little stairway went Miss 'Stacy, her feet stumbling oddly with unaccustomed haste, into the bedroom common to herself and Miss Betsey—that orderly and well-swept apartment where no man's sacrilegious feet ever came, and where the very furniture partook of such modest femininity that even the bedstead, wash-stand, and toilet-table were petticoated, one and all. The low ceiling sloped heavily down; the chill air told of but one short-lived fire, kindled nightly at bedtime; but no such material heaviness or chill could affect Miss 'Stacy's present exalted mood. Her heart was expanding with a sense of delicious, generous power; her mental air was warm and rosy, as with revived possibilities of her own lost, faded youth. Honestly and earnestly speaking, it was the supreme moment of Miss 'Stacy's life. As far as was possible with such a nature, she had reached a point of sudden, violent revolt against all the stern-set limitations, the meager prudence, the well-foreseen and commonplace ending, of her hard and narrow existence. All the vague sweetness and pleasure, the romance, the freedom of choice, that she had hungered for lifelong in vain, rose up and cried aloud for realization in the person of Jeffie. She could smooth the course of true love—ah, happy thought! She could clear away this delightfully mysterious trouble, make two young hearts glad—she, 'Stacy Sellock, old maid, homely, faded, and

poor! She could do all this, and would, in spite of sister Betsey,—though even now she trembled at that thought,—and even if she must finally, as a result, be laid out in her petticoat, and buried in a pine coffin but two feet underground.

The money was soon reached. She tiptoed across the room, trembling for very excitement, and, kneeling down, opened a queer little brass-nailed trunk, and took out a gilt pasteboard box, in a corner of which, beneath Miss 'Stacy's best pin-stitched handkerchief, her best purple ribbon necktie, her best black silk mittens, lay a little pile of gold pieces, her sometime funeral expenses.

A few moments later she stood in the sitting-room below, pressing her wealth into Jeffie's hand.

«Can you send it to him safe?» said the old woman, vaguely considering that Texas was a long way off; and having as sincere faith in railway-carriage, the telegraph, and all such magical far-reaching powers as Miss Betsey, on the other hand, felt avowed distrust, Miss 'Stacy was quite satisfied with Jeffie's «yes.»

«Oh, law, Miss 'Stacy!» panted that astonished maiden, «I never thought—I was n't a-hintin'. Oh, law! it's yo' buryin'-money, I know. What 'll Miss Betsey say? an' father an' mother? They'd never forgive me. I can't take it—but he'll pay you back when things come right again. 'Deed, there's nobody good as you in all this world; but he's so independent, if he ever finds out who gave it to me, he'll starve to pay it back.»

«Ne' mind! ne' mind!» said Miss 'Stacy, waving her hand with a gesture almost queenly. «I ain't none too good, an' time enough to talk 'bout payin' back when all's right—when I git my invite to the weddin' supper.»

Jeffie's blush admitted this possibility, but the fuller confession for which her benefactress yearned did not come. Miss Betsey's step sounded on the front porch; and agreeing to keep the money matters a profound secret, the two friends hastily parted.

A few moments later Miss Betsey marched into the sitting-room, looking unusually grim—nay, even fierce—of aspect, took off her bonnet and shawl, sat down, stretched out her large, stoutly shod feet to the fire, and eyed Miss 'Stacy, who was rather nervously knitting away on a gray sock.

The little spinster, though hardly yet come back to common earth again, was still not beyond the influence of Miss Betsey's presence, which was just then rather uncon-

fortable. Miss Betsey's eyes were painfully sharp-sighted. Her person was stout, comely, and resolute-looking.

"Humph! 'Pears to me, 'Stacy, like you don't make much headway with that thar rib," said she, presently. "Hows'ever, I s'pose some folks is born to spend the'r lives workin' hard at doin' nothin'. But you don't look peart, no way—sort o' trimbly an' wore out. It 's a tryin' time o' the year now, an' I 'll make you some hop-tea bitters."

This was spoken with genuine solicitude; and then Miss Betsey added cheerfully: "But bein' Sellocks, and at our age, we can't count on livin' forever; an', thank the Lord A'mighty, we 're ready 'g'inst the call comes."

Miss Stacy's knees smote together under her skirts; her knitting-needles clicked convulsively. Desperately eager to change the subject, she asked, "An' how is Rob Shaw?"

Rob Shaw was the invalid whom Miss Betsey had been to see. The only son of a widowed neighbor, poorer even than the Misses Sellock themselves, he had been brought up amid many struggles and privations on this poor woman's part; and then, just as his young promise was unfolding to new hope and plenty, a strain from imprudent lifting had thrown him well-nigh helpless on her worn-out hands. His case, now of some months' standing, was an obscure one, and seemed too likely to be past betterment.

Miss Betsey gave a kind of snort at mention of his name, and answered half angrily:

"Bad enough. 'T ain't much use to be askin' 'bout him, nor worryin' neither. Easy 'nough to tell which way he is travelin', an' that 's graveyard road. He 's got a sort o' look. Lord! I know it; but 't would n't be no use to tell him, nor her neither. They jest would n't credit a word. All his talk 's 'bout doin' this, that, an' t' other when he gits well; an' thar 's that fool, Melindy Shaw, a-singin' the same tune day in an' out. I declar' to goodness," cried Miss Betsey, with startling, wrathful energy, "the way some fool people hangs on to life does make me stomach-sick. Anybody 'd think death was a p'inted disgrace, 'stead o' jest the natural end o' flesh an' blood. It 's my belief he 's got a chronicle twistment o' his insides, for all the doctor don't say, an' like enough don't know. An' it bein' chronicle, as anybody ken see with mole eyes, how 're they carryin' on? Thar 's that Dr. Dabney, as he calls hisself—an' no more 'n a boy, at that—thar 's him talkin' 'bout (perfect rest, an' ' choicest eatin'), an' ' condensed nourish-

ment,) like they had n't less 'n five hund'ed dollars a year income! Melindy she never had good hard sense,—to say real hard,—an' now she looks a sight to make anybody mad, with her watchin' an' her slavin' an' her pinchin' every which a-way. He *will* cut a little wood, spite of her; but she cuts most they burn, unbeknown to him, every chance she ken, an' then makes out like it 's hisn a-holdin' out by a moracle. 'Stead o' lookin' what 's to come fair in the face, an' lettin' him help her, long 's he 's able, to lay by somethin' for his buryin', thar she 's wastin' her last cent an' her last strength—an' it chronicle sickness! An' 'stead o' his dyin' right soon, calm an' easy, he 'll like as not go on a-draggin' 'twixt dead an' alive till he drags all the'r substance, so to speak, into the grave with him, an' when he dies be laid out in his petti—laid out in some makeshift clo'es, an' buried skeercely decent."

Miss Betsey paused impressively. Miss 'Stacy knitted very fast, saying never a word. "Law, law!" thought she, not without a little secret triumph, though still somewhat quaking, "what would sister Betty say if she knowed?"

But the main cause of Miss Betsey's intense disapproval had not yet been told. It came out presently with a jerk.

Rob Shaw, at the suggestion of the doctor for whose youth and new-fangled notions Miss Betsey felt such sovereign contempt, had become possessed with the idea that a certain great physician in the city of Philadelphia was the one person in all this world who might possibly do him good. His mother,—infatuated Melinda,—instead of discouraging, in a spirit of proper prudence and resignation, this wildly extravagant plan, was as fast set upon it as the lad himself. Such ridiculous blindness, as Miss Betsey declared, would be pitiful if it were not also, from her point of view, so "aggravating." It was not only money for the journey, and for his living expenses while in the town, that must be forthcoming for Rob: there was the great doctor's probable fee for even a single examination, which sum struck Miss Betsey as being so entirely out of proportion to even the most exalted human knowledge which she could anywise conceive possible, that the apostle of advanced medical science was at once set down in her mind as a highly suspicious character, to say the least. Dr. Dabney had said something about a possible reduction if Rob's circumstances were made known; but Rob's pride flew up at this, and he declared stoutly that he would not go to

seek charity from strangers—would not go without the full amount first named as necessary. Miss Betsey, herself as proud as Lucifer, laughed grimly at poor Rob Shaw's stuck-uppishness, and wondered where the money would come from to support it.

Miss 'Stacy heard all this with but lukewarm interest. She was sorry for Rob and for poor Melindy; but Jeffie's far-off hero was vastly more captivating to Miss 'Stacy's romantic fancy—in his mysterious trouble, his possible delightful naughtiness—than these nearer, more prosaic neighbors. However, hearing that Rob even meditated such a journey put up her respect for him more than a peg or two.

"There is no tellin' what good a ride on the kyars might do him," said she, with a wistfulness born of her own repressed hankering to try just once that form of locomotion.

Miss Betsey gave one of her most scornful snorts.

"Kyars indeed! Kyars!" quoth she, in a tone that made further words needless. According to Miss Betsey's fast-set notion, "kyars" were designed by diabolical agency to run off the track in the most dangerous places possible, and to smash people into bits. In her mind's eye was a picture, reflected and condensed from all the newspaper accounts of railway accidents that she had ever read or heard about, of men going about with shovels and buckets, collecting such gelatinous remnants of humanity as might be found after the usual boiler explosion and violent turning upside down of a ride on the cars. It darted across her now as being, on the whole, rather convenient that in thus recklessly spending in car-fare his means of a respectable funeral, Rob would be also cutting loose, so to speak, from the necessity of any funeral at all, in the regular sense of the word. But she did not shock Miss 'Stacy by expressing this idea. There was silence for some minutes; and then Miss Betsey jumped up suddenly, giving her shawl a vigorous shake as she folded it.

"Well," quoth she, "I said my say to Melindy—for all I don't reckon it'll be any more counted on 'an the blowin' o' the wind. I've freed my skyirts. If folks is set on wastin' the'r substance that fashion, an' goin' down into the ground 'most as bare as when they came out—why, let 'em do it! They ken sell the'r last cow, if anybody'll buy it—dead poor, an' this time o' year, to boot. They ken even sell a piece o' the'r land—if anybody's set on payin' cash for gullies

an' broom-sedge. But if any mortal human expects Betsey Sellock to help 'em out in sich projects with *her* hard-earnt savin's,—if anybody looks for me to spile *my* funeral, an' the way o' the Sellocks havin' things ever since they was heerd of, jest to help other folks put off the'rs, against nature, beyond the lawful time,—why, they jest need n't, an' *that's* all!"

"Law, sister Betty!" quavered Miss 'Stacy, trembling, "sho'ly nobody'd look for you to do any sich outlandish thing as that."

"No; an' they'd better not!" cried Miss Betsey, with loudness and fury, for all the world as if Miss 'Stacy had been urging her to any such unheard-of step. And stalking firmly from the room, she slammed the door behind her.

Miss Betsey had never been so grim, so uncompromising, with Miss 'Stacy's little weaknesses as she proved herself during the next few days. Her resolve not to go near the Shaw family, or trouble herself any more about them, was announced in the severest tone, and that repeatedly; yet the subject was not off her mind, as might be easily guessed. Miss 'Stacy saw her more than once standing at a certain upper window which commanded a view of their next neighbor's roof and chimneys across the swelling field that lay between, with some mingled, unfamiliar emotion in her countenance. At last, one dark, rainy day when there was the least possible temptation to take a walk abroad, she sprang up suddenly from a long meditation over her knitting, went up-stairs for her bonnet and shawl, came "clamping" down, and stalked away, without a word, along the field-path toward the Shaws'.

"I knowed she would, after 'while," said Miss 'Stacy, gazing after her out of the window. "Her heart's kinder 'n her head, is sister Betty's"—with a sage nod toward the misty panes as she turned to chunk the fire; "but as for that buryin'-money, I don't b'lieve she'd spend a cent of that to save her own life, mo' 'an anybody else's. Dear me! I wonder what she'd say if she knowed 'bout me an' Jeffersony!"

When Miss Betsey, damp and bedraggled, returned an hour later, she informed Miss 'Stacy, in answer to that gentler sister's inquiries, that Rob Shaw was going to Philadelphia the next week. However, upon Miss 'Stacy's very natural question as to where the money had come from, she only said, "I do know," in a voice that would seem to imply, "nor care, either."

«Law! an' did n't you ask?» cried the other, amazement overpowering timidity.

«Is 't any business of mine or yours?» snapped Miss Betsey, turning her back, and looking down as she shook the wet from her skirts; and her tone was such that Miss 'Stacy, taking fair warning in time, discreetly asked no more questions.

The next few weeks proved a trying time for Miss 'Stacy. The weather was bad, for one thing. Then, sister Betty's humor was, to say the least, rather difficult during those days, varying, as it did, between a petulance most unwonted (for she was not generally an ill-tempered person, by any means) and a kind of glimmering softness, even more alarming to the other old woman, because much less familiar. Indeed, so new and strange was this last to Miss 'Stacy that each time it revealed itself it gave her a more decided turn than the accustomed scolding. Besides all this, Miss 'Stacy was disappointed at Jeffie's failure to take her into the full confidence which she could not help thinking she had a right to expect. Not that she repented her rash act of generosity—oh, no; nor was the delightful sense of living, far-reaching power which it opened to her a compensation to be despised; only she did wish that Jeffersonia were not so slow in telling her all about it. However, there were plenty of grateful signs on the girl's part when they met. The pretty dark-blue eyes looked volumes. Miss 'Stacy's hand would be eloquently squeezed under sheltering shawl or apron, even beneath the very eyes of Miss Betsey, who somehow happened to be always at home in those days whenever Jeffie dropped in. Once when Miss Betsey was rattling the tongs in her efforts to pick up a smoking chunk, Miss 'Stacy took occasion to whisper the question, «Has he got it all right?» And Jeffie whispered back, with a cautious glance toward the fireplace, «It 's all right,—or comin' right,—an' thank you forever»; which, though just enough to make Miss 'Stacy want more, was all they had a private chance for.

Rob Shaw went to Philadelphia, stayed about a fortnight, and returned wonderfully changed for the better—improved, as his mother said with tears of joy, «to a moracle»: his step elastic as it had not been for months, his weakly stoop well-nigh gone, the anxious shadow cleared from his eyes. Whether it was the ride on the cars, as Miss 'Stacy inclined to believe, that had wrought this same marvelous change; or the magic of the great doctor's touch and glance; or the

requickening of life-breathing hope when he had been told, after due examination, that his case was not such a bad one, after all; or whether it was simply that nature's turning-point had been reached and passed, so that, as Miss Betsey said, he would have begun to get well anyhow, doctors or no doctors—which of these causes was the true one, who can certainly decide? Among the simple neighbors who rejoiced together over Rob's improvement, and who would perhaps have enjoyed his funeral almost as much, —in a different way, of course,—it furnished a deal of conversation, that boon to country folk in private and public; and by nobody was it dwelt upon in thought more than by Miss 'Stacy Sellock. However, being kept indoors by a bad cold about that time and for a fortnight afterward, she was obliged to take all at second hand from Miss Betsey, who, though she saw the interesting convalescent more than once, was rather crustily reserved on the subject.

It was one day in latter April, one warm and golden Sunday afternoon, when Miss 'Stacy Sellock sat all by herself on the front porch,—it being the only side of the house quite away from any glimpse of the graveyard,—leisurely enjoying the time and the scene.

Miss 'Stacy's cold was better, but a knitted «nuby,» as she called it, was still spread discreetly over her head and shoulders. Her purple calico gown was spotless and fresh, her white apron amazingly smooth. The big Bible indoors had been dutifully done with before dinner-time. Miss 'Stacy's favorite reading-book for such holiday occasions lay open on her lap, being one of the «Lady's Keepsake» order, and pensively semi-religious, adorned with pictures of various elegant creatures with very small hands, very big eyes, and no mouths at all to speak of, any more than the slightest vulgar suggestion of bone or muscle. The perfection of beauty they represented now, as always, to Miss 'Stacy; and, as usual, it was rather their charms than the reading-matter that mingled with her consciousness of the delightfully warm yellow sunshine, and the drowsy, mingled hum of the small creeping, flying, and buzzing things all around and above.

It was such weather as only the spring of a somewhat austere temperate climate can bring forth. Our Indian summer comes nearer to it than any other season, save that on such a day as this we write of it was hope, and not pensive retrospect,—growth, and not decay,—that warmed and scented the

air. It was «the budding force and passion of the spring» that vaguely stirred and thrilled even through Miss 'Stacy's chilly old veins. Cherry- and peach-tree blossoms were just beginning to scatter their still unwithered petals; apple-buds and lilacs, white and purple, were just peeping forth from greenery hardly less sweet-scented than the flowers it sheltered. The short grass shone yellowly, as if sprinkled with gold-dust. Earth and air teemed and vibrated with young, living sights and sounds. Mother hens were scratching and clucking to their broods in the warm brown mold under the lilac-bushes. The first young calf of the season—and just then the most important living creature on the place, from Miss Betsey's thrifty farmer's point of view—was stumbling gaily on his long, awkward legs beside the stolidly grazing dam.

Miss 'Stacy bethought herself that a visit from Jeffie would be satisfactory just now, while sister Betty was absent on her usual Sunday evening walk about the farm. More than one longing glance did she cast in the direction from which that young maiden might possibly come. But, nobody appearing, Miss 'Stacy ceased to look either that way or any other with any certainty of vision. Sunshine, landscape, pictures, all faded into a dusky blank; and the little old woman was only half awakened, twenty minutes later, by the click of the front-gate latch.

Miss 'Stacy sat up straight, and rubbed her blinking eyes, under the impression that she certainly must be still dreaming. There was Jeffersonia, to be sure, the very one whom she had rather been expecting to see; but there was another person, whose company-keeping with her young friend just now, taken with a certain peculiar look on both faces, was startlingly suggestive. It was Rob Shaw.

Never had Miss 'Stacy seen Jeffie look so pretty. Her big blue eyes shone softly—«like a lamp 'way off yonder in the dark,» the old woman said to herself afterward, recalling the impression. A red rose bloomed on each cheek. Her pink lips were apart, as if with overflow of heart laughter between them. All her Sunday finery of beads and ruffles and ribbons, which would perhaps have been odious on almost anybody else, seemed to take on its share of a certain dainty personality. There was a kind of shamefacedness in her air, struggling vaguely with happy excitement, as the two came slowly toward the porch; but as for

Rob, he held his head up quite naturally, and seemed unaware of himself or aught but Jeffie there walking beside him.

He was a tall, well-knit youngster, one-and-twenty on his last birthday, good-looking in both senses of that word «good.» A country clod-hopper he had been mentally pronounced—in no spirit of disfavor, though—by the great city doctor not long before; and some overly high-strung ambitious improver of the human race, after essaying him as an experiment, might have said «clod,» for Rob's aspirations were perhaps as limited as his chances. Be that as it may,—unfortunate or otherwise,—his outer clay was well-shapen, if not clear-cut. His half-shy, merry gray eyes had a clear honesty in them naturally reflected from fields and woods and swiftly running streams and open skies. His strong, broad hands were less brown, more delicate, just now than in common, as also was his face; but the pinched, pain-worn look from which Miss Betsey had drawn her too hasty conclusion of coming doom was entirely gone.

Jeffie and Rob, Rob Shaw and Jeffie, thus walking and talking—and looking—together! Miss 'Stacy rose to her feet, quivering with excitement at the new idea so suddenly thrust upon her. Where was Stephen Haley, the mysterious Western hero whose name she had been so sure of guessing aright? How had she ever come, in the name of sense, to make such a mistake? She rose up, all a-flutter, as I have said, when the pair drew near, and shook hands rather stiffly with Rob. As for Jeffersonia, she rushed up the step with a little nervous giggle, and threw her arms round her old friend's neck.

«Oh, Miss 'Stacy!» she whispered, «he don't know nothin' 'bout it yet, Miss 'Stacy. He 'll bless an' thank you, like I do, when I tell him; but I ain't told it yet, an' he thinks 't was all Miss Betsey's doin's.»

«Good gracious!» said Miss 'Stacy, half aloud, in her amazement; «Betsey! You mean to say that sister Betsey—» And just at that moment who should walk around the corner of the house, a sun-bonnet on her head and sheepskin mittens on her hands, but Miss Betsey herself.

She stopped and stood still a moment at sight of the others—only a moment; but what words can ever do justice to the mental earthquake that Miss 'Stacy Sellock went through in that space of time? With two such revelations tumbling one upon another, no wonder the little old soul felt, as she said afterward, «ready to drop,» and looked it,

too. But Miss Betsey did not seem to notice anything amiss. «Humph!» said she, as she came forward and shook hands jerkily with Jeffie. Then she turned to Rob. The young man had spoken his words of thanks more than once before, and been summarily «shut up» by her; but if ever a dignified spinster received a warmly expressive glance from two handsome, clear, masculine eyes, Miss Betsey did then.

Looking him severely in the face, with the air of one who will allow no transports of any sort, she raised her mittened hand and pointed over his shoulder toward the pasture-field hard by, just beyond the yard fence. «If you ken show any two-day-old calf to beat that thar yonder,» said she, in a grimly challenging tone, «I'd like to set eyes on him, an' that's all.»

A moment later she and Rob were stepping through the gate, deep in talk.

Miss 'Stacy had sunk helplessly down on the bench, her hands twitching at her apron, her eyes blinking in amazed pursuit of Miss Betsey's retreating form. «Jeffie,» said she presently, in a weak little voice, «did sister Betty know about that money I give you?»

«No, no!» cried Jeffersonia, half scared and ready to cry at her friend's curious look, and struck by a sudden realization of deceit, somehow, on her own part. Nobody knew it, said she, but their own two selves; not even Rob—not even Rob's mother, who had solemnly vowed, when Jeffie placed it in her hands, that she would never tell Rob, or any other living soul, who brought it.

«She was just goin' to say 't was lent her by a friend,» went on Jeffersonia; «but I don't believe now that Rob would ha' took it, after all, till he found out where it come from; only Miss Betsey she come the very next day, and fetched her money to Mrs. Shaw for Rob. (Here; take this, if you want it,) says she,—Mrs. Shaw she said herself how them was her very words,—(an' if you an' Rob are set on playin' the fool, jest go 'long an' do it.) So then Mrs. Shaw put all together, with some they'd raked an' scraped themselves—it makin' enough for everything needful. An' Rob he thinks to this very minute 't was all Miss Betsey's money.»

Jeffie drew her breath with a little excited sob. «He 'll pay it back, Miss 'Stacy,» said she, with a proud glance at her lover's broad back and shoulders, just visible over the fence. «You 'll never ketch him restin' easy till every cent's paid back. He's plannin' a fresh start this spring—if only his strength don't get a backset again. It 'll be a hard

case, I'm thinkin', if the Lord don't favor him a little, an' help him out. I'm thinkin' that maybe he did send two of his angels to serve that blessed turn when you an' Miss Betsey came into this world.» Sob, sob, sob, and a really painful squeeze of Miss 'Stacy's mildly deprecating hand.

«Oh, you need n't shake your head. I believe it, that I do!» cried Jeffie. «It's you an' Miss Betsey—the two blessedest women that ever lived—that's helped to save his life. And if ever we do get married,—which it ain't very likely to be soon, but I 'll never have another, even if he was made out of gold and diamonds,—if ever we do get married, happy an' safe, I 'll never forget—an' Rob 'll never forget, neither—whose doin's brought it about.»

Jeffersonia opened her eyes wide when Miss 'Stacy mentioned the name of Stephen Haley. However had Miss 'Stacy come to take up such a notion! she cried, yet with the coquettishly satisfied laugh of a young woman who has had her choice of lovers. «To think that anybody would ever fancy that foolish, braggin' Steve—after knowin' Rob! Law, Miss 'Stacy! To be sure, we did keep it mighty close between us, me an' Rob; an' it's a secret yet to the most o' persons. But to think of me fancyin' Steve!»

When the lovers had taken leave a little while later, going away together across the gray-green pasture-field, Miss Betsey plumped down upon the porch bench with an emphasis that fairly made Miss 'Stacy quail.

«Well,» said she, fetching a hard breath, «thar goes two fools that 'll never be nothin' else but fools on God A'mighty's earth. As for that thar gyirl, she alwys was a born simpleton,—whatever fancy some folks have took to her,—an' when Rob gits 'longside o' her he 'pears to lose what little sense he's got hisself. Gi' me a woman with some mind of her own to speak out, an' some backbone in her body. None o' your batter-puddin' an' roly-poly mush for Betsey Sellock. Next whip-stitch they 'll be gittin' married,—them two born geese,—an' then how 'll it be? Thar 'll be Rob, like a toad under the harrow, the rest o' his days, jest to scrape along. Thar 'll be ten or mebbe a dozen young ones,—like them that ought n't to have *any* alwys has,—with skeerce victuals enough to put in the'r mouths, an' skeerce clo'es to keep 'em kivered. That's the way it 'll go on, year in and out,—drag, drag, drag,—an' at the mortal end not enough left to pay the grave-digger, let alone bury 'em decent.»

Miss Betsey paused, with another long-drawn breath, and untied her sunbonnet strings. «I ain't begrudin' nothin' I done,» said she. «I've got no Injun spirit, to give an' grudge, thank the Lord: (Help out a fool accordin' to his folly,) as the Bible says—or somethin' like it. The boy's welcome to the money's worth, for all 't was n't easy eart, nor easy to give—God knows—an' 't ain't no use denyin'. Mebbe he 'll make it up to me, as he lets on he's bound to do, an' mebbe I'll be spared long enough to make it up for myself. But hows'ever, bein' a Sellock, and at my time o' life, I can't look much for'ard to *that*. Mebbe it 's the pride o' the flesh, that ought n't to be give in to; but anyhow, I'm glad you've got your hund'ed an' fifty dollars laid by safe, an' ken be put away gentle an' comfortable to-morrer, if the call comes—even if I've got to be buried at last in one of these here common coffins, an' laid out in my petticoat.»

The poor old soul paused, looking straight before her, and a few big tears—the gathered outcome of Heaven knows how real a renunciatory struggle—rolled one after the other down her cheeks. Miss 'Stacy sat trembling, in fearful doubt as to the possible effect of a revelation on her part, yet feeling somehow that she must now or never make a clean breast of it. Presently she began in a sort of desperation:

«I don't keer 'bout bein' buried any better' an you, sister Betty,» said she; «an' I could n't be, nohow, if I did. I ain't got no hund'ed an' fifty dollars; I give it all away, same as you did yo's, to Jeffersony for Rob.»

Miss Betsey looked at her in a dazed way, saying never a word; and still with that very peculiar air, still speechless, she listened to Miss 'Stacy's somewhat incoherent explanation. Her look strayed away from Miss 'Stacy's face, beyond, above it, into the ten-

der young greenery, the budding bloom of the apple-trees in the orchard, now freshly stirred by evening's awakened breeze, roseate-tinged with level eveningsunbeams, fragrant, tremulous, vocal with the hum of a million fluttering insects. And as she thus gazed, a strange, unaccustomed expression came into the old woman's eyes, like the reflected light of a sudden, darting realization, or perhaps the quickening of some half-forgotten primitive joy, new in effect, yet as divinely old as humanity itself. Perhaps she understood as never before, amid other intuitive enlightenments won by late well-doing, that all this was better than death, even death under the most respectably interred conditions; understood, though with vagueness not to be caught or embodied in her simple speech, that in the ascending scale of this same life—harmoniously interwoven, never ending, still beginning throughout eternity—one wedding, however humble, is much more important than all the grandest funerals the world has ever seen. «Ashes to ashes, dust to dust»: but there, before her very eyes, last year's moldering leaves and withered grass-blades were visibly strengthening, enriching new forms of this unconquerable principle which, appropriating all matter for its own endless use, will not let anything on the earth or under the earth be ever really quite done with and laid apart from the rest. Perhaps Miss Betsey had a glimmering foretaste then of the half-pitying indifference with which a soul just delivered must regard the body it has got rid of forever. Slowly, like one waking out of a dream, she looked around her, listening, taking in the various signs of cheerful, growing existence. Impressively she rose up at last, and turned to the other old woman there beside her.

«Well, thank the Lord,» said she, «we ain't dead yet.»



A MYTH OF WATERLOO.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



FTER his defeat at Ligny, on the evening of June 16, Blücher issued the order for the concentration of his army at Wavre, a position from which coöperation might be rendered to Wellington if the British commander should accept battle at Waterloo.

The staff-officer whom he had sent overnight from the battle to give intimation of his intentions had been wounded on the way; and when Wellington, who had slept at Genappe, returned to the front at Quatre Bras in the early morning of the 17th, he had as yet no tidings of the issue of the battle of Ligny. The detachment of cavalry which he sent to obtain information brought him intelligence of Blücher's defeat, and that the Prussian army was in retreat on Wavre. An hour later came Lieutenant Massow with detailed communications from Blücher; and Wellington sent back word by the lieutenant that he was about to fall back into the Waterloo position, where he would stand and fight next day if he were supported from Wavre by one Prussian corps. Massow reached Wavre at noon, carrying to Blücher the Duke's answer. A long delay occurred before it was possible to send Wellington decided assurance of support. The whereabouts of Thielmann's and Bülow's corps was not accurately known, and the reserve ammunition had not arrived. According to Ollech, the latest Prussian authority, it was not until after 11 P. M. that Blücher was finally able to despatch the definite intimation that Bülow would march at daylight on the enemy's right, that Pirch would follow in support, and that the two other corps would be in readiness in case of need. It must have been between 1 and 2 A. M. of the 18th before this communication was in Wellington's hands.

Siborne's narrative varies in its details. His version is that Massow took back from Wellington to Blücher a letter «proposing to accept a battle on the following day in the position in front of Waterloo, provided the Prince would detach two corps to his assist-

ance»; and that Blücher's response, received by the Duke in the course of the evening, was in the following terms: «I shall not come with two corps only, but with my whole army; upon this understanding, however: that should the French not attack us on the 18th, we shall attack them on the 19th.» The discrepancy between the statements of Siborne and Ollech as to the precise time when Wellington received specific assurance of Prussian coöperation on the 18th would be of little importance were it not for the circumstance that whereas he had taken up his position for the morrow's battle in the afternoon and early evening of the 17th, it was not until later in the evening, if Siborne is correct,—according to Ollech, not until nearly two o'clock on the morning of the 18th,—that he was in possession of definite assurance of Prussian support. Notwithstanding the full mutual confidence between Blücher and the British commander, the latter may well be imagined to have experienced an interval of anxiety—that interval shorter if Siborne's statement is accurate, considerably longer if Ollech's testimony is accepted, in regard to the near-midnight despatch from Wavre of Blücher's letter conveying assurance of support.

It seems impossible to ascertain on whom rests the original responsibility for the story which has been obscurely current for many years, that the Duke, after having brought his army into the position in which he intended to fight next day, rode over to Wavre, in the evening of the 17th, to ascertain definitely what support he was to expect from Blücher in the impending battle. This story has been investigated by Colonel Maurice, who has brought together a considerable amount of evidence which he regards as going far to establish the truth of it. That evidence I purpose to sift, point by point, in the belief that close investigation will render it valueless.

Colonel Maurice cites, as the earliest appearance of the story in print, the following extract from the third edition of John Gibson Lockhart's «History of Napoleon Bonaparte,» published in 1835:

All his arrangements having been effected early in the evening of the 17th, the Duke of Wellington rode across country to Blücher, to inform him personally that he had thus far effected the plan agreed on at Brye, and express his hope to be supported on the morrow by two Prussian divisions. The veteran replied that he would leave a single corps to hold Grouchy at bay as well as it could, and march himself with the rest of his army upon Waterloo; and Wellington immediately returned to his post.

To this is appended the following footnote:

The fact of Wellington and Blücher having met between the battles of Ligny and Waterloo is well known to many of the superior officers in the Netherlands; but the writer of this compendium has never happened to see it mentioned in print.

It was not likely that he should, since he was the first to commit the statement to print. In Lockhart's two earlier editions (1826 and 1829) there is no mention of any "ride across country"; the statement, on the contrary, is that "the Duke sent to Blücher"—the rest of the sentence being identical, save for the absence of the word "personally," with the wording of the quotation made above. Clearly, in the interval between 1829 and 1835 some one had misinformed Lockhart to the effect that the Duke had not "sent," but had himself ridden "across country to Blücher"; and, naturally enough, Lockhart embodied the latter statement in his edition of 1835, adding from misleading information the matter in the foot-note quoted. The passages alike in text and foot-note seem to have passed unnoticed, save for the brusque contradiction, "The author and his informants, however superior, are mistaken," given to them in an article in the "Quarterly Review" which appeared in 1842, written by Lord Francis Egerton, afterward Lord Ellesmere, who confessedly wrote under the inspiration of the Duke, and in this instance directly from a memorandum drawn up by his Grace. Lockhart was a man of character and honor; and accepting the "Quarterly's" contradiction as emanating virtually from the Duke, in the edition of his history published in New York in 1843 he expunged the passage as to the ride, and reverted to the original statement that "the Duke sent to Blücher." Thus Lockhart's last word is against the story of the ride to Wavre; for, being dead many years before its publication, he had no responsibility for the reprint, in 1867, of the third edition of his history—a

reprint in which the story of the ride was retained.

Colonel Maurice's second piece of evidence in favor of the ride to Wavre has a verisimilitude that on the surface appears absolutely convincing. In 1871 there was published a book entitled, "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, Tragedian; with Extracts from his Son's Journal, by Julian Charles Young, M. A., Rector of Ilmington." The story of the ride to Wavre is told with most plausible circumstantiality in the journal of the clerical gentleman, and must be quoted entire, for it is too picturesque and realistic for compression:

In the year 1833, while living in Hampshire [so chronicled Mr. Young], no one showed my wife and myself more constant hospitality than the late Right Honorable Henry Pierrepont, father of the present Lady Charles Wellesley.¹ . . . On one of our many delightful visits to Conholt, Mr. Pierrepont had just returned from Strathfieldsaye when we arrived. He had been there to meet the judges, whom the Duke was accustomed to receive annually, previously to the opening of the spring assizes. After dinner, Mr. Pierrepont was asked if he had had an agreeable visit. "Particularly so," was the answer. "The Duke was in great force, and, for him, unusually communicative. The two judges and myself having arrived before the rest of the guests, who lived nearer Strathfieldsaye than we did, the Duke asked us if we were disposed to take a walk, see the paddocks, and get an appetite for dinner. We all three gladly assented to the proposal. As we were stumping along, one of the judges asked the Duke if we might see Copenhagen, his celebrated charger. 'God bless you!' replied the Duke, 'he has been long dead, and half the fine ladies of my acquaintance have got bracelets or lockets made from his mane or tail.' 'Pray, Duke, apart from his being so closely associated with your Grace in the glories of Waterloo, was he a very remarkable—I mean a particularly clever horse?'

"*Duke*: 'Many faster horses, no doubt; many handsomer; but for bottom and endurance I never saw his fellow. I'll give you a proof of it. On the 17th, early in the day, I had a horse shot under me. Few know it, but it was so. Before 10 A. M. I got on Copenhagen's back. There was so much to do and to see to that neither he nor I was still for many minutes together. I never drew bit, and he never had a morsel in his mouth, till 8 P. M., when Fitzroy Somerset came to tell me dinner was ready in the little neighboring village of Waterloo. The poor beast I saw myself stabled and fed. I told my groom to give him no hay, but, after a few go-downs of chilled water, as much corn and beans as he had a mind for, impressing on him the necessity of strewing them well over the manger first. Somerset and I despatched a hasty meal, and as soon as we had

¹ Lady Charles Wellesley died in 1893.

done so I sent Somerset off on an errand. This I did, I confess, on purpose that I might get him out of my way; for I knew that if he had the slightest inkling of what I was up to, he would have done his best to dissuade me from my purpose, and want to accompany me.

«(The fact was, I wanted to see Blücher, that I might learn from his own lips at what hour it was probable he would be able to join forces with us the next day. Therefore, the moment Fitzroy's back was turned, I ordered Copenhagen to be resaddled, and told my man to get his own horse, and accompany me to Wavre, where I had reason to believe old «Forwards»¹ was encamped. Now, Wavre being some twelve miles from Waterloo, I was not a little disgusted, on getting there, to find that the old fellow's quarters were still two miles further off. However, I saw him, got the information I wanted from him, and made the best of my way homewards. Bad, however, was the best; for, by Jove! it was so dark that I fell into a deepish dike by the roadside, and if it had not been for my orderly's assistance, I doubt if I ever should have got out. Thank God, there was no harm done either to horse or man!

«(Well, on reaching headquarters, and thinking how bravely my old horse had carried me all day, I could not help going up to his head to tell him so by a few caresses. But hang me if, when I was giving him a slap of approbation on his hind quarters, he did not fling out one of his hind legs with as much vigour as if he had been in the stable for a couple of days! Remember, gentlemen, he had been out with me on his back for upwards of ten hours, and had carried me eight and twenty miles besides. I call that bottom, eh?»)»

By his own confession, Mr. Young was one of the most untrustworthy of writers. He was frank enough as to his own weaknesses. «Except,» he says in his preface, «in instances in which I speak of occurrences as having happened to myself, or with my own knowledge, I will not vouch for the truth of one of them. I have only repeated what I have been told by others, and will not even pledge myself to have done that faithfully; for my memory, never very strong, has been greatly impaired by time.» He was, in fact, a *gobe-mouches* of the first water, and almost every page of his book testifies to his skill in building up and padding out a telling and specious story from the merest fragment of a casual *on dit*. He it was who invented, with all its graphic details of verisimilitude, the absurd story of a Birmingham bagman acting as volunteer galloper to the Duke in the hottest period of the battle of Waterloo,

when all his staff were dispersed on various errands. He described John Wilson Croker in 1832 as having filled for forty years a prominent position in the world of letters, Croker having been born in 1780! A characteristic instance of Young's untrustworthiness may be worth citation. He maintains that the story of the ride, derived from such an unexceptionable source, and repeated almost immediately after it had been told, must carry its own confirmation. «If, however,» he continues, «any sceptic should still have doubts on the subject, I would refer him to the review of Siborne's («Waterloo») in the («Quarterly Review»),² where he will find, in a note at the foot of one of the pages, a distinct allusion to the meeting between the chiefs of the Allied and Prussian armies on the night of the 17th.» But, unfortunately for Mr. Young's accuracy, there is no such footnote in the article to which he refers, nor does that article contain any allusion, direct or remote, to the meeting on which he insists so triumphantly. In fine, Young's journal is, for the most part, a tissue of garrulous galimatias.

Young is characteristically indefinite as to the year in the spring of which he tells of Mr. Pierrepont having met the assize judges at Strathfieldsaye, and of his having brought home to Conholt the gist of the story which, we may be very sure, owed its graphic touches and characteristic embellishments to the ingenuity and industry of the clerical compiler of narratives. It may safely be assumed that Mr. Pierrepont's contribution was a mere halfpennyworth of bread compared with the intolerable deal of sack which Young, at his leisure, poured into the story which has just been quoted. Although it was during their Hampshire sojourn in 1833 that Mr. and Mrs. Young first experienced Mr. Pierrepont's hospitality, the sense of the passage seems to point to «many delightful visits to Conholt» in subsequent years, during one of which visits Young seized and elaborated the historic *trouaille* which he describes Mr. Pierrepont as having brought from Strathfieldsaye. This could not have occurred until after 1836, the year in which Wellington's famous charger Copenhagen died, since Young's account makes the Duke speak of that gallant animal as «long dead.»

But apart altogether from Young and the detailed story which his journal contains, there undoubtedly is a certain amount of evidence that at least on one occasion the Duke did unwittingly say something which

¹ Blücher was familiarly known as «Marshal Forwards» («Vorwärts»), in which stirring shout was chiefly condensed his simple strategy and tactics.

² «Quarterly Review,» Vol. lxxvi, June, 1845; article, «Marmont, Siborne, and Alison.»

might have given color to the belief on the part of the listeners that he actually did ride to Wavre on the evening of June 17. Mr. W. B. Coltman, a barrister of high standing, now alive, and a son of the late Mr. Justice Coltman of the Common Pleas, has testified in writing to his distinct recollection of having heard his father tell the story substantially as recorded by Young, although not in so great detail, the justice explaining that he had heard it from the Duke's own mouth during a visit which he made to Strathfieldsaye when on the spring circuit in the year 1840. The only material discrepancy between Young's account and that of Mr. Justice Coltman, as remembered by his son, is that whereas Young describes Copenhagen's lashing out as having occurred after the Wavre ride, Mr. Justice Coltman's account made the horse kick out when his rider dismounted on returning from the pursuit after the victory of Waterloo. It is obvious that the testimony contributed by Mr. Coltman, in common with that which Young's narrative furnishes, has its weight impaired by being hearsay and second-hand evidence—Young's coming through the channel of Mr. Pierrepont, that of Mr. Coltman emanating from his father. Mr. Coltman has kindly communicated an extract from his father's journal, dated May 12, 1841, in which, however, there is no reference to the subject of the ride to Wavre. The extract is as follows:

In the spring of 1840 I went the circuit with Rolfe, and in the course of it dined and slept at Strathfieldsaye with the great man of the age. He was simple and unaffected as possible, talked a great deal, and was exceedingly polite and agreeable. I have somewhere a few memoranda of what he said, but cannot now lay my hands on them. Some time I will enter them on the opposite page.

But this, adds his son, he never did.

It seems fairly probable that Mr. Pierrepont, Young's informant, was a fellow-guest at Strathfieldsaye with Mr. Justice Coltman in the course of the spring circuit of 1840, and that both misunderstood some of Wellington's possibly casual and rambling observations, and took away with them the erroneous belief that the Duke had actually stated that he had visited Blücher at Wavre on the evening before the day of Waterloo. It must in fairness be acknowledged that testimony to the effect that the Duke told the story of his having made a night ride to Wavre on Copenhagen comes to us through two distinct channels, between which there

could have been no collusion; for Young gives no token of ever having heard of Mr. Justice Coltman, while Mr. W. B. Coltman had never heard of Young's book until Colonel Maurice called his attention to it four years ago.

To the present writer, analyzing some eighteen months ago the evidence which has been carefully marshaled above, it did not appear that the existing testimony warranted a belief in the story of the ride to Wavre. This, however, was not the impression of the most recent and, it may be added, perhaps the most critical writer on the Waterloo campaign. In the first edition of his valuable work¹ Mr. Ropes considered that the ride to Wavre «rests on testimony which it is impossible to disregard.» In his view, the fact that the matter was intentionally kept very quiet accounted for there being no mention of it in the histories. «It seems,» he wrote, «at first sight very remarkable that there is no mention of the Duke's visit by any Prussian writer; but it must be remembered that there was every reason why the public should not know at that time that there had existed, prior to the battle, anything but complete confidence in the intention and ability of his ally to support him.» And Mr. Ropes thus concluded: «That the Duke did ride over to Wavre and see Blücher, and satisfy himself that the necessary support would be forthcoming the next day, we must believe.» In the third edition of his admirable «Campaign of Waterloo» Mr. Ropes has abandoned that belief; and he has stated his conviction, formed on evidence which has recently come to light, that Wellington did not make the ride.

The writer conceives that the results of his closer study of the subject than had been made by those who had previously given it attention, and the very recent coming to light of a document which cannot but be held decisive, carry the final dissipation of the «ride to Wavre» myth, and this notwithstanding Young's narrative and Mr. Coltman's testimony to his father's reminiscences. Some of the reasoning has already been set forth in the earlier part of this article; strong negative evidence is furnished in the following account of an interview between the Duke and Sir John Malcolm; and finally, there is fresh and conclusive evidence in the very interesting conversations of the late Mr. Justice Gurney with the Duke.

Between the Duke of Wellington and Sir

¹ «The Campaign of Waterloo: A Military History.» By John Codman Ropes.

John Malcolm, the Indian soldier and administrator, there existed a lifelong and intimate friendship. Malcolm was in England at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and a few days after the arrival of the Duke in Paris he hurried across the Channel to congratulate his friend on the last and greatest of his many victories. When Malcolm presented himself, the Duke left the party with which he had been dining, and shaking Malcolm cordially by the hand, retired with him to one end of the room, where he briefly recounted the occurrences of the eventful month. Malcolm said that he could not discover any great strength in the Waterloo position. The Duke replied that he had no previous intention of fighting a battle there. «The fact is,» he said, «I should have fought at Quatre Bras on the 17th if the Prussians had held their ground. My retiring to Waterloo was a matter of necessity, not of choice.» Malcolm asked him if Blücher had coöperated well. «Nothing could be better,» replied the Duke. «I sent him word that I knew I should be attacked at Waterloo. He said he would be ready on the 19th. That would not answer, I replied, as I was assured I should be attacked on the 18th, and that I would be satisfied with Bülow's corps. Blücher then wrote or sent word that he would send Bülow's corps and another, and came himself with his whole army to my support.»¹ It cannot be doubted, having regard to the unreserved intimacy between the two men, that Wellington would have mentioned the circumstance if he had made the night ride to Wavre.

It is a singularly interesting circumstance that the written memoranda of conversations with the Duke of Wellington, listened to and partaken in by one judge while on a visit to Strathfieldsaye during circuit, should have remained extant for more than half a century, to become now of value in virtual opposition, as regards the truth or the reverse of the story of the Duke's ride to Wavre, to the verbal and unrecorded reminiscences of a brother judge, who was a subsequent guest of the same illustrious host on a similar occasion. The notes which follow are copied from the original documents in the possession of the Rev. Frederick Gurney, grandson of Mr. Justice Gurney, who, along with his brother circuit-judge, Mr. Justice Williams, was a guest at Strathfieldsaye of the Duke of Wellington in the course of the spring circuit of 1837. The manuscript memoranda, recorded by Mr. Justice Gurney, of the

somewhat desultory talk between the Duke, himself, and his brother judge, from which only extracts can here be made, owing to restrictions of space, are headed

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
AT STRATHFIELDSAYE.

February 24, 1837.

... The Duke arrived at Quatre Bras after the first action. When he saw the Prince of Orange, he asked, «Well, what is doing?» «We have had a smart skirmish,» replied the Prince; «but I do not think the French will attack us again to-day.» «I put up my glass,» said the Duke, «and saw some French troops. At the same time I heard in the wood near us cries of (*Vive l'Empereur!*)» «Why,» I exclaimed, «you will be attacked in five minutes!» and within that time the attack commenced.»

The conversation had commenced by my inquiring of his Grace whether a story I had heard was true, of his having ridden over to Blücher the night before the battle of Waterloo, and returned, on the same horse. He said: «No; that was not so. I did not see Blücher the day before Waterloo. I saw him the day before—the day of Quatre Bras. I saw him after Waterloo, and he kissed me. He embraced me on horseback. I had communicated with him the day before Waterloo.» He added that «Blücher brought only half of his army to Waterloo; the other half was left to watch Grouchy. The distance [from Wavre to Waterloo] was only twelve miles, but there was an intervening defile, the passage of which was very tedious. One division (the cavalry) had passed the defile pretty early in the morning, but they did not venture to attack till they could be supported.» («I find no fault with this,» he said.) «They therefore kept out of sight.»

We talked of Napoleon's manœuvre by which he decided many battles. The Duke said: «He commenced with a pretty general firing, so that you might not know whence the attack was to proceed, then he brought forward a battery of one hundred or one hundred and fifty cannon; and when its fire had swept away the troops opposed to it, he pushed a large force into the chasm. This,» the Duke said, «he [Napoleon] had practised with success against every other nation. It did not succeed with us,» he said. «At Waterloo he played off his hundred pieces of artillery. We did not care for his hundred pieces of cannon; we did not return a shot; we showed no troops. No persons appeared in view but myself and a few officers. I kept my men behind the crest of the hill, most of them lying down. When the French had cannonaded for some time, their troops marched up the hill. Then my men showed themselves. The French found no chasm. We repulsed them, and so again and again. At last, when our squares had repulsed their cavalry, and they got into some disorder, we brought forward our cavalry, charged, and drove them.»

Mr. Justice Williams said to him: «I have heard that if you had had your old Peninsular army, you

¹ Kaye's «Lives of Indian Officers: Sir John Malcolm,» Vol. I, p. 194.

would have finished the business much earlier in the day." "Certainly I should," said the Duke; "but if I had had them I should not have fought at Waterloo: I should have fought the battle at Quatre Bras."

Mr. Justice Williams told me that while on a former visit he had asked questions of his Grace regarding the characters of the French marshals. The Duke's answer was: "I don't know whether it was because my army was not so good in the earlier Peninsular days; but I was most uneasy when I had Masséna in front of me."

I asked him whether the imputation on Soult, that he knew of the events in Paris when he fought the battle of Toulouse, was true or not. The Duke said: "Soult certainly did not know of them. I was between him and Paris, and should have known, and did know, of them before he did. I communicated them to him. He either disbelieved or affected to disbelieve the information, and would not come into any terms. After trying in vain for two or three days to bring him into terms, I prepared to attack him. He saw the preparations I was making in the latter part of the day, and in the evening or night—I forget which—he came to terms. I said to him afterward: 'If you had not, I should have attacked you next morning.' 'I know that,' he said. 'I saw such a corps, and such a corps, and such a corps'—he knew every corps in my army as well as I did—'taking up this, that, and the other position, and I knew what I had to expect.' By that time," said the Duke, "Soult and I knew each other pretty well."

To sum up regarding the Duke's alleged ride to Wavre, none of Lockhart's "superior

officers" ever testified to a knowledge of it. It seems utterly impossible that Wellington should have evaded identification in the Prussian camp; yet neither in the copious Prussian military literature of the period, nor in the archives from Clausewitz to Ollech, is there any mention of the nocturnal visit. Hardinge, ever close to Blücher, and the recipient of his "*Ich stinke etwas!*" embrace, discussed over and over again with the Duke every occurrence in the Prussian headquarters throughout June 17, 1815; yet there was never mention by either of any visit by Wellington to Blücher on the evening of that day. Croker ruthlessly pumped the Duke at every opportunity; the late Lord Stanhope steadily Boswellized him for twenty years on end; and Mr. Latham Browne has gutted the Wellington literature: yet none of these industrious compilers has evinced any knowledge of the ride to Wavre. It has been shown in this article that the Duke contradicted the story with his own lips to Mr. Justice Gurney, in the presence of Mr. Justice Williams, in 1837, and again in 1842, vicariously, through Lord Francis Egerton, in the "Quarterly Review." Lord Tennyson has happily described Wellington as

Pure . . . from taint of . . . guile,
and as a man

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour.

THE COURTSHIP OF MR. PHILIP JOHNS.

BY ELIZABETH CARROLL SHIPMAN.

"I WILL not stand it any longer!" said Mr. Philip Johns, striding to and fro in deep indignation. "She's kept me dancing long enough. Here I am fifty-odd and mo', and trailing at the hem of a woman's frock!"

We withdrew cautiously into the shade of the table, that we might not attract the attention of our father, who did not consider it the province of children to listen to the outpourings of misplaced passion.

"It is hard indeed, Mr. Johns," answered my father, who was a model sympathizer and listener from long experience.

Mr. Philip Johns belonged to the class of country gentlemen of the earlier part of the century. He still contrived to wear his leather gaiters tightly buttoned to the knee, a coat of the slim, narrow-tailed variety, and a Daniel Webster hat—a hat fraught with

interest to us children, because in it, between the top of the crown and the silk bandana which rested on his head, was carried some little eatable for us; to-day it had been filberts. Mr. Johns was a bachelor, as may be inferred, with a certain remote and courteous fear of women and children when brought face to face with them.

He lived at Barclay Court-house, and came three or four times a year to visit his property, which lay opposite to us, back of the woods crowning the hills across the run bottom. To-day he had, as usual, broken his journey to take dinner with us; as usual, after a general conversation on Court-house news, the talk had settled upon Mrs. Judge Hatcher, though with somewhat of acrimony.

"Hard!" said Mr. Johns, taking up the sympathizing word. "Hard is no name for

what I've gone through with. I've been de deliberately trampled! If she had set that little slipper of hers right on my breast, it could not have been mo' deliberate. Oh, I've been a slave to her! But about her slipper." His voice grew lower, and the indignation lapsed into cheerful recollection. "Ha! ha! I don't reckon I ever told you about that?"

"No," said his auditor, affecting an air of recollection; "I don't recall just now that you did."

"Well, well, did n't I?" went on Mr. Johns, chuckling pleasantly as he took a seat and stretched out his gaitered legs. "That was in the days when I was a young buck, and was getting ready a pretty wide swath of wild oats to cut."

He laughed again, and shook his innocent old gray head. It was a habit of his to talk of his youth as if it had been one of the gayest profligacy, and we were often sent virtuously from the room after just such an announcement as this; but the truth was, in these cramped times of his age, the consumption of a dozen bottles of wine, and the consequent warm compliments to the ladies of his acquaintance, seemed high revelry. The spending of money added its touch in memory, for Mr. Johns had developed a harmless little miserliness of his own.

"T was at her father's in Fauquier; there was a dance given at the Springs, about five miles away, and Amelia Hatcher—Amelia Fleming she was then—was the belle of it, and I was at her feet, of co'se. Why, I reckon everybody in the county knew of it. I'd worshiped her since I was twelve and she had wo'n her hair in a (roach) on top. Any nigger that wanted to get a half-dollar out of me used to say, (Mahster, I'll say a good wu'd fo' you to Miss 'Melia, or (Mars' Philip, I'll dance at yo' weddin'); and they got it, too. But she was a monstrous coquette!

"Why, only that Christmas befo', down at her father's, she had looked (yes) at me twenty times; but she took care to do it on horseback, and then was away like a whirlwind. At night, too, when we all danced, she would give me her hand for a second, and the rest of that livelong evening she would dance with everybody else, with anybody else,—with that ass Hatcher,—except with me. That dance! I shall never forget it, nor how, in the co'se of it, Cousin Amelia lost her slipper—one of the handsomest sandals I ever looked at; none of yo' mincing-toed things of to-day, sir, like I see girls trapesing around in. Somehow or other the ribbon broke, and

as we walked away she set her foot right down on the flo', while the bottom of her frock rolled the sandal against my foot. Saunders Fleming—and he her own cousin, too, who was always dangling after her—was close behind, and we both stooped to pick it up. Like two young fools, we knocked our heads smack together, and Amelia could n't keep back a laugh. Thar we stood like a couple of my' father's six-months' fighting-cocks. But what smoothed my feathers was the fact that I had the sandal.

"In we went to the dining-room, we three, Amelia no mo' seeming to care about her silk-stockinged foot than if that was the way she walked about every day. She had a pretty foot—that was said in the county, and I don't think she minded the rumor being verified.

"We went into the dining-room, and the first thing I knew, thar I was drinking wine—port-wine—as fast as I could out of Amelia's slipper, sir, sitting beside her, and every soul thar bulging out their eyes at me. All I saw at that minute was Amelia looking at me over her glass in a queer, smiling way, whilst young Saunders, on the other side of her, glowered at me as pale as death. Of co'se we scraped up a little encounter a day or so later; and I don't mind telling you now, as we told each other afterward, it almost broke our hearts to stand thar and fire at one another. I remember it was in the back colt-pasture, and when we had finished, her father stepped out from behind a clump of hazels and said: (Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is enough. Philip and you, Saunders, if you were n't just out of baby clothes, and were n't so blanked proud of the fact, I think I'd give you both a good hiding for getting me out of my bed so early.)"

"And Miss Fleming?"

"She married Hatcher six months later. She said she was not going to take either of us—Saunders because he did n't drink out of the slipper, me because I did."

"But what became of the slipper?"

"Ah, that was mine!" Mr. Johns's tone became brisker. "We used to take it out and look at it, Saunders and me, during the long winter evenings we were together. Po' old Saunders! He died in Mexico, of fever, when we were in front of Vera Cruz."

He fell into a melancholy strain, and shook his head.

Mr. Johns bent forward, and with his long fingers tapped my father on the knee, saying with severity:

"What do you suppose she is contemplating now?"

«Impossible to imagine,» said my father, truthfully.

«Here she has had me at her beck and call ever since Hatcher's death; now, who should come along as suitor except Jeems Henry Lewis! And, sir, she favors him as she never favored me in my whole life!

«But I've done with it all—all the idiot's tasks and fool tricks I've been set. No, sir; I'm a free man from this time on, mark my words!»

The bell for dinner relieved us, cramped as we were, from our hiding-place; relieved my father, who had come to the end of his non-committal sentences; relieved Mr. Johns's brief anger, for we heard him say with pride, elevating his voice above the clangor of the bell:

«She is, beyond all odds, the most thorough coquette I know.»

CHRISTMAS was nearing before Mr. Philip Johns rode up our lane again. We watched with anticipation the gray mare, her sober head downcast, walking under the locusts, the bare branches of which streaked her light flanks with shadows.

The annual sacrifice of swine had taken place the day before, under the auspices of all the men, white and black, belonging to the place, and now the hands of the women were busy. Near the slaughtering-place, at the side of the «Spring Branch,» were the negro women, squatting in groups over piles of chitterlings, the most precious portion of their pay. In the kitchen, lard, sausage, and other compounds were in full tide of preparation. It was clearly no children's feast, for we were banished from one spot to another, to find a resting-place nowhere. After the mystery of waking in earliest blue dawn, and watching the scarlet tongues of fire leaping through the obscurity, there seemed no more real enjoyment for us. Therefore we welcomed Mr. Philip Johns and his nag. The hat, we knew, contained something for us, while about its owner hung an air of romance.

There was a brisk air about the old gentleman, and a jauntier carriage of his person, most stimulating to our curiosity.

«Ah!» said Mr. Johns, shaking my father's hand, and sniffing the lard-odored air,—who could not?—«this is what I like. I know that means cracklin'-bread for dinner. Next to good smoke-cured bacon and cabbage, cracklin'-bread is the wholesomest thing I know. Did I ever give you my po' old grandmother's recipe for cracklin'-bread?»

He was assured that he had. Indeed,

every year it was given with the regularity of the season.

«'T was butchering that brought me down to-day,» went on Mr. Johns, settling himself comfortably. «I've a fine killing of thirteen at Sharon, and I sent Henry Eskridge word I wanted 'em ready by to-day. I want to watch the salting of the hams myself. The fo' finest I shall present to Cousin Amelia Hatcher.»

His blue eyes beamed with liveliness.

«How is Mrs. Hatcher?» There was no use withholding the polite question; the flood of confidence was already upon us.

«She's pretty deep in her study of Jeems Henry. I know the man; anybody that knows the «Messenger» knows Jeems Henry Lewis but Cousin Amelia Hatcher. There're none so blind as those who won't see, as the old saying is, and it fits Cousin Amelia to a t.» He shook his head in dismay.

«She had a lawyer first, and now, as if that wa'n't enough, here she is thinking of an editor. You're aware, sir, that I've no prejudices, and I regard Jeems Henry as a man of genius—a man of genius; but he is no fitting person for Amelia to marry. In my opinion, editors are too wild, too cut-loose mentally; and if Amelia could only be brought to look at it in that way, she would save herself a mint of trouble.»

«I have no doubt.»

«I've tried reasoning with her. I brace myself up and walk over from the tavern; I draw my chair up beside hers, and take her hand, and I say, «My dear cousin, matrimony is a serious thing.» «Why, certainly, Philip,» says she; «I ought to know that better than you.» «But,» I insist, «you know nothing about editors.» «Oh!» and she laughed, just like Amelia Fleming that used to be; «that is what makes it serious, is it?» And I give you my word,» lowering his voice, while a delicate red flitted across his clear old face, «she pressed my fingers; that is, the tips—only the tips.

«I tried reasoning again. «Amelia,» I said as solemnly as I could, «such men are men of genius, I grant you, but they have habits of thought ladies don't take to kindly.» «What habits?» she asks. «They are not very gallant. They think, for instance, women and children and preachers are like so many—flies, not dangerous, but monstrous pestiferous and plentiful and useless.»

«What was Mrs. Hatcher's answer?»

«She wanted to know why I had observed 'em so closely.»

«And then?»

«And then—why, then I said I had only felt called on to watch 'em the last three months or so. She laughed and said, 'Cousin Philip! Cousin Philip! I don't see how I could get along without you.'»

It was clear that Mr. Johns felt encouraged.

ONE day, in the warmth and quiet of the April noon, we heard his voice summoning Ben, the negro boy, to take away his horse. There he stood at the block, just dismounted, his long gaiters buttoned above his knees, his greatcoat thrown across the pommel of the saddle, and pinned just above his heart a bunch of violets. Ben was saying, with the joking freedom of a house-servant:

«Mr. Johns, suh, ain't you gwine to gib me a dollah or fifty cents fo' all I does fo' dish yer hoss?»

«Take the beast, boy, and sell her, and get the dollar. Take the beast, boy; I've got no money; take the beast.» But there was an arch expression in his eyes and voice.

Mr. Johns stepped on the porch, and, holding his riding-whip behind him in both hands, turned to look at the lovely virginal landscape. Along the «branches» the subtle, maddening perfume of the wild plums in flower bit into one's consciousness, and in the moist places the yellow swamp-lily raised and spread aloft its tiny stars from the cold leaves, mottled like the sides of a swamp-snake. Across the Scot's Run valley, veiled now in its mist of young willows, beyond the hills, the black hollows of the woods about Mr. Johns's house were flushing and vivid with redbud, dogwood, honeysuckle, and pale, tender buds of poplar and oak. He was still gazing toward his own estate when my father addressed him. We had never seen him so softened; tears were surely swimming in his faded eyes as he said:

«I'm looking towa'ds the old place. I love it next best,—maybe best,—and I thank God I never sold it. A home is like sacred ground. I never set foot in Sharon without a prayer rising to my lips. It has n't been my home this many a year, but now, God willing, I shall live with the same happiness about me as any other man.»

«Then,» said my father, «I take it for granted that you have been successful, Mr. Johns.»

The wintry smile of age shone through the moisture in his eyes.

«'T is true indeed, sir, and when I least expected it. But I don't deserve it; I feel myself unworthy.»

«You must allow us to differ. I think, if

I may speak plainly, that your service has been a long and cruelly trying one.»

«Not one word, sir, not one word!» He held up his veined hand. «Her coquetry, my dear sir, of which I may have complained, was but an added charm.

«Rachel had let me know, a day or two befo', that, amongst other things, her mother dreaded comin' to Sharon to live the year round. She had been used to a town, and 't was impossible to give it up, besides all her friends. And, as Rachel says, country living is not what it used to be. I was flat-footed, and 't was equally impossible for me to give up Sharon. And—thar it was! We talked, and finally Rachel—she is a smart girl, Rachel—says, 'Why not live at the Court-house in winter, as you do now, and in summer take mother to Sharon?' I was struck dumb. I thought, of co'se, that I would live at Sharon as my father lived befo' me, if ever I should marry. But here was a settlement; why, it was as plain as my two hands!

«Still,» Mr. Johns went on, after a sip at his toddy, «thar was Jeems Henry Lewis, who was dropping in every week or so, as steady as myself. He was a bigger stumbling-block than my po' old Sharon; I could see that. I could n't revile a man to the woman he admired, and yet I knew—positively knew, sir—that my cousin never could abide some notions he had.

«He's here one minute, and he's thar the next; off to Warrenby to-day, and 'way over beyond the ridge to-morrow, or maybe in the city to hobnob with some politician or other. That is all very well for an editor, but not for the head of a family.»

He stopped to take another sip of the golden liquor, which he had stirred energetically as he talked.

«But she was Mrs. Judge Hatcher, and capable of judging for herself.»

«But how was it finally managed, Mr. Johns?» We could not forbear asking the question, though we broke our compact of silence.

«No management at all, my dears; no management at all. Gad! sir,—turning to my father,—«the thing happened of its own accord. Thursday evening I paid my weekly visit, as usual; and when I walked in, thar sits Jeems Henry, which was infringing on my rights, as Tuesday was his evening. We bowed to each other as if we had n't gone to school together for fo' mortal years; but Amelia was mighty cordial and smiling. We talked for an hour or so about the doings at the Co't-house; and amongst other things, as

luck would have it, somebody mentioned that woman lawyer who came to Barclay to look up some evidence for a client in Missoura. I reckon that was mo' advanced than Lewis could stand, no matter how bitted and muzzled he had kept himself heretofore; anyhow, what came up now came out.

«I trust,» he says, «that our Co't-house will not be so honored again. If lawyers must come, let 'em come in top-boots and pantaloons.»

«I have heard,» says Cousin Amelia, «that this lady was very intelligent and had quite a head for business; not that I ever saw her, though.»

«A lady, madam,» answers Lewis, «has no right to have a head for business. We want her handsome; we want her charming, a housewife, and a mother; but no petticoat government, no petticoat expounding, if you please.»

«You think, then, Mr. Lewis,» says Amelia, slowly, «that a woman is not a proper person for an administratrix, for instance?»

«No, madam; she is not.»

«I wanted to warn the man, he was taking such a wrong tack. It was her conviction that she was the ablest administrator of her husband's estate that could have been appointed, although I 'm obleeged to admit there were two opinions about it.

«The old British law is what we ought to cling to. Yes, thank God! I say we have no such monstrosities parading around here in His own State—man in head, woman in heels.»

«You are surely joking, sir,» she said, sitting up straight, and speaking in a cold tone.

«No,» he replied, and laid his hand gallantly on his heart; «no; I do not forget that the perfect woman is a beautiful being and a charming helpmeet, docile and obedient, but rather a lovely toy than a masculine—»

«Toy!» she exclaimed—«toy! Am I to believe my ears? Toy?»

«Yes, madam, toy; I said toy.»

«She deigned him no answer, but rising, and with cheeks as scarlet as ever they blazed in the days of Amelia Fleming, walked to me, and held out her hand.

«(Philip!) she said, (Cousin Philip, you have more than once done me the honor of asking for this hand. Will you accept it now?)»

«Everything in the room was turning around me when I took the hand, pressed it to my lips, and said, (I will, Amelia.) She turned to Lewis.

«I, sir, am one of those monstrosities with the head of a man and the heels of a woman,»—drawing her gown aside to show her foot. (Now, thank Heaven for your deliverance!)

«He bowed, as grim as you please.

«I do, madam,» he said; (I do devoutly); then he bade us good evening, and went away.»

Mr. Johns rose as he spoke, and stood with shoulders back, snowy head erect.

«No,» he added, in answer to expostulations; «I must go on to Sharon. I expect to live thar this summer, and must look about the old place. We have settled on Sharon in summer and Barclay in winter.»

Mrs. Philip Johns is a vision which has never dazzled the eyes of us children, though we do not tire of hearing how splendid she looked in her wedding-gown of brocade, silver like her silver hair. When she drives to Sharon she goes by way of the little river turnpike, so as to reach the old place through its grander approach—the broken gates, the long avenue of mulberries, the heavily shaded lawn. Her lord, however, does not disdain the piny road through the woods and the run ford, nor to talk of his calm happiness; nevertheless, we younger ones secretly wonder if some spice of existence has not vanished for him with the vanishing of Amelia's coquetry.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

On "Voting Straight."

THERE are some who take the position that after a man has once chosen his party,—or been born into it, which is the usual method of choice,—he must vote for its candidates unflinchingly during the rest of his mortal life. It is a favorite saying with such thinkers, and they utter it with a sense of originality as keen as that of a young poet with his first rhyme, that they "would vote for Satan himself if he got the regular nomination." Others who take a similar view will, however, concede that a man may with honor shift his party fealty; may go over, body and boots, to the opposite party, though when once there he must be under the same obligation, in like circumstances, toward his satanic majesty. In the latter case, however, it is held by the political casuist that the change of party should not be too prominently complicated with a cash reward.

It is interesting to note that some of those who expound this doctrine most vociferously have themselves exercised the prerogative of "bolting" whenever their political fortunes or political prejudices made such a course seem desirable. It is furthermore significant that all who favor "straight" voting on conscientious grounds will acknowledge that, of course, the time may come when a partizan should not follow party dictation, either on account of some new and wrong principle announced by a party convention, or on account of the gross unfitness of a candidate, or on account of some too flagrant mismanagement on the part of the party machine, or of the dominance of that machine by corrupt forces.

In fact, all voters except those who announce themselves as cheerful supporters of Satan's candidature on a straight ticket—all partizan voters of any conscience at all—will say, being pressed, that there is a point in voting where every one must draw the line. The question at any given election is whether this is the time and the place for conscientious voters to "draw the line."

It ought to be possible to look into this question of party fealty without undue heat; without, indeed, that semi-insanity which often obscures the discussion of the subject. The more deeply the question is looked into the better will it be understood that it is hardly possible, under existing conditions, or under any possible conditions, to avoid occasionally drawing the line. There should be no superstition or nonsense about it. If there is any function in life calling for a quiet and rational, rather than an emotional, or a rankly prejudiced, or a stupid state of mind, it is the exercise of the right of suffrage.

A citizen who takes the humblest part in political action may feel called upon to surrender something of his own individuality while seeking for the advancement of certain principles through organized effort. The more responsible his part in the organization, the more will he desire to stand loyally by his associates. He may try to bring them to his own way of thinking; but if this is impossible, after the decision is once made he may feel

that he must go with his own people, so as to get the best results attainable along the general line of his party's aims. But the citizen must remember that at every fresh step there must be for him individually a decision in which conscience takes no silent part. He may compromise on expedients and on methods; but the moment he begins to compromise on principle he is in danger of doing mischief to his own character, to his party, and to his country.

The individual voter, who is not personally responsible for party management, has a right to look mainly to the large policies and tendencies of his party; but he too will do harm to his own character, to his party, and to his country if, in his decision as to his own attitude in any given election, he does not refuse to be drawn into the support of bad men and infamous measures.

The most convinced partizan, if he is thoughtful and honest, will eventually learn the necessity of exercising individual judgment as a corrective of the universal tendency downward of all organization. The moment a cause—even a spiritual, a religious cause—seeks to extend itself by means of an organized propaganda, it is in danger of losing something of its spirituality through the handling of worldly weapons. If throughout its history the church itself has been again and again tainted and demoralized by the very success of its organization, how much greater is the danger in the case of political organization? "Reform" in both cases is absolutely necessary, and abuse of the "reformer" is as unphilosophical in the one instance as in the other.

The tendency of a "regular" political organization is to be "run" by those who will give most time to its affairs, and such men are apt, unfortunately, to be the least disinterested and the least scrupulous, though this should not be so, and will not be so when every citizen does his whole political duty. The doctrine of "straight" voting is hypocritically preached by those who, thus taking the time for the work, succeed in controlling the machinery of nomination—men often who have no interest whatever in the questions of the day or in the principles of their party; men who are in politics either for the fun of the game, the love of power, or on account of the perquisites to be obtained. Straight voting is so evidently in the interest of such central groups of politicians in each party, and so inevitably tends to perpetuate all the evils of American political life, that it is astounding that it has as much hold upon the popular mind as it undoubtedly continues to possess.

Consider what would take place if it should be universally accepted as a religious duty among our citizens to make no effective protest against bad nominations and erroneous policies—and protest can be made effective only as a last resort by means of adverse votes. All that designing politicians would have to do would be to get control of the nominating machinery, and thus force themselves and their immoralities upon the community for an indefinite period. This is exactly what has

already happened in some of our States and smaller communities, and the result has been perpetual corruption and scandal. Corrupt machines through legislation make independent nominations legally difficult; they nominate their own tools for office, the party masses elect, without knowing or caring about the personality or character of the candidates, and the candidates thus blindly elected, on the score of regularity, make appointments that satisfy the machine, but which shock the moral sense of the people.

In some of our communities a state of affairs has been brought about wherein the two party machines, being each composed of men of like character and aims, effect a pleasing exchange of sordid courtesies. This exchange is not, of course, on the plan of equal distribution; but, at any rate, in such proportion that each party machine avowedly prefers to have its «friend the enemy» in power, instead of the nominees of any honest and independent body of citizens who have at heart only the people's good. Rather than have good men in office whom it cannot control, a party machine would rather have an ostensible enemy in office with whom it can «deal.»

To say that nothing should be done to break in upon such a vicious circle is to take a position untenable by any man claiming to be a good citizen. As a matter of fact, the habit of making independent nominations, and the habit of voting independently, is constantly growing. Though still cherished by immense numbers, the superstition of straight voting seems to be on the wane. Independent voting is especially on the increase in connection with municipal elections, and it is being better and better understood that the saving of our cities from spoliation by corrupt rings, who have obtained possession of city governments largely through the strength of party loyalty in the community, can be made certain only by a spirit of manly independence among the voters. So long as party machines unite for plunder, the people must unite for good government.

In various city elections of late years great numbers of citizens have been willing to set aside national and extraneous questions, and vote for candidates nominated, in the first place, independently, and pledged to administer city affairs solely for the benefit of the city, instead of according to the old plan of using the so-called «patronage» for the benefit of one or the other of the national party machines. In this spirit of independence lies the hope of improvement, not only in the government of our cities, but in our whole political system.

The Effect of Patronage upon Popular Elections.

It has so long been customary in America for the successful party after an election to find public places for political workers, that the comparatively new merit system in the civil service is very naturally regarded by the old-fashioned party hack as an absurd, impertinent, unjust, and unendurable obstacle. It is not surprising, therefore, that President McKinley's admirable conduct in broadening and fortifying this system, in the spirit of the original law, should excite amazed and indignant remonstrance, and that those who look upon party machines as little else than high-class «labor bureaus» should gather all their forces for the overthrow of the entire system of appointment by merit instead of by «pull.»

The hack politician knows but one way of playing the

political game, and he has little conception of the effect of ideas, especially of moral ideas, in elections. They require a certain amount of imagination for appreciation either of their nature or effect, and the old party hack is not gifted with imagination. He deals with «war-cries» that have become well-nigh meaningless; he plays his game with the prejudices and meannesses of men; and he looks upon the control of office, not as an opportunity of public service, but of partizan payment. When what he calls the «substantial fruits» of partizan victory slip away from his grasp, when the minor offices are actually bestowed for fitness and merit and without regard to the politics of the recipient, he is seized with a loathing for civil-service reform which affects his whole mental and physical being, and he breaks out into moans and cries that resound from, let us say, New Hampshire to Ohio.

All this is natural and to be expected; but it is really strange that even the hack politician should put forward in favor of the spoils system the old plea that the distribution of offices brings victory in popular elections. That hunger for office gives muscle to a campaign of «the outs» may be true. But actual experience as to office distribution, in connection with the fortunes of any party, is against the contention of the spoilsman. In a national election it would seem to be easier to displace a party holding all the offices than to keep such a party in power; and in State elections instances are easily cited to prove that the «distribution of patronage» is a curse to the party in power, and that there is a melancholy truth in the adage that each gift of office makes on the average one ingrate and nineteen enemies.

When Folger, Republican, was beaten by Cleveland, Democrat, for governor of New York by a majority of one hundred and ninety-three thousand votes, all the Federal offices throughout the State were in the hands of the Republicans. Since then a Democratic candidate for governor has lost the State by one hundred and fifty thousand votes, with most of the Federal offices in the hands of Democrats.

Take the case of Kentucky, where, on account of the number of distilleries, there is probably a greater force of internal-revenue officers than in any other State, in proportion to the population. When the Republicans held all the Federal offices steadily for years, there was a regular Democratic majority of from forty to sixty thousand. When Cleveland first came into the Presidency, there was a «clean sweep» in Kentucky. The Democrats put up one of their most popular men, General Buckner, for governor, but the Democratic majority was nevertheless cut down to about seventeen thousand. Harrison succeeded Cleveland; there was another clean sweep in the Federal offices, bringing the Republicans once more into possession. Though the Democrats did not put up a popular candidate for governor, their candidate was elected by a majority of nearly thirty-five thousand. When Cleveland returned to power, the Federal offices in Kentucky, not being yet classified, reverted to the Democrats. The Republicans now put up for governor the same man who had been defeated by many thousand votes when they held the Federal offices, and elected him by more than nine thousand votes over the Democratic candidate.

Now, outside of the classified service, there have been

changes again under McKinley, and the Democrats have carried the State by seventeen thousand majority, or, adding the vote of the Sound Money Democratic nominee for clerk of the Court of Appeals, by a majority of over twenty-six thousand.

Notwithstanding facts like these, a prominent politician has recently given it as his solemn opinion that if offices had been distributed by President McKinley in accordance with the good old fashion of the spoils system, the party in power would have made a better showing in the recent elections! Does any unprejudiced observer of recent political events believe a word of this?

Patriotism and Imagination.

Is it fantastic to maintain that if people had more imagination they would have more patriotism? Suppose that a man about to cast a ballot for Tammany Hall, or about to join a lynching-party, should be suddenly stricken with a realizing sense of the effect that a Tammany victory or a new mob outrage would have upon the reputation of the American republic, would he change his ballot? would he drop the rope?

Suppose a politician who was about to perform the part of Benedict Arnold in relation to any given political conflict should, before the act was fully accomplished, realize in a flash of the imagination not only the harm he was about to do to his own honorable name, but to the cause of good government, would he not pause and turn from his lamentable course?

We once heard a man, whose patriotism had doubtless been touched with imagination, avert from himself the compliment of "good citizenship" by sincerely pleading in extenuation that there was in his zeal for cleaner and nobler government in his city and in his country a strong admixture of downright human pride. He said that he endured such a keen and personal sense of shame at any fault attributable to American institutions that he felt no moral credit for his efforts to bring about, through public opinion, a state of affairs more satisfactory and honorable.

There is no lack of patriotism in America; no war-threatened country of the Old World would be quicker to fly again to arms on any genuine occasion: but political scandals would perhaps be fewer, the barter of ballots would not be so frequent, the guardians of some of our large corporations would be less often accused of criminal complicity in bad government, if men's imaginations were quickened as to the relation of such evils not merely to the individual conscience, but to the fame and fortune of the republic. Many of the men guilty in these ways would any day, if necessary, give their lives in battle against foreign or domestic foes. If their imaginations were aroused, would they not see their civic treachery in the same light as that in which they now regard treachery in stress of war?

Surely patriotism, like religion, is "an appeal to the imagination"; and it should be the part of the pulpit, the school, and the press to intensify that appeal so that it may bear perpetual fruit in the sentiment and practice of a noble citizenship.

Southern Protests against Lynching.

WHILE the crime of lynching has not of late by any means been confined to our Southern States, certain

well-known conditions have made it more frequent there. It is therefore interesting to note that from the South have lately come some of the most earnest protests against this disgrace to our civilization.

In an address delivered not long ago by Edward J. McDermott of Louisville, Kentucky, strong ground was taken against these outrages from the point of view of a lawyer and a statesman. The papers have recently printed a charge to the grand jury in Nashville, Tennessee, by Judge Anderson, in which he urged the enforcement of the law against those who take the law into their own hands. Said the judge: "An application of this law to a few mobbers will give them a respect for the law and a regard for the peace and order of the community that they never felt before. Whenever occasion arises," he added, "I intend to see, so far as I can, that it is enforced in all its provisions; and I am sure that you will not be found remiss in your duty in regard thereto. Let the law be promulgated, and the people understand that it will be enforced if violated, and then rarely, if ever, will occasion arise for the infliction of its penalties."

But the most important recent Southern deliverance on the subject which has come to our notice is that of Governor Atkinson of Georgia. His message to the General Assembly of the State on the 27th of October last discusses the whole subject with freedom and force. It seems that since November 1, 1894, there have been lynched in Georgia one negro woman, two white men, and nineteen black men—twenty-two in all. Nine of these, including one white man, were not charged with the revolting crime, or the attempt thereat, which occasions a majority of the lynchings in the Southern States.

The governor, in the course of his presentation of the subject, makes the startling statement that he believes that during his administration there have been several men lynched who were not guilty of the crimes with which they were charged. "How many cannot be known, for their tongues are hushed, and they are denied an opportunity to prove their innocence. I am informed," says the governor, "that one man whom the mob believed to be guilty was shot down. A question then arose as to his identity, and he was salted down like a hog, shipped to the location of the crime, and found to be the wrong man!" The governor calls attention to the fact that during the past year evidence has come to light in other States showing that victims of the mob have been innocent men. During this governor's term, one man who was rescued from the mob was afterward tried and proved innocent. Another fled from the mob to the executive office, obtained protection and a trial by jury, and he too was proved not guilty.

Again, it appears, as would naturally be expected in such circumstances, that false charges have been made against men with a view of bringing about their convenient removal by lynch law, though in the special instances cited without the complete success of the plot. In one case this was the means sought for the suppression of evidence against a violator of the prohibition law; in another case the object was to prevent the collection of a debt!

Governor Atkinson insists that lynch law tends to let the guilty escape; that it discourages investment, drives away immigration, advertises the State as lawless and half civilized, and degrades the character of the peo-

ple. «This barbarous practice,» he declares with patriotic indignation, «does not decrease, but increases, crime. Having stained their hands in blood, its perpetrators are more easily led again to violate law. Recently a man tried on the charge of murder and convicted of shooting a citizen through the window, as he sat by his own hearthstone at night, confessed also that he it was who tied the rope around the necks of the two men who were lynched in Columbus in 1896. I condemn it, and will not apologize for such lawlessness. To exterminate the practice, it must be made odious and dangerous. The penalty should be the scorn of the people and the punishment of the law.»

The governor recommends stricter laws against the offense most often giving occasion to lynching, more

prompt administration of justice, and also laws more effectually protecting prisoners in the charge of State officials; but, above all, he appeals to that public opinion which not only makes but enforces legislation. Responsibility for the crime of lynching, as the governor well says, rests not only upon the actors, but upon the community which permits and tolerates the crime. He declares truly that «it can and will be stopped when the better element who deprecate mob law aggressively condemn and determine to suppress the practice.»

What is true of these infamous lynchings is true of all the other crying evils of our social and political system. If decent people would stand together, not only in condemning but in actually suppressing them, they would soon cease to tarnish the fair fame of the republic.

OPEN LETTERS

Andrée's Pigeon Message.

MR. JONAS STADLING, who described in the November CENTURY the departure of Andrée by balloon for the north pole, and who had charge of the carrier-pigeons while Andrée was waiting for a favorable wind, sends to THE CENTURY a facsimile of an undoubted message received from Andrée, with the following letter:

«I inclose a facsimile of the message from Andrée sent with the carrier-pigeon which was shot on the whaler *Alken* on July 15. The genuineness of the despatch cannot be doubted, it being written in Andrée's handwriting, and the pigeon carrying the stamps on the inside of its wings which I made. The literal translation of the message runs as follows:

Från Andrées Polarexped.
till Aftonbladet, Stockholm.

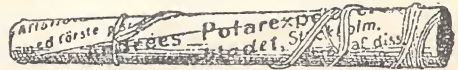
d. 13 juli
kl. 12.30 midt
Lat. 82° 2'
Long 15° 5' öst.
god fart åt
ost 10° syd.
Allt väl
ombord.
Detta är
Fredje duf.
posten. r
Andrée

«July 13th, 12:30 o'clock noon. Lat. 82° 2', long. 15° 5' east. Good speed eastward, 10° to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon-post.

«(ANDRÉE.)

«We cannot understand why it should have taken some forty-four hours to make so comparatively short a distance as about 400 kilometers, the wind being strong southwest all the time as far north as we know. Nor can we understand why Andrée did not, according to promise, send a shorthand message.

«If we ever hear from the intrepid fellows, I hardly think we shall do so before next summer.»



The envelop shown above, in its natural size, is of parchment saturated with paraffin, and was made fast by threads to a tail-feather of the pigeon. The open end of the tube was closed with wax to render it watertight. It was addressed as follows: «From Andrée's North Pole Expedition to (Aftonbladet,) Stockholm. Open the envelop on the side and take out two messages. Telegraph the one in ordinary writing to (Aftonbladet,) and send the one in shorthand, by the first mail, to the same newspaper.» As Mr. Stadling explains above, no message in shorthand was found.

Charity or Economy?

OCCASIONALLY one reads a pathetic tale supposed to show the destructive effect of comfortable living on poetic genius, and implying that only grinding poverty can draw forth the sweetest songs. There is no doubt as to the educating power of keen suffering of whatever sort; but it must be questioned whether a sufficient supply of bread and butter would ever cause literary paralysis in any one whose work could not well be spared. However, be this as it may in regard to litera-

ture, there is a line of work in which, owing to the patience and persistence required, only the smallest discount need be made for incapables; one in which freedom from anxiety is almost essential to the best work, and yet one the cash values of which to the world at large and to the individual worker are in inverse proportion; and that is scientific investigation.

It is scarcely necessary to-day to argue in favor of the importance of this work. The immense progress in medicine and the arts due to scientific investigation pure and simple has convinced most thoughtful people that it is a factor in the progress of civilization which is not to be despised, and a few realize its tremendous value. Nor is its worth limited to those branches which, by their nature, appeal most strongly to us. Moreover, it is work which cannot be carried on by the untrained, and which cannot be pursued by those engrossed in business, but which is, or should be, a profession in itself, only, alas! it does not "pay." Of available investigators only a few with an assured income can devote themselves to it; a few more, physicians and professors, can give part of their time to such labors while they carry on their practice or lecture and teach in our large universities; others, who love research, and pursue it at all costs, risk their health and lessen their efficiency by attempting each to do the work of two: one man's work—often more than should justly be given to one—must be done in teaching or in other lines to furnish food and

clothes, and then investigation is carried on when rest or recreation is needed; but the majority are forced to give it up just when their training has made them valuable, because they must earn a living, and cannot earn it in that way.

There has been an unreasonable habit of looking on students receiving scholarships as in some sense objects of charity; and even a fellowship, although given as an honor, sometimes seems to bring upon the holder a touch of patronage. Further, the holder of a fellowship will, with perhaps a very few exceptions, be thrown upon his own resources as soon as he has proved his ability to carry on original research and has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Is it not a fearful waste to allow so much preparation to fall short of its purpose?

Surely it would not be charity, but economy, to insure a living to such persons, so that they might devote their energies to the common good along lines where there is such urgent need of workers. Our men of wealth think nothing of hiring an array of people to care for their horses, or their yachts or their business affairs, and do not begrudge large fees to their physicians. Would it not be equally just, reasonable, and judicious to pay others to devote their time to those questions of pure science, and to the causes and prevention of disease, which lie back of, and are the foundation for, all medical and surgical knowledge?

* * *



Gallicized English.

SINCE it is evident that no Volapük or other arbitrary and scientific language can ever find large acceptance, and since English, being the most unscientific and whimsy of tongues, has thereby the best chance of adoption, every sign of its inroads on other people's preserves is interesting. The enthusiasm that the French are showing for our language is perhaps encouraging, certainly amusing.

In the matter of foreign names the French have never known the torments and factions of the English peoples. We have seen fierce wrangling over the tweddles-dum and -dee of Cadmus and Kadmos, of Sissero and Kickero. Even the «Dunciad» pinks the disputants of the problem:

To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A;
Or give up Cicero to C or K.

As early as Ben Jonson's days you can read his Boswell, Drummond of Hawthornden, quoting this as one of Saint Ben's «jeasts and apothegms»: «A translatur of the Emperour's lyves translated Antoninus Pius, Antony Pye.» Gifford glosses it as no more absurd than «Mark Antony,» and Browning quotes it in jus-

tifying himself for sticking so close to the Greek as *Klutaimnestra* and *Apollon* in his translation of the «Agamemnon.»

The French, however, make no bones of unanimously Frenching all proper names. Achilles becomes Achille; and Aristophane, Aristote, Petrocle, Œdipe, Sénèque, Tite-Live, Angleterre, Allemagne, Siloh, Tolède, Vésuve, get so far from their originals that their owners would be wise indeed to know them.

The more ignorant of us, it is true, drink at cafes, and wonder at General Bullangger; but the literates of France still make no attempt to pronounce our words as we speak them. They rest content with nasalizing *les rues* Vash-in-ton, Fran-klin, Meel-ton, Nev-ton, Lor'-Bee-ron. Their best works misspell even the names they try to keep intact.

The curious contentedness of the French with gross errors in foreign nomenclature is notable. Thus Jules Claretie, in his latest book, «Brichanteau, Comédien,» speaks of Shakspeare as «le cygne de Stafford-sur-Avon.» It is not strange that they should slip up in discussing our politics, and gravely announce in their journals that, since President Cleaveland had declined to serve again, he had nominated M. Mac-Kinley to fill his place. But that the simple process of translating titles for cata-

logue purposes should give room for many picturesque blunders, is passing strange.

The catalogues of the two salons achieve some *chefs-d'œuvre* of perversion. They show the insidious evils of putting trust in lexicons when the idioms and other idiocies of a language are little known.

A late catalogue of the Champ de Mars Salon contains such translations as «Joung Girl in Wight», «In the Park of Oysters», «At Sun» («Au Soleil»), «Old People Christmas», and «M. Fritz Thaulow and his Childrens.» «Intérieur Bourgeois» becomes «Aristocratic Interior»; «L'Ingénue» is mysteriously translated «Prowdy»; «Printemps Nu» is equally strange as «Spring Nude Fijmes»; «À la Cantine» is easily made «To the Canteen.» The picture of a doughty gunner, «Le Vainqueur du Tir», is Englished «The Conquer of Gunshot»; «Baptême» is turned into «Chirstining»; «Gamin» into «Blaguard»; and «La Pensée qui s'Éveille» into «The Taught Awehening.» There are other curious blunders, but none, perhaps, greater than a passion scene on the Mount of Olives, «Le Jardin des Oliviers», which is translated «The Garden of Eden», and this descriptive title, «Avril (peinture à fresque reconstituée selon la tradition des primitifs),» which is Johnsoned into «April (fresh paintings reconstituted as the primitive tradition).»

The increase in the use of English terms in France is indicated in the «Almanach» for 1897 issued by the house of Hachette, which gives four of its crowded pages to the meaning and pronunciation of foreign words which, it says, are in constant use in the journals, but are not found in the dictionaries. It does not include English words that have been incorporated into the very fiber of the language, like *wagon*, *le coaching*, *sport*, *la boxe*, and the like; but it is quite up to date with our catch-phrases and with technicalities of sport.

Of a total of 342 terms and phrases, 36 are Spanish, 20 German, 17 Italian, 3 Russian (these will surely have to be increased), 3 Turkish, 3 Latin, and one each for seven other languages—Arabian, Hindu, and the like. The rest are English, and, if my reckoning is nice, they approximate 253.

The words borrowed fall into a few classes:

There are the fabrics and garments. *Sartor* is here *resartus* indeed, with beaver, cover-coat, overcoat, and redcoat, knickerbockers, legging, suit, smoking, and other words.

Then there are various vehicles: break, buggy, dog-cart, cab, drag, four-in-hand, mail-coach, sulky, rocking-chair, yacht, schooner, and other sea things.

Social intercourse between the nations has smuggled in some terms. One of the most venerable of these is «club», a word much used, and one that I was surprised to find in an Italian annotation on a group of young spendthrifts mentioned in Dante's «Inferno.»

Boarding-house, garden-party, fashionable, gentleman, high-life (pronounced *ha-i-la-i-fe* here, but usually made to rhyme with fig-leaf), lunch, miss, mistress, pedigree, shake-hand, snob, toast, spleen (translated by *ennui*), struggle for life, and swell, are proudly used by the French cosmopolite. «Snob» has been greedily adopted, and Jules Lemaitre has written an attack on «literary snobs», in which he uses the word in a considerably altered sense. There was a French journal called «Le Snob», possibly still extant.

Though «dude» and «fop» do not seem to have obtained a foothold, «dandy» has the authority even of Balzac.

A laugh always greets the French actor who uses on the stage the word «shocking» or the expression «five-o'clock tea.» I have even heard the verb *fivecloquer*.

«Home» is a blessed word the definite idea of which the French language seems incapable of expressing in one term, though the thing itself they certainly have in a beautiful degree. In a French libretto of Sudermann's «Heimath», where the thought of home is recurrent, the struggles of the French translator to find suitable expressions are pitiful. He is driven to such chill substitutes as *la vie domestique*, *la maison*, *la maison paternelle*, *le toit paternel*, *votre foyer*, *votre propre foyer*. «Home, sweet home», becomes *le foyer*, *le doux foyer*, *un heureux intérieur*, *un doux intérieur*, and *son chez elle*, *son doux chez elle*!

Our new journalism, which the French cannot wonder at enough, and are imitating more and more, has given them the words «reporter» and «interview.»

Foreign politics and diplomacy, matters of vital moment to the European, have thrust upon them many German, Spanish, and English terms, like alderman, *ayuntamiento*, blue-book, choke-bore, *furia Francesa*, foreign office, income tax, *Landwehr*, portfolio, self-government, speaker, Tory, trade-union, Knight of Labor, home-rule, and speech (*spit-che*).

The French have caught a great enthusiasm for certain English diversions, particularly for racing, or, as it is here called, *ressinnng*. Other sports are foot-ball, cricket, golf, hurdle-race, lawn-tennis, «rallye-paper» (*course suivant la trace de papiers semés*), rowing, steeplechase, and whist.

But racing, as it is the most popular sport, furnishes the most terms, among which are betting, blood horse, bookmaker, broken-down, canter, cob, crack, dead heat (*déd itt*), defaulter, false start, featherweight (*fezeurouét*), flying start, go ahead, handicap, light-weight, match, pace-maker, scratch, stayer, stud-book, stepper, walk-over, winning-post, three-years-old (*zri-ierz'old*), two years old, and tipster.

Hunting and the kennel give terms like markman, retriever, king's-Charles, and colly-dog.

International exchange in foods and drinks accounts for many new words, such as brandy, cocktail [*mot-à-mot*: *queue de coq*, *Boisson Améric*. (*bitter*, *champagne*, *citron*)], malt, pale ale, pickles, plum-cake (*ploumm-kè-que*), pudding, punch, sherry-cobbler, soda-water, stout, and whisky.

All those good Americans that have not had to die to go to Paris, know how necessary to the Paris cafés and restaurants are the three foreign graces, sandwich (generally pronounced *sanveech*), *rosbif*, and *bifteck*. This last word is spelled in all conceivable fashions between *bifteck* and *beafsteack*.

A silly-seeming class of borrowings is that including the words for the declaration of passion and undying affection: darling (*darlingne*), forever, *forguette-minotte*, and *ri-memm-beur*. The word «flirt» is here defined as «the person with whom one is in coquetterie; example: my flirt.»

The English have contributed «all right» (*oll ra-i-te*), «God save the Queen» (*Godd-sê-ve-ze-Cou-inn*), «Rule, Britannia», «right-man-at-the-right-place» (*rai-te-man-*

ate-ze-raï-te-plê-ce), «that is the question» (*zatt iz ze quou-ech-tienn*), «time is money,» and «to be, or not to be.» «Barnum» has passed into the Valhalla of French, as well as English, etymology.

This would be a dull life if those who lived in glass houses were never privileged to throw stones. Our own attempts upon the French language are hardly less amusing. We have been recently made familiar with them through du Maurier's Laird, with his «*Je prong*» and his «*May too seeseey ay nee eesee nee lah*,» and his «*Oon pair de gong blong*.» But for many years before him the old Webster had been solemnly announcing that *embonpoint* was to be pronounced *ông-bông-pwông*, that *ennui* was sounded *ông-nwe*, and that the French language cherished such monsters as *nôn'-sha-lôns'*, *sû'-long'*, and *sông'-soo'-see'*.

No Frenchman, however, can look cheerfully upon any intrusion on his sacred code of pronunciation. With us it is different. We can sit patiently at ease awaiting the coming of all peoples to our dictionary. The hospitable smile with which we greet their advances will not be without a *scoop-song* of merriment.

Rupert Hughes.

Fables of To-day, With No Moral.

I.

AN X ray met the prismatic spectrum traveling toward the earth.

«Your day is past,» said the X ray. «Go back to heaven. Men are looking through things, not at them.»

«What joy have they?» asked the rainbow.

«They have no joy,» said the X ray; «they have the higher criticism.»

«I think I will keep on,» reflected the rainbow, «and create a want.»

II.

A QUARTZ crystal once said to a piece of glass, «Go to! I am harder than thou! I can make my mark in the universe. I and my family have six sides tapering to a point. We are very distinguished»; and she glittered her angles and tossed a spark of fire out of her head.

To whom the piece of glass replied, «My family has had the privilege of introducing light to darkness, and of protecting warmth from cold. We are very superior to form. Allow me»; and she took the front seat.

After this the sun set, and family distinctions were lost.

III.

A LETTER and a telegram were lying on the editor's desk.

«I am a conservative,» said the former. «No one knows anything until it has passed. I make records of the only realities. Because of me

men learn dimly that their neighbors have had joy and sorrow.»

«Ho!» said the telegram, «I am the prophet of the coming day. I say: (Come to dinner at seven.) A message like mine holds its joy, or sorrow, in the future, sir, in the future.»

«Probably you do not know,» said the letter, «that I am the answer to you. Progress, my dear sir, is not made in a straight line.»

IV.

A KINDERGARTEN gift drew her skirts aside so that she could pass the multiplication-table without touching him; but in spite of this precaution, she stumbled and fell over seven times eight.

«It is fifty-six,» said he, firmly, without removing his hat or assisting her to rise.

«You are so uncompromising!» she cried.

«Yes,» said he; «but if I were not, the bottom would fall out of the whole duty of man, proportions would be lost, humor destroyed, and the direction of life would run into a hole in the ground.»

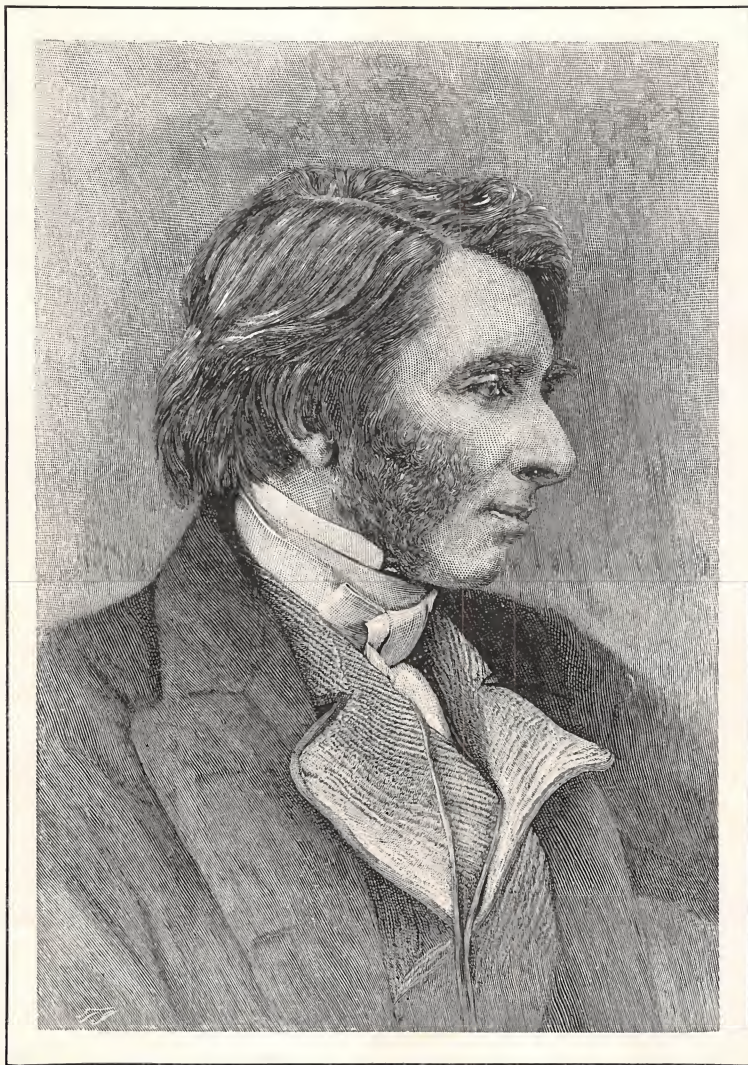
«What is *up* from a ball rolling through space?» murmured the kindergarten gift.

«You would be,» said the multiplication-table, «if you had known me.»

Ellen Bulkeley.



«Abraham Lincum, whar's dat cooky?»
«I dunno. Uncle Mose said dar was a cake-walk yest'day ebening, and maybe it hain't got back yet.»



Ruskin

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY.

RUSKIN IN MIDDLE LIFE.

MIDWINTER NUMBER.

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No. 4.



HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,

Author of «How the Other Half Lives,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THIRTEEN years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday—the clanging of the fire-bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd; the sea of upturned faces, with the fire-glow upon it; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof and attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humanly impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck-company were laboring with the heavy extension-ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, and again the dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the

fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flame burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury for its prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks, and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back, with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop, and drove away yelling like a Comanche, to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without any one knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity, and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Binns was made captain of his crew, and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat on the next parade-day. The burning of the St. George Flats was the first opportunity New York had of witnessing a rescue with the scaling-ladders that form such an essential part of the equipment of the fire-

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fighters to-day. Since then there have been many such. In the company in which John Binns was a private of the second grade, two others to-day bear the medal for brave deeds: the foreman, Daniel J. Meagher, and Private Martin M. Coleman, whose name has been seven times inscribed on the roll of honor for twice that number of rescues, any one of which stamped him as a man among men, a real hero. And Hook and Ladder No. 3 is not specially distinguished among the fire-crews of the metropolis for daring and courage. New-Yorkers are justly proud of their firemen. Take it all in all, there is not, I think, to be found anywhere a body of men as fearless, as brave, and as efficient as the Fire Brigade of New York. I have known it well for twenty years, and I speak from a personal acquaintance with very many of its men, and from a professional knowledge of more daring feats, more hairbreadth escapes, and more brilliant work, than could well be recorded between the covers of this magazine.

Indeed, it is hard, in recording any, to make a choice, and to avoid giving the impression that recklessness is a chief quality in the fireman's make-up. That would not be true. His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly—that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most cruel form. He needs nothing so much as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others, as well as his own, come to depend on his judgment. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other. Nor is it always, or even usually, the hardest duty, as he sees it. It came easy to him because he is an athlete trained to do just such things, and because once for all it is easier to risk one's life in the open, in the sight of one's fellows, than to face death alone, caught like a rat in a trap. That is the real peril which he knows too well; but of that the public hears only when he has fought his last fight, and lost.

How literally our every-day security—of which we think, if we think of it at all, as a mere matter of course—is built upon the supreme sacrifice of these devoted men, we

realize at long intervals, when a disaster occurs such as the one in which Chief Bresnan and Foreman Rooney¹ lost their lives three years ago. They were crushed to death under the great water-tank in a Twenty-fourth street factory that was on fire. Its supports had been burned away. An examination that was then made of the water-tanks in the city discovered eight thousand that were either wholly unsupported, except by the roof-beams, or propped on timbers, and therefore a direct menace, not only to the firemen when they were called there, but daily to those living under them. It is not pleasant to add that the department's just demand for a law that should compel landlords either to build tanks on the wall or on iron supports has not been heeded yet: but that is, unhappily, an old story.

Seventeen years ago the collapse of a Broadway building during a fire convinced the community that stone pillars were unsafe as supports. The fire was in the basement, and the firemen had turned the hose on. When the water struck the hot granite columns, they cracked and fell, and the building fell with them. There were upon the roof at the time a dozen men of the crew of Truck Company No. 1, chopping holes for smoke-vents. The majority clung to the parapet, and hung there till rescued. Two went down into the furnace from which the flames shot up twenty feet when the roof broke. One, Fireman Thomas J. Dougherty, was a wearer of the Bennett medal, too. His foreman answers on parade-day, when his name is called, that he "died on the field of duty." These, at all events, did not die in vain. Stone columns are not now used as supports for buildings in New York.

So one might go on quoting the perils of the firemen as so many steps forward for the better protection of the rest of us. It was the burning of the St. George Flats, and more recently of the Manhattan Bank, in which a dozen men were disabled, that stamped the average fire-proof construction as faulty and largely delusive. One might even go further, and say that the fireman's risk increases in the ratio of our progress or convenience. The water-tanks came with the very high buildings, which in themselves offer problems to the fire-fighters that have not yet been solved. The very air-shafts that were hailed as the first advance in tenement-house building added enormously to the fireman's work and

¹ Rooney wore the Bennett medal for saving the life of a woman at the disastrous fire in the old "World" building, on January 31, 1882. The ladder upon which

he stood was too short. Riding upon the topmost rung, he bade the woman jump, and caught and held her as she fell.

risk, as well as to the risk of every one dwelling under their roofs, by acting as so many huge chimneys that carried the fire to the windows opening upon them in every story. More than half of all the fires in New York occur in tenement-houses. When the Tenement-House Commission of 1894 sat in this city, considering means of making them safer and better, it received the most practical help and advice from the firemen, especially from Chief Bresnan, whose death occurred only a few days after he had testified as a witness. The recommendations upon which he insisted are now part of the general tenement-house law.

Chief Bresnan died leading his men against the enemy. In the Fire Department the battalion chief leads; he does not direct operations from a safe position in the rear. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the indomitable spirit of his men. Whatever hardships they have to endure, his is the first and the biggest share. Next in line comes the captain, or foreman, as he is called. Of the six who were caught in the fatal trap of the water-tank, four hewed their way out with axes through an intervening partition. They were of the ranks. The two who were killed were the chief and Assistant Foreman John L. Rooney, who was that day in charge of his company, Foreman Shaw having

just been promoted to Bresnan's rank. It was less than a year after that Chief Shaw was killed in a fire in Mercer street. I think I could reckon up as many as five or six battalion chiefs who have died in that way, leading their men. They would not deserve the name if they did not follow such leaders, no matter where the road led.

In the chief's quarters of the Fourteenth Battalion up in Wakefield there sits to-day a man, still young in years, who in his maimed body but unbroken spirit bears such testimony to the quality of New York's fire-fighters as the brave Bresnan and his comrade did in their death. Thomas J. Ahearn led his company as captain to a fire in the Consolidated Gas Works on the East Side. He found one of the buildings ablaze. Far toward the rear, at the end of a narrow lane, around which the fire swirled and arched itself, white and wicked, lay the body of a man—dead, said the panic-stricken crowd. His sufferings had been brief. A worse fate threatened all unless the fire was quickly put out. There were underground reservoirs of naphtha—the ground was honeycombed with them—that might explode at any moment with the fire



THE FIRST USE OF SCALING-LADDERS.

raging overhead. The peril was instant and great. Captain Ahearn looked at the body, and saw it stir. The watch-chain upon the

man's vest rose and fell as if he were breathing.

"He is not dead," he said. "I am going to get that man out." And he crept down the lane of fire, unmindful of the hidden dangers, seeing only the man who was perishing. The flames scorched him; they blocked his way; but he came through alive, and brought out his man, so badly hurt, however, that he died in the hospital that day. The Board of Fire Commissioners gave Ahearn the medal for bravery, and made him chief. Within a year he all but lost his life in a gallant attempt to save the life of a child that was supposed to be penned in a burning Rivington street tenement. Chief Ahearn's quarters were near by, and he was first on the ground.

A desperate man confronted him in the hallway. "My child! my child!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "Save him! He is in there." He pointed to the back room. It was black with smoke. In the front room the fire was raging. Crawling on hands and feet, the chief made his way into the room the man had pointed out. He groped under the bed, and in it, but found no child there. Satisfied that it had escaped, he started to return. The smoke had grown so thick that breathing was no longer possible, even at the floor. The chief drew his coat over his head, and made a dash for the hall door. He reached it only to find that the spring-lock had snapped shut. The door-knob burned his hand. The fire burst through from the front room, and seared his face. With a last effort, he kicked the lower panel out of the door, and put his head through. And then he knew no more.

His men found him lying so when they came looking for him. The coat was burned off his back, and of his hat only the wire rim remained. He lay ten months in the hospital, and came out deaf and wrecked physically. At the age of forty-five the board retired him to the quiet of the country district, with this formal resolution, that did the board more credit than it could do him. It is the only one of its kind upon the department books:

Resolved, That in assigning Battalion Chief Thomas J. Ahearn to command the Fourteenth Battalion, in the newly annexed district, the Board deems it proper to express the sense of obligation felt by the Board and all good citizens for the brilliant and meritorious services of Chief Ahearn in the discharge of duty which will always serve as an example and an inspiration to our uniformed force, and to express the hope that his future years of service at a less arduous post may be as comfortable and pleasant as his former years have been brilliant and honorable.

Firemen are athletes as a matter of course. They have to be, or they could not hold their places for a week, even if they could get into them at all. The mere handling of the scaling-ladders, which, light though they seem, weigh from sixteen to forty pounds, requires unusual strength. No particular skill is needed.

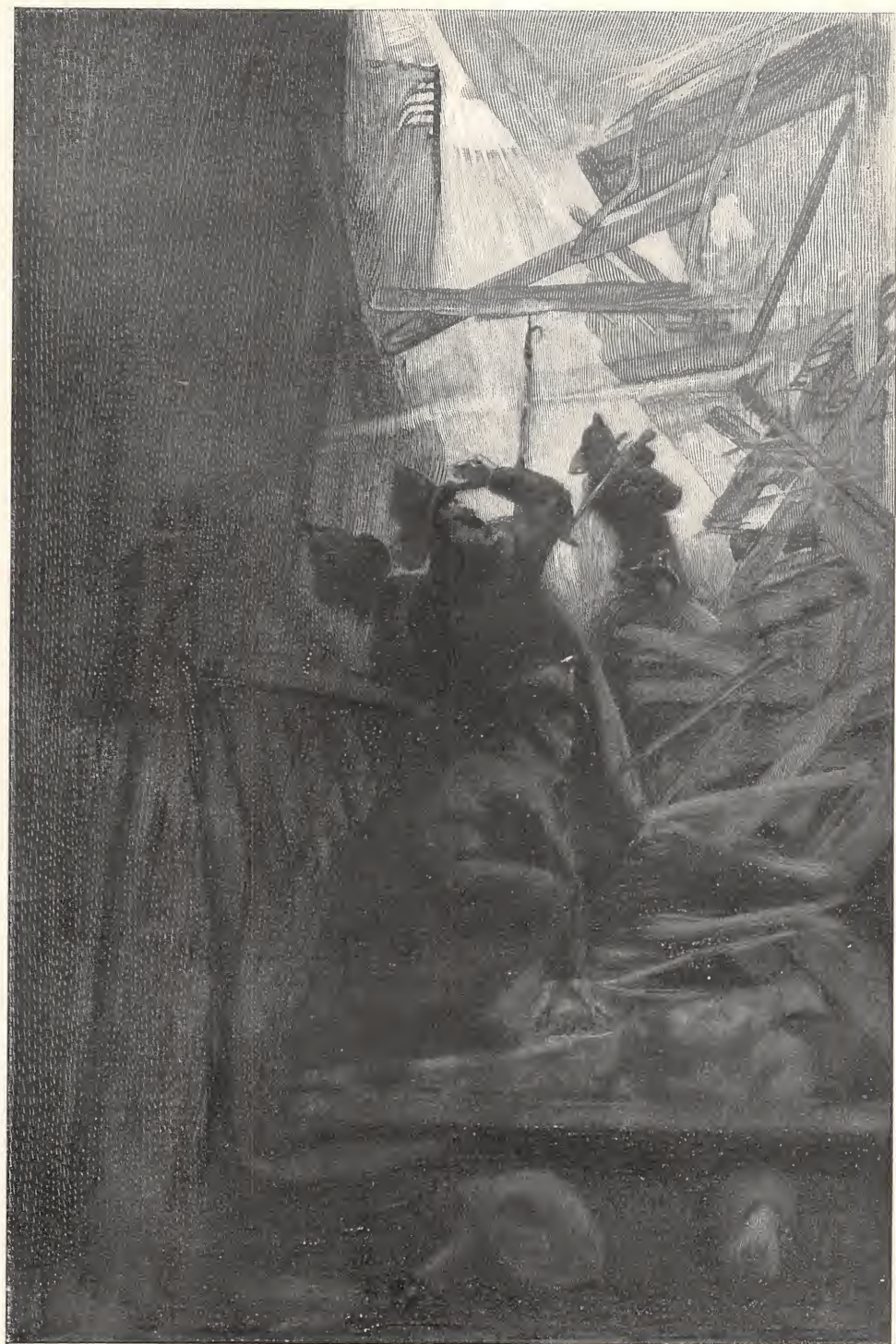
A man need only have steady nerve, and the strength to raise the long pole by its narrow end, and jam the iron hook through a window which he cannot see but knows is there. Once through, the teeth in the hook and the man's weight upon the ladder hold it safe, and there is no real danger unless he loses his head.

Against that possibility the severe drill in the school of instruction is the barrier. Any one to whom climbing at dizzy heights, or doing the hundred and one things of peril to ordinary men which firemen are constantly called upon to do, causes the least discomfort, is rejected as unfit. About five per cent. of all appointees are eliminated by the ladder test, and never get beyond their probation service. A certain smaller percentage takes itself out through loss of "nerve" generally. The first experience of a room full of smothering smoke, with the fire roaring overhead, is generally sufficient to convince the timid that the service is not for him. No cowards are dismissed from the department, for the reason that none get into it.

The notion that there is a life-saving corps apart from the general body of firemen rests upon a mistake. They are one. Every fireman nowadays must pass muster at life-saving drill, must climb to the top of any building on his scaling-ladder, slide down with a res-



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.
BATTALION CHIEF
BRESNAN.



THE DEATH OF CHIEF BRESNAN.

cued comrade, or jump without hesitation from the third story into the life-net spread below. By such training the men are fitted for their work, and the occasion comes soon that puts them to the test. It came to Daniel J. Meagher, of whom I spoke as foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 3, when, in the midnight hour, a woman hung from the fifth-story window of a burning building, and the longest ladder at hand fell short ten or a dozen feet of reaching her. The boldest man in the crew had vainly attempted to reach her, and in the effort had sprained his foot. There were no scaling-ladders then. Meagher ordered the rest to plant the ladder on the stoop and hold it out from the building so that he might reach the very topmost step. Balanced thus where the slightest tremor might have caused ladder and all to crash to the ground, he bade the woman drop, and receiving her in his arms, carried her down safe.

No one but an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel could have performed such a feat, or that which made Dennis Ryer, of the crew of Engine No. 36, famous three years ago. That was on Seventh Avenue at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street. A flat was on fire, and the tenants had fled; but one, a woman, bethought herself of her parrot, and went back for it, to find escape by the stairs cut off when she again attempted to reach the street. With the parrot-cage, she appeared at the top-floor window, framed in smoke, calling for help. Again there was no ladder to reach. There were neighbors on the roof with a rope, but the woman was too frightened to use it herself. Dennis Ryer made it fast about his own waist, and bade the others let him down, and hold on for life. He drew the woman out, but she was heavy, and it was all they could do above to hold them. To pull them over the cornice was out of the question. Upon the highest step of the ladder, many feet below, stood Ryer's father, himself a fireman of another company, and saw his boy's peril.

"Hold fast, Dennis!" he shouted. "If you fall I will catch you." Had they let go, all three would have been killed. The young fireman saw the danger, and the one door of escape, with a glance. The window before which he swung, half smothered by the smoke that belched from it, was the last in the

house. Just beyond, in the window of the adjoining house, was safety, if he could but reach it. Putting out a foot, he kicked the wall, and made himself swing toward it, once, twice, bending his body to add to the motion. The third time he all but passed it, and took a mighty grip on the affrighted woman, shouting into her ear to loose her own hold at the same time. As they passed the window on the fourth trip, he thrust her through sash and all with a supreme effort, and himself followed on the next rebound, while the street, that was black with a surging multitude, rang with a mighty cheer. Old Washington Ryer, on his ladder, threw his cap in the air, and cheered louder than all the rest. But the parrot was dead—frightened to death, very likely, or smothered.

I once asked Fireman Martin M. Coleman, after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper man, what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder, with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly. "Why, I don't think. There ain't any time to. If I'd stopped to think, them five people would 'a' been burnt. No; I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that—up there—I am boss. The rest are not in it. Only I wish," he added, rubbing his arm

ruefully at the recollection, "that she had n't fainted. It's hard when they faint. They're just so much dead weight. We get no help at all from them heavy women."

And that was all I could get out of him. I never had much better luck with Chief Benjamin A. Gicquel, who is the oldest wearer of the Bennett medal, just as Coleman is the youngest, or the one who received it last. He was willing enough to talk about the science of putting out fires; of Department Chief Bonner, the "man of few words," who he thinks has mastered the art beyond any man living; of the back-draft, and almost anything else pertaining to the business: but when I insisted upon his telling me the story of the rescue of the Schaefer family of five from a burning tenement down in Cherry street, in which he earned his rank and reward, he laughed a good-humored little laugh, and said that it was "the old man"—meaning



BATTALION CHIEF
AHEARN.



FOREMAN AHEARN RESCUING THE INJURED PUMPER DEVOE OVER TANKS OF NAPHTHA.

Schaefer—who should have had the medal. «It was a grand thing in him to let the little ones come out first.» I have sometimes wished that firemen were not so modest. It would be much easier, if not so satisfactory, to record their gallant deeds. But I am not sure that it is, after all, modesty so much as a wholly different point of view. It is business with them, the work of their lives. The one feeling that is allowed to rise beyond this is the feeling of exultation in the face of peril conquered by courage, which Coleman expressed. On the ladder he was boss! It was the fancy of a masterful man, and none but a masterful man would have got upon the ladder at all.

Doubtless there is something in the spectacular side of it that attracts. It would be strange if there were not. There is every-

thing in a fireman's existence to encourage it. Day and night he leads a kind of hair-trigger life, that feeds naturally upon excitement, even if only as a relief from the irksome idling in quarters. Try as they may to give him enough to do there, the time hangs heavily upon his hands, keyed up as he is, and need be, to adventurous deeds at shortest notice. He falls to grumbling and quarreling, and the necessity becomes imperative of holding him to the strictest discipline, under which he chafes impatiently. «They nag like a lot of old women,» said Department Chief Bonner to me once; «and the best at a fire are often the worst in the house.» In the midst of it all the gong strikes a familiar signal. The horses' hoofs thunder on the planks; with a leap the men go down the shining

pole to the main floor, all else forgotten; and with crash and clatter and bang, the heavy engine swings into the street, and races away on a wild gallop, leaving a trail of fire behind.

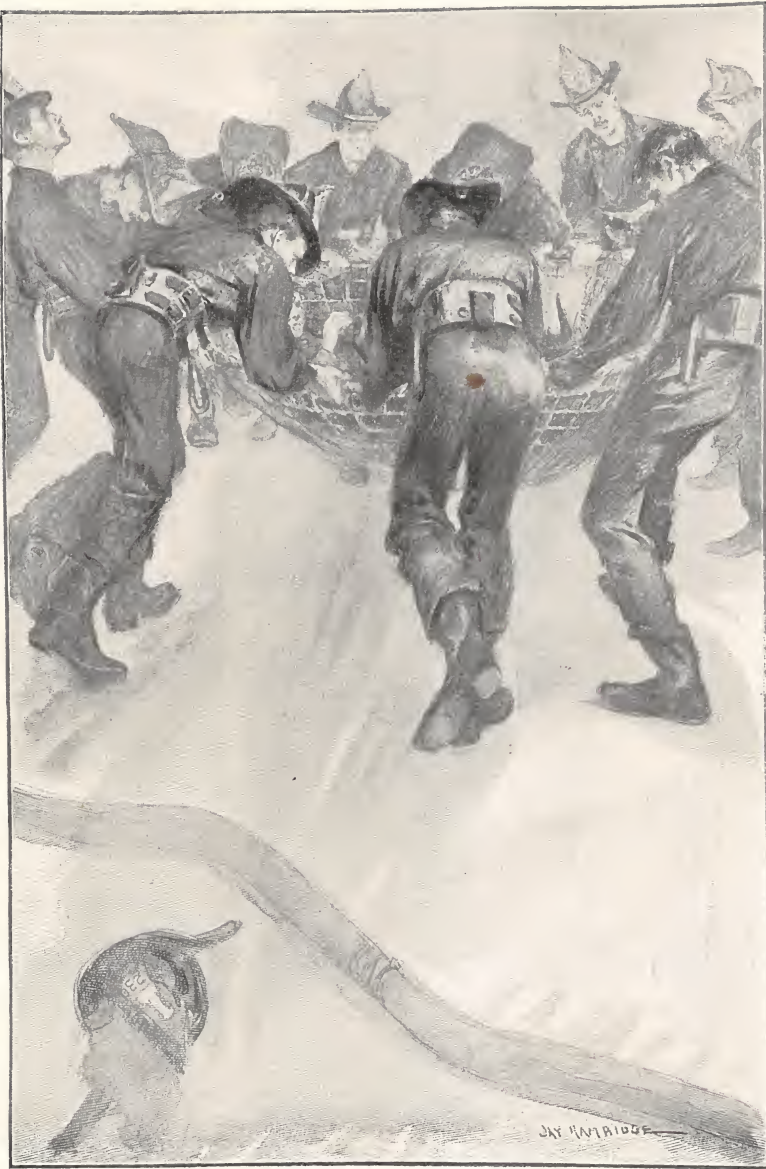
Presently the crowd sees rubber-coated, helmeted men with pipe and hose go through a window from which such dense smoke pours forth that it seems incredible that a human being could breathe it for a second and live. The hose is dragged squirming over the sill, where shortly a red-eyed face with disheveled hair appears, to shout something hoarsely to those below, which they understand. Then, unless some emergency arise, the spectacular part is over. Could the citizen whose heart beat as he watched them enter, see them now, he would see grimy shapes, very unlike the fine-looking men who but just now had roused his admiration, crawling on hands and knees, with their noses close to the floor if the smoke be very dense, ever pointing the "pipe" in the direction where the enemy is expected to appear. The fire is the enemy; but he can fight that, once he reaches it, with something of a chance. The smoke kills without giving him a show to fight back. Long practice toughens him against it, until he learns the trick of "eating the smoke." He can breathe where a candle goes out for want of oxygen. By holding his mouth close to the nozzle, he gets what little the stream of water brings with it and sets free; and within a few inches of the floor there is nearly always a current of air. In the last emergency, there is the hose that he can follow out. The smoke always is his worst enemy. It lays ambushes for him which he can suspect, but not ward off. He tries to by opening vents in the roof as soon as the pipe-men are in place and ready; but in spite of all precautions, he is often surprised by the dreaded back-draft.

I remember standing in front of a burning Broadway store, one night, when the back-draft blew out the whole front without warning. It is simply an explosion of gases generated by the heat, which must have vent, and go upon the line of least resistance, up, or down, or in a circle—it does not much matter, so that they go. It swept shutters, windows, and all, across Broadway, in this instance, like so much chaff, littering the street with heavy rolls of cloth. The crash was like a fearful clap of thunder. Men were knocked down on the opposite sidewalk, and two teams of engine horses, used to almost any kind of happening at a fire, ran away in a wild panic. It was a blast of that kind that threw down and severely

injured Battalion Chief McGill, one of the oldest and most experienced of firemen, at a fire on Broadway in March, 1890; and it has cost more brave men's lives than the fiercest fire that ever raged. The "puff," as the firemen call it, comes suddenly, and from the corner where it is least expected. It is dread of that, and of getting overcome by the smoke generally, which makes firemen go always in couples or more together. They never lose sight of each other for an instant, if they can help it. If they do, they go at once in search of the lost. The delay of a moment may prove fatal to him.

Lieutenant Samuel Banta of the Franklin street company, discovering the pipe that had just been held by Fireman Quinn at a Park Place fire thrashing aimlessly about, looked about him, and saw Quinn floating on his face in the cellar, which was running full of water. He had been overcome, had tumbled in, and was then drowning, with the fire raging above and alongside. Banta jumped in after him, and endeavored to get his head above water. While thus occupied, he glanced up, and saw the preliminary puff of the back-draft bearing down upon him. The lieutenant dived at once, and tried to pull his unhappy pipe-man with him; but he struggled and worked himself loose. From under the water Banta held up a hand, and it was burned. He held up the other, and knew that the puff had passed when it came back unsinged. Then he brought Quinn out with him; but it was too late. Caught between flood and fire, he had no chance. When I asked the lieutenant about it, he replied simply: "The man in charge of the hose fell into the cellar. I got him out; that was all." "But how?" I persisted. "Why, I went down through the cellar," said the lieutenant, smiling, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world.

It was this same Banta who, when Fireman David H. Soden had been buried under the falling walls of a Pell street house, crept through a gap in the basement wall, in among the fallen timbers, and, in imminent peril of his own life, worked there with a hand-saw two long hours to free his comrade, while the firemen held the severed timbers up with ropes to give him a chance. Repeatedly, while he was at work, his clothes caught fire, and it was necessary to keep playing the hose upon him. But he brought out his man safe and sound, and, for the twentieth time perhaps, had his name recorded on the roll of merit. His comrades tell of how, at one of the twenty, the fall of a building in Hall



THE BONNER LIFE-NET.

Place had left a workman lying on a shaky piece of wall, helpless, with a broken leg. It could not bear the weight of a ladder, and it seemed certain death to attempt to reach him, when Banta, running up a slanting beam that still hung to its fastening with one end, leaped from perch to perch upon the wall, where hardly a goat could have found footing, reached his man, and brought him down slung over his shoulder, and swearing at him like a trooper lest the peril of the descent cause him to lose his nerve and with it the lives of both.

Firemen dread cellar fires more than any other kind, and with reason. It is difficult to make a vent for the smoke, and the danger of drowning is added to that of being smothered when they get fairly to work. If a man is lost to sight or touch of his fellows there for ever so brief a while, there are five chances to one that he will not again be seen alive. Then there ensues such a fight as the city witnessed only last May at the burning of a Chambers street paper-warehouse. It was fought out deep underground, with fire and flood, freezing

cold and poisonous gases, leagued against Chief Bonner's forces. Next door was a cold-storage house, whence the cold. Something that was burning—I do not know that it was ever found out just what—gave forth the smothering fumes before which the firemen went down in squads. File after file staggered out into the street, blackened and gasping, to drop there. The near engine-house was made into a hospital, where the senseless men were laid on straw hastily spread. Ambulance surgeons worked over them. As fast as they were brought to, they went back to bear a hand in the work of rescue. In delirium they fought to return. Down in the depths one of their number was lying helpless.

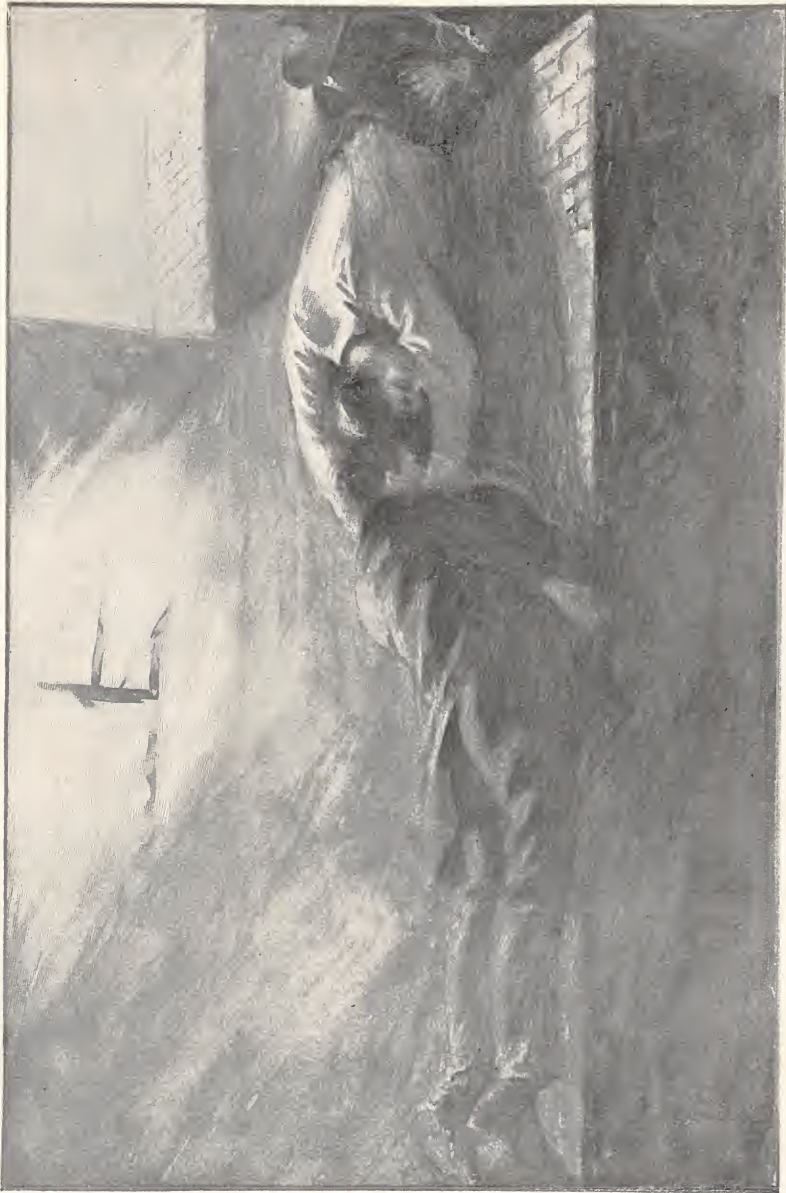
There is nothing finer in the records of glorious war than the story of the struggle these brave fellows kept up for hours against tremendous odds for the rescue of their comrade. Time after time they went down into the pit of deadly smoke, only to fail. Lieutenant Banta tried twice and failed. Fireman King was pulled up senseless, and having been brought round, went down once more. Fireman Sheridan returned empty-handed, more dead than alive. John O'Connell, of Truck No. 1, at length succeeded in reaching his comrade and tying a rope about him, while from above they drenched both with water to keep them from roasting. They drew up a dying man; but John G. Reinhardt dead is more potent than a whole crew of firemen alive. The story of the fight for his life will long be told in the engine-houses of New York, and will nerve the Kings and the Sheridans and the O'Connells of another day to like deeds.

How firemen manage to hear in their sleep the right signal, while they sleep right through any number that concern the next company, not them, is one of the mysteries that will probably always remain unsolved. "I don't know," said Department Chief Bonner, when I asked him once. "I guess it is the same way with everybody. You hear what you have to hear. There is a gong right over my bed at home, and I hear every stroke of it, but I don't hear the baby. My wife hears the baby if it as much as stirs in its crib, but not the gong." Very likely he is right. The fact that the fireman can hear and count correctly the strokes of the gong in his sleep has meant life to many hundreds, and no end of property saved; for it is in the early moments of a fire that it can be dealt with summarily. I recall one instance in which the failure to interpret a signal properly, or the accident of taking a wrong

road to the fire, cost a life, and, singularly enough, that of the wife of one of the firemen who answered the alarm. It was all so pitiful, so tragic, that it has left an indelible impression on my mind. It was the fire at which Patrick F. Lucas earned the medal for that year by snatching five persons out of the very jaws of death in a Dominick street tenement. The alarm-signal rang in the hook-and-ladder company's quarters in North Moore street, but was either misunderstood or they made a wrong start. Instead of turning east to West Broadway, the truck turned west, and went galloping toward Greenwich street. It was only a few seconds, the time that was lost, but it was enough. Fireman Murphy's heart went up in his throat when, from his seat on the truck as it flew toward the fire, he saw that it was his own home that was burning. Up on the fifth floor he found his wife penned in. She died in his arms as he carried her to the fire-escape. The fire, for once, had won in the race for a life.

While I am writing this, the morning paper that is left at my door tells the story of a fireman who, laid up with a broken ankle in an up-town hospital, jumped out of bed, forgetting his injury, when the alarm-gong rang his signal, and tried to go to the fire. The fire-alarms are rung in the hospitals for the information of the ambulance corps. The crippled fireman heard the signal at the dead of night, and, only half awake, jumped out of bed, groped about for the sliding-pole, and, getting hold of the bedpost, tried to slide down that. The plaster cast about his ankle was broken, the old injury reopened, and he was seriously hurt.

New York firemen have a proud saying that they "fight fire from the inside." It means unhesitating courage, prompt sacrifice, and victory gained, all in one. The saving of life that gets into the newspapers and wins applause is done, of necessity, largely from the outside, but is none the less perilous for that. Sometimes, though rarely, it has in its intense gravity almost a comic tinge, as at one of the infrequent fires in the Mulberry Bend some years ago. The Italians believe, with reason, that there is bad luck in fire, therefore do not insure, and have few fires. Of this one the Romolo family shrine was the cause. The lamp upon it exploded, and the tenement was ablaze when the firemen came. The policeman on the beat had tried to save Mrs. Romolo; but she clung to the bedpost, and refused to go without the rest of the family. So he seized the baby,



SERGEANT VAUGHAN RESCUING A MAN FROM A FIFTH-STORY WINDOW AT THE HOTEL ROYAL FIRE.

and rolled down the burning stairs with it, his beard and coat afire. The only way out was shut off when the engines arrived. The Romolos shrieked at the top-floor window, threatening to throw themselves out. There was not a moment to be lost. Lying flat on the roof, with their heads over the cornice, the firemen fished the two children out of the window with their hooks. The ladders were run up in time for the father and mother.

The readiness of resource no less than the intrepid courage and athletic skill of the rescuers evoke enthusiastic admiration. Two instances stand out in my recollection

among many. Of one Fireman Howe, who had on more than one occasion signally distinguished himself, was the hero. It happened on the morning of January 2, 1896, when the Geneva Club on Lexington Avenue was burned out. Fireman Howe drove Hook and Ladder No. 7 to the fire that morning, to find two boarders at the third-story window, hemmed in by flames which already showed behind them. Followed by Fireman Pearl, he ran up in the adjoining building, and presently appeared at a window on the third floor, separated from the one occupied by the two men by a blank wall-space of perhaps

four or five feet. It offered no other footing than a rusty hook, but it was enough. Astride of the window-sill, with one foot upon the hook, the other anchored inside by his comrade, his body stretched at full length along the wall, Howe was able to reach the two, and to swing them, one after the other, through his own window to safety. As the second went through, the crew in the street below set up a cheer that raised the sleeping echoes of the street. Howe looked down, nodded, and took a firmer grip; and that instant came his great peril.

A third face had appeared at the window just as the fire swept through. Howe shut his eyes to shield them, and braced himself on the hook for a last effort. It broke; and the man, frightened out of his wits, threw himself headlong from the window upon Howe's neck.

The fireman's form bent and swayed. His comrade within felt the strain, and dug his heels into the boards. He was almost dragged out of the window, but held on with a supreme effort. Just as he thought the end had come, he felt the strain ease up. The ladder had reached Howe in the very nick of time, and given him support. But in his desperate effort to save himself and the other, he slammed his burden back over his shoulder with such force that he went crashing through, carrying sash and all, and fell, cut and bruised, but safe, upon Fireman Pearl, who groveled upon the floor, prostrate and panting.

The other case New York remembers yet with a shudder. It was known long in the department for the bravest act ever done by a fireman—an act that earned for Foreman William Quirk the medal for 1888. He was next in command of Engine No. 22 when, on a March morning, the Elberon Flats in East Eighty-fifth street were burned. The Westlake family, mother, daughter, and two sons, were in the fifth story, helpless and hopeless. Quirk ran up on the scaling-ladder to the fourth floor, hung it on the sill above, and got the boys and their sister down. But the flames burst from the floor below, cutting off their retreat. Quirk's captain had seen the danger, and shouted to him to turn back while it was yet time. But Quirk had no intention of turning back. He measured the distance and the risk with a look, saw the crowd tugging frantically at the life-net under the window, and bade them jump, one by one. They jumped, and were saved. Last of all, he jumped himself, after a vain effort to save the mother. She was already dead. He caught her gown, but the body slipped

from his grasp and fell crashing to the street fifty feet below. He himself was hurt in his jump. The volunteers who held the net looked up, and were frightened; they let go their grip, and the plucky fireman broke a leg and hurt his back in the fall.

«Like a cry of fire in the night» appeals to the dullest imagination with a sense of sudden fear. There have been nights in this city when the cry swelled into such a clamor of terror and despair as to make the stoutest heart quake—when it seemed to those who had to do with putting out fires as if the end of all things was at hand. Such a night was that of the burning of «Cohnfeld's Folly,» in Bleecker street, March 17, 1891. The burning of the big store involved the destruction, wholly or in part, of ten surrounding buildings, and called out nearly one third of the city's Fire Department. While the fire raged as yet unchecked,—while walls were falling with shock and crash of thunder, the streets full of galloping engines and ambulances carrying injured firemen, with clangor of urgent gongs; while insurance patrolmen were being smothered in buildings a block away by the smoke that hung like a pall over the city,—another disastrous fire broke out in the dry-goods district, and three alarm-calls came from West Seventeenth street. Nine other fires were signaled, and before morning all the crews that were left were summoned to Allen street, where four persons were burned to death in a tenement. Those are the wild nights that try firemen's souls, and never yet found them wanting. During the great blizzard, when the streets were impassable and the system crippled, the fires in the city averaged nine a day,—forty-five for the five days from March 12 to 16,—and not one of them got beyond control. The fire commissioners put on record their pride in the achievement, as well they might. It was something to be proud of, indeed.

Such a night promised to be the one when the Manhattan Bank and the State Bank across the street on the other Broadway corner, with three or four other buildings, were burned, and when the ominous «two nines» were rung, calling nine tenths of the whole force below Central Park to the threatened quarter. But, happily, the promise was not fully kept. The supposed fire-proof bank was crumbling in the withering blast like so much paper; the cry went up that whole companies of firemen were perishing within it; and the alarm had reached Police Headquarters in the next block, where they were counting the election returns.

Thirteen firemen, including the deputy department chief, a battalion chief, and two captains, limped or were carried from the burning bank, more or less injured. The stone steps of the fire-proof stairs had fallen with them or upon them. Their imperiled comrades, whose escape was cut off, slid down hose and scaling-ladders. The last, the crew of Engine Company No. 3, had reached the street, and all were thought to be out, when the assistant foreman, Daniel Fitzmaurice, appeared at a fifth-story window. The fire beating against it drove him away, but he found footing at another, next adjoining the building on the north. To reach him from below, with the whole building ablaze, was impossible. Other escape there was none, save a cornice ledge extending half-way to his window; but it was too narrow to afford foothold.

Then an extraordinary scene was enacted in the sight of thousands. In the other building were a number of fire-insurance patrolmen, covering goods to protect them against water damage. One of these—Patrolman John Rush—stepped out on the ledge, and edged his way toward a spur of stone that projected from the bank building. Behind followed Patrolman Barnett, steadying him and pressing him close against the wall. Behind him was another, with still another holding on within the room, where the living chain was anchored by all the rest. Rush, at the end of the ledge, leaned over and gave Fitzmaurice his hand. The fireman grasped it, and edged out upon the spur. Barnett, holding his rescuer fast, gave him what he needed—something to cling to. Once he was on the ledge, the chain wound itself up as it had unwound itself. Slowly, inch by inch, it crept back, each man pushing the next flat against the wall with might and main, while the multitudes in the street held their breath, and the very engines stopped panting, until all were safe.

John Rush is a fireman to-day, a member of "Thirty-three's" crew in Great Jones street. He was an insurance patrolman then. The organization is unofficial. Its main purpose is to save property; but in the face of the emergency firemen and patrolmen become one body, obeying one head.

That the spirit which has made New York's Fire Department great equally animates its commercial brother has been shown more than once, but never better than at the memorable fire in the Hotel Royal, which cost so many lives. No account of heroic life-saving at fires, even as fragmentary as

this, could pass by the marvelous feat, or feats, of Sergeant (now Captain) John R. Vaughan on that February morning six years ago. The alarm rang in patrol station No. 3 at 3:20 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building. Darting up into the next house, and leaning out of the window with his whole body, while one of the crew hung on to one leg,—as Fireman Pearl did to Howe's in the splendid rescue at the Geneva Club,—he took a half-hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand. As the last passed over, ladders were being thrown up against the wall, and what could be done there was done.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window-sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow,—they were five, all told,—he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I could n't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work,—“I just could n't, standing there so quiet and brave.” To the man he said sharply:

"I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first



SERGEANT VAUGHAN MAKING A BRIDGE OF HIS BODY AT THE HOTEL ROYAL FIRE.

grab.» He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

«Don't try,» urged the man. «You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump.»

«No, you won't,» from the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. «It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself.»

The four sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

«Now jump—quick!» he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

«Hoist!» he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with their might. The

sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Blood dripped from Sergeant Vaughan's nostrils and ears. Sixty feet below was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back-draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to his work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted, petted, and made much of.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a little step. Among the many who journeyed to the insurance patrol station to see the hero of the great fire, there came, one day, a woman. She was young and pretty, the sweetheart of the man on the window-sill. He was a lawyer, since a State senator of Pennsylvania. She wished the sergeant to repeat exactly the words he spoke to him in that awful moment when he bade him jump—to life or death. She had heard them, and

she wanted the sergeant to repeat them to her, that she might know for sure he was the man who did it. He stammered and hitched—tried subterfuges. She waited, inexorable. Finally, in desperation, blushing fiery red, he blurted out «a lot of cuss-words.» «You know,» he said apologetically, in telling of it, «when I am in a place like that I can't help it.»

When she heard the words which her fiancé had already told her, straightway she fell upon the fireman's neck. The sergeant stood dumfounded. «Women are queer,» he said.

Thus a fireman's life. That the very horses that are their friends in quarters, their comrades at the fire, sharing with them what comes of good and evil, catch the spirit of it, is not strange. It would be strange if they did not. With human intelligence, and more than human affection, the splendid animals follow the fortunes of their masters, doing their share in whatever is demanded of them. In the final showing that in thirty years, while with the growing population the number of fires has steadily increased, the average loss per fire has as steadily decreased, they have their full share, also, of the credit. In 1866 there were 796 fires in New York, with an average loss of \$8075.38 per fire. In 1876, with 1382 fires, the loss was but \$2786.70 at each. In 1896, 3890 fires averaged only \$878.81. It means that every year more fires are headed off than run down—smothered at the start, as a fire should be. When to the verdict of «faithful unto death» that record is added, nothing remains to be said. The firemen know how much of that is the doing of their four-legged comrades. It is the one blot on the fair picture that the city which owes these horses so much has not seen fit, in gratitude, to provide comfort for their worn old age. When a fireman grows old, he is retired on half-pay for the rest of his days. When a horse that has run with the heavy engines to fires by night and by day for perhaps ten or fifteen years is worn out, it is—sold, to a huckster, perhaps, or a contractor, to slave for him until it is fit only for the bone-yard! The city receives a paltry two or three thousand dollars a year for this rank treachery, and pockets the blood-money without a protest. There is room next, in New York, for a movement that shall secure to the fireman's faithful friend the grateful reward of a quiet farm, a full crib, and a green pasture to the end of its days, when it is no longer young enough and strong enough to «run with the machine.»

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "A Bachelor Maid," "Sweet Bells out of Tune," etc.

VII.



IDSUMMER in the Berkshire hill-country! Shadows of mountain and forest lie for a moment upon greenest earth, and at the shifting of a cloud-screen vanish. At a lull in the west wind intense heat is exhaled upon the atmosphere; the air of the pine woods smites the face like a blast from a furnace; then a burst of invigorating wind comes to revive fainting humanity. In answer to it, the elm-trees toss and whisper to the pines; the birches, white ladies of the woods, gossip with the tasseled chestnuts. The red bell-lilies in the oat-fields tinkle above a sea of rippled, glossy verdure. In the tall meadow-grasses, daisies, rudbeckias, vetch, and purple clover bend and intermingle. To greet the perfect day, nature sends forth all the incense in her caskets.

FOLLOWING a forest road under an awning formed of chestnuts, hemlocks, flowering linden, hickories, beech-boughs crusted with tiny nuts, and garlands of wild grape, jogged a basket-phaëton, leisurely driven by a girl, behind whom was perched a youthful groom in undress livery of cords. The continuity of dense shade during a mile or two was grateful alike to the fat pony, to the lazy little groom, and to the graceful charioteer; now listening to the liquid notes of the wood-robins, now plunging her eye into the bracken and maidenhair that grew in masses upon the roadside, or else stopping when the pony wished to dip his nose into a trough of ice-cold water fed by a moss-grown conduit from the hills above, the girl dawdled away a pleasant hour. When she came out of the lovely wood into a country road bordered with low stone walls overgrown by greenery, the view opened nobly before her. Hills upon hills, mountains beyond, a valley with a winding river, here and there a farm-house overtopped in size by its red barn, on the steep hillsides pastures with short herbage, scattered rocks, wild brier-roses, and sweet-fern, the odor of which was trodden out by the feet of grazing sheep and cattle. More daisies in whitesheets,

rumpled by the breeze; more oat-fields, yellowish red with the lovely mottled bells that steal away their substance. A bit of New England, this—placid, verdant, soothing to eye and spirit. As good as old England, thought the looker-on, save for the lack of habitations blended by age with their surroundings. And far away, in a hollow to the left, below a slope of shining Indian corn, she saw the sparkle of a sapphire lake.

"Would that be Pocasset?" the lady asked of her attendant, extending her whip in the direction of this open eye of the landscape.

"Beg pard'n, miss, but I'm sure I could n't say," answered the prim little buttony personage.

The absurdity of her appeal to this imported specimen struck the questioner, and she laughed aloud. A countryman in a checked shirt, and carrying a scythe, was met at this moment. As he stopped naively to enjoy the spectacle of her equipage, she repeated the inquiry.

"No, marm; it ain't," he said promptly. "To git to Pocasset, you've got to turn into the next piece of woods to yer right. There's a mighty sight of ponds hereabouts, an' all on 'em purty."

"Thank you," said she, feeling in a tiny purse of silver network at her girdle for a small coin to bestow upon him. To her confusion, he colored to the ears, and with a grunt of refusal of the dole, passed slouching on his way.

"I forget where I am," she said to herself, blushing also. "I hope I did not irremediably wound the feelings of that free-born republican. But I am sure he would not hesitate to drive a sharp bargain with me in the way of trade."

The pony, reminded by a flick of the whip, resumed his easy gait. The groom, deciding that there was as little exertion in this method of earning his wages as another, sprang to his perch. A mile farther, and the turn of the road appeared, leading into a wood of great pines, oaks, and towering hemlocks.

In the heart of these shadowy depths lay a pool of azure tint and considerable length and breadth. The road ended beside a bank

sloping down to a sheet of water in a noble grove, cleared of undergrowth, and verdant with moss and bracken. So remote the spot, it was a genuine surprise to the lady of the chariot to espy near the edge of this pond a gypsy fire, over which a kettle was boiling. Under the trees rugs were spread around a hamper suggestive of good fare. A few books had been left by their readers upon the rugs and roots of trees. At a little distance, a smart buckboard stood detached from horses tied at a rack; and directly from under the steep bank glided a punt filled with wild flowers, fishing-tackle, and people in holiday attire.

«What a surprise!» called a woman's voice. «We had no idea you had come up.»

«Nor I that you were here.»

So saying, Sybil Gwynne threw the reins to her groom, and springing from the phaëton, ran down the bank to greet her friends. She had known, of course, of the Granthams' residence in this neighborhood, but had not counted upon seeing them at this spot, or so soon.

«We came up yesterday,» she added. «Etta has a headache from the heat; the men are all absorbed with the horses; and so I begged for this trap to explore the country-side.»

«Then pray send the groom home with it, and stop with us for luncheon,» said Mrs. Grantham, who, in her crisp shirt and skirt and shade-hat, looked young and summer-like.

The other voyagers were Mowbray Grantham, wearing the shocking old coat and trousers he called his «fishing-suit,» with a straw hat purchased in the nearest village shop; one of his sons, in similar attire; Katty, a picture of jaunty prettiness; and Agatha Carnifex.

«I suppose if you did n't let Etta know your whereabouts she would be alarmed,» went on Katrina. «Do stay. We can just as well leave you there on our return.»

The others chiming in, Sybil let herself be persuaded, and the little groom was accordingly dismissed.

«We were just coming ashore to prepare for luncheon,» said Mrs. Grantham. «This is our own grove, and to spend the day here is one of our favorite hot-day performances. Lake Pocasset, although in the pine woods, is mysteriously cool. How nice it will be to sit under the trees and let you tell us rustics of your grand doings in the world beyond the sea!»

«We arrived in town day before yester-

day,» answered Sybil, «and followed Jack's fancy to come here from the steamer. I am to join my aunt at Newport at the end of the week. How pretty this is! What an odd greenish light! It is a nook of sweet repose after the glare of the open road. And how particularly nice,» she added, turning to Agatha, «that I have found *you* with Mrs. Grantham!»

«It is nice to be here,» answered Miss Carnifex. «Our life at Hillcote is delightful. Katty and her brothers and I form a band of lawless vagabonds, determined to get everything that outdoor life can give us, at any expense of looks.»

«Now for work,» said Mrs. Grantham, briskly. «We will lay the cloth first, and unpack the cold meat and salads. I shall trust no one with the coffee, and my husband will care for that wine-cellar of his in the hollow of a tree. I think, Jim,» she said to her boy, «you may as well not attempt to broil our fish till you see whether the canoeists bring in something better.»

«Mr. Davenant was lying on his back in the bottom, looking up into the sky,» said Jim, with decision; «and Bob can't catch anything to save him. I vote to cook what fish we have, and not to depend upon those loafers.»

«Mr. Davenant!» said the last comer.

«Yes; he is with us for a much-needed vacation,» answered Katrina. «There, Jim, is a beautiful bed of hickory embers on the stones. Jim is an old woodsman, Miss Gwynne, as you will say when you taste his broiled bass. My boys had a camp here for a month one summer, and cooked for themselves all that we did not fetch them from home when we drove over to see whether they were dying of starvation.»

Mowbray Grantham, who took his ease beside Sybil while the others worked, had leisure to observe the sudden vivid illumination of her beautiful fair face.

His wife's invitation to her to join them had not been seconded by him with much zeal. He had always looked upon Sybil Gwynne as a Parisian version of Undine. Now he detected in her expression something that lent to it human charm. In her simple morning frock of blue-and-white-striped cotton, with a sailor-hat of white straw, and a knot of sweet-peas in her white belt, she looked like a charming school-girl, glad yet shy. «After all,» he reflected, «who shall say that a pretty woman is not a good thing to look at, anywhere?»

A canoe, propelled in leisurely fashion by Bob Grantham, and containing a recumbent figure in flannels with his hat over his eyes, now came in sight around the bank. A shout from Jim to his brother, summoning him to help in cookery, aroused the lounge, who, pulling himself up, looked about him in contrition.

"Are we here?" he said. "Bob, you rascal, you betrayed me! I had no idea we were at the landing-place."

"Too hot for apologies—too hot for anything," quoth the recreant, steering the craft skilfully inshore.

Another moment, and Davenant stood in blank astonishment in Sybil's presence. The drowsy look, passing from his eyes, was succeeded by one of brilliant welcome. Whence she had come he asked not, but took her hand in his, and looked into her face as if he could never have enough of it; then, remembering the presence of outsiders,—although these were busy with hospitable cares,—stood back, and curbed his fervor.

Constraining himself to speak instead of shouting for joy, he asked her the usual questions about her arrival in the country, and told her, in return, that having himself come up the day before yesterday to be Mrs. Grantham's guest, for two days only, it was his wish to remain at Hillcote for a week.

"We shall be quite near you, then," said Sybil, artlessly. "Perhaps we'll be meeting every day."

Davenant, not trusting himself to discuss this contingency, now yielded to a call to luncheon that, spread on a cloth upon the ground, afforded dainties perfected for such occasions by long experience. The broiled bass, so recently transferred from the "glassy, cool, translucent wave," were praised and enjoyed in a way to reward the two cooks for the heat of their endeavor. The claret, the black coffee served afterward, all details, carefully sustained the general pitch of excellence.

When they had finished, Mr. Grantham retired to lounge upon a Highland plaid stretched over a bed of bracken, and there smoke his cigar, while Katty read aloud to him from a book of Rudyard Kipling's prose. Mrs. Grantham, retaining the faithful Jim as her aide-de-camp, dismissed the others—"anywhere," she said.

At this, Agatha Carnifex challenged Bob to return with her to a spot in the woods where from the boat she had seen a curious and superb bank of tawny fungi freckled with crimson spots.

"May I go, too?" said Sybil.

"You will only soil that pretty gown," said Mrs. Grantham, practically; "it is all boggy where they are going. Take my advice: keep cool and clean. Get into the canoe, and let Mr. Davenant show you the bed of water-lilies at the end of the lake. All the rest of us have enjoyed it this morning, and you really should not miss the spectacle."

"Yes; do go," urged Agatha. "It is the finest flower-show you will have seen since Regent's Park."

Sybil still hesitated.

"Will you come?" asked Davenant, in a voice that reached her ear alone.

She yielded. Had anything forewarned Sybil that she would be placed in this situation, there might have been some holding back; but the unexpected had conquered her; it seemed all so natural.

When, on stepping into the canoe, she laid her bare little white hand in his sunburnt one, Sybil felt what was coming toward her on swift wings of destiny. They paddled off, she sitting in the bow and facing him in speechless pleasure, until, at the extreme end of the lake, the canoe ran into a floating field of starry, snow-white blooms, golden at heart, exhaling richest fragrance, their chalices cradled upon broad, moist plaques of green.

Under the nearest bank grew rushes, tall and vigorous. The air, steeped in perfume and filled with the errant particles of summer growth, was also melodious with the song of wood-birds, and resonant with the hum of bright-winged circling insects. The symphony of midsummer was at its climax.

"Oh, let us stay here!" she cried involuntarily, and a flash of triumph leaped into his eyes.

While they lingered he shifted his place a little, at the other end of the canoe, to watch her more composedly. They laughed together like children at the rocking of their frail craft, and, once at rest again, began the babbling interchange of respective experience since they had parted, just as if no cloud of distrust had ever come between them. He explained to her how, his visit to Hillcote having been twice before interrupted by business calls, he had come very near missing this chance also—and then where would that have left him? How he had believed her to be stopping in the Engadine until the autumn; how nothing was further from his dreams than this surprise of her presence beneath an ancient pine-tree on the bank of Lake Pocasset; how, for him, life since he

saw her last had gone on in the usual humdrum fashion; he had worked, worked, worked,—as he expected always to have to do,—without other relaxations than those possible in a hot town when every one expecting toilers has gone to the country.

Sybil's eyes shone upon him with soft compassion. She tried to realize this existence of his, so different to anything in her acquaintance with that of other men. She thought of the debonair idlers she had seen in London and Paris, and New York's great mill of workers without perspective seemed pitiless.

«But you have some diversions, surely?» she asked in a sad voice.

«Enough and to spare,» he answered, with a smile; «but not, probably, of the kind you would recognize as such.»

«It sounded so dreary!» she exclaimed apologetically.

«Not dreary if one faces it with hope in his heart, and courage. And, you must remember, it is my life. Even before I met you I had my bright moments and rewards. Since then—»

Her eyes drooped before his. With one hand trailing in the water, she drew to her a long green stem crowned with the peerless blossom of New England lakes. Davenant went on:

«I don't like to tell you what a black time I passed through after I heard you were going to marry that man Cameron.»

«But I am not!» she exclaimed, with enchanting disregard of consequences. «I have no idea of doing so.»

«You have come back to me heart-whole?»

«To—to America,» she faltered, with an effort to recall her rash encouragement.

«To me—to *me*!» he cried passionately. «I'm a tyro, I suppose, and my brain is in a tumult, and I am desperately anxious for you to love me as I love you—as I've loved you ever since we met. But I don't want to ask you for yourself if you're not ready to hear me. I'd rather you'd silence me now, and give me a chance hereafter. If you'll give me that chance I'll do *anything* to win you.»

Sybil's mouth curved in a happy smile.

«Had you rather put it off?» she said, more mistress of herself than he was master of his palpitating speech.

MRS. GRANTHAM, who had packed her baskets and ordered her horses put to the buckboard, stood upon the bank, gathering her chickens beneath her wings.

«It feels and smells like a thunder-storm,»

she said. «I really think, Mowbray, you had better let one of the boys go in the punt and call those two to come back.»

«The storm is probably a long way off, my dear,» said her husband; «and no doubt Miss Gwynne and Davenant will be coming presently.»

«If we are caught, mother, we can stop in that empty house behind the poplars on the main road,» said Master Jim; «and there's a shed for the trap and horses.»

With a distant rumble of thunder, a little shiver in the branches of the wood began.

«You see, Mowbray! I insist that you go and call them, Jim,» said Mrs. Grantham.

«They are there,» said Miss Carnifex, calmly, as the missing ones came in sight.

The canoe, kept at the lake for his diversion by Mr. Grantham, was quickly deserted by its latest occupants and put under shelter. The party with hurrying footsteps climbed into the buckboard, and the horses trotted off. When they reached the ridge of the hill above the lake, the lightning had begun to play dazzlingly, lacing the branches of the roadside trees.

«Faster, papa!» cried Katty, who, with one of her brothers, sat beside her father on the front seat. «I love this tearing along into an advancing storm. You'll surely get to the deserted house before the rain catches us.»

All nature was in commotion. The tall grass and flowers of the wayside bent, and were bowed to earth. The surface of the fields of oats and corn showed deep dimples from the wind. A few drops fell. Thunder pealed again with a deep, glorious rumble, and again the lightning flashed, this time with a blue glare.

Sybil, sitting between Agatha and Davenant, shrank and trembled irrepressibly.

«You are not afraid?» said Davenant, inclining toward her tenderly.

Agatha, who had sat erect gazing toward the storm, seemed to have heard nothing; but the next livid flash from the heavily charged cloud, that, as they drove under the shed of the deserted house, struck one of the row of poplars before it, showed Davenant the expression of her face.

When, a deluge of rain over, the sun shone out into the warm, humid air, they resumed their drive.

«This is a true New England frolic of Dame Nature,» said Mr. Grantham. «I wonder which was the most frightened of our party?»

«Not I,» said Katty. «Mama was a little,

for I saw her clutch Jim's coat-sleeve, and Miss Gwynne looked rather white.»

«So did Miss Carnifex,» said Jim Grant-ham. «I think she's the whitest still.»

«James!» said his mother, reprovingly; «never make personal remarks.»

DURING the rest of his holiday Davenant walked upon air. Thanks to the isolation of the two houses in a quiet neighborhood, daily opportunity was afforded him to see his beloved, and sun himself in the radiance of her smiles. The necessity enjoined upon him by her of keeping their affair to themselves until she could announce it formally to her Aunt Lewiston lent the charm of mystery and device to their meetings. In the glorification of his spirits, he took the trouble to be extremely polite to Etta Stanley, who, to please her husband, had come into this barren district, and was longing to leave it for Newport. Mrs. Etta, revoking her earlier decision, now announced that Davenant had a great deal in him. She was prepared to launch with him upon one of her shadowy flirtations, wherein the man had little to do besides following her in public and appearing to be devoted. But to this Davenant did not respond; and, luckily for him, a friend of her husband's, a connoisseur in horse-flesh, whose wife lived in permanence abroad, came up to stop for a week at Stanley Hall. This gentleman, well understanding how to dawdle unemotionally after his hostess, and save her from having to go about with Jack, relieved the situation for Davenant.

Mrs. Grantham, as we have seen, the most good-natured of souls, was disconcerted by the new arrangement. She admired Sybil, but loved Agatha; and on the day following the luncheon at Lake Pocasset, Agatha had terminated her visit, and gone to keep her father company at their own summer home in New Jersey, near Morristown. After her departure it was evident to the casual observer that Davenant could never really have cared otherwise than as a friend for the admirable Miss Carnifex. He was too cheerful, too emphatic in indorsing praises of her, too calm in her absence, too—everything but what Katrina had intended him to be. And at the end of the second day after the encounter with Sybil the keen-sighted Katty told her mother that she thought, and Jim thought, «anybody with half an eye» could see that Mr. Davenant was «dead gone» upon Miss Gwynne. Katrina, struggling with vexed unbelief, had to succumb when Jim told her he had seen the couple out in the

huckleberry pasture, sitting upon a boulder, and looking at the sunset, hand in hand.

«That's not all, mother,» added the boy, with deeper excitement, his cherub cheeks ruddy, his eyes distended, as he whispered something in her ear.

«James Grantham!» began his mother, then stopped short. So much for her idyl of Hillcote, wherein Davenant and her favorite Agatha were to have played the leading parts!

THUS Davenant entered upon the kingdom of his hopes. In the fullness of his satisfaction there was no alloy. This great prize of life that had come to him seemed, like the lesser ones preceding it, his due. He was proud, exultant, in feeling that his manhood was about to be made complete.

VIII.

TOLSTOI has said that a newly married man is like one who, having been charmed with the graceful and joyous motion of a boat upon the sea, afterward embarks in it. He then feels the difference between contemplation and action. It is not enough for him to sit still and avoid rocking the boat; he must keep on the lookout, be accurate in following the course, mindful of wind and weather, and is himself obliged to propel the heavy oars.

Nothing of this had as yet suggested itself to Peter Davenant as, on their honeymoon journey, he sailed with Sybil out of the Bosphorus for a cruise in the *Ægean*.

The violent opposition of Mrs. Lewiston to their engagement, which, accepting no compromise, required Sybil to break with him or forfeit the shelter of her home, had precipitated matters. After a stormy week at her aunt's house in Newport, the girl had yielded to his solicitation to be married quietly in church there, and go abroad until her aunt's excitement should in some degree subside. In this decision she was seconded by her cousin St. Clair, who, attending her at the altar, not only gave her away in marriage, but presented the bride with a couple of strings of pearls more befitting a princess of the blood than the undowered wife of a hard-working lawyer. Others of Sybil's friends who would have liked to be present were debarred by the hasty nature of the proceedings. Agatha Carnifex, the Granthams, and Ainslie sent gifts and good wishes. The affair, a nine days' wonder of the newspapers, was in time superseded by another «social incident» offering opportunity for more flamboyant head-lines.

QUICKLY wooed, quickly wed, Sybil was like the creature of a dream. Not an acquaintance of her aunt's and Mrs. Stanley's way of thinking had regarded her action as other than the result of impassioned folly. People who knew better commended her for courage and independence in asserting, at two-and-twenty, her right to the husband of her heart. Croakers said this was the «fine, enlightened stride» of new womanhood. And, lastly, those familiar with Mrs. Lewiston's temper when aroused by opposition averred that Sybil, poor creature, had really nowhere else to turn.

The next most serious difficulty in their path had been Davenant's adjustment of his affairs to take her away for a couple of months from the annoyances of home. When, this finally accomplished, the world was all before them where to choose, a memory of their first talk decided both upon a voyage in the Levant.

From Paris they had taken the Orient Express to Constantinople, and finding it still too hot to do more than skim through the sights of that brilliant, dirty town, had there boarded a Russian steamer bound for Smyrna and Alexandria, but intending to bring up *en route* at the Piræus.

It was a mellow day of autumn when their big, well-fitted modern vessel broke away from the throng of little rowboats, caiques, and launches besetting her sides as long as she lay at anchor in the channel, and up to the last minute embarking passengers and mails. The numbers and colors of these crafts recalled to Sybil the course at Henley regatta between the races. Deafened by the shouts of boatmen and stevedores, amused by the water pageant, our pair of travelers hung over the rail like two children, taking note of all they saw. A last impatient whistle had hurried up the gangway steps the family of a Turkish general, whose staff, on taking leave of him to return to their launch, were kissed in a patriarchal fashion while bending at his knee. His chief wife, a formless figure in a dark green silk night-gown, with a veil of striped yellow gauze, white cotton stockings, and slippers without heels, presently established herself on deck, where, after straightening the tassel of her husband's fez, she proceeded to eat sweetmeats held up in a silver box by a squatting, amber-tinted slave-girl with white draperies and eyes like a faithful dog's.

Two little servant-girls in pink cotton, with veils of white cheese-cloth, ran hither and thither, carrying silver cups of water,

and holding boxes of cigarettes, in readiness for their mistress's call. The mother-in-law, a sallow old woman dressed in black, with bright eyes and a jolly laugh, took her seat behind the cruncher of many sweets; while the son and heir, a small boy in green velvet jacket and knickerbockers, with a fez over his droll little foxy face, wandered incessantly, after the manner of his kind, in custody of a Turkish tutor visibly alarmed by the vagaries of so important a charge. High-class Armenians; families returning from a summer at Therapia to their homes in Egypt—among them a brown mother with a flock of little daughters like brown birds; an English couple; a German professor and his wife; a bride from Odessa with her Greek husband (this officer wearing, despite the sultry atmosphere, his full-dress uniform and tufted hat, and spurs); a dark-eyed belle from Syria, dressed like a French fashion-plate, on the return with her papa and mama from the Turkish Newport; a coquettish young Rumanian lady guarded by her white-haired Parisian husband; more Turks, who kept aloof; some Alexandrian citizens; and a group of handsome Russian officers, made up the ship's tale of first-cabin passengers.

The lower forward deck of the steamer was even fuller of cosmopolitan variety. Our Americans, up above, surveyed the scene with eager interest. Before the ship left the Bosphorus this space had been converted into a focus of Oriental color and animation. Lounging on mattresses covered with many-hued stuffs and rugs, a veiled harem occupied the center. About it were seen Turks at ease; Greek and Armenian peddlers; Arab women and babies; a band of sturdy Montenegrins, with shepherd coats of the natural tint of wool, leggings, and small caps embroidered on the crown, their belts stuck with knives and pistols; Circasians in sheepskin *shubas*; sad-eyed Armenian merchants in long black robes and crimson fezzes; a solitary muzhik in black velveteens, with a scarlet shirt and sash; and two Russian pilgrims to Jerusalem, with scrips and staffs and cross-gartered legs, lying asleep upon the boards, their red beards turned upward to the sky.

The luggage of these travelers was as picturesque as its owners—bales, saddle-bags, carpet-sacks, and cushions of variegated hues and rich texture; grass-woven baskets heaped with grapes and peaches; melons hugged under the arm; water-bottles, jugs and trays of pottery and beaten brass; a medley of gleaming metal, embroidered stuffs, and

sheenful silk. So delighted was Sybil with each new type, costume, or grouping that her eye detached from its surroundings, Davenant could with difficulty induce her to come away with him to pace the length of the deck, and look back at the marvelous beauty of the vanishing city.

Melting in the effulgent sunshine of an unclouded heaven, they saw vanish towers, minarets, mosques, palaces of pink-and-white fretwork, terraced gardens, cypress-groves, ancient crenelated walls dipping into the water, and the towering domes of St. Sophia. As they steamed out of the Bosphorus a bird winging its way across the water, which at times it touched, attracted Sybil's attention.

"That petrel of the Bosphorus," said, in good English, the German professor, who stood near them with his wife, "is almost the most restless fellow extant. The Turks give him the poetical name of 'the lost soul'; but my wife and I have bestowed a better title: we call him 'the American *en voyage*.'"

"My dear!" said the lady, blushing, and touching her husband's coat-sleeve.

"Oh! Ah! I beg your pardon," said he, penitently. "Of course I supposed you to be English. I should *never* have taken you for Americans, you know," he ended radiantly.

"Worse and worse!" whispered Sybil, as the two couples parted to resume their march. "Don't let that eloquent face of yours show you mind it. If you were as old a traveler as I, you'd be accustomed to that pleasantry."

"I can be vexed with no one in such a scene," he said, laughing. "Henceforward every inch of our way is through the classics. I must begin to furbish up my memories. There are two questions I forbid you to ask me: where Homer was born, and where was ancient Troy."

"Just what I meant to do!" she said. "If you don't tell me all you know, or don't know, I shall be obliged to appeal to our friend the professor, who, I can see, is giving *his* wife a flood of information."

"I'll swear I won't be forced into the dragoman business! But I'll tell you this: there was once a German youngster in a wine-shop who, after listening to the talk of some students about the Iliad, made up his mind that he would like some day to journey the way we are going now. In after years, when he had amassed gold and learning, he came to the Hellespont—"

"That we shall pass at two in the morning!" cried she, in a vexed tone.

"—And taking up his abode at Hissarlik, dug and dug till he had uncovered seven Troys. Out of that collection you may take your choice of the real one."

"Don't be provoking! Be sure I sha'n't ask you any more questions. Let us agree to see it all now, and read about it when we go home."

"It occurs to me, incidentally, that must be Mount Ida," said he, pointing over at the rosy snow of a summit rising beyond the brown hills of the Asian coast. "But never mind what it is, so long as we're here together, far from the world, sailing, sailing to the south. Sybil, I did not think there could be such happiness."

"Nor I. I have only one regret—that this time a year ago we had never even met."

"A bagatelle!" he exclaimed, his voice thrilling joyfully. "Why, we were traveling to meet each other then!"

AND NOW, the splendor of sunlight waning with the day's decline, a violet mist gathered in the hollows of the Asian highlands. Along the western horizon the blue was lost in gold. A fresher breeze arose, lashing the surface of Marmora into lively billows, over which the deep-laden ship passed on a steady keel. As the sun forsook them, a long, wailing cry arose:

"*Allah Akbar!* To your knees!"

It was a muezzin, who, stationing himself upon the bridge over the forward deck, reminded the faithful of the hour of prayer. Scattered about the vessel, the Mussulmans, everywhere kneeling upon little carpets, prostrated themselves toward Mecca.

Sybil rebelled against the call to dinner in the saloon.

"This is too beautiful to leave," she said, holding back.

A stout Frenchwoman, with moustachios, and carrying a pet dog under her arm, passing the couple at this moment, smiled at them benignantly.

"*O la jeunesse!*" she murmured, with a rich sigh. "One of these days, madame, you too will be hungry for your dinner."

"Horrid thing!" said the girl, petulantly, when the French lady had gone on.

"I'm afraid I am hungry now—awfully so," said Peter, guiltily.

"Then for your sake I'll go in. But we are to sit up on deck to enter the Dardanelles. I couldn't bear to miss the Hellespont."

Their evening meal, served at the captain's table, had apparently been gathered by the steward from all ports of the vessel's

route: fish and mutton from Constantinople; partridges from the Piræus; *kalatchi* (the white rolls of Russia) and fowls from Odessa; sweets from Syra; wines, red and white, from Bessarabia; fruits, nuts, and resined white wine from the Levant in general; and, to conclude, Lilliputian cups of Turkish coffee, turbid with grounds, and yielding rich aroma.

"That was a pleasant little company," said Sybil, afterward. "How they all lent themselves to good-fellowship! Imagine a lot of our countrymen, under like circumstances, loitering at table for the sake of merry chat!"

"Other countries, other conditions," said her husband.

"You did not like my saying that, Peter. I see I must never find fault with the land of the eagle and the scream."

"Perhaps I don't want your thoughts to shape themselves that way, because, when we go back—"

"Don't—don't speak of going back!" cried she. "I want nothing to shadow this lovely, blessed voyage."

"There should be no shadows about our thoughts of home, my darling," he answered bravely, but at heart a trifle hurt.

They strolled forward again to look down into the third-class deck. Under the electric-light in the rigging, the groups, who had for the most part already disposed themselves to slumber, presented a new medley of picturesque attitudes. One of the women of the harem, a slender girl, had thrown her bare brown arms, covered with silver bracelets, above her veiled head. The old crone who guarded them was mixing coffee for a big bearded Turk sitting on a cushion, drawing at his *narghilé* in its gold-embossed glass vessel. Amid a cluster of bag-trousered *Musulmans*, whose hands, held behind them, forever toyed with strings of wooden or amber beads, stood a dashing figure, smoking a cigarette, dressed in the costume of a *cavass* (the Turkish soldier serving as guard at the embassies). His jacket, thickly wrought with gold, his full trousers of crimson silk tucked into long, wrinkled boots, the embroidered holsters of his pistols, and the moustachios curling about a hardy, handsome face, lent him an air both gay and martial.

"He was but recently a famous Montenegrin robber," explained one of the ship's officers standing near the Americans. "They are quite in demand as servants at the embassies."

With their chairs in a quiet corner, Davenant and Sybil sat upon deck until, about

midnight, the pharos of Gallipolis came in sight. As they approached it, Sybil, running forward, stood under the shelter of the captain's bridge to peer out into the darkness. Above her towered the mast, which, with its yard, both black in the shadow of an electric beacon, formed the image of a giant cross. In the rigging, outlined against the blue vault of the sky, millions of stars seemed tangled. Save for the silent specter of a Russian sailor gliding here and there, Sybil had the night to herself and her beloved. With Peter's arms around her, her head leaning against his breast, life overflowed for her with love and peace and hope.

ON deck again for a long, bright day in the *Ægean*! Leaving the Dardanelles (where, at the Hellespont, a health officer in a small boat had stopped the ship for a brief parley), they skirted Lemnos,—between the twin summits of which was cradled Vulcan's forge,—then Tenedos, and after that ran for hours between the mainland and Mytilene, ancient Lesbos, burning Sappho's isle. Lesbian wine might have been circling in their veins, Lesbian sparrows twittering in their ears, so gay the mood of our voyagers. Following the line of serrated coast beneath summits of riven gray, the flanks of its lower hills clothed with olive-orchards and vineyards, they came at noon upon the chief town of the island, the walls of the ruined fortress of which, built high and dry by Venetian masters of medieval days, were now washed by the encroaching waves.

Thenceforward the scene was like the shifting of a kaleidoscope. Rock-piles, arising from the turquoise sea, assumed forever changing forms and tints. Bastions of Russian porphyry, jagged cliffs of amethyst, crenelated walls of lapis lazuli, a row of golden organ-pipes, a cone of crystal, a tawny lion couchant, far-away castles of pale, cerulean blue! Along the shores of Asia Minor, the hills, with vegetation parched by the summer suns, were russet brown, bronze, and purple; the villages, with their occasional olive-mills, were built in eyries to which roads like pencil-strokes went up. Over all this, resplendent sunshine, a luminous radiance of atmosphere that has kept in it the magic of ancient days, and from the water a light breeze, like the touch of a cool hand!

"It is better than any book ever drilled into my boyish brain in a dead language," said Davenant. "I feel steeped in Southern color. And to have it with you beside me—"

Sybil did not weary of such a chorus to every one of her lover's songs of praise of his surroundings. She saw that he had indeed touched the meridian of satisfaction with created things. It checked upon her lips many a woman's question and speculation about their future plans and mode of life. It was agreed between them to put off all these considerations until the return voyage to America, which they expected to make from Naples when they could no longer stay abroad.

Sybil had never looked more lovely. Her fair, delicate face, with the forget-me-not blue eyes and wild-rose bloom, had captivated most of her fellow-travelers, who had always a word, a smile, or a courteous act for the young bride. To-day, when the vessel rounded into the sparkling Gulf of Smyrna, people kept emerging from their cabins in resplendent toilets that put Mrs. Davenant's plain blue serge and straw sailor-hat in the shade. The fat French lady with the spaniel rustled by her in a fine confection of dressmaker's art, topped by a hat with nodding lilacs and white osprey plumes. A little dark gentleman from Egypt, whom the night before Sybil had mistaken for a waiter, appeared in high-heeled lacquered boots, pearl-colored trousers and hat, a frock-coat, blue scarf, yellow kid gloves, and a stick.

"They look askance at us," whispered Sybil. "We are not dressed for the occasion of landing in a fashionable port. And I, who thought Smyrna was all figs, and brigands, and the finest camels in Asia! Look, Peter! Here comes my rival, the other bride, in rose muslin, with *such* a gorgeous hat! I must run and change before we come to anchor. Peter dear, would you wear your white duck or the striped blue-and-white cotton I had on that day at Pocasset?"

"The white duck," said Peter, judiciously. "Keep the blue-and-white till we get home and I can have a glass case made for it."

"How long ago it seems,—that day at Pocasset,—and how far away Pocasset is!" she said dreamily, her eyes fixed on a line of white glistening salt-heaps edging an island coast. "I am afraid we were in a dreadful hurry."

"We shall have the rest of our lives to repent our rash action in," said he, rallying her.

"Repent! When I have you! Only sometimes I think how very much we are alone in the world. Oh, Peter, you must be so good to me—and I to you!"

Her April moods always charmed him, but

to-day she had struck a deeper note. He almost felt that for the first time she realized the nature of their bond. While he knew she could not exhaust the depth and breadth of his enveloping love, he wondered if she were equally certain of herself. So far, she had been his queen enthroned in a fond heart. By and by, when she should come to step down from the bridal pedestal and work with him side by side—

"Do you know," she interrupted his meditation, "I think it is so much nicer traveling without a maid and courier. Some girls could n't get on at all; but I—I have always done my own hair and known how to keep my things in order. I could not endure to have my clothes disorderly or not fresh and crisp."

"That I am sure of," he said, looking at her with approving eyes. At the same time another one of those shafts of apprehension struck him. Did Sybil understand what it meant not to have all her surroundings meet her dainty taste?

"I am afraid," he ventured, "it will be long before I can supply you with a maid and courier, or with journeys that would require them. Our travels must be around the hearth-rug for some time. But you have had so much, your mind will always be filled with lovely pictures."

"Don't speak of anything but this!" she exclaimed lightly; and again the pagan spirit of her creed—to enjoy the hour, and let the future go—took hold of him regretfully.

SYBIL selected from among the gay little fleet that came out to wait upon the ship the boat having the prettiest rug in it.

When they reached the projecting quay, where a young Turk waited to visé passports, the two were distracted by the din of solicitations from a crowd of guides. Whether to go to Ephesus or the moon, Sybil could not decide, and ended by declaring she preferred to stroll about the town.

"But if I've got to take one of these bores, I'd rather go back to the ship," she said petulantly.

A nice young man in a blue serge suit—evidently a suave citizen willing to be of service to tormented foreigners—here interposed politely.

"Madam has only to pass these rude fellows by," he said in English, "and to walk on, paying no attention."

Across the blinding sunshine of the quay they hurried, diving into a cool back street paved with large flag-stones newly watered, its shade-trees resting their branches on the

house-roofs. A glimpse into a courtyard revealed pepper-trees mingling their feathery foliage with the rosy blooms of oleander. And then from a narrow lane emerged a train of stately camels, swaying their long gray necks in the wake of a small belled donkey.

"Let us follow the camels," exclaimed Sybil, gleefully, "no matter where they lead us!"

But she had reckoned without her host. There, at her elbow, stood the nice young citizen, lifting his hat.

"Mister wishes to conduct madam to view the bazaar firstly?" he said. "I am serving many distinguished English in the capacity of guide—"

"We have no need of you," said Davenant, briefly, turning upon his heel.

They thought to shake him by entering the Hotel Huck for a lemonade and a glance at the "Levant Herald." When they emerged, he was awaiting them, affable and merciless. He infested the honeycomb passages of the bazaar, appeared in front of the mosque, refused to be lost in the medley of Oriental peoples overflowing, with cries about nothing, the noisy little Turkish town. Upon their taking refuge in a book-shop to purchase the Iliad and the Odyssey in modern Greek, the Pest framed himself in the doorway, still insufferably smiling.

"I come out to ship to-morrow morning—eh?—to conduct mister and madam to view a fig-factory?" he said inquiringly.

"Fig-factory be hanged!" shouted Davenant, at the end of his patience. "If you speak to me again I'll knock you down!"

AT evening the hotels, cafés chantants, and theaters were brilliantly alight. The long quay was a parterre of colored lamps. Fainter gleams, like fireflies, twinkled in the old houses scattered about the misty heights beneath the ruined acropolis crowning Mount Pagus. Music and laughter came floating from shore to ship. The Italian gunboat at anchor in the harbor threw out sheafs of colored fire that broke in showers of stars, repeated in the water. The pale sickle of the moon, hiding her diminished head behind the peaks of the Two Brothers, vanished from the scene.

The lovers, who had the deck almost to themselves, sat there, as usual, till late into the night.

AWAY again on the morrow, sailing ever over a sea now green, now blue, now streaked with

rose, past islands of amethystine hue—the purple of Scotch heather drenched in sunshine. All day they skirted the mainland, here a line of tawny foot-hills, in strange shapes, like lions and tigers couched together, under summits, gray, wrinkled, ancient, resembling mastodons in stone, the feet of these high-piled monsters lost in one continuous garland of olive and orange, grape and fig, almond and laurel.

At six in the evening the ship came again to anchor, facing Chios, the scene of Homer's school of poetry. The town of the blind bard has been swept out of sight by time and earthquake. At the foot of volcanic peaks, like cones of gunpowder, clusters confidently the new town, built in tinted plaster, gay, cheerful, and overflowing with the riotous animation of the Levant. Only an old-time fortress near the sea tells the tale of by-gones the classic traveler demands.

There was to be no landing at pretty, lively Chios.

When the great Russian came to a halt in their bay, a line of small boats shot out to meet her with the intrepid dash of a boarding-party of Indian canoes.

"We shall soon be in Bedlam," said Davenant. "These Chians are the worst of the turbulent Levantines for racket. It must always have been a noisy place. If I don't forget, Homer was nearly frightened away from here by the barking of Glaucus's dog."

In a few moments the water about the vessel was swarming with small craft. The passenger-boats, spread with brilliant rugs, were crowded with people and luggage of many colors; the freight-boats piled with hampers of grapes, figs, and nuts, sacks of raw mastic, and long-necked wicker bottles of mastic wine. The boatmen, manœuvring them over rough waves, eager each to get in ahead of the other at the end of the gangway, stood brandishing oars and boat-hooks, shouting, yelling, plunging, fiercely quarrelling up and down the ranks. They were handsome fellows, as active as cats, dark-skinned, bare-legged, bare-armed, with gleaming teeth and eyes, merry in spite of furious raging at their mates. The trim Russian sailor stationed at the foot of the ship's ladder had to struggle for his life to keep them from hurling their passengers past him upon the steps. One persistent devil was brought to terms only by a blow that landed him on his back in the middle of his boat. All through the evening the hurly-burly raged, till at a late hour the ship got under way.

"Too bad we must leave this steamer," said

Sybil, sighing. «It has all been perfect, wonderful! Such weather! Such a sea! When we are rich, Peter, we shall come here and dawdle for weeks in a yacht. But never do I expect to find again a ship so comfortable as this. What would Lord Byron have said to marble bath-tubs, with the water of the Ægean turned in through silver-plated faucets? We shall find out the difference when we get into one of the Italian boats to go through the Gulf of Corinth.»

«People who have put off travel as I've done get the benefit of *fin-de-siècle* comforts,» said her husband. «I can't believe that to-morrow morning I'm to see Hymettus and Pentelicus and the Parthenon from this deck. Sybil, shall I tell you that my only fear in reaching Athens is that we'll meet somebody we've seen before?»

«And letters! Nobody knows how I dread that visit to the banker's and the post. Oh, these happy people on board who have no Newport gossiping about them, no New York newspapers paragraphing them—»

«My wife shall drop out of the newspapers,» said he, fondly; «and in the world of our love Newport will make no difference.»

«Peter dear, I've been wondering. Are we to get a house at once? Because I know of one on Park Avenue—the Monty Wutherings had it last year for six months. I'm sure the owner will let it from Christmas till May,

and we should n't want to be much in town till Christmas.»

«My dear little girl,» he said patiently, «we must (be in town) as soon as we get back; and, what's more, we must stay there. And I'm dreadfully afraid a house the Monty Wutherings would take is far above our purse.»

Sybil's blue eyes opened a little wonderingly. «Oh, but I assure you, darling, it's such a tiny house it could n't be dear if it tried.»

«Do you chance to know the rent?»

«No one ever spoke of that to me. Oh, Peter, is n't it ridiculous to be bothering about rent here, and on such an evening as this? Look at the moon over the mountains in that clear saffron sky, and the far lights of Chios! Our last night on the Ægean! Say some verses for me, please.»

«Let us live, my Lesbia,—

Let us our love enjoy.

Out upon old men's frowns,

Count them not worth a toy.

The sun may rise again

When once the night is past,

When our brief light is gone—»

«I will hear no more,» she protested. «It begins to sound melancholy—»

«Catullus ends it cheerfully enough,» said he, laughing.

«I am tired of poetry; let us walk,» she said, slipping her hand within his arm.

(To be continued.)



THE CELLO.

WHEN late I heard the trembling cello play,
 In every face I saw sad memories
 That from dark secret chambers where they lay
 Rose, and looked forth from melancholy eyes.
 So every mournful thought found there a tone
 To match despondence; sorrow knew its mate;
 Ill fortune sighed, and mute despair made moan;
 And one deep chord gave answer, «Late,—too late.»
 Then ceased the quivering strain, and swift returned
 Unto its depths the secret of each heart;
 Each face took on its mask, where lately burned
 A spirit charmed to sight by music's art;
 But unto one who caught that inner flame
 No face of all can ever seem the same.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of «Hugh Wynne,» «Characteristics,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

v.—*Of the immorality which may come of an empty stomach, and of how François became acquainted with a human crab.*



HIS nomad life was sadly uncertain; but Toto was a sharp forager, and what with a sou begged here and there, and the hospitality of summer, for a while they were not ill contented. But at last François passed two days of such lean living as set his wits to work. There was clearly no help for it, and with a rueful face he entered the shop whence Toto had followed his uncertain fortunes.

The owner was a pleasant little woman who took honesty for granted. Yes, it was her dog; and how long he had been gone! Here was a great piece of twenty sous; and where did he find the poodle? François declared that he lived near by, and knew the dog. He had found him in the Rue St. Lazare. And was it so far away as that? He must be tired, and for his honesty should be well fed. Thus, rich as never before, and with a full stomach, he left Toto tied up, and went out into the world again, lonely and sad.

Needless is it to recount his wanderings, or to relate how the lonely lad acquired the sharp ways of a gamin of the streets. For a while he begged or stole what food he required. Some four months later, a combination of motives led him into theft which was not mere foraging.

On a cold November day he was again in the crowded gardens and arcades of the Palais Royal. He was shabby enough by this time, and was sharply reminded by the cool nights of the need for shelter. By chance his eye lighted on the man who shammed blindness, and had stolen his precious sous. The beggar was kneeling, cap in hand, with closed eyes, his head turned upward, entreating pity for his blindness. There were some sous in his cap. As François passed he made believe to add another sou, and as he did so deftly scooped up the greater part of the coins.

The blind man cried out; but the boy

skipped aside, laughing, well aware that for the beggar to pursue him would be hardly advisable, as he might lose more than he could gain.

A few sous were of small account. They insured a meal, but not a lodging. As he was thus reflecting, he saw near by and presently beside him the gentleman who had so highly appreciated the return of his handkerchief. The coat pockets were large in those days, and the crowd was great. A little white corner of lace besought Master François, crying, «I am food and lodging for thee!» Whereupon it was done, and a lace handkerchief changed owners.

It cannot be said that these downward steps cost François any moral discomfort. He grinned as he thought of the beggar's perplexity, and laughed outright as he felt how complete had been his own joy in the satisfaction of possession could he have made the owner of the kerchief understand that he had suffered not merely a theft, but the punishment of injustice.

François was now too well versed in the ways of the street-boy, too dirty and too ragged, to fear the cité. Thither he went, and found a thieves' shop, where he sold the handkerchief, and got ten francs for what was worth thirty.

The question of a place where he could be sure of a bed was his first consideration on coming into his fortune. In the long, warm summers of France one who was not particular could find numerous roosting-places, but in winter a more constant home was to be desired.

In the cité François had occasionally lodged here and there when he could afford to pay, and had been turned out when he had no more sous. Now, being affluent, and therefore hard to please, he wandered until he came upon the lodging-house of an old woman in the Rue Poulletier. He knew of her as a dealer in thieves' goods, and as ever ready to shelter the lucky—and, it was suspected, as willing to betray those who were persistently unfortunate.

What drew him to this woman's house it were hard to tell. She was repulsive in appearance, but, strangely enough, was clean as to her person, dress, and abode. Asylum life had taught François to be cleanly. He declares in his memoirs that he was by habit neat, and that it was the absence of dirt which first tempted him into a relation which was so largely to affect his after life.

When he became one of this woman's lodgers he took a step which was for him of moment. Now for the first time he was to be in the company of old and practised thieves; but he was not yet of an age to be troubled as to the future or to reflect upon the past. The horizon of youth is small.

He found plenty of masters to educate him in the evil business into which he had been driven by relentless fate. Never was pupil more ready. His hostess appreciated the cleverness of her new lodger, but it was long before he himself realized how strange was the aspect and how sinister the nature of this mother of evil.

Certain historical epochs create types of face. This was a period which manufactured many singular visages. None was more strange than that which Mme. Quatre Pattes carried on a body quite as remarkable. François speaks of her over and over in his memoirs, and dwells upon the peculiarities of her appearance. I recall well what he said to me, one evening, of this creature:

« You see, monsieur, I went to one den of thieves and another until I chanced upon the Crab. It is not to be described; for here in a little room was a witch, crumpled and deformed, sharply bent as to the back from the waist, and—ah, *diablement* thin! She was cleanly and even neat, and her room was a marvel, because over there in the cité men were born and lived and died, and never saw a clean thing. And she was of a strangeness—consider, monsieur; imagine you a bald head, and a lean face below, very red, and the skin drawn so tight over the bones as to shine. Her eyes were little and of a dull gray; but they held you. Her lips were lean, and she kept them moving in a queer way as if chewing. I did laugh when first I saw her, but not often afterward.»

When he confided to this clean and horrible creature what he wanted, she made him welcome. She rattled the two sticks which her bent form made needful for support. She would house him cheaply; but he must be industrious, and to sell a lace handkerchief for ten francs—*tonnerre!* He needed caution. She would be a *bonne maman* to him

—she, Quatre Pattes, four claws; the Crab, they called her, too, for short, and because of her red leanness and spite; but what was her real name he did not learn for many a day. At first her appearance excited in his mind no emotion except amazement and mirth. A terrible old crab it was when she showed her toothless gums and howled obscenities, while her sticks were used with strange agility. The quarter feared her. M. François had a fortune in his face, she said; and did he know the *savate*, the art to kick? There was a master next door. And again, what a face! With that face he might lie all day, and who would disbelieve him? Better to fetch her what he stole. She would see that no one cheated him but herself, and that would be ever so little. One must live. When she laughed, which was not often, François felt that a curse were more gay. There were devil-women in those days, as the mad world of Paris soon came to know; and the Crab, with her purple nose and crooked red claws, was of the worst.

VI.—*Of how François regained a lost friend, and of his adventure with the poet Horace and another gentleman.*

THUS François was launched on what he was pleased to call the business of life, and soon became expert in the transfer of property. Strange to say, he had little pleasure in the debauchery of successful crime, and was too good-natured to like violence. When he had enough for his moderate wants he wandered in the country, here and there, in an aimless, drifting way. Simple things gave him pleasure. He could lie in the woods or on the highway half a day, only moving to keep in the sun. He liked to watch any living creature—to see the cows feed, to observe the birds. He had a charm for all animals. When the wagons went by, dogs deserted them, and came to him for a touch and a word. Best of all it was to sit beside some peasant's beehive, finding there no enmity, and smiling at the laborious lives he had no mind to imitate. Sometimes he yearned for the lost poodle, and had a pang of loneliness. That this man should have had gentle tastes, a liking for nature, a regard for some of the decencies of life, will not surprise those who know well the many varieties of the young criminal class; neither will these be amazed to learn that now and then he heard mass, and crossed himself devoutly when there was occasion. Children he fascinated; a glance of his long, odd face would

make them leave nurse and toy, and sidle up to him. In the cité these singularities made him avoided, while his growing strength caused him to be feared. He sought no friends among the thieves. «Very prudent, that,» said Mme. Quatre Pattes; «the more friends, the more enemies.»

He was quick and active, and a shrewd observer; for the hard life of the streets had sharpened his naturally ready wits, and he looked far older than his years. Of a Sunday in May he was walking down the Rue St. Honoré, feeling a bit lonely, as was not often the case, when he saw Toto. He whistled, and the poodle ran to him, and would no more of the shop or fat food he liked.

«Toto! *Mon Dieu!*» he laughed, hugging the dog, his eyes full with the tears of joy. «Hast stolen me again? Wilt never return me? 'Tis no honest dog. *Viens donc.* Come, then, old friend.» Joyous in the company of his comrade, who was now well grown, he strolled out into the fields, where Toto caught a rabbit—a terrible crime in those days.

During the next two years the pair fairly prospered. François, as he used to relate, having risen in his profession, found a certain pleasure in good clothes, and being of a dramatic turn, could put on an air of bourgeois sobriety, or, with a sword at his side and a bit of lace here and there, swagger as a lesser gentleman. If things were very bad, he sold Toto and all his fine tricks for a round sum, and in a day or two was sure to find the dog overjoyed and back again at the garret door. The pair were full of devices. There was Toto, a plated snuff-box in his mouth, capering before some old gentle or some slow-pacing merchant; appears François, resistlessly smiling.

«Has monsieur lost a snuff-box?»

«My dog? Yes, monsieur; but he is honest, and clever too.»

Monsieur, hastily searching, produces his own snuff-box—the indispensable snuff-box of the day.

«No; thanks.» And it is noted that the box he shows is of gold, and into what pocket it falls. In the next crowd Toto knows how to make a disturbance with some fat lap-dog, and in the confusion thus created the snuff-box changes owners.

«If the man be sorry, I at least am made happy,» says François; «and he hath been the better for a lesson in caution. I got what I needed, and he what he required. Things are very even in this world.» François had learned philosophy among the curés and

priests of the choir-house. As he avoided great risks, and, as I have said, was averse to violence, he kept clear of detection, and could deceive the police of the king if by rare chance he was in peril of arrest. When the missing property was some minor article, such as a handkerchief, it was instantly hid in Toto's mouth. The dog skipped away, the outraged master was searched; the bewildered owner apologized, and the officers were shocked at such a needless charge. François talked about his offended honor, and as he looked at twenty to be a strong man of full age, the affair was apt to go no further.

Half the cleverness and thought thus devoted to an ignoble pursuit would have given him success in more honest ways. But for a long while no angel chance tempted him, and it must be admitted that he enjoyed the game he pursued, and was easily contented, not eagerly caring to find a less precarious and less risky mode of life.

Temperament is merely a permanent mood. François was like the month of June in his dear Paris. There might be storms and changes, but his mental weather had the pleasant insurance of what was in the order of despotic nature. To be the owner of the continual sunshine of cheerfulness has its drawbacks. It deprives a man of some of the wholesome lures of life. It dulls the spurs which goad us to resolve. It may make calamity too easy of endurance. To be too consistently cheerful may be in itself a misfortune. It had for this vagrant all its values and some of its defects. His simple, gay existence, and his flow of effervescent merriment, kept him happy and thoughtless. Most persons of this rare type like company; but François was an exception. He was better pleased to be alone with his dog, and usually desired no other society. As the poodle could not talk, his master was given to making answer for him, and finding no one to his tastes among the Crab's villainous lodgers, kept to himself, and was satisfied. Nor did he ever appear to have imagined what the larger world he knew not held of human society which would have comforted that void in his heart which he acknowledged at times, but had no way to fill. When fortune played him some sorry trick, he laughed, and unconsciously quoted La Rochefoucauld. «Toto, ah, my Toto, one can never be as cunning as everybody.» This was apropos of an incident which greatly amused him.

He was in his favorite resort, the Palais Royal, one June morning, and was at this time somewhat short of cash. The Crab had

preached him a sharp sermon on his lack of industry, and he had liked neither the sermon nor the preacher. At this moment a young fellow in fine clothes came by. François, producing, as usual, a gaudy snuff-box worth some ten francs, politely asked of monsieur had he lost this box. Monsieur took it in his hand. Yes, yes; he had just missed it, and was much obliged. He let it fall into his pocket, and walked away. François looked after him. «Toto, *nous sommes volés*—we are sold!» Then the fun of it, as usual, overcame him, and he wandered away to the garden of the Luxembourg, and at last threw himself on a bench, and laughed as a child laughs, being for moments quiet, and then given over to uncontrolled mirth. Having feasted with honest comfort on all the humorous aspects of the situation, his hand chanced to fall on a little book left by some one on the seat. He had long ceased to read, for no books fell in his way, nor could he often have afforded to buy them even had he had a keen appetite for their contents.

The little vellum-bound volume opened to his touch, as if used to be generous of what it held. It was Latin, and verse. He knew, or had known, more than most choir-boys needed of this tongue, and the talk of the choir-house was, by stringent rule, in Latin. But this book was not of a religious kind; it half puzzled his mind as he read. Unaccustomed to profane Latin verse, and yet wholly pleased, he began to murmur aloud the rhythmic measures:

Poscimus, si quid vacui sub umbrâ
Lusinus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
Vivat, et plures: age, dic Latinum,
Barbite, carmen.

«It hath a fine sound, *mon ami*; and who was this Quintus?» He went on reading aloud the delicious rhythms for the joy of hearing their billowy flow. Now and then he smiled as he caught the full meaning of a line.

The keen-faced poodle sat on the bench beside him, with a caressing head laid against his shoulder; the sun was sweet and warm, the roses were many. The time suited the book, and the book the man. He read on, page after page of the beautiful Aldine type, now and then pausing, vexed to be so puzzled by these half-guessed beautiful riddles.

«Toto, my dog, I would thou didst know Latin. This man he loved the country, and good wine, and girls; and he had friends—friends, which you and I have not.»

Then he was lost for an hour. At last he ceased to read, and sat with a finger in the book, idly drifting on the immortal stream of golden song.

«That must have been a merry companion, Toto. I did hear of him once in the choir-house. He must be dead a mighty while ago. If a man is as gay as that, it must be horrid to die.»

My poor thief was one of the myriad who through the long centuries had come into kindly touch of the friend of Mæcenas. For the first time in his uncertain life he felt the charm of genius.

Indulgent opportunity was for François always near to some fatal enmity of chance. So does fate deal with the unlucky. He saw coming swiftly toward him a tall, strongly built man of middle age. He was richly dressed, and as he drew near he smiled.

«Ah, monsieur,» he said; «I came back in haste to reclaim my little Horace. I missed it only when I got home. I am most fortunate.»

François rose. The courteous tones and a certain dignity of bearing, which went well with the cold, haughty face, aroused the thief. He returned the small volume, but did not speak.

«Monsieur of course knows Horace,» said the gentleman, looking him over, a little curious and more than a little interested. Too sure of his own position to shun any intercourse which promised amusement, he went on: «No; not know Horace? Let us sit awhile. The sun is pleasant.»

François, rather shy, and suspicious of a manner of man he had never before encountered, sat down, saying, «I was a choir-boy once. I know some Latin, not much; but this sounded pleasant to the ear.»

«Yes; it is immortal music. A choir-boy, you said; and pardon me, but, *mon Dieu*, I heard you laugh as I was searching for my book. You have a fine gift that way, and there is little to laugh at nowadays in France.»

«Monsieur will excuse me; I am so made that I laugh at everything and at nothing. I believe I do laugh in my sleep. And just now I laughed because—because—»

«Well, why did you laugh?»

François glanced at the questioner. Something authoritative in his ways made it seem needful to answer, and what this or any man thought of him he cared little—perhaps because in his world opinions went for nothing. And still he hesitated a moment.

«Well?» There was a note of strong sur-

prise in the voice, as if the owner felt it to be unusual that a query he put should not evoke instant reply.

«I laughed because I was cheated.»

«Charming, that! May I ask how? But perhaps—»

ever, long legs, and a shrewd way of seeming more simple than he was.»

«Monsieur flatters me.»

«Ah, and a smart rogue, too. I may conclude your profession to be that of relieving the rich of their too excessive luxuries.»



FRANÇOIS AND TOTO IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

«No,» said François; «if it amuse monsieur, why should I care?» He calmly related his adventure.

The gentleman threw himself back on the seat in an ecstasy of amusement. He was out of humor with the time and with his own world, and bored by the incessant politics of the day; here was a pleasant diversion.

«By St. Denis! my friend, you are like the great Chicot that was fool to King Henry of merry memory.»

«And how, monsieur?»

«How? He had a long face that laughed

François was enchanted with this ingenious and unprejudiced companion, who had, like himself, a sense of the laughable aspects of life.

«Monsieur has hit it,» he said gaily; «I am a thief.»

No one had taught him to be ashamed of anything but failure in his illegal enterprises.

«Tiens! That is droll;—not that you are a thief: I have known many in my own world. They steal a variety of things, each after his state in theft—the money of the poor, the character of a man, a woman's honor.»

"I scarcely comprehend," said François, who was puzzled.

"They lack your honesty of confession. Could you be altogether honest if a man trusted you?"

"I do not know. No man ever trusted me, and one must live, monsieur."

The gentleman hesitated, and relapsed into the indifference of a too easy life. He had been on the point of offering this outcast a chance.

"*Enfin*, no doubt you are right. I wish you every success. The deuce! Have you my snuff-box and my handkerchief?"

"Both," said François.

"Then don't run away. I could never catch you. Long legs must be of use in your profession. The snuff-box I will ransom. Let us say fifty francs. It is worth more, but it bears my name, and there are risks."

"Certainly," said François. "And the handkerchief. Monsieur is *enrhumé*—has a cold; I could not deprive monsieur."

The gentleman thanked him, paid over the money for the box, and, greatly pleased, rose, saying: "You are a dangerous acquaintance; but I trust we may meet again. *Au revoir!*"

François remained on the bench, Toto at his feet in the sun. This meeting affected him strangely. It had been the first touch of a world remote from his own. He did not recognize the fact that he had gifts which enable men to rise in life. At times he had had vague ambitions, but he was at the foot of a ladder, and the rungs above were broken or not to be seen. These moods were brief, and as to their cause not always clear to him. He was by nature social, and able to like or to love; but the people of the *cit * were dreadful, and if now and then some broken refugee from a higher class delighted him for a time, the eventful hand of justice or what not was apt to separate them.

As he looked after the gentleman he felt his charm and the courtesy of his ways as something to be desired. His own form of attractiveness, the influence of joyous laughter and frank approach, he had often and usefully tested; and perhaps this sense of his power to please made him intelligently apprehensive of what he had just experienced. Had he seized eagerly the half-offered help the gentleman suggested rather than offered, he had been wiser; but it was literally true that, being when possible honest as to speech, he had obeyed the moment's impulse. A better man than the gentleman would have gone further. He had lazily reflected, and con-

cluded that to help this poor devil might be troublesome, and thus the jewel opportunity lay lost at their feet. They were to meet again, and then it was to be the thief's turn.

Now he sat in thought, kicking the ground with his boot. Out of the past came remembrances of the asylum, and how he had been told to be good, and not to kill or to steal, or to do certain other naughty things less clear to him then than now. But this was a far-away time. At the choir-house were the same moral lessons, but they who taught were they who sinned. Since then no one had said a word of reproach to the waif; nor had this great gentleman, and yet he had left him in the rare mood of thought-filled depression.

"Wake up, Toto," he cried; "thou art become too fat. *En avant aux champs!*" And, followed by the poodle, he went away up the Seine, and was gone so long that Quatre Pattes began to think he had taken to honest courses and would return no more.

He came back in a fortnight, the better for certain prosperous ventures. And thus the days ran on. If fortune were against him, and even diet hard to get, Toto went with the Crab to some distant market after dusk, and, while she bargained, knew to steal a cutlet, and to run away with his prize, and make for home or the next dark lane. But these devices failed at times, and thus François's life consisted of a series of ups and downs. When lucky he bought good clothes, for which he had a liking; when unlucky he pawned them, and went back to garments no one would take in pledge.

It was in the year 1788 that this adventure occurred. He was, as far as was to be guessed, fully twenty-one years of age. His life of adventure, of occasional hardships, and of incessant watchfulness had already given him the appearance of being a far older person than he was.

Always an odd-looking lad, as he grew to maturity his great length of limb, his long face, and ears of unnatural bigness, gave him such singularity of aspect as made disguises impossible.

The poodle was also an added danger, and for this reason, when in pursuit of prey, François was forced to leave the dog with Mother Crab. Thus time ran on with such perils as attend the life he led, but with better fortune than could have been expected. As to these later years up to 1790, François, in his memoirs, says little. Once—indeed, twice—he left the Crab's house, only to be driven back by stress of cir-

cumstance. After 1790 his account is more complete, and here it is that we take up again the fuller story of his life.

The turmoil of vast governmental and social changes was disturbing all ranks of life. If the Revolution was nursed in the salons, as some say, it was born in the furrows of the tax-tormented peasant, and in the seething caldron of the cité and the quarters of the starving poor.

François, who cared little what ruler was on top, or who paid taxes, was aware of the uneasy stir in his own neighborhood. Men were more savage. Murder and all violent crimes were more common. That hungry beast, the mob, began to show its fangs, soon to be red with blood. The clubs of all opinions were busy. The church was toppling to ruin, its centuries of greedy gain at an end. Political lines were sharply drawn. The white cockade and the tricolor were the badges of hostile ranks, still more distinctly marked by costume. The cafés were divided: some were Royalist, some Jacobin or neutral. Too many who were of the noble class were flying, or, if more courageous or less forethoughtful, were gathering into bitterly opponent camps. So much of that lower Paris as felt, yearned, hated, and was hungry, glad of any change, was pleased amid tumult to find its chance to plunder and to kill.

The fall of the Bastille in the preceding year had not seemed important to François. He had interested himself in the purses of the vast crowd which looked on and was too much taken up with the event to guard the contents of its pockets. The violence which came after was not to François's taste; but these street crowds were admirable for business until money became scarce, and the snuff-box and the lace handkerchief disappeared with armorial bearings, and with the decree of the people that great dames must no more go in fine carriages.

VII.—*Wherein is told how François saved a man's neck and learned to juggle.*

IN the early spring of this year François found himself, one day, in a crowd near to the Porte St. Denis. He stood high on his long legs, looking on, while men on ladders broke up the royal escutcheon on the stone archway. It amused him a little to see how furious they were, and how crazy were the foolish *poissardes*: these fishwomen, who had so many privileges under the monarchy, at every blow of the hammer yelled with delight; and behold, here was the Crab, Quatre

Pattes, far away from her quarter, hoarse with screaming, a horrible edition of woman as she stood under the arch, careless of the falling fragments. On the edge of the more prudent crowd, an old man was guilty of some rash protest in the way of speech. François heard the cry, «*À bas l'aristocrate! à la lanterne!*» and saw the Crab leap on the man like some fierce insect, horribly agile, a thin gray tress down her back. Swift and terrible it was. In a moment he swung writhing from the chain of the street-lantern, fighting with vain hands to loosen the rope. A red-haired woman leaped up and caught his leg. There was laughter. The man above her hung limp. François did not laugh. He tried to get out of the crowd, away from this quivering horror. To do so was not easy. The crowd was noisy and turbulent, swaying to and fro, intent on mischief. As he moved he saw a small, stout man take, with some lack of skill, a purse from the side-pouch of a huge fishwoman. François, being close to the thief, saw him seized by the woman he had robbed. In the press, which was great, François slipped a hand into the thief's pocket, and took out the purse. Meanwhile there were again wild cries of «*To the lantern!*» «*Up with him!*» the woman lamenting her loss, and denouncing the man who had stolen. His life was like to be brief. Surrounded by these she-devils, he stood, white, shaking, and swearing he was innocent. The man's anguish of fear moved François. «*Dame!*» he cried, «search the man before you hang him! I say, search him!» While one of them began to act on his hint, François let the purse fall into the pocket of the original owner—an easy feat for a practised hand. «The man has it not. Look again in thy pouch, *maman*,» he cried. «The man has it not; that is plain.» When the dame of the market found her purse, she turned on François, amid the laughter of her friends. «Thou art a confederate. Thou didst put it back thyself.» Indeed, things were like to go ill. The crowd was of a mind to hang some one. A dozen hands fell on him, while the man he had aided slipped away quietly. François shook off the women, and with foot and fist cleared a space, for he was of great strength of body. He would have earned but a short reprieve had he not seen the Crab. He called to her: «*À moi! Quatre Pattes!*» The ring of red-faced furies fell back for a moment before the rage and power of a man defending his life. Half dismayed, but furious, they shouted: «Hang him! Kill him!» and called to the men to

help them. Again François was hustled and struck as the crowd closed in on him. He struggled, and called to Toto, whom nothing so disturbed as to see a rude touch laid on his master. In an instant the dog was busy with the stout calves about him, biting, letting go, and biting again. The diversion was valuable, but brief; and soon Toto, who was not over-valiant, fled to his master, the crowd yelling: «Kill him! Hang him and the beast!» Once more François exerted his exceptional strength, crying, «Not while I live!» and catching up the dog under his arm. Then he heard the shrill voice of the Crab. «*À moi!*» he shouted, and struck right and left as *Quatre Pattes*, with her sticks, squirmed in under the great arms of the fishwoman.

«*À moi!*» she cried. «François!» With her sticks and tongue of the vilest, she cleared a space as the venomous creatures fell back from one more hideous than themselves.

Meanwhile the accusing dame shook her purse at the Crab, crying, «He put it back; I felt him do it.» But the rest laughed, and the Crab faced her with so fierce a look that she shrank away.

«Off with you!» said the Crab to François; «thou wert near to the lantern.»

«'T is a Jacobin of the best,» she cried to the mob; «a friend of mine. You will get into trouble—you cursed fools!»

The crowd cheered her, and François, seizing the chance, cried, laughing, «Adieu, mesdames,» and in a moment was out of the crowd and away. He turned as many corners as possible, and soon, feeling it safe to move more slowly, set down the dog and readjusted his dress.

A minute later he saw beside him the man he had saved. «Do not speak to me here,» he said; «follow me at a distance.» The man, still white and shaking, obeyed him. At the next turn, as François paused in doubt which way to go, he met *Quatre Pattes*.

«The devil nearly got thee, my little boy,» she said; «but a smart thief is worth some trouble to save. Pay me for thy long neck, and quick, too.» She was full of *eau de vie*, and, as usual then, savage and reckless.

«More!» she cried—«more!» as he gave her a franc. «More, more! Ungrateful beast, thou art good to feed me, and for little else. More, more! I say, or I will call them after thee, and this time I shall have a good pull at the rope. More, more!» and she struck him with her stick. «*Sacré*, waif of hell! More! more!» she screamed. «And that

fellow who helped thee! I have seen him; I know him.»

François turned without a word, and ran as fast as his long legs would carry him. Two blocks away he was overtaken by the other thief. They pushed on in silence.

At last François, getting back his somewhat scattered wits, said, «We can talk now.»

«Ah, I understand,» said the other; «thou didst steal her purse from me, and put it back in her pouch.»

«Yes; I took it just as they caught thee; then I let it fall into her pouch.»

«I thank thee, monsieur. *Dieu*, I am all in a sweat. We are of a trade, I perceive. Why didst thou help me?»

«To keep it was a risk. My turn might have come next. I pitied thee, too.»

«I shall never forget it—never.»

François laughed. The fat man looked up at him. «*Dame!* but thou hast a queer face, and ears like wings. 'T is a fortune. Let us have a little wine and talk. I have a good idea.»

«Presently,» said François; «I like not the neighborhood.»

Soon they found a *guinguette*, or low liquor-shop, in the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*, and, feeling at last secure, had a long talk over a bottle of wine.

François learned that his new acquaintance was named Pierre Despard, and that he had, for the most part of his means of living, given up the business of relieving the rich of their purses. He explained that he did well as a conjurer, and had a booth near the *Pont Neuf*. He made clear to François that with his quick fingers, and a face which none could see and not laugh, he would be a desirable partner.

«Thou must learn to move those huge ears.» Would he be his assistant? When times were bad they might profit by tempting chances in their old line of life.

François was just now as near to penitence as his nature permitted him to be, and his recent peril disposed him to listen. The more he reflected as Despard talked, the more he liked it. He ended by saying, «Yes»; and before the Crab had reached home he had taken away his slender store of garments, and, with Toto at his heels, found his way to the room of his new friend, in a little street which ran into the *Rue Basse du Rempart*, not far from the *Madeleine*. Thus began a mode of life which he found fresh and full of satisfaction.

The pair so strangely brought together took a room in the fifth story, and, with

Toto, set up domestic life on a modest scale. It was much to François's contentment. He had what I may call a side taste for the respectable, and this new business seemed to him a decided rise in life. It was varied enough to amuse him; nor was it so conventionally commercial as to lack such adventure and incident as this wild young reprobate of the cité had learned to like. The new business soon gave the partners more than enough to live upon. After their lodging and diet were provided for, Pierre Despard took two thirds of what was left, and put it away in a stocking, at first with some doubt as to his comrade, but soon with the trust which François was apt to inspire. From early morn until noon, Pierre taught François to do tricks with cards, to juggle with balls, and to tell fortunes by the lines of the hand. Toto was educated to carry a basket and collect sous, to stand on his head with a pipe in his mouth, and to pick out a card at a signal. The rest of the day was spent in the booth, where they rarely failed to be well paid. At evening there was a quiet café and dominos, and a modest *petit verre* of brandy. Meanwhile the peasants burned châteaux, and Protestant and Catholic hanged one another in the pleasant South.

Now and then the Paris mob enjoyed a like luxury, and amid unceasing disorder the past was swept on to the dust-heaps of history.

The little audience of children and nurses in front of the booth was as yet nowise concerned as to these vast changes; nor was Toto disturbed when it was thought prudent to robe him with a three-colored ribbon. The politics of the masters of the show varied as

their audiences changed from the children of the rich at noon to the Jacobin workmen at the coming of dusk. François personally preferred splendor and the finery of the great. He was by nature a royalist. Pierre was silent or depressed, and said little as to his opinions. But both had the prudence of men always too near to poverty to take risks of loss for the sake of political sentiments in which they had no immediate interest.

Despard was a somber little man, and nimble, as some fat men are. He was as red-cheeked as a Norman apple, and, at this time, of unchanging gravity of face and conduct. Not even François's gaiety could tempt him to relate his history; and although at times a great talker, he became so terrified when frankly questioned as to his past, that François ceased to urge him. That any one should desire to conceal anything was to François amazing. He was himself a valuable possession to his morose partner.

"I do not laugh," said Pierre; "nay, not even as a matter of business. Thou shalt laugh for two. Some

day we will go to see the little girl who is at Sèvres, in a school of nuns. 'T is there the money goes."

This was a sudden revelation to François. Here was a human being, like himself a thief, who was sacrificing something for another. The isolation of his own life came before him with a sense of shock. He said he should be glad to see the child, and when should they go?



«PIERRE TAUGHT FRANÇOIS TO . . .
JUGGLE WITH BALLS.»



AGRICULTURE, ADMINISTRATION, AND MINES BUILDINGS.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

BY CHARLES HOWARD WALKER.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

THE energy and enterprise of the Middle West have for long been proverbial. A country of unlimited horizons, of keen air and clear skies, its distances, instead of appalling its inhabitants, have encouraged a larger endeavor than is to be found among less expansive landscapes. It would almost seem that length of vision was coincident with extent of enterprise, and that the men of the corn- and wheat-land girded themselves to possess the earth with a courage born of the fact that their horizons included so ample a portion of it. But the infinite possibilities of the West have in many cases become limited actualities; and the people of the older States, while granting the facts borne in upon them of great undertakings successfully completed, and while sending their young blood to enrich still more that of the West, have arrogated to themselves the possession of certain factors which it was hardly to be expected would exist in a pioneer country. The appreciation of art and the power to produce it is, therefore, an unexpected element in many of the trans-Mississippi States; and it is this unexpected which has happened in the conception of the exposition of these States which is to be held in Omaha during the summer of 1898.

For many years to come, all expositions in America will be compared with the World's

Fair of 1893 at Chicago; and in order to maintain an individuality that should not be jeopardized by such comparison, a departure from the type of the Chicago Fair seemed advisable to the committee in charge of the Omaha Exposition. The first suggestion would be naturally to avoid similarity by a total change in the style of the architecture, and to adopt Oriental or bizarre designs for the various buildings; but it was recognized, as at Chicago, that the classic style would assure a greater scale and dignity of treatment, and would therefore be preferable. The problem became one of adapting similar conditions to those at Chicago in such a manner that the general effect would have individual character. This has been gained by the adoption of two general factors in the design which will, it is hoped, tend to produce a very unusual ensemble.

All the principal buildings are to be connected with one another by colonnades and cloistered courts, so that, after entering the gates, nearly a continuous mile of the exposition can be traversed under shelter. These colonnades, with the play of light and shade upon their groups of columns, with the constantly shifting vistas through which appear glimpses of lagoon, terraces, gardens, and backgrounds of foliage, will draw together

the isolated masses of the great exposition buildings into a whole as with the links of a richly decorated chain. The multiple repeated columns which cluster in the cloisters of Mt. St. Michel or of Monreale, and recede into dim recesses of distance in the mosque of Cordova, will gleam in the brilliant sunlight of the West in ever-varying composition of perpendicular shafts crowned with richly ornamented capitals.

And still further to enhance this unusual feature in the general design, color is to be introduced with liberality upon the exterior of the buildings. The general tone of the architectural background will be that of ivory; and upon this, in frieze and entablature, in the soffits and tympana of arches, in pediment and ceiling, the surfaces will be richly decorated.

The peculiar plan of the exposition grounds, which at first glance seemed an obstacle to breadth of treatment, has proved to be most favorable for unusual effects. The tract that is first entered by the visitor runs east and west, is nearly forty acres in extent, half a mile long, and seven hundred and eighty feet wide. The main entrance is at the center of the southern long boundary-line. Here is being erected an arch, which is to be of stone, and is to form a permanent entrance to one of the city's numerous parks. This Arch of the States, at the end of a long avenue leading from the center of the city, is crowned by a rich entablature, the frieze of which is formed of the coats of arms of the twenty-three trans-Mississippi States in colored faience. Under the eaves of the palaces of Florence and of Siena, in red and blue and gold, in the deep shadows of arch



ENTRANCE TO AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

and cornice, flame the arms of the noble families of medieval Italy. In like manner, upon this arch the arms of this noble family of Western States will form a gleaming belt of emblems, in which the stars of empire, rivers, mountains, and plains, the wheat and corn, the plow and locomotive, will symbolize and perpetuate the enterprise of the pioneers. Upon the side of the arch the arms of the oldest States complete the frieze.

Passing through the arch, and entering the exposition grounds, the main tract stretches to left and to right. For nearly its entire length of half a mile it is intersected by a lagoon one hundred and fifty feet wide, spanned by three bridges, and reflecting the principal buildings which are upon each bank. The ground rises nearly twenty feet in height toward the east, but is level toward the west. At the westerly end, across the tract, the Government Building is placed. It has an impressive dome and a richly colonnaded entrance. The lagoon broadens in the form of a trefoil, four hundred feet from side to side, and terminates in front of this building, while upon each side semicircular colonnades lead to its wings. In the trefoil basin are to occur aquatic carnivals, fireworks, and processions of boats; and upon its shores, and in the midst of its surrounding colonnades, many thousands of people can be seated as in an amphitheater. The composition of the easterly end of the lagoon is of a different character. Here it was necessary to cross a broad street to gain access to the second tract of the grounds, which is

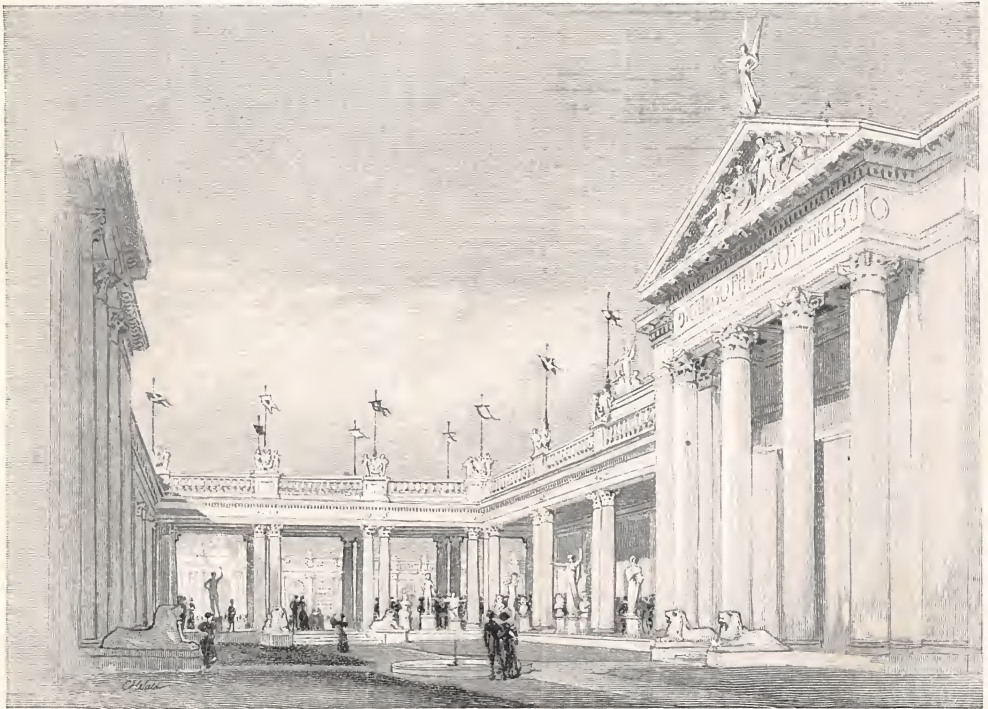


ENTRANCE TO MANUFACTURES BUILDING.

upon the bluff overlooking the Missouri; and a series of terraces, one above another, rise to a double staircase, crowned by a pavilion, and leading to the bridge.

Ascending the staircase, and looking westward, the length of the lagoon is seen in its entirety. Upon each side are the long lines of buildings connected by colonnades: on the south, in order, Manufactures, Liberal Arts, and Fine Arts; upon the north, Machinery and Electricity, Mines and Agriculture; while in the distance, half a mile away, the

minated by long ranges of the hills of Iowa and Nebraska. It is characteristic of the West in its expansiveness, and in the long afternoon light is very beautiful. South of the plaza is a portion of the grounds which is in the form of a park, in the midst of which is the Horticultural Building as a central feature, surrounded by gardens and parterres. Here will be the State buildings, the Apiary, and various minor buildings of the Exposition. North of the plaza the concessions begin, and these are a world in



COURT OF SCULPTURE OF THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.

vista is terminated by the glittering dome of the Government Building. At the middle of the southern side, the Arch of the States appears; while opposite it, at the north, the Administration Building forms a high central portion, and, with Mines and Agriculture upon each side, appears to be the main feature of a façade one thousand feet long.

Turning toward the east, and crossing the bridge, upon each side are large restaurants, with towers that form important features at the end of the grounds. Beyond these, a broad plaza with a stand for an orchestra upon the edge of the bluff is intended as a concourse for the people. The view toward the east and north from the plaza includes the entire Missouri valley for miles, and is ter-

mined by long ranges of the hills of Iowa and Nebraska. It is promised that never since time began has there been such a polyglot community as will be gathered together, and the feats of eccentric and interesting engineering are to be marvelous. The seesaws, gigantic umbrellas, and air-ships need no announcement; they are usually only too manifest; but beyond these, in the broadest portion of the grounds, there will be exhibits which are thoroughly characteristic of the trans-Mississippi country, and which will exemplify its success—exhibits of agriculture, of irrigation, of the dairy and stock-yards, and of mining. Much space has been devoted to these, and they will undoubtedly be of great interest.

And the Indian has not been forgotten.

Not only is there to be a gigantic tepee containing an ethnological museum, but an encampment of the fast-disappearing aborigines of the plains will give, for perhaps the last time, a picture of Indian customs and life. It is hardly a lifetime since the last councils of the chiefs were held upon the bluffs opposite Omaha, and already the Indian is somewhat of a curiosity in the land.

The detail of an exposition is inconceivable, except to those who undertake to carry it out. In this case the entire space of one hundred and sixty acres had to be graded, and many rods of roads and paths built; a lagoon to contain over seven million gallons excavated, made water-tight, and filled; at least ten large buildings built, some of which are over five hundred feet in length, with innumerable small structures; and an army of architects, painters, sculptors, engineers, draftsmen, and laborers controlled and kept busy; and fourteen months as the outside limit of time in which to complete the work! The architects-in-chief, Messrs. Walker & Kimball, and the superintendent of works, Mr. Geraldine, have had no time for inaction. The general scheme of the disposition of the buildings once established, the different buildings were allotted to well-known Western architects. Mr. Cass Gilbert of St. Paul designed the building devoted to Agriculture; Mr. J. J. Humphreys of Denver, that of Mines; Messrs. Eames & Young of St. Louis, the Art Building; while Machinery and Manufactures were given respectively to Messrs. Dwight H. Perkins and S. S. Beman of Chicago. The Liberal Arts Building is by Fisher & Lawrie, and the Horticultural Building by Charles Beindorff, both of Omaha. These gentlemen were given the general plan and grades of the grounds, with the disposition, size of all the buildings, the height of the main cornice-lines desired, and a module, or unit of measurement for their designs, of sixteen feet—this latter to insure uniform

scale. They had one week to prepare sketches, and then met at the office of the architects-in-chief in Omaha, compared their designs, revised them together to insure harmony of general effect, and departed to their respective cities to complete their work.

Within ten days the completed designs began to arrive, and the harmony of scale and unity of general impression produced by them are most unusual. Now began the making of the construction drawings by the architects-in-chief, and the subsequent construction of the buildings. Apart from the beauty of the several designs,—and some of them are very beautiful,—the most unusual of the buildings is that devoted to fine arts. This consists of two buildings, with a cloistered court between. Each building is in the form of a Greek cross, with the space between the arms filled by a mass lower than the remainder of the building. At the ends of the arms are porticos, and the whole is crowned by a low dome. One of these buildings is to be used for oil-paintings, the other for water-colors, blacks and whites, prints, etc.

The Government Building, which is being designed in the government office at Washington, is the highest on the grounds, and promises to be an exceptionally fine work of architecture. Messrs. Walker & Kimball, in addition to their work of making the general design of the architectural composition and all the construction drawings, are the architects of the permanent entrance arch, the Administration Building, the restaurants, and of all bridges, viaducts, colonnades, cloisters, etc.

However ephemeral is the material entity of such an exposition, the actual result of its existence is far-reaching, and lasts long. That it is educational in tendency is acknowledged; but apart from this, as a visual delight, as a few weeks' or months' visitation of more beautiful forms and colors than are usually existent in our city lives, it is an epoch-making memory.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

HIGH thoughts and noble in all lands
 Help me; my soul is fed by such.
 But ah, the touch of lips and hands—
 The human touch!

Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear,—
 These need I most, and now, and here.

HOW TWO JANUARIES MADE A JUNE.

BY MARY A. O. CLARK.



MISS LYDDY ANN JENKINS was in her clothes-yard. It was Monday, and she had been hanging out her washing. The cold March wind had frozen the clothes, and she regarded ruefully a rent in her best table-cloth, bitten out by a clothes-pin. «It beats all!» she ejaculated, as she adjusted her spectacles, and poised her sturdy, stocky figure back, holding the cloth well up to view the tear. «If there's anything going, it catches the best you've got. Seems a curious providence, now, that Louizy has gone, and my eyesight has failed. I dunno what I'll do to git the thing darned.»

A terrific and continuous knocking at the front door broke in on her reflections. «Sakes alive!» she exclaimed. «It must be a boy or a lunatic»; and she hurried around the corner of her house, unrolling her sleeves and settling her glasses as she went.

She met her visitor on the side-path to the kitchen door. A little mild-faced, middle-aged man with a wooden leg came stumping toward her.

Miss Lyddy Ann—«Aunt Lyddy Ann» to the select and inner circle of her intimates—had firmly fixed in her mind that her possessions, and perhaps her life, were in danger; so she placed her arms akimbo, and glared belligerently at the stranger.

He spoke: «Lady of the house, ma'am—Miss Jenkins?» And then, putting his hand to his ear, he awaited her reply.

Clearly he was very deaf, and Aunt Lyddy acknowledged her identity in a high-toned voice.

«Well, ma'am,» continued the little man, «I was directed to come to you. I've got a prime lot of brooms out here.» He jerked his thumb in the direction of the street, toward a little hand-cart loaded with «ladies' favorites.» «They're my own manufacture, and I was told you know a good broom when you see it, and maybe you would like to buy.» Leaning slightly forward, he again put his hand to his ear.

«No, sir; I don't know as I have any call

for a broom,» she responded; «leastways, not at present.»

He turned to go, and Miss Jenkins's heart softened. There was something pathetic in his patient face and weary figure, bent a little to accommodate itself to that unpromising wooden leg.

«Here, stop!» cried Miss Lyddy Ann, catching his arm. «I dunno but I'll look at your brooms. Where hev ye come from, anyway?»

«Tuscarawas County,» replied the stranger, in the low tone the deaf are apt to use.

«No, really!» said Miss Lyddy Ann. «Well, now, Tuscarawas is a fine county. I don't suppose you happen to know Maria Green? Her father's Josiah Green, a cousin of mine, and they live down to Tuscarawas.»

«Yes—yes,» he replied; «I usually raise it myself, and then I can depend on its being good.»

«Ever heerd of Maria Green—the milliner at Tuscarawas?» again attempted Lyddy Ann; but the little man was confused.

«Jolt is my name; H. Jolt—Herodotus Jolt,» he said. «I lost my pardner about the time I lost my leg in the planing-mill. It's a hard dispensation, Miss Jenkins.»

They were looking over the stock of brooms, and Miss Jenkins selected one which she inwardly commended as being an honestly made broom, though she did not say so to the man. Countrywomen are chary of praise. But she went into the house, and brought out a silver quarter of a dollar, and so the purchase was made.

«Do you know where I can put up for dinner?» asked the stranger. «I've come quite a piece, and it doos seem as if I could n't git far afore I have a bite.»

Aunt Lyddy reflected. She had ham and fresh eggs in the buttery, and the poor man did look weary and famished.

«You might come in and take a dish of tea with me,» she shouted in his ear. Then, to herself: «I sha'n't do much, so I hope to goodness you won't expect much.»

Mr. Jolt thanked her, and stumped behind her to the kitchen door. Here he stopped and said: «Excuse me, ma'am. I've come

through such a mess of mud a spell back, I'll just clean it off a-sittin' here."

With that he let himself down on the step, whipped out a whisk-broom and rag from his pocket, and, to Miss Lyddy's amazement, unbuckled the wooden leg, took it off, and cleaned it carefully. He made himself quite tidy, and restrapped his leg in place, washed his face at the pump in the kitchen, and combed his hair with a small comb produced from his pocket.

"Humph!" mused Aunt Lyddy, noting his proceedings; "neat and handy, too."

On a red cushion in the rocking-chair lay the cat. Mr. Jolt, occupied, and possibly a

"Victory; she's named for the Queen of England, and she's a mite domineering, but she's all the company I've got."

Here Miss Lyddy put down a saucer of milk on the floor, and the matter was patched up with Victory.

The ham and eggs and the cup of strong green tea were discussed with relish by Miss Jenkins's guest.

"Now, ma'am," he said after dinner, "if you've any little job of tinkering, I'd like to do it for you."

Miss Jenkins had no sooner mentioned the indisposition of her clock than the genial Mr. Jolt fell to mending it; and the afternoon



DRAWN BY F. D. STEELE.

«(SHE'S ALL THE COMPANY I'VE GOT.)»

little flurried, in avoiding the rugs in his path across the kitchen floor, and afraid lest his wooden leg might trip him up, reached the chair, and slowly but firmly let himself down on the furry heap lying in it. Puss rent the air with a yowl of fright, and wriggling from under, fled to a secluded and dark corner between the wood-box and the stove.

Miss Lyddy divided herself between solicitude for her pet and courtesy to her guest.

"Victory's a little sp'iled," she said. "Seems as if nothing but the best's good enough for her. I hope she did n't scratch you, Mr. Jolt?"

"Eh?" said the little man. "Oh, yes—yes; I thought I heerd somethin' squeal. Well, well, that's a pretty cat. What's her name?"

had so far waned before he finished the job that she felt in duty bound to offer him tea before he left.

They got on amazingly in conversation, considering the limitations of a deaf man; and to Miss Jenkins it was really a treat to hear of "matters and things" in the interesting part of the country from which Mr. Jolt hailed.

"I kind of laid out to go down to Tuscarawas a spell back," said Miss Lyddy; "but I've about given it up now. You kind of set me into the notion again, Mr. Jolt."

When her guest said, "Good evening," she watched him stumping cheerily along the road, pushing his hand-cart before him.

"He's neat and handy, and good company too," she again confessed to her heart.

II.

A FORTNIGHT later, Cyrus and Louizy Wakeman came to spend a day with Lyddy Ann.

They came and went between milkings, and (Nick) the shepherd-dog followed them, making a day of it for Victory.

Cyrus had through his early days, and even into middle life, been a devoted follower of Lyddy Ann. She, with a little feminine vanity, had been known to remark casually that she had had fifty offers of marriage, which statement was explained among the Jones Centre people to mean that Cy had offered himself fifty times. She gently but firmly settled the question each time by saying, "I dunno as I hev any call to marry just yet."

Finally Cyrus turned his attentions to her younger sister, Louizy, and bore her off in triumph to his paternal farm, a mile or so away.

Lyddy Ann showed not the slightest remorse at the loss of her old-time lover, but patronized both him and Louizy, and gave them a wedding-feast whereat the tables groaned under the weight of baked chickens, baked goose, pumpkin-tarts, and numberless other dainties. Louizy, fair, fat, and wheezy, had been scourged by asthma into semi-invalidism; and her languid and forceless airs contrasted sharply with her capable and bustling elder sister.

Lyddy Ann loved her, petted her, and tyrannized over her. On no account did she allow Louizy to forget that she herself was Cyrus's first choice, and Louizy took up the rôle of second fiddle with great meekness.

Lyddy gave her good advice as to her duty to her husband, always managing to prefix or add the remark that if she—Lyddy Ann—had consented to take Cyrus, she would have done thus and so. As, for instance, she would say: "Louizy, I hope for gracious sakes you don't give that man buckwheats every mornin' for breakfast. They're dreadful heatin', and they won't set well on his stomach. What if he doos like 'em? Men never know what 's best for 'em. If I had married him, do you s'pose I would spile his digestion with buckwheats?"

Louizy expressed her docile acceptance of Lyddy's advice, and thereafter Cyrus was treated to breakfast cakes but once a week.

Being clever with the needle, Louizy immediately sat down to mend the rent in the best table-cloth made on the washing-day that our story opened. Lyddy Ann stirred batter for dumplings, mashed potatoes, and chopped

cabbage. Meanwhile the tongues of both women ran on like racing clocks. They discussed the minister, the sewing society, and their neighbors. Victory, behind the stove, in a cat's Elysium of warmth, dozed and dreamed of glorious mice-hunts. Cyrus had taken a turn about the farm to see the cows and chickens and to feed his horses. He came into the kitchen now, stamping and brushing, for a light sugar snow was falling.

"I've been down in the swamp lot," he said in his big voice; "and I vum I don't know what you 'll do with it. You might drain it like the land of Egypt, and it would n't make a good medder. Hello! the old clock 's goin'. How did ye fix that?"

"Why," said Lyddy Ann, flushed with her efforts to take up her chicken pot-pie, "a gentleman by the name of Jolt from Tuscarawas County was here a spell ago. I bought a broom of him—a good one, too; and he stayed to dinner, and tinkered up the old clock."

"Jingo!" said Mr. Cyrus Wakeman. "Was he a little gent with a wooden leg, and deaf?"

Miss Jenkins responded that he was afflicted, but he seemed to bear up wonderfully under his dispensations, "and had an onaccountable gift at talking."

"I know him," said Cyrus. "He stopped at our place the day of Peterses' sale; but Louizy had one of her bad spells, so I did n't urge him to come in."

"He called," said Lyddy Ann, "on his way back, to say he had done first-rate, owin' to my recommend, and to pass the time of day, and to ask about the clock."

"Whew!" said Cyrus; and then with great delicacy he turned the conversation: "These are slap-down good dumplings, Lyddy Ann. Hev ye got the receipt, Louizy?"

They pushed back their chairs. Miss Jenkins put a generous plate of chicken-bones down for Nick, and a smaller one for Victory. Nick growled over them both, put his paw on the cat's portion, and hastily gulped down his own, while Victory huddled herself into the corner, cowed and frightened. When his meal was despatched, Nick, with the courage of a bully, wound up the performance with a furious barking and rushing at her. "Victory the wingless" then escaped to the mountains, figuratively,—literally, to the top of the kitchen cupboard,—while Miss Jenkins, aroused by the commotion, drove the dog out of the room with Mr. Jolt's broom, and gave Victory more chicken than she could eat, by way of compensation.

«Pity ye can't make sugar off them trees of yourn, Lyddy Ann,» said Cyrus; «they 're goin' to waste. But your cows are doin' fust-rate. I don't believe there 's a better dozen o' critters in the hull town.»

«Well, they 're good critters,» said Miss Jenkins; «and if I do say it, as should n't, I ain't afraid to put my butter alongside the best.»

«I hate to think of you bein' alone here, Lyddy Ann,» said Louizy. «Sometimes it 's borne in upon me that I had n't ought to hev left ye so lonesome.»

Cyrus, putting on his overcoat, interposed: «Well, by jinks! why don't Lyddy Ann get married herself, then? 'T ain't nowise too late; she 's younger now than half the gals.»

«Cyrus Wakeman,» said Lyddy, sternly, «don't talk like a goose. I don't feel no call to put on kittenish airs. 'T ain't becomin' to a woman of my years. I shall be fifty come next June, and I feel to know that I am on the decline, though I never was stronger in my life. As for bein' afraid, I 'd like to see the tramp that would tackle this house with me in it! As for bein' lonely,»—there was a curious hitch in her voice,—«well, me and Victory manages to git along somehow.»

That evening, Lyddy Ann sat before the fire, under the shaded lamp, to read, with Victory, her peace of mind evermore restored, curled up at her feet. She took up rather listlessly the «Weekly Advertiser» and the «Poultry Bulletin.» It is to be feared that she made a hasty and perfunctory reading of her usual Bible chapter; but she sat long, with folded hands and downcast eyes, looking into the open Franklin stove, full of glowing embers.

Once she started, as if she had heard a sound; and she made a tour of the room, fastening again the windows, drawing the shades closer, and trying the bolt and lock on the front door.

«Kind of quiet, ain't it, Victory?» she said. «Herodotus,» she mused aloud; «his mother must have been quite a readin' woman.»

Then she lighted a candle, and went to the secretary in the corner, where the district-school circulating library was kept. She looked up Rollin's «Ancient History,» done in calf, and very musty,—a legacy to the school from the Rev. Jonathan Edwards Jenkins, her father's brother. She turned the pages with new interest, and read and re-read, and sat up till ten o'clock.

III.

SEED-TIME and harvest had come and gone. The meadows had yielded many a load of sweet-clover hay, which was stored in Miss Lyddy Ann's barn. By hiring the hardest of her work done, and doing the rest with her own hands, milking her own cows and making her own butter, caring for her chickens, and taking both butter and eggs to market, the long summer had passed.

She had even taken a trip with Cyrus and Louizy. Starting after an early milking in the morning, they drove the fat farm-horses as far as they could, and returned before milking-time at night. They were not able to get as far as Tuscarawas County; but they had a good time, and ate their luncheon by the wayside, under a tree.

Once during the summer Mr. Jolt made Miss Lyddy a visit. He came to see if the clock was still going. He seemed to think Jones Centre a pleasant part of the country, and said it seemed «kind of comfortable to get back among friends.» He advised Lyddy Ann to put her swamp lot into onions, and she «rather thought» she would next year. He stayed to tea, and they had muffins—very good muffins, too.

Mr. Jolt did not call on Cyrus and Louizy, and Lyddy Ann forgot to mention his visit to them.

October had come, and the flame-colored woods glowed through a soft purple haze. Caleb Higgins had just left at Miss Jenkins's door two or three loads of wood, and she was casting about for a way to get it sawed and split, when who should appear but Mr. Jolt himself as sort of answer to her prayer.

He represented that he had, so to speak, gone out of the broom business, and liking Jones Centre «and the folks considerable,» he had made arrangements to remain there permanently. He had, indeed, taken a room over the blacksmith's shop, where he kept bachelor quarters. He had also intimated to the public, by a hanging sign, that as a «maker of brooms, mender of clocks, pumps, wringers, sewing-machines, etc.,» Mr. H. Jolt was at their service.

He was ready now to convert Miss Jenkins's wood-pile into cord-wood for her stove, with neatness and despatch, on the modest terms of «fifty cents a day, and found.» The bargain was concluded, and the noise of Mr. Jolt's ax and saw soon enlivened Lyddy Ann's solitude. She took care that he should be well «found»; and the bacon and eggs, the batter-cakes and doughnuts,

the chickens and quince sauce and fragrant chicory coffee, were enough to make a man's mouth water just to see and smell. It sometimes fell out that after supper Mr. Jolt lingered a little to rest, and look over the «Weekly Advertiser.»

Even after the wood was finished he occasionally dropped in of an evening in a friendly way. The Jones Centre people were now mindful of what was going on. The women said it was «a pity so likely a woman as Lyddy Ann Jenkins should make an old fool of herself,» and the men reckoned she had «a mind to do a job of missionary work nigh to hum.» All agreed that she was «of age,» and that if ever a woman knew her own business, that woman was Lyddy Ann Jenkins.

Cyrus and Louizy wondered much, but held their tongues.

One evening Herodotus and Lyddy sat before the fire. He had been reading; at least the paper was in his hands. She was at her sewing-society knitting. Victory clawed at her dress, and with a lithe spring vaulted into her lap and began to play with the knitting-needles. The ball rolled off, and the cat sprang after it. Away rolled the ball under the table, Victory tapping it around the table-legs; and before Miss Jenkins could come to the rescue there was a pretty tangle of yarn on the floor.

Then the gallant Mr. Jolt hobbled into the field, and bending as well as his wooden leg would let him to reach the ball, and Miss Lyddy just raising her head at the same instant, their heads came whack together, and in the rebound Lyddy's struck the table. While she saw stars, and her spectacles fell to Victory's share on the floor, Mr. Jolt tenderly assisted her to reach her cushioned rocker, and, stumping to the kitchen, came back with a basin of hot water, with which he bathed her head, and applied camphor to her nose.

When all was over, and they sat side by side,—a little closer, I think, than was necessary,—Herodotus said, «I was a thinkin'—» but he stopped there.

«The tea-kettle is b'ilin' over!» cried she; but she felt too faint to go to the kitchen.

«Jest so,» he responded, settling himself comfortably in his chair. «No use cryin' for spilled milk.»

«The tea-kettle is b'ilin' over!» screamed she. «Mr. Jolt, will you have the goodness to shove it back?»

«Oh, oh, yes, yes!» said Mr. Jolt; and off he hobbled again to the kitchen.

When he returned there was a look of

determination on his mild face. «I've been thinkin',» he resumed, «that you must be dreadful lonesome up here; and what if you was to be took sick, Miss Jenkins? How do you like the name of Jolt? Could you feel to make up your mind to take the name of Jolt yourself, Miss Jenkins? I ain't much now to what I once was, hevin' only one leg, and bein' hard o' hearin'; but I'd make a faithful pardner, and they say I'm handy around the house, and it doos seem as if your declinin' years, so to speak, ought to be supported by somethin' better 'n a cat. Speak out your mind, Miss Jenkins, but don't let it be no.»

Even an old spinster must be wooed. She did not drop into his hand like a ripe plum at the first shake of the tree. There was even a touch of coquetry in her weather-beaten but kind, strong face as she turned toward the little man. «Waal, I dunno,» she said:

«Change the name, and not the letter:
Change for the worse, and not the better.»

«We'll make an exception in this case, Lyddy,» said he. «Is it yes?»

«Waal,» she had to shout, «I suppose it's yes, Mr. Jolt.»

«Call me Rod, Lyddy. You can come and sit in my lap, Victory. It's—it's—all in the family.»

IV.

THE Jones Centre people speculated much upon the marriage, and wondered «what will the wedding supper be.»

It was not long delayed. Lyddy had some preparations to make, about which she said little. She had pondered much on a suitable gift to the man of her choice. She had a snug little sum laid away in an old stocking or a tea-pot,—it does n't matter where,—and how most usefully to employ it was her great study.

«I won't deny,» she said to herself and Victory, «he would be terrible improved with one of them new-fashioned legs they make so you can't tell 'em from the real ones; and I do feel to wish that he had one of them trumpets to make his deafness more onnoticeable.»

Finally she made a confidant of Dr. Wright, and he sent for catalogues of cork legs and ear-trumpets. These she kept secreted, and studied surreptitiously and with great care. That something came of it appeared the week before the wedding, when Creakley's omnibus drove up before

the blacksmith's shop, and the driver handed out a long parcel and one smaller bundle, both for Mr. Jolt. Needless to say what the bundles contained. The cork leg fitted to a nicety. The trumpet was so brilliant a success that conversation with her beloved became a peaceful pastime from the hour he began to use it.

And so, with clear shining and a cloudless sky, the wedding-day was ushered in. All Jones Centre was invited. The bride looked her best, and the groom looked his best; and the wedding supper—well, it was a feast long to be remembered, and the parson had dyspepsia for a week afterward.

The ceremony, a simple formula, was eked out by the good minister with a few words of advice and admonition to the newly wedded ones, and ended with a benediction, after which the minister saluted the couple. Before the guests could follow suit, the bride, in a composed manner, bespoke their attention, and taking the hand of the groom, she for the first, perhaps the last, time in her life lapsed into poetry.

When she had written it no one knows, but that it was original and suitable no one doubted. It was as follows:

Now, dear friends, please know it's right,
As you view us here to-night;
For the time has come, the die is cast,
And my name is changed at last.

And many a time before it might,
But in my sky I could see no light
To cheer our way before us,
Till I met the boy from Tuscarawas.

I've given this man of misfortune my heart,
To share with me the home I have earned.
Say not I've no heart for the afflicted,
Since many offers I have spurned.

He's proffered me his assistance
Through the declivity of life;
And I'll try and mark the footsteps
Of a deserving wife.

When in after years we recall the past,
And wish our time was longer,
We'll weigh our lives within the balance,
And find our union stronger.

For all the years we have spent,
Our boasting now shall be,
For this golden time just ushered in
In eighteen seventy-three.

Now let the wintry winds go whistling by,
The storm and sleet fly ever so high,—
What care I? What care I?
Since hope and joy's before us,
For me and my boy from Tuscarawas.¹

So ended the nuptials of Herodotus and Lyddy Ann. They lived happily, and Rod proved a most willing and helpful partner. The little farm, under his judicious management, yielded them a comfortable living, and to Lyddy he was always considerate.

Fifteen years after, I met Caleb Higgins as I made a flying visit to Jones Centre.

"How are Rod and Lyddy Ann?" I asked.
"Comfortable as kittens," he said. "Oh, Victory's dead; but Lyddy Ann's got a dog, 'Thomas Jefferson,' and there's no tellin' the wonderful things that critter'll do. Sits on a chair up to the table, and eats off a plate. Doos, for a fact. Oh, Rod put out that swamp lot to onions, and they done well. He was tellin' me they some thought of takin' a trip this summer."

"Indeed?" I said. "To Boston, or perhaps to Niagara?"

"Naw," he replied. "He was tellin' me they some thought of going down to visit her folks in Tuscarawas County."

¹ Genuine.




THE STEERAGE OF TO-DAY.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH,

Author of «The Mutiny on the *Jinny Aiken*,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

«RUNKS in the for'ard van, sir,» said the porter, touching his cap. «Thank you,» I said, feeling for some coppers. «Do I change anywhere?»

«No, sir; 'e goes right through to Birkenhead, sir. Thank 'e, sir. Ool 'e 'ave winder oop, sir?»

«No; I think it 's too warm,» I answered.

«Ees, sir; it be proper 'ot to-daay, an' no mistaake. If this yer weather 'olds, 'e 'll 'ave a fine v'yage, sir.»

«I hope so,» I replied, smiling at the man's observation, and wondering whether he would be so polite if he knew I was traveling on an emigrant's reduced-fare ticket. I had almost made up my mind to test him, when the guard's whistle blew, and the train slowly moved out of the station, with a vigorous slamming of doors along its length.

As, fortunately, I had the carriage to myself, I threw my feet up on the seat, pulled out my traveling-cap and a book, and settled down comfortably to read. But it was no use. My mind was too busy speculating upon the trip I was about to make. Two weeks before I had written to a steamship line in Liverpool to secure a steerage passage for New York; and I was not more than ordinarily happy at the prospect.

In reply to my application, there came a request for a deposit of one pound, and a blank form reading as follows:

Number.

Name in full.

Age.

Sex.

Married or single.

Calling or occupation.

Able to read and write.

Nationality.

Last residence.

Seaport for landing in United States.

Final destination in United States.

Whether having ticket to such destination.

By whom was passage paid?

Whether in possession of money. If so, whether more than \$30, and how much, if less than \$30.

Whether ever before in the United States, and if so, when and where.

Whether going to join a relative, and if so, what relative—their name and address.

Ever in prison, or almshouse, or supported by charity? If yes, state which.

Whether a polygamist.

Whether under contract, express or implied, to labor in the United States.

Condition of health—mental and physical.

Deformed or crippled—nature and cause.

After passing this preliminary examination to the steamship company's satisfaction, I received a ticket, with an order on the Great Western Railway, together with information when it was necessary for me to be aboard.

I must admit that from this time until I found myself on the six-o'clock express from Oxford to Liverpool I was not free from a certain «all-gone feeling» in the pit of my stomach; for the steerage, at a distance anyhow, has few charms. I was now, however, fairly under way, and the gray old university town was rapidly vanishing.

It was midsummer, and through the long, delicious twilight I laid down my book and bade good-by to the fair country of the midlands. A flat landscape, but so green, so old, so full of beauty, that it is never tame. Everywhere are square old Norman towers, rising like giant sentinels among the trees and thatched cottages of the villages. Everywhere are smock-frocked rustics, some working in their gardens, others strolling with their lasses along the winding byways of the fields, halting at the stiles and making love. And everywhere are slow, brimming rivers and canals, freighted with business and pleasure, and swaths of new-mown hay, and greenest hedgerows, and fields ablaze with scarlet poppies.

At Birmingham a number of artisans entered the carriage, and kept me amused with their broad dialect until, at half-past ten, we reached Birkenhead.

The following morning (Saturday) broke with a cloudless sky and a stiffish breeze from the westward. With regrets for the head wind, yet with lively anticipations of what the day might bring forth, I made my way down to the steamship office. I found the

steerage offices in the basement of a large stone building near the dock; and having descended a flight of steps and passed through a darksome tunnel, I emerged into a dimly lighted room, round two sides of which were seated some forty of my fellow-passengers to be. Though it was nine o'clock, the agent

The cheerless people on the seats paid little attention to his harangue, but sat, for the most part, dumb and patient, wrapped in their own somber thoughts. All were natives of the British Isles, and wore a weary, resigned look upon their faces.

On the appearance of the agent, perhaps



THE LANDING-STAGE, LIVERPOOL.

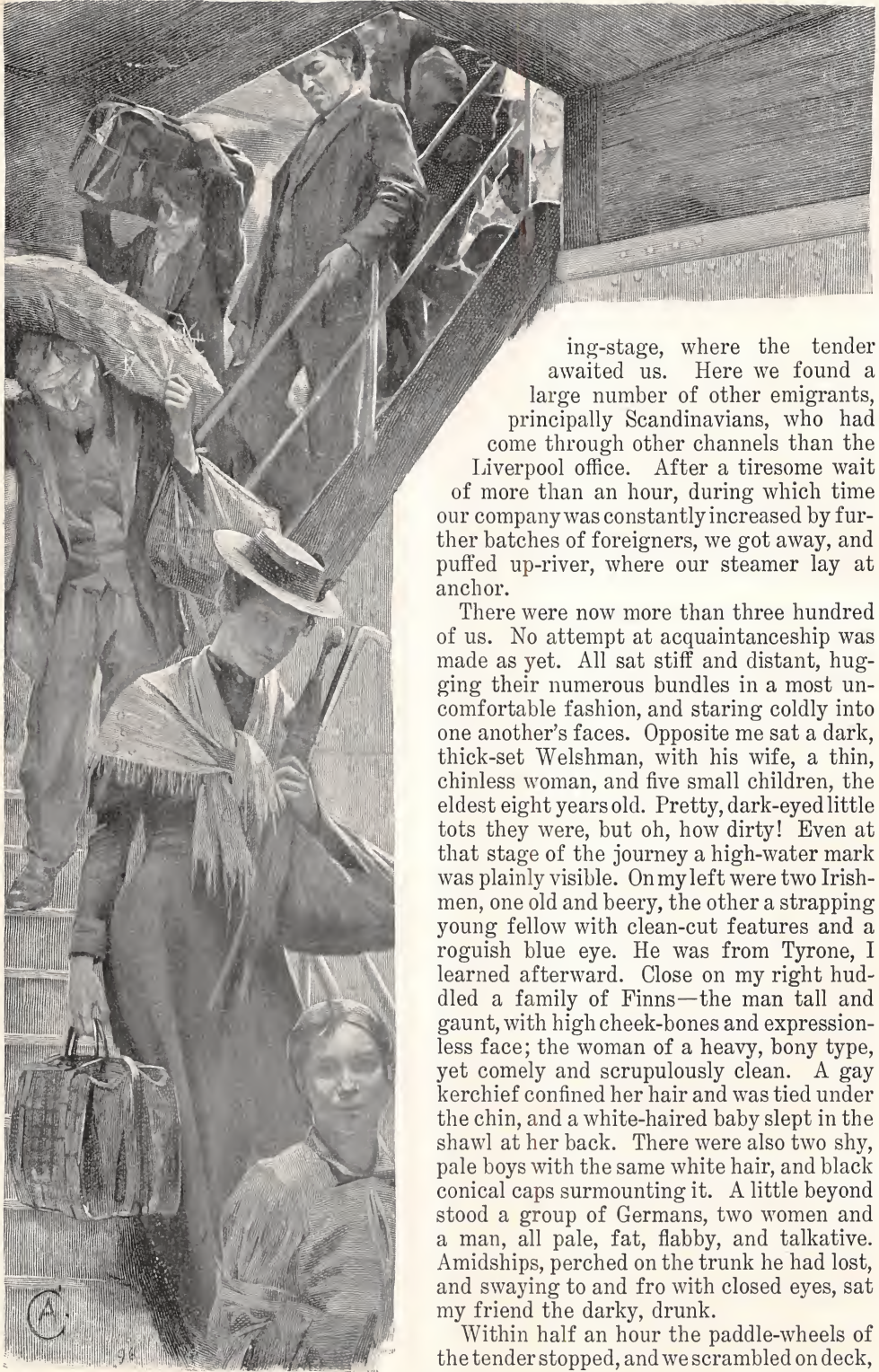
had not yet arrived; and already a few of the women were working themselves into excitement.

In the middle of the room, striding up and down in a most impatient, disgusted way, was a tall, lean negro, dressed in the latest London fashion. He had lost his trunk, and was furious at the railway company, the steamship management, and the country at large.

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half an hour afterward, came the rush to make final payment. All those going to the Eastern States had their tickets so stamped; for in such cases the steamship rate includes railroad fare to destination.

At this point I lost my identity, and became No. 1616, group C. With this stamped upon my passage-ticket and inspection-card, I was taken in charge by an officer of the company, and led down, with the rest, to the land-



THE STEERAGE STAIRWAY.

ing-stage, where the tender awaited us. Here we found a large number of other emigrants, principally Scandinavians, who had come through other channels than the Liverpool office. After a tiresome wait of more than an hour, during which time our company was constantly increased by further batches of foreigners, we got away, and puffed up-river, where our steamer lay at anchor.

There were now more than three hundred of us. No attempt at acquaintanceship was made as yet. All sat stiff and distant, hugging their numerous bundles in a most uncomfortable fashion, and staring coldly into one another's faces. Opposite me sat a dark, thick-set Welshman, with his wife, a thin, chinless woman, and five small children, the eldest eight years old. Pretty, dark-eyed little tots they were, but oh, how dirty! Even at that stage of the journey a high-water mark was plainly visible. On my left were two Irishmen, one old and beery, the other a strapping young fellow with clean-cut features and a roguish blue eye. He was from Tyrone, I learned afterward. Close on my right huddled a family of Finns—the man tall and gaunt, with high cheek-bones and expressionless face; the woman of a heavy, bony type, yet comely and scrupulously clean. A gay kerchief confined her hair and was tied under the chin, and a white-haired baby slept in the shawl at her back. There were also two shy, pale boys with the same white hair, and black conical caps surmounting it. A little beyond stood a group of Germans, two women and a man, all pale, fat, flabby, and talkative. Amidships, perched on the trunk he had lost, and swaying to and fro with closed eyes, sat my friend the ducky, drunk.

Within half an hour the paddle-wheels of the tender stopped, and we scrambled on deck, to find ourselves nearing the vessel that was to be our home for the following week.

A sheer twenty feet of black bulwark, as long as a village street, and studded with rows of port-holes, rose before us. Above it ran a double tier of white deck-houses, carrying a still higher bridge, and capped by two monster funnels. We caught a glimpse of white boats hanging in the davits, red-mouthed ventilators, the brightest of brass-work, the blue-peter fluttering at the fore, and suddenly we were alongside. Then the bugle sounded, a small army of stewards lined up to receive us, the gang-plank was lowered, and we filed aboard.

«Second cabin, sir?» said the master-at-arms by the gangway.

«No; steerage,» I replied.

His polite tone changed, and he invited me to «Step for'ard lively!» in a manner that left no doubt in my mind as to what part of the ship I belonged. But already the narrow passage between the deck-house and the bulwark was blocked. Those in the lead were unable to get below quickly enough; and in spite of being driven, pushed, and sworn at, we stuck there in a compact mass until two deck-hands were sent charging through the crowd to show the way round to the other side of the deck.

«Is ut cyattle we are, that we 're tr'ated this way?» indignantly asked a middle-aged Irishman who was trying to keep his wife and children from being crushed.

«No; if we was cattle we 'd be all right,» answered a man beside him. «There's a fine if a beast is landed with a broken leg; but if our legs or necks is broke, it's our own lookout. I'm a cattle-man, and I know.»

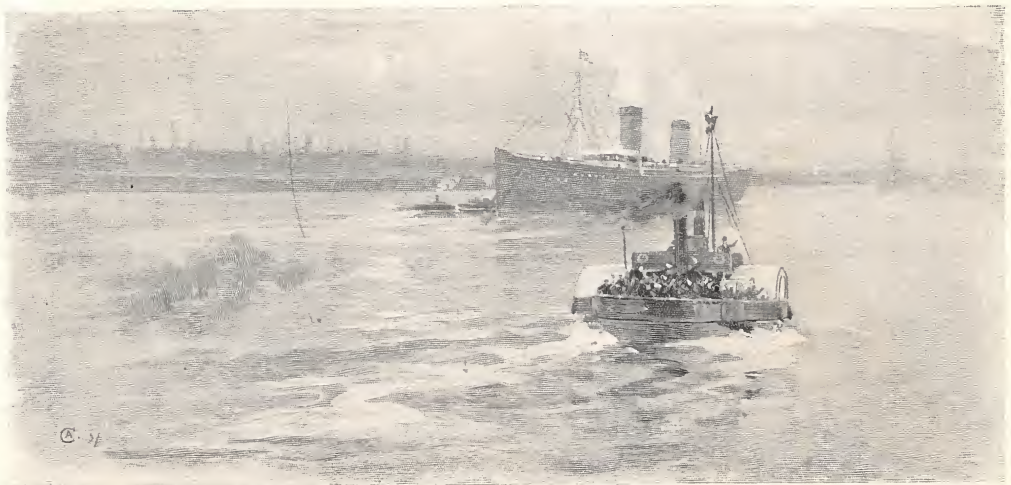
By degrees my bag and I were edged for-

ward and directed down a steep flight of stairs. A steward at the foot allotted me a bunk, into which I threw my things with a sigh of weariness and relief.

Steerage No. 1 is virtually in the eyes of the vessel, and runs clear across from one side to the other, without a partition. It is lighted entirely by port-holes, under which, fixed to the stringers, are narrow tables with benches before them. The remaining space is filled with iron bunks, row after row, tier upon tier, all running fore and aft in double banks. A thin iron rod is all that separates one sleeper from another. In each bunk are placed «a donkey's breakfast» (a straw mattress), a blanket of the horse variety, a battered tin plate and pannikin, a knife, a fork, and a spoon. This completes the emigrant's «kit,» which in former days had to be found by himself.

This steerage, with a capacity of 118, was kept solely for English-speaking males. Directly below it was steerage No. 2, of similar size, intended for foreign males. A little farther aft was steerage No. 3, with accommodations for 172 sleepers. Aft on the port side, two flights take one down to the «married quarters.» The single females are stowed in «pockets» on both sides of the ship. These, in distinction from the men's quarters, are divided into rooms holding from four to sixteen persons, and have a common room for meals.

To the credit of the ship, it must be said that everything was clean. Sweet it was not. Spotless, sanded decks, scrubbed paint-work, and iron bunks could not hide the sour, shippy, reminiscent odor that hung about the steerages, one and all.



NEARING THE VESSEL.



ON THE STEERAGE DECK.

In the half-light of the great 'tween-decks my companions were busy establishing themselves. As many of them evidently carried all they possessed in their hands, the bunks were soon piled with a strange assortment. Carpet-bags, brown-paper parcels, cooked victuals, underclothing, fruit, bird-cages, and sundry loud-smelling, suspicious-looking bottles, were frequently seen. Strange to say, nearly every one seemed to be provided with a specific for seasickness. One man had apples, another a patent medicine, a third carried a pocketful of lime-drops, and yet another had pinned his faith upon raw onions. It may perhaps be interesting to intending voyagers to know that not one of these preventives had the slightest effect. I was an

unwilling witness of their non-efficacy afterward.

Kneeling in an upper bunk near me, a middle-aged Irishman was hanging a pot containing a shamrock plant. I entered into conversation with him, and learned that he was going to join his son in California, to whom he was taking the shamrock as a present.

"I hope it will live," he said, looking wistfully at the pot as it swung from the beam. "'T was the wan thing the bhoys wanted. 'Lave iv'rything,' says he in his letther, 'an' come over. I have enough for the both of us now,' says he; 'an' I can make you comfortable for the rest av your days. But,' says he, 'fetch me a livin' root av shamrock if ye can.'"

Returning on deck, I waited until I saw my trunk hoisted in-board from the baggage-boat, and then, with an easy mind, I set about to see what deck-room was bestowed upon us. With the exception of the square about the after hatch, we were under cover, and our perambulations were confined to the narrow space on each side of the deck-house, along which ran a narrow, comfortless seat. Limited enough, in all conscience, then; but more so when, on the following day, half of it was roped off to keep us from going too near the saloon passengers' windows. The whole upper and hurricane decks were reserved for

our more fortunate shipmates, and so well was every means of access guarded that, with one exception, I had no opportunity of seeing anything but our own part of the ship.

Before long a squad of stewards cleared the steerages, and mustered us all for the doctor's inspection. Evidently the doctor was in no hurry; for we stood crowded together, in the heat of that summer day, two mortal hours, waiting his pleasure. Poor mothers! Poor babies! Tired, hot, and hungry (for no dinner had been served), the little ones cried incessantly, while the women complained in a high key, and twelve nationalities of men swore.

Here I made my first acquaintances, and it was curious to mark how, in such a gath-

ering, a few of us that were perhaps more refined than the average were drawn together. United by a common bond of disgust for the whole proceedings, we forgot formality, and talked to one another like rational beings. Before we were released, three men took me into their confidence. Whence they hailed, whither they were bound, and why, were bits of the information they imparted on the slightest provocation, and they needed little encouragement to draw forth volumes of ancient history and future hopes. This first inspection, indeed, seemed as though it were planned to introduce us all, and I came out of it on nodding acquaintance with a score. At length I slipped through the «drive» and stood before the doctor. He lifted the peak of my cap, looked me straight in the eyes, and passed me on; my tickets were then halved, quartered, and stamped at farther points, a detective scanned me sharply, and the ordeal was over.

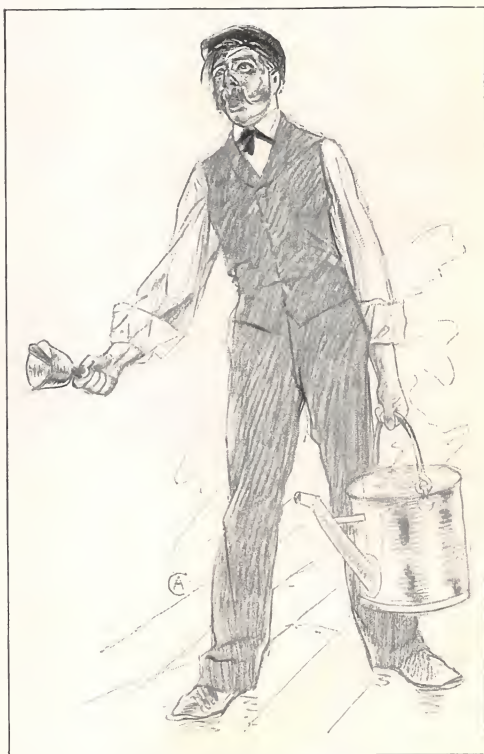
The next thing of interest to us was the fact that the ship was moving. Attended by two puffing tug-boats, the great vessel was carefully threading her way down-stream to the landing-stage, where the saloon passengers were to be taken aboard. Slowly the leviathan swung to the tide, and tenderly laid her shapely side against the float. The gangway once more connected us with the shore; but we were roped well back from it, for fear some foolish one might at the last moment change his mind.

As soon as the stream of well-dressed men and women were aboard, then came the warning bell; the last link soon was withdrawn, and we edged crabwise from the pier. The next instant the surging sea of faces that had been held in check till now rushed to the stage chains, and, amid a waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and umbrellas, raised a mighty cheer. Although the steerage answered it with heart and soul, yet in its tone I marked a difference from the happy, ringing cheer that carries a ship from an American port. Ours was a cheer in name only—in truth, it was but a mouthful of noise, made to choke back the cry that was forcing itself up in many a throat. For from America people go chiefly on pleasure; but with every ship that sails from England, how many there are who leave their friends forever!

One picture of that day stands out more strongly than all the rest. It is the picture of two women waving a last good-by to some loved one aboard. I shall never forget the agonized expression that came over the younger one's face when the ship began to

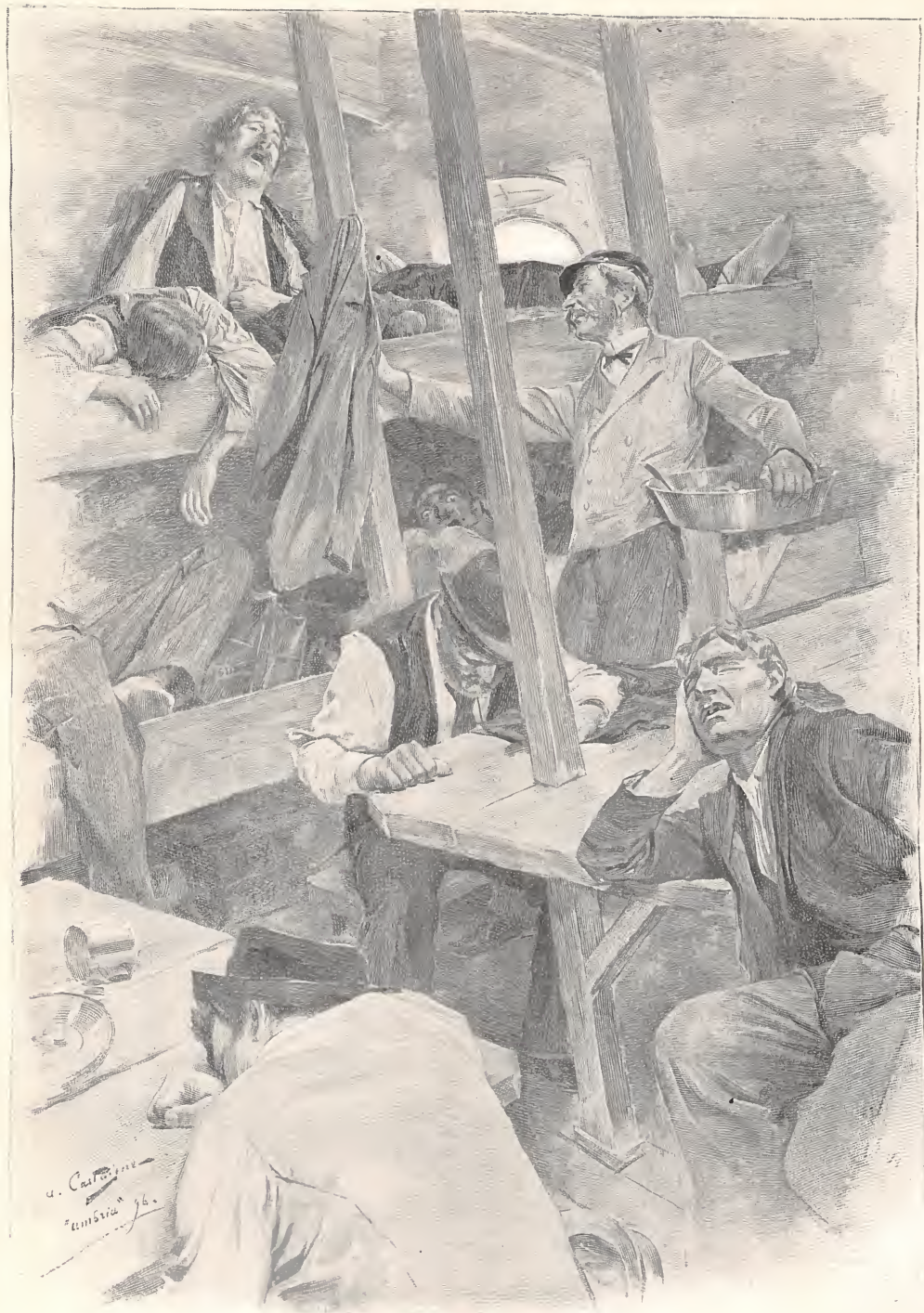
move. Hiding her head on her companion's shoulder, she wept as though her heart would break. Then, suddenly calming herself, she lifted her brave little face, smiled through her tears, and waved us out of sight.

But now all partings had an end. A few preliminary revolutions of her screws, a pause to shape her course, and our ocean racer was speeding down the murky river. Down through that crowded thoroughfare of ships she sped at a lively rate. Out past the New Brighton pier, the bar and northwest light-ships, out into the cleaner water of the bay, until the twinkling sunset lights of the anchored fleet astern went out, and the flash of the skerries on the bow lighted her road to sea. At eight o'clock Holyhead was on the beam, and we were fairly out into the Irish Channel. The head wind and sea immediately became more evident, and our vessel went courtesying down toward Tuskar Rock Lighthouse in a way that quickly cleared her decks.



«THE BAWLING STEWARD.»

Night shut in with an overcast sky, and a thin Channel fog rolling up from the southward. With the darkness there fell a quiet upon the ship. It seemed as though every one slept, and the great vessel were thrashing her way down the Welsh coast



IN HEAVY WEATHER.

by herself. Already everything aboard was "shipshape and Bristol fashion"; already every part of the mighty mechanism was running with as much precision as though she had been out a month.

At four bells I went below. With the exception of one group carousing, I found all "turned in." Few of them were asleep, however. A good half sat propped up in their bunks, early victims to seasickness. As our steerage was so far forward, the motion of the vessel was violent, and this, with the stifling atmosphere of the place, the stench, and the unearthly noises of the sick, nigh sent me back on deck again. Rallying, however, I picked my way along a slippery aisle, and reached my berth. It was a top one, thank Heaven, and the middle of a row of five. The other four bunks being tenanted, I had no means of entering my own but through the stanchions at the foot; and this I did with many a suspicious look at the prostrate forms on each side. Take away the thin rods, which, after all, were almost as imaginary as the equator, and our row was simply a bed for five, with myself in the middle. A few of the men had taken their coats off and placed them under their heads for pillows; but most lay as they had stood, with boots, coats, and, in many cases, their caps on. After building a barricade of bags and blankets on each side, I lay down in the middle, and got a few hours' sleep. One night of it, however, was sufficient. For the remainder of the passage, I slept on deck.

Next morning at four o'clock we called at Queenstown, where we took aboard the mails and some seventy more steerage passengers. The newcomers were principally fresh-looking Irish girls, who, in spite of the early hour, began to dance reels and to sing to the accompaniment of an accordion. This waked up the other musicians aboard, and before long we had a flute, a tin whistle, and the accordion in full swing. Each instrument had a separate audience, who jigged, sang, or listened, according to the will of the performer.

All Sunday we were in smooth water, running under the lee of the Irish coast. The day being fine and warm, the steerage swarmed on deck in full force. Men, women, and children all crowded about the after hatch, some playing cards, some dancing, and some already making love; but for the most part they lay about the deck, sleeping and basking in the sun. In the afternoon my friend the Irishman appeared with his shamrock. He wanted to give it a "taste" of fresh air, he said. At sight of it many

of the Irish girls shed tears; then, seating themselves about the old man, they sang plaintive Irish melodies until the sun went down. The sad faces of the homesick girls, and the old father sitting among them holding in his lap the precious little bit of green, presented a sight not easily to be forgotten.

About nine in the evening, having passed Fastnet, we encountered the Atlantic swell and its consequences. For the next two days the weather smacked of the stormy Isles of Britain. A keen northwester and a gray, lumpy sea, which broke continually over the starboard rail, drove us shivering to leeward, where the few of us who were blessed with good sea legs and stomachs passed the time spinning yarns and burning unlimited tobacco. Although the weather could not in any sense be called rough, yet at the first pitch the bulk of the steerage went under, and there remained.

My chief friend at this time was a young man who hailed from Boston. After a two-years' voyage in an English merchantman, he had been paid off in Hamburg, and was making his way home by the most economical route. He was an intelligent, observing fellow, and we amused ourselves by studying the characters of the different persons about us, and guessing their occupations. After we had guessed, we would enter into conversation with the subject of our speculation, and find out whether either of us was correct. Now it happened on the morning of the third day, while we were tramping up and down the lee side trying to keep warm, that we discovered a new woman—that is to say, one whom we had not seen before. She was standing with her back to us, looking out over the sea.

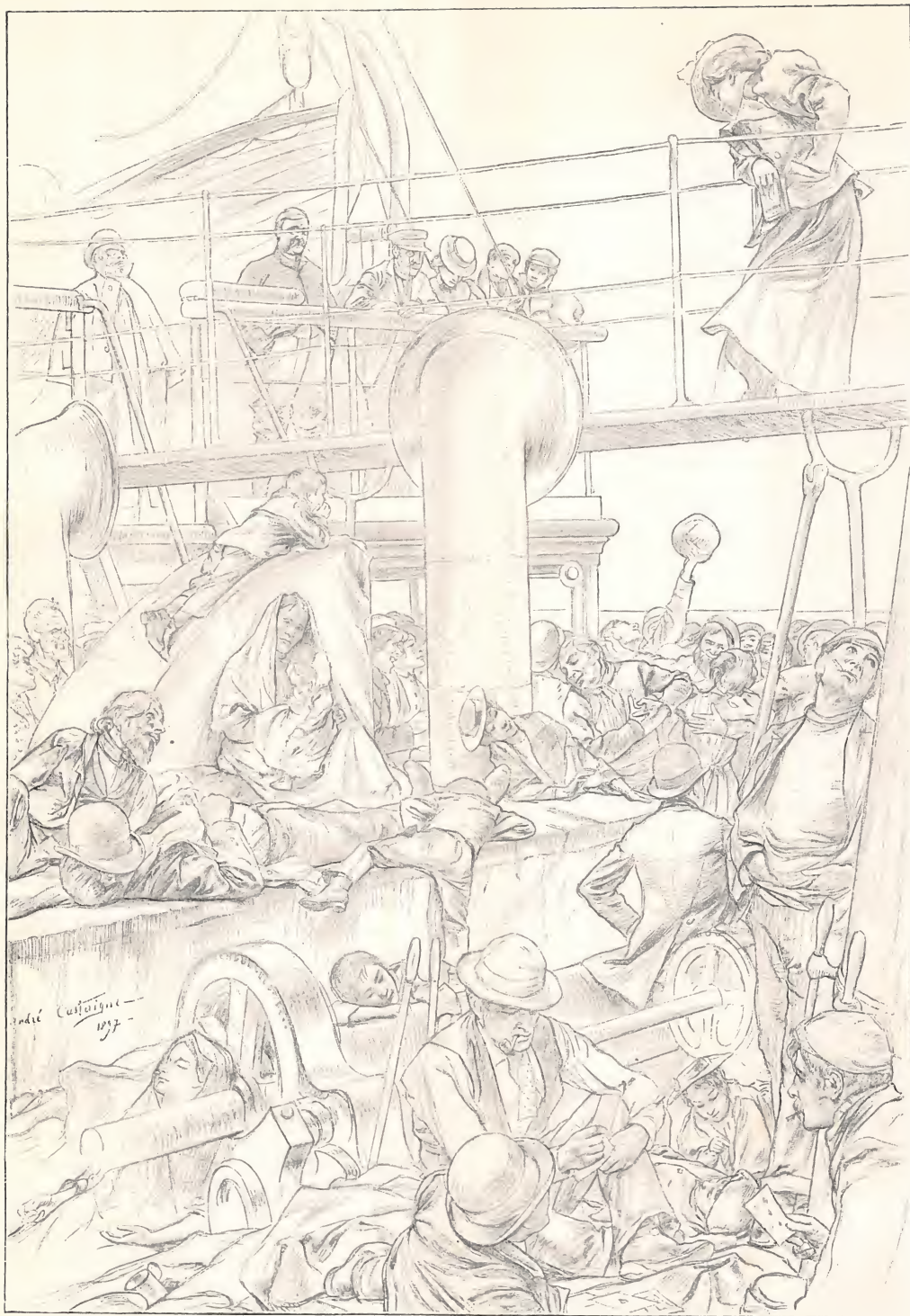
"There!" said my companion; "what do you think she is?"

I noted that the young woman wore a perky little hat, and was dressed better and with more taste than any I had seen in our quarters, and I hazarded that she was a dress-maker.

"Pooh!" he replied. "I bet she's a second-cabin passenger who has lost her way and strayed among the animals."

"Well, how can we prove it?" said I. "I certainly am not going to interview the lady."

"Oh, I'll ask her," he answered. Upon this, I left him and walked aft. When I turned and looked forward again, he was standing beside her, talking. And from that time, except when he deigned to smoke a pipe with me after women's hours, my sailor friend was lost to me.



IN SMOOTH WATER.

I suppose there are no conditions more favorable to the rapid growth of acquaintance and friendship than those on shipboard. On the other hand, however, there is no place like it for wearing a friendship threadbare—for finding people out. Sea friendships, sea promises, and sea plans, I have noticed, are uncertain things at best, and never to be depended upon. Away from conflicting elements and outside influences, unable to see the obstacles, the new roads, which alternately block and open up in the real journey, forgetful that each new day and face and circumstance swings him round in some new direction, the deep-sea traveler pricks off his future course with childlike faith and simplicity. With the first whiff of land, however, his chart goes overboard, and his ways are henceforth governed by the winds and waves of chance. Knowing these things from previous experience, I watched with much interest the outcome of my Boston friend's entanglement.

Although I question whether any man was ever truly thankful for steerage fare, there comes a time in the experiences of most emigrants when they must eat something; and after three days of bottled stout and dry biscuits, I began to listen for the sound of the bell and the bawling steward who announced our meals.

At eight o'clock each morning we were served with oatmeal, coffee, soft bread, and butter. Every other morning Irish stew was added. For dinner we received excellent soup, one kind of meat or fish, with potatoes and bread. Twice we had steamed pudding. For supper we contented ourselves with bread and butter and tea. I must say that the tea was remindful of chopped corn-brooms, and that the coffee was an unadulterated abomination; but the remainder of the food was plain, wholesome fare, clean and of good quality. The great drawback was the way in which, to quote one of my friends, it was "slung at you." The best of soup loses something of its savor when ladled out of something that looks alarmingly like a slop-bucket, and no meat is improved by being cut into junks and piled in a "kid." But then, what would you? What kind of transportation, with board and lodging thrown in, can one expect for less than one cent per mile? At nine each evening the night-watchman made his rounds, and sent all the females below. Poor man! I did not envy him his occupation. No sooner did he appear on one side of the deck than his charges would scurry round to the other side; and if by stratagem he cornered

them, they would break and fly in all directions, taunting him the while. It invariably took him an hour to accomplish his task, and sometimes longer.

On Tuesday, our fourth day out, came the much-dreaded vaccination muster. Many and loud were the objections raised to the enactment of this law, and when No. 1 steerage lined up with bared arms for the doctor's inspection, a more sullen lot of men I never saw. Those who had no marks, or whose marks were not sufficiently distinct, were vaccinated again. One man, an Irishman, made a stir by refusing to be operated upon, and insisting that the scar of a knife stab was a vaccination mark. When told that he could not enter America as he was, he submitted to the process.

From this time on the weather was fine, and the steerage, now thoroughly shaken together, and beginning to find its appetite, began to show itself in its true colors.

To me the most noticeable thing about the life was the ease with which the yoke of civilization was thrown off. If conditions be favorable, I opine that a large proportion of the steerage passengers throw back to their Darwinian ancestry about the third day out. Away from home, country, and religious influences, unrestrained by custom and conventionality, bound by no laws of action, and separated from all that force of opinion so strong in the world ashore, they let themselves go, and allow their baser natures to run riot. No sooner has the seasickness left them than they growl and snarl over their food like dogs, scrambling for the choice pieces, and running off to their bunks with them; they grow quarrelsome; their talk is lewd and insulting; brute strength is in the ascendant; and, without shame, both sexes show the animal side of their natures. But most apparent and obnoxious are the filthy habits into which many of them fall. The sea seems utterly to demoralize them. Some of them will remain for days in their berths, where, without changing their clothes, they eat, sleep, and are sick with the utmost impartiality, and without the blessing of soap and water. Hence the steerage as a whole, the "married quarters" (where there were children) in particular, was ill-smelling and otherwise objectionable.

The four hundred and three souls aboard entered as emigrants were made up of the following nationalities:

American . . .	59	Irish . . .	113
English . . .	51	Bohemian . . .	1
Scotch . . .	4	Norwegian . . .	25

Finn . . .	43	Welsh . . .	21
German . . .	7	Swedish . . .	77
Russian . . .	1	French . . .	1

Of these, two thirds were men, the majority over thirty years of age, and many with wives and families. Most of them were men of restless dispositions, or were failures going to start afresh and try their luck in the new country. With few exceptions, they had friends in America from whom they expected help in one way or another. A goodly percentage of the Scandinavians were bound for the West, but by far the greater number of our steerage passengers were booked for the Eastern cities.

The type of emigrant as a whole was, to me, sadly disappointing; and I am forced to admit that the worst class on board our vessel at least were those who hailed from Great Britain. For while among the Scandinavians there was a goodly percentage of sturdy, honest farm-laborers and mechanics, it was very evident that those from the British Isles were adventurers, floaters, scum—a brotherhood, indeed, that needs no augmentation in this or any other country.

Among those aboard we had a boiler-maker from Birmingham, a little, thin, wiry fellow with a broad accent and a passion for the tin whistle. He was invariably to be found seated on the after hatch, playing ballads, or coaxing a step-dance out of the bystand-

ers with a lively jig-tune. The «little whistler,” as we called him, was truly the sunshine of the steerage. To see him playing a reel, his face red and puffed, his foot beating time, and his arms and body working convulsively with the music, was an entertainment in itself. Unfortunately, he wet his own whistle too frequently, and as a result of his improvidence all his money was gone before we reached New York. But it did not worry him.

«My brother 'll be on th' dock to meet me,” he said proudly; «an' it 'll be all right. 'E's a boss in Brooklyn, ye know, 'e is. See, 'ere's 'is address. 'E told me, when 'e wrote, as ah could coom an' rest for a year if ah liked, an' ah 'm goin'.” Would n't you—eh?»

Then there was «the red-faced man.” He came from Nottingham, and was the wealthy man of the steerage. Broad-shouldered, clean-shaven, tight-trousered, a typical British Boniface, he, his wife, and little girl were going to Pittsburg to open a saloon. It was the red-faced man's daughter who first called our attention to a becalmed sailing-vessel on the bow.

«Oh, look, papa!” she cried. «Theer's summat stickin' oop i' th' sea!»

There was also a dour-looking, long-legged Scotch farmer among us, who nightly set his back against the house, and argued on religion and English politics.

Another character was an Irish old maid about seventy, thin, dreadfully wrinkled, and



«A GLIMPSE INTO PARADISE.»



REGISTRY DEPARTMENT, ELLIS ISLAND.

toothless, yet as careful of herself as a girl of sixteen. After her seasickness was over, she would sit outside the door of the female quarters, and croon us old Irish songs. We all liked her, and many were the offers made by the young men to buy her little delicacies from the stewards; but she refused them all, saying that her nieces, to whom she was going, had warned her to mind herself, and beware of the «males.»

Then, too, there was the «bore,» a sickly, pimple-faced lad from London. His conceit was colossal. He would corner you, and talk to you for hours about himself. He was forever writing what he called «sentimental» poetry, and reading it to you, and drawing «classical» heads, and asking you what you

thought of his «young lydy.» Inside his waistcoat he carried a greasy photograph of the fair one, which came out on all occasions.

The Irish servant-girl, of course, both before and after service, was much in evidence; and there were a few Swedes going out for the same purpose; besides farm-hands, miners, dock-laborers, a few artisans, and a Salvation Army sergeant. As for the saloon and second-cabin passengers, we knew nothing of them. The steerage is a little world in itself, revolving in an orbit far apart from these more important planets. Occasionally our singing would attract a few of the nabobs above, so that they looked over the rails, and threw down money and oranges and nuts. At

such times the after hatch was like a huge bear-pit.

One evening several members of steerage No. 1 and I were grouped about the foremast, talking upon the all-absorbing subject, America. The conversation drifted into an argument on the equality of man, and this, in turn, led to a discussion as to the rights of the saloon passengers.

"If we ain't got no right to go into their quarters," said one of the men, "wot right 'ave they to come into ours? It 'u'd be all right if they be'aved themselves; but they don't, blast 'em! Anybody 'd think as 'ow we was a lot of bloomin' lepers, to see the way they carries on—a-'oldin' 'andkerchiefs to their noses, an' a-droring their silk petti-



AN ITALIAN TYPE.

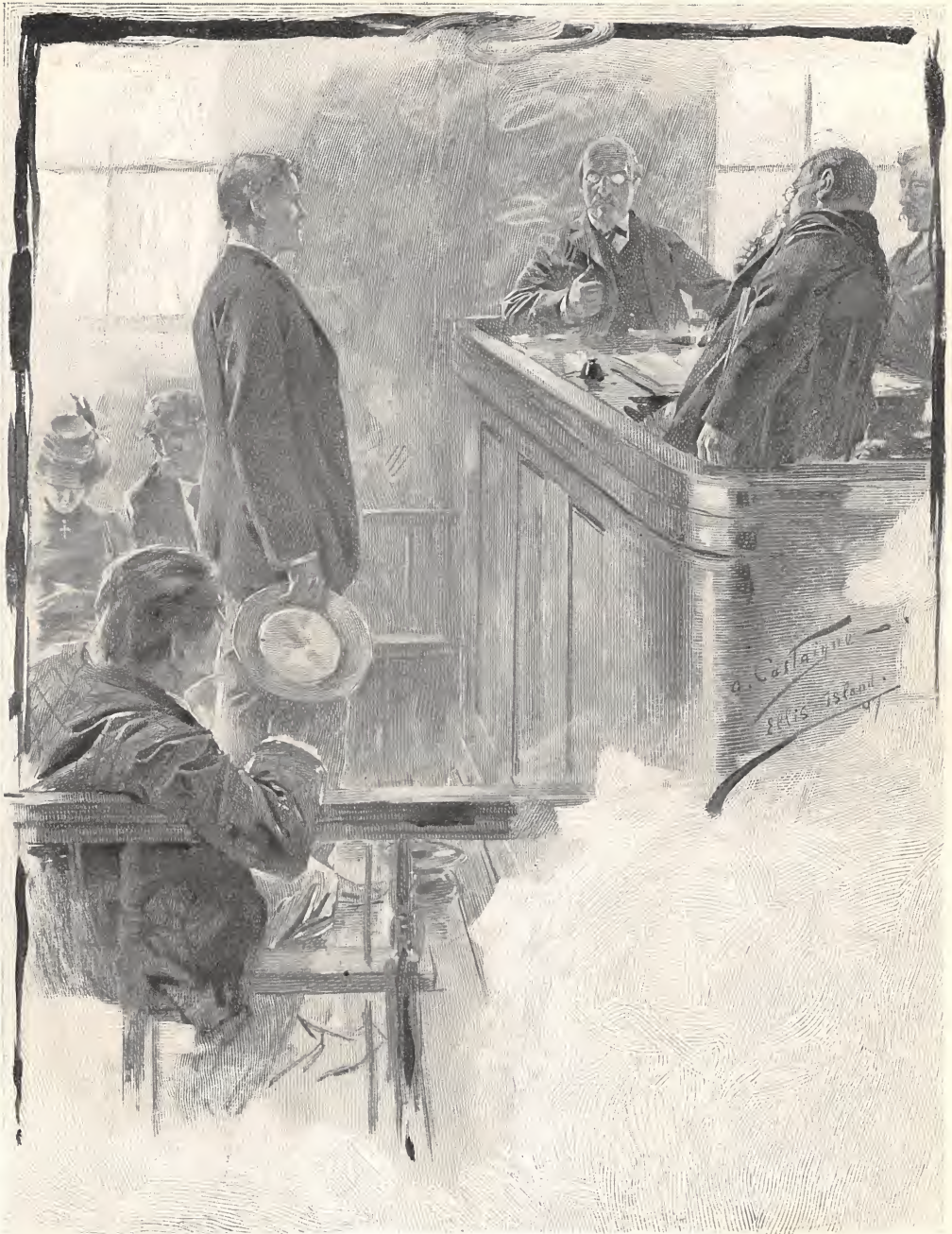
coats close to 'em, an' tiptoein' an' titterin'. (Ho, George,) says the big woman with diamonds in 'er ears, as come down yesterday; (the pore, bloomin' creechahs; but wot makes 'em smell so?) Just as loud as that, mind you. S' 'elp me, I could 'a' tore 'er to pieces!"

As I happened to witness the incident so graphically described by the cockney, I could not help feeling that his anger was righteous.

It soon became apparent that a number of the men were curious to behold the glories of the saloon; and it was at length proposed by one of them that we should pay the saloon deck a visit that night. Six of us having agreed to venture it, we waited until four bells (ten o'clock) had gone, and then, when the watchman was forward, climbed the barred ladder leading up from the after hatch, and reached that part of the upper deck allotted to the second cabin. Here we paused and hid ourselves guiltily abaft the winches amidships. With the exception of a «clustering» couple leaning over the port rail, the deck was deserted. Looking forward past the second-cabin barrier, we could see the broad white deck reserved for the saloon passengers. Rows of comfortable steamer-chairs were ranged against the house, and from a hundred brass-rimmed ports streamed lights suggestive of warmth and luxury. Somewhere forward we could hear a piano playing, and the sound of a woman's voice. It stopped, and there came a loud clapping of hands. Some one said there was a concert in the ladies' saloon. In the lull that followed we heard a cork pop in the smoking-room, and caught a whiff of a good cigar. «Come on,» whispered the Londoner, who had appointed himself leader. Another minute, and we had ducked under the dividing-line, and reached the open ports of the smoking-room. For a few moments we stood looking into the handsomest ship's smoking-room in the world. To us of the steerage it was indeed a glimpse into paradise. Our peep, however, was destined to be but a short one. Before we had time thoroughly to take in details, we were discovered by the watchman, and driven ignominiously back to our own pen.

Early Thursday morning, a buzz of excitement ran round the decks when it was known that the long narrow cloud that lay close upon the northern horizon was the smoke of a rival steamship. The prospects of the race made food for talk during the day. Would she get in first, or had we time to pass her? The matter was not settled until the following morning at six o'clock, when our competitor was abeam. Then we slowly passed her. At eight she was on the quarter, and two hours later she was lost in the fog-bank astern.

But now all thoughts are shoreward bent. The sailors say we shall reach New York in



THE BOARD OF SPECIAL INQUIRY, ELLIS ISLAND.

the evening, and the burning question of the steerage is, «Shall we get ashore to-night?»

Trunks are already being packed, friendships broken off, and much-creased clothing being put on. By two o'clock a nervous excitability holds us all; for the smell of the land is in our nostrils, the water has taken a greenish cast, and Sandy Hook is in sight.

From this on, an eager crowd hangs over the bulwarks, gazing with curious eyes at the beginnings of the new country.

An hour after sundown our steamer was made fast alongside her pier in the North River. The saloon and second-cabin passengers proceeded to stream down the gangway at once; but we, being immigrants, were roped



« DEPORTED PEN » ELLIS ISLAND.

well back, and carefully guarded. For the steamship company is responsible to the government for every immigrant it brings. If any escape before being turned over to the proper authorities at Ellis Island, the company is liable to a heavy fine. Not being well up in the immigration laws, however, the whole four hundred of us crowded to the dock side of the vessel, and waited impatiently to be loosed. After an hour or so it was announced that none but those who could show citizen's papers would be allowed to land. At this a howl of disappointment went up from the land-hungry crowd. Threats, oaths, and wailings were heard on every side. It was an outrage, some said, to be brought alongside the wharf, and then imprisoned like thieves. If the cabin folks got ashore, why could not we? There were two niggers in the second cabin, and they got ashore. Were niggers better than white people?

«An' d' ye call this a free country?» cried a big Irishman, shaking his brawny fist under my unoffending nose. «F'what wid inspections, an' examinations, an' vaccinations, an' bein' numbered, an' ticketed, an' stamped, an' the devil knows f'what all—f'what I'd loike to know is, where's the freedom av ut?»

We put in one more hot, uncomfortable night aboard, praying for morning; but when it came, a steamer leaving port blocked the way, and we could not leave the vessel until eleven o'clock. For two hours after this we

were baked on the pier while our baggage was being overhauled by the custom-house officers. Then, each in his group, we were packed aboard a barge, and towed down to Ellis Island.

In the steerage of any vessel one can get only a partial knowledge of the class which immigrates to this country. At Ellis Island, however, one can see it all. The same Saturday that we landed there, I was told that more than two thousand had passed through, eight hundred of them Italians. At Ellis Island, after being reinspected by the doctor, required to show what money we possessed, and being closely questioned in regard to our past, present, and future lives, we were finally discharged, and landed at the Battery about five o'clock.

It will thus be seen that the immigrant of to-day undergoes three examinations: first, at his home when he applies for passage; second, on board the vessel before departure; and third, upon his arrival in the country. The last is of necessity the strictest.

All cases considered by the inspectors as doubtful are detained, and brought before the boards of special inquiry, who are empowered to hear and decide such cases. At Ellis Island these boards sit every day of the year, and during the time to which I have referred heard no less than 40,539 cases.

Any immigrant found to be insane, a pauper, entering contrary to the alien contract labor

laws, or for any cause incapable of earning a livelihood, is debarred, and returned to the country from which he came, at the expense of the steamship line that brought him.

It may be interesting to note here that, according to the report of the commissioner-general of immigration, 343,267 immigrants arrived between July 1, 1895, and June 30, 1896. Of these, 2799 were returned, 776 being unlawfully under contract, and theremainder mainly paupers. These figures show an increase of 84,731 over the previous fiscal year, a somewhat alarming fact when we note that 76,443 of this number hailed from Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia.

The question whether this stream of immigration, which is pouring into the country at the rate of about 830 per week all the year round, shall be encouraged or dammed, is a many-sided one, and not the concern of this paper. But when one sees the mass of low cosmopolitan humanity such as is to be found at Ellis Island, one cannot help feeling that to assimilate it the country has need of an excellent digestion.

I saw the last of my steerage acquaintances at the Barge Office. Before leaving, I had the pleasure of being introduced to the «little whistler's» brother, the boss from Brooklyn. From the old Irishman I was glad to hear that the shamrock was not only alive, but was «growin' foinely.» My young sailor friend I found bidding his four-days'-old love good-by with as much unction as though he had known her for the same number of years. She, with her white veil turned up, showed a very red little nose and a very tremulous

little mouth. I waited patiently for the end, and was at last rewarded by seeing her relatives draw her unwillingly away. My friend then turned, and upon seeing me, hastened to inform me that he was going to marry the young lady. I congratulated him, and went my way up-town, believing in my cynical heart that his promise would end as most sea promises do. Before two months were over, however, I received a card announcing the wedding; and since then I have called upon them in their snug little home near Boston. He is now a shipper for a wholesale house in the city; and she—is still making dresses, for she was a dressmaker. The garments she makes now, however, will not go out of the family.

Personally, I consider a trip in the steerage an excellent thing for a man. It knocks the conceit out of him.

When I entered upon my rôle as emigrant, I provided myself with a well-worn suit of clothes, an old hat, and a flannel shirt. I allowed my beard to grow, eschewed collars and cuffs, and made myself up for the part. At first, with a self-consciousness born of such ventures, I feared that my disguise would be seen through; but, alas for my pride! I found in the steerage a valley of humiliation. The ship's company shoved me along the decks and swore at me without prejudice; the saloon and second-cabin passengers who occasionally stepped gingerly and curiously into our quarters looked me squarely in the eyes without a sign of recognition; and the steerage simply opened its dirty arms and took me in without a question.



IMMIGRATION OFFICE, BATTERY PARK, ARRIVAL OF IMMIGRANTS.



DRAWN BY LEE WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

«(BEAT 'EM OFF!) YELLED BRAYBROOKE.»

GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE.

CORDILLAS Y SANDOVAL was an attaché of the Spanish legation, whom Varick invited to Oakdale to please Mrs. Varick and, more especially, her widowed sister.

«I believe I met him once at the club in

Washington,» Varick remarked. «I thought he was rather an ass; but we 've plenty of stable-room. Does he hunt?»

Mrs. Innis, the sister-in-law, was afraid he did,—in a hunting-country men who do not.

ride are at a premium,*—but was uncertain about it; therefore upon his arrival the question was referred to Cordillas himself.

The Spaniard dashed Mrs. Innis's hopes. He asserted that he was «practised in equestrianism,» and «worshipped horses.»

«Yes, and I haf yoomp, too,» he added. Then he branched off on the merits of his «fiery-eyed steed» in Madrid, which he was bound to believe would make an unparalleled «yoomper,» although, as there was no fox-hunting in his country, its ability had never been called out.

«I can see,» said Varick, pleasantly interrupting, «that you are the man for us. I shall put you up on that good horse Thomas Dooley.» There was duplicity in this, for Varick distrusted the horsemanship of all Continental foreigners; but the Spaniard suspected it not, and the sister-in-law discreetly held her peace.

Thomas Dooley, at the time when fate introduced him to Cordillas, was going on seventeen, and he knew more about getting across a hunting-country than men usually acquire in half a century. His ancestry was not discussed, but he had the best box-stall in Varick's stable, and would be gloriously pensioned when his time of service expired. Ten years back he had exchanged the plow for the saddle, as the result of a memorable humiliation he put upon the entire Oakdale hunt. One dismal, sloppy morning Dooley had appeared at a meet, ridden by a farmer's boy. Not long after the hounds had found, twenty angry men were sitting on as many discouraged horses in a deep-plowed field, and watched his flowing tail switch over five feet of new oak rails, and disappear after the pack. Varick was one of these men; and that same afternoon he possessed Thomas Dooley, who ever since had carried him with unerring judgment and ability. As the years went by, Dooley came to be known as Varick's «morn-ing-after» horse, and he never betrayed the confidence this title implied. Nevertheless, it must be said that for a man whose nerves had not been outraged, Dooley could hardly be called an agreeable mount.

He was, by general admission, the plainest horse that ever followed hounds. His legs and feet were coarse, and he galloped with as much spring as if he were on stilts. The mighty quarters wherein dwelt his genius for getting over high timber were so much too big for him that he seemed to have got another horse's hind legs by mistake. He had a mouth no bit could conquer. He chose what he would jump, and how, regard-

less of his rider. Only the certainty that he would never fall made him venerated, and most persons who hunt resent the imputation that they need this kind of horse. If a man's heart is strong with ten hours of sleep, and with keen November morning air, there is little satisfaction in being carried over the country by a machine.

When Cordillas made his first appearance on Thomas Dooley, it was noted that he rode with uncommonly long stirrup-leathers,—too long for hunting,—and sat as stiff as a horse-guard, bouncing dismally with Thomas's hard trot. The tails of his pink coat were unsullied by the loin-sweat of the chase, and there was no mark of stirrup-iron across the instep of his freshly treed boots.

«'E's quite noo,» said the first whip in an undertone.

«With Thomas,» said the huntsman, «'e won't be long noo.»

The hounds found unexpectedly, and the advice Varick intended to give his guest was cut short.

«Don't try to steer him at his fences,» he yelled; «it won't do any good.» The next moment the rattle-headed four-year-old he was riding took off in a bit of marsh, and became mixed up with a panel of boards. Varick got up in time to see Dooley bucking over from good ground, his rider with him, although well on toward his ears.

«I guess he'll do; he's got to,» said Varick, softly swearing at his muddled boots. He scrambled up into the saddle, saw his guest slide back into his, and together they swept on after the hounds.

For the most part, Cordillas managed to remain inconspicuous, though he took a spectacular «voluntary» on the way back to the kennels. He tried to «lark» Dooley over a wayside fence, possibly for the benefit of Mrs. Innis, who was driving by in her cart. Dooley, knowing that the jump was needless, stopped at the fence, and the Spaniard went over alone; but his heart seemed to be in the right place, and he got up again, laughing.

The next time he went out, on a hint from Varick he shortened his leathers, thrust his feet home through the irons, and really did very creditably. He was good-looking, and had nice manners; and Mrs. Innis was so complimentary, and so many of the other women followed her lead, that by the end of the week he believed himself the keenest man in the field. But as he grew in confidence he also became aware of the reputation which his mount enjoyed. He began to hint to Varick that Dooley was not a suitable horse for him.

"If I only had my prancer here," he observed, one morning, "you would see yoomping." Finally he told his host point blank that, however well meant it might be, to give him such a tame mount as Dooley was no kindness; it was a reflection upon his equestrianism.

Then said Varick, who was annoyed, "You may ride Emperor to-morrow; but I tell you plainly that he may kill you." For the moment, he almost hoped he would.

"Fear not," said Cordillas, and thanked him much.

Varick says that he told William to have Emperor saddled for Cordillas. The head groom refuses to talk about it, but shakes his head. Those who know William hesitate to decide between him and his master, so the truth is likely to remain hid.

At the meet next morning, Cordillas flabbergasted the stable boy who assisted him to mount by slipping a bill into his hand.

"And him an alien," said the boy, as he related the matter to William. "Then he pats his neck, and says he, 'Is he not a great hoss? Look his fiery eye! This is a hoss!'" "W'y, yes," says I; "and clipped yesterday, sir, which improves his looks uncommon. I might almost say, sir, one 'u'd scarcely know him." Then he says, "Git up, Emperor!" and moves after 'em."

That day there was vouchsafed one of those "historic" runs which come usually when a man's best horse is laid up, or when he judges that the day is too dry for scent and stops at home. In the first covert the pack blundered on a fox, and burst wildly out of the woods, every hound giving tongue, and Reynard in full view, barely half a field away.

The men sat listening to the foxhounds' "music," half eager bark, half agonized yelp, with a wild fluttering of the pulses and a stirring of primeval instincts. The horses quivered and pawed, mouthed the bits, and tossed white slaver into the air. But the hounds had to get their distance; so the field held back, each man intently studying the far-off fence, and shortening the reins in his bridle-hand. The excited Spaniard tugged on the curb, and his mount reared indignantly.

"Demon!" he shouted. A snicker rippled from the grooms in the rear.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Varick. "He has n't done that for eight years. Give him his head, man!"

At that instant the M. F. H. waved his hand, and the field charged across the

meadow for the boards, over which the tail-end hounds were scrambling.

It was seven miles without a check to Christian's Mills, and the fox most of the time in view; then across the river, horses and hounds swimming together, and on again at a heartbreaking pace to Paddock's Gully, where they killed in the bottom. Three horses that went into the ravine were too pumped to get out again, and stayed there all night. In the memory of man such a run, without slow scent or check, had never been seen. It became the great after-dinner run of the Oakdale Hunt; and when they brag of their horses, they tell how, twice in the twelve miles, eleven men jumped five feet of stiff timber without breaking a rail or coming a cropper.

In the last mile Cordillas followed the insane Braybrooke over four strands of naked wire that turned the field aside, beat him into the ravine, and was first at the death. They came upon him half buried in the yelping, panting pack which fought for the mangled fox he held over his head.

"Beat 'em off!" yelled Braybrooke. The reply was a torrent of Spanish oaths. Then the huntsman rode up, and rescued Cordillas, plastered with blood and filth, but content. He patted his mount's dripping neck.

"How magnificent a horse!" he exclaimed.

"Carried you extremely well," said Braybrooke. "Never saw the old fellow do better, or show so much speed. Great gallop, was n't it? Let's have a pull at your flask; mine's dry."

"To the run!" said the Spaniard; and they drank over the bloody mask, each knowing that the other had ridden well, and neither dissatisfied with himself.

THAT night Varick had a man's dinner. There were toasts and healths, and bumpers to the five-foot fences, and perdition to the man who invented wire; bumpers to every good horse and man who was out that day; long life to hounds, and good luck to all hound puppies. But the Spaniard was the lion of the evening, and toward the small hours there were cries of "Speech!"

Cordillas rose cautiously, and stood facing the party, with a glass of champagne in his tremulous hand. He was touched, and his voice showed it. He thanked the company as a gentleman, as a Spaniard, and as a sportsman. He spoke in praise of his hosts' country, their women, and their bath-tubs. Then he got around to his prancer in Madrid, and settled down to horses. To an equestrian

like himself, he said, whose bosom throbbed in sympathy with every fiery impulse of creation's most noble animal, the fox chase was the sport of kings. To a distinguished company of huntsmen he might well repeat the words of the English poet, with which they might be familiar, «My kingdom for a horse!» Developing his theme, he asserted that, of the various kinds of horses, the hunter was the noblest. «And of all noble hunters,» he shouted, «the noblest, the fiercest, the most intrepid, I haf rode to-day! I drink to Emperor!»

At that moment Thomas Dooley, the newly clipped, was sniffing a bran mash, stiff and sore with the weariness born of his day's exertions under Cordillas y Sandoval. As every one at the table except the Spaniard knew, Emperor had not been out of his stall.

There was a moment's hush. The toast was drunk in silence. The men looked at one another, and then a tumult of cheers burst forth which set the grooms waiting at the stables speculating upon the probable condition of their masters. To Cordillas it was an ovation, and the climax of his triumph. The tears stood in his eyes. To the Oakdale Hunt it was the only way of saving appearances and their good breeding.

«Keep the racket going,» said Forbes to Braybrooke. «Don't let him know anyone's laughing.»

«I shall die of this,» gasped little Colfax; and he slipped under the table, gurgling hysterically.

What else might have happened no one can say, because Charley Galloway started «For he's a jolly good fellow!» at the top of his lungs. Mrs. Galloway, who was sitting up for him in her own house half a mile down the road, says she recognized her husband's barytone. Every other man did the best that nature permitted. The Spaniard was reduced to tears, and the party recovered its gravity.

«But what is going to be the end of this?» whispered Varick to Chalmers. «If he catches on he will have me out, and kill me. And there's Mrs. Innis; oh, Lord! Réggie, you know everybody and all official ways in Washington; if you love me, get him back there.»

Then Chalmers sent for his groom, and wrote some telegrams; and the following afternoon Cordillas came to Varick, sorely cast down, and announced that the minister had sent him imperative orders to return.

«I fear,» he said, «those infamous Cubanós have caused complications which necessitate my presence at the capital.» Varick said he was awfully sorry—but saw to it personally that he caught the evening train. As it moved off, the Spaniard stood on the step and wrung his hand.

«My friend, possessor of that great horse Emperor,» he said, «I thank you for the ride of my whole life.»

«Please don't mention it,» said Varick. «Don't speak of it!»

«But,» he added to himself, «I am much afraid he will.»

THE POPULARITY OF TOMPKINS.

«My dearest Mother,» wrote Mr. Frederick Tompkins, when he had been at Oakdale a week: «The Varicks are awfully kind. They have a very good house, which Mrs. Innis—who is Mrs. Varick's sister, you know—seems to have a good deal to say about; and I suppose this accounts for my being made welcome, although I am only her guest, and did not know any one else in the family. This is the greatest place I ever struck. I wish the governor would get a house here. I could run it, and get some of the men in our class to come up and stop with me, now that we are through college. You could come up for the steeplechases, and give a hunt ball. How does the idea hit you?»

«Our Western hospitality is n't a marker on what they do for one here. I have been dined and lunched and furnished with horses in a way that is really wonderful, considering that I am a stranger. There is nothing much

in the way of girls, but there is the smoothest lot of men I ever met. Mrs. Innis introduced me to the best of them, and I suppose they have showed me attention on her account. Monday morning, after I got here, there was a hunt,—not shooting, you know,—and Mr. Varick let me ride a horse called Sir Roger. He says that as perfect a type of hunter as this one is dirt-cheap at fifteen hundred, and I can well believe it. I just let him go, and was right in it from the start. Of course I had never hunted before—only after jack-rabbits at home, where there is no jumping; but Mrs. Innis told me it was n't necessary to tell any one this, and that I would soon get the trick. She said just to let the horse alone and he'd do the rest, and he did. It was the greatest sensation I ever had in my whole life. Varick said that I had ridden uncommonly well, and that the horse was just suited to me. Of course I have al-

ways ridden out home with a curb and a loose rein, so I did n't bother his head, and let him pick his own jumping. Mrs. Innis said this was the best way to do with a well-schooled horse, unless you were a crack and had really good hands. She says that most men get falls because they think they know how to (lift) their horses and (foot) them at their fences. It is wonderful how much she has picked up about all this sort of thing, because she does n't ride, and never talks horse the way some of the other women do. She also suggested that I should take whatever was said about hunting as a matter of course, which was clearly good advice. Mrs. Innis is a very charming woman. Monday she introduced me to a man named Galloway, and he asked me to come over to lunch on Tuesday and look at his string. He also offered me a mount for Wednesday. Varick told me I had better take it, as Sir Roger was pretty tired and had cut his frog. He was foolish once, and jumped on a pile of stones.

« Wednesday, on Galloway's mare Vixen, I had an immense ride. She got away from me once and jumped three strands of barbed wire, and I beat the whole field. Everybody is talking about it, and I am getting the reputation of being a hard goer. Galloway said that the price of that horse ought to go up five hundred after such a performance, but he's going to keep it at a thousand. If you hear of anybody in Washington who is looking for a regular clipper, tell him about Vixen; I should like to do Galloway a good turn.

« There is a fellow up here called Willie Colfax, whose cousin was in college with me. He has been very civil, and came over and got me Thursday morning, and took me for a ride 'cross country on a horse called Lorelei. They have a very good way here of sometimes bandaging a horse's legs to protect them from the thistles. Colfax had bandages on Lorelei. He said she is very thin-skinned on account of her breeding. It is a humane custom, don't you think? Lorelei jumped like a bird. She is the greatest bargain I have seen yet, and I almost wish I was buying horses. Colfax will let her go for five hundred; at least, I inferred so from some remarks he let drop. If Sis wants a good hack that can jump, the governor ought to consider this mare. Colfax was very flattering, and said he had never seen Lorelei go so well, and that it needed a hard goer to do her justice. You ought to be proud of your son! To-day (Friday) I lunched at the club with Captain Forbes, and looked over his string afterward. He has three very

likely horses that he is willing to let go, as he has more than he needs. He is going to mount me to-morrow. There are a number of men here who have more horses than they need, and are willing to sell. They have been very kind in offering me mounts. I suppose they are glad to have them exercised. By the way, several people have spoken about the governor's starting fox-hunting out on the coast. He'd look queer riding to hounds, but it is a very captivating idea. Sound him about it.

« I have wired your New York florist to send four dozen American Beauties to Mrs. Varick, and the same to Mrs. Innis. I mention this lest I should forget to speak about it, and you should think the bill wrong. This is a very long letter, and makes up for some short ones. Love to Father and Sis.

« Your aff. son,

« FREDERICK TOMPKINS. »

When Mrs. Innis's friends asked her how it was that she had annexed this scion of the West, she replied that she was laying up treasure with the mammon of the Occident, and, moreover, that he was a very nice boy and admired her. She discovered him in Washington, where Senator Tompkins had established his family for the winter. Now, young Tompkins *was* a very nice boy, and some day would be rich, and there were several mamas in Washington who considered Mrs. Innis's interest in him nothing less than shameful.

TOMPKINS sent his letter off to the post, and presented himself in the drawing-room to take tea with Mrs. Innis. He found Captain Forbes there.

« Hello! » said Forbes. « I was hacking over this way, and dropped in to see whether you were going to ride Rajah to-morrow. I understood you to say you would; but Varick said something about mounting you on a four-year-old of his. »

« Well, » said Tompkins, « I had n't heard anything about the four-year-old. Of course, as I'm stopping here, I ought to ride Varick's horse for him if he wants me to; but I should like very much to have a go with the Rajah. »

« All right, » said Forbes; « I'll see Varick. Where is he? »

« In the smoking-room, I think, » said Mrs. Innis.

The captain found Varick in a very bad temper, making up his stable accounts.

« Look here, » said he; « it's low down of you, Varick, to keep this Tompkins chap all

to yourself. He's a mighty attractive little chap, and he has a good eye for a horse, and I want him to ride some good ones, so I've offered him the Rajah. He says you have n't spoken to him yet about mounting him on that skate four-year-old, and he wants to ride the Rajah, but he's afraid of offending you."

"Oh, hang him!" exclaimed Varick; "let him ride anything you say. This desperate altruism on your part, however, is something new. Get out of here, Forbes; I've been swindled on my hay."

Forbes went back, and told Tompkins it was all right about Rajah, and then rode away.

"Mrs. Innis," said Tompkins, after the captain had departed, "I've been having a great time this week. There is the best crowd of men here I ever saw. That fellow Forbes is a brick. There are n't many men who would lend their hunters to a stranger the way he's done."

"That's so," said Mrs. Innis, with a smile; "but then, Frederick, you are a very nice young man." He had asked her to call him Frederick.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Tompkins, and colored. "They're civil to me because I am your friend, that's all; they adore you."

"I wish I could believe that," said Mrs. Innis; "but I am sure it is n't so. I had Cordillas up here, and they were really horrid to him. But I don't suppose I ought to speak about that story, since you are going back to Washington."

Tompkins would have liked to hear that story, but he did n't say so; he held it un-masculine to be curious.

"By the way," asked Mrs. Innis, "have they said anything to you about starting a hunt out on the Pacific?"

"Why, yes," said Tompkins; "two or three of them have spoken about it. I think it would be a great thing, but I'm afraid the governor would n't vote for it. You see, it might hurt him politically."

"Did you tell any one that?" she asked.

"No," said Tompkins; "I did n't say much about it. I thought I would sound the old gentleman first. It might carry, after all."

"That's so," said Mrs. Innis. He stooped to pick up her handkerchief, and she smiled in a quiet little way that seemed quite for her own edification. The man who thought that he knew Mrs. Innis best called that smile her "*glad-i-at-or* smile," because it expressed what the cat said after he had eaten the canary.

The next morning Tompkins hunted Rajah, and had the time of his life. The Rajah was an old steeplechaser with no particular mouth, and he rushed his jumps in a way that made mature persons who rode him wish to be at home in bed. Tompkins let him go, and the hunt held back and gave him room. There is a saying that it takes seven croppers to make a horseman. Tompkins had n't had his first one yet, and so there was no use in giving him advice.

"Confound that fellow Tompkins!" said the M. F. H. "He's been riding over my hounds all the morning. Forbes, tell him, if he can't keep that blooming runaway of yours back, to go home." Forbes cast an injured look at the M. F. H., and counseled Tompkins to moderation. But when the hounds found, they went off at a very fast clip, and then Tompkins was in his glory. He led the field for seven miles, turning neither to right nor to left, and he was with the pack at the kill before even the huntsman. When the M. F. H. presented him with the brush it seemed that all the joy of the world was in his cup. He resolved that the governor certainly should take a place at Oakdale, and that he would hunt forever after. It was only natural, therefore, that an unmanly lump should rise into his throat when he read the telegram which was waiting for him when he got back to the Varicks' that afternoon. It said:

Letter received. You come home on first train.
FATHER.

THAT night, after dinner, Varick went to the club, and found a group of men playing pool.

"Hello!" said Forbes. "While I think of it, tell Tompkins—will you?—that I'm afraid the Rajah won't be fit to go on Monday. The fact is (but you need n't say anything about it), his old tendon is as big as my wrist. The horse went marvelously, but the boy really is a shocking pounder."

"I should say he was!" exclaimed Gallo-way. "Vixen threw a curb with him the other day; and he rode so much out of Lorelei, just galloping her 'cross lots, that Willie has had to fire her legs again and turn her out."

"Really?" said Varick. "Well, he used up Sir Roger, too—jumped him on a pile of stones and cut his frog. But, I say, Forbes," he added, "Tompkins has gone; so it won't matter about the Rajah on Monday."

"Gone?" repeated Forbes. The other men regarded Varick incredulously.

"Yes; Washington on the eight-thirty."

Said his papa wanted him for a secretary, so he could learn the business, and wired for him. Too bad, is n't it? He was a nice boy; and besides that, I wanted to sell him Sir Roger."

"Well," said Forbes, "are you sure he is n't coming back? I'm pretty certain, myself, that he is. The fact is, I was told, in confidence, that he came up here to buy a string of hunters for his father. I understand that the old gentleman is going to run a pack of drag-hounds somewhere out West." Colfax, Galloway, and Varick looked curiously at Forbes, and then at one another.

"Why, I got the same tip that Forbes did," blurted out Galloway; and Willie Colfax nodded, signifying that it had likewise been imparted to him.

"That's funny," said Varick; "for I heard something of the same sort myself. Forbes, do you mind saying whether Tompkins himself told you that?"

"No," said Forbes; "Tompkins did n't."

"Then who was it?" demanded Varick.

"I don't know that I ought to tell," he answered; "though I don't suppose there's any harm in it. You see, I was n't actually told that Tompkins was going to buy, but it was put to me in such a way that I got that impression. I was asked as a personal favor not to sell him anything that was n't the best—well—by Mrs. Innis."

Varick gave forth a long, low whistle, and in the silence that followed Galloway and Colfax moved thoughtfully toward different parts of the wall, and each pressed an electric button.

"I am afraid," said Varick, "that we have encountered what is known as a cold deck. Ever since the day that Spanish chap rode old Thomas Dooley, and thought he was up on Emperor, my sister-in-law has been 'laying low' with Brother Rabbit. She won't believe that we lament the mistake."

When Forbes mentioned Mrs. Innis, the M. F. H., who had been practising billiard shots at the next table till his turn should come around, threw down his cue, and appeared to be choked by his emotions. A great light had struck him.

"This is almost too much!" he sighed. "Coming home this afternoon, for three miles Tompkins talked to me about the whole-souled generosity of the men of this hunt—men who seemed to find delight in pursuing him with attentions and offers of horses. 'Why, Mr. Crawford,' said he, 'I never saw such a place! I believe I could stay here a month, and be mounted three

times a week.' And all I could do was to listen without gasping, and wonder what on earth was going to happen next."

Just then the sound of women's voices rose in the hall. A party had come in for supper.

"Hello!" said the M. F. H., listening; "Mrs. Innis is out there now. This is too good to keep; I've positively got to tell her." He went to the door. It was a family sort of club, and ladies often went into the billiard-room.

"Don't you want to come in here and exult?" he said. "I'm not equal to the whole thing myself; and besides, it's your party." Mrs. Innis turned, and hesitated.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Why, you have caused the heathen to rage," exclaimed the M. F. H. "and they are making themselves very amusing about some horses they did n't sell."

"Exult?" she replied. "Horses they did n't sell? What on earth are you talking about?" The M. F. H. took a long breath, like a man who gets a bucket of cold water thrown on him. Then he became matter-of-fact and mirthless. He knew Mrs. Innis pretty well.

"By the way," said he, "next week I expect to have two chaps stopping with me, who are coming on to look about for hunters; and I shall be awfully busy just then, because Mrs. Crawford is going to have a lot of girls at the house. Can't you help me show 'em about a bit?"

Mrs. Innis looked at the M. F. H. as though she were wondering whether she could conscientiously comply.

"Why, yes," she answered; "I shall be glad to help you in any way I can."

"Well, they won't be much trouble," the M. F. H. added. "Men who are buying horses always seem to be popular up here. If you've never noticed it, I'll make you a present of the idea."

"You are very good," replied Mrs. Innis. "It is certainly a very ingenious idea. But you are always having ingenious ideas; you have an ingenious mind."

The M. F. H. bowed.

"Yes, it's ingenious enough; only there's the very deuce to pay if they don't buy, after all. Now take the case of your friend Tompkins. It's rather serious. There are three or four chaps who are talking of having him arrested for fraud—"

"Why, Mr. Crawford!" exclaimed Mrs. Innis, incredulously; "you don't tell me that any one thought Mr. Tompkins came here to buy horses? He came here to see me. Of

course, before he arrived, I thought it possible that he might want to pick up a hunter or so, and I asked the men I knew not to sell him anything that was n't the best. But, dear me! the day he arrived he told me that his father had forbidden his buying horses of any kind, and so I never bothered about the matter again; it quite went out of my head." Then she looked at the M. F. H. with the faintest gleam in her eyes. "Please take this thing," she added. He took her wrap and put it on a chair.

"Why, of course," he said; "nothing could be more natural."

They could hear all this from the billiard-room.

"Crawford," called Varick, "are you going to play pool, or do you wish me to telephone for Mrs. Crawford?"

"Coming at once," replied the M. F. H.

"Varick," growled Galloway, who was thinking of Vixen's curb, "let's drop Mr. Tompkins and his popularity. It's your shot—hurry up and play!"

MY BEDOUIN FRIENDS.

ADVENTURES OF AN ARTIST IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY R. TALBOT KELLY.

WHAT A SAND-STORM IS LIKE.



IN a previous number of THE CENTURY (February, 1897) I gave some insight into the character and habits of the Bedouin.

Probably, with the exception of occasional hunger and thirst, a nomadic life will appear to many to be a rather comfortable kind of existence; and once thoroughly acclimatized, and one's appetite reduced to proper subjection, an investigator might find some justification for this view. There are, however, phases of desert life not only intensely disagreeable, but often dangerous.

Many of my readers have been to Egypt, and in Cairo or up the Nile may have experienced the discomforts of the khamsin; but this can give them little idea of what it is to be caught in a sand-storm in the desert.

The air is hot and sulphurous, while the sun becomes lurid and sickly in its glare. At first the hot wind comes in slight puffs, like breaths from a kiln; but each moment it increases in velocity, carrying with it more and more fine drift-sand, which, blinding the eyes and choking the lungs, gradually produces a most distressing feeling of depression and suffocation. By degrees, as the storm gains strength, little splinters of rock and small pebbles are lifted up and hurled at one like hailstones, cutting the skin like knives,

until eyes and ears are full of blood, unless one has been able to protect himself against the blast. The native *cufia*, or silk scarf, wrapped round the head and face, and leaving only the eyes exposed, is the most effective protection; but the heat is suffocating, and quickly reduces one to impotence. As the storm continues perhaps for several days, the sun becomes totally obscured, while the ever-moving sand gradually assumes the appearance of billows, threatening to overwhelm everything. Nothing can be distinctly seen above or around; and the moving sand-drifts, splashing and breaking like surf upon the rocks, are slowly but surely enveloping everything in camp, and piling up tons of drift against tents and baggage.

Camp-equipage is hastily packed and loaded upon the terror-stricken animals, and the party starts to ride obliquely through the storm toward the nearest high ground or mountain spur. To remain still means to be covered and entombed. Even should waterskins not be cracked or dried up, in any attempt to drink the sufferer absorbs as much dust as water, and his plight is worse than before. Eating is out of the question; smoking is equally impossible. Forty-eight hours have I ridden in such circumstances, changing horses from time to time as they became too much distressed for further use, and until I had hardly power to mount. After such a ride as this it may well be imagined how we relished our first halt in the shelter

of a friendly hill, and enjoyed the luxury of a dish of sour milk, and, above all, a smoke.

Fortunately, the khamsin,¹ though supposed to last for fifty days, is intermittent in its energy, three days' blow being usually followed by a few fine days; and, as a rule, its violence is not sufficient to be a source of danger. As showing the velocity of wind sometimes attained, I remember seeing in the Delta a palm-tree, probably sixty feet in height, bent over by the wind until its crest swept the ground and excavated a large hole in the course of the day. Besides the khamsin, there are other forms of sand-storm, which, though of shorter duration, come with a suddenness and vehemence that almost defy protection. The most curious of these is perhaps what is locally called «a devil»—a sudden gust of wind eddying down the mountain gorges, and bursting on the desert like a whirlwind, carrying pillars of sand with it.

Another curious phase of the sand-storm is one that I experienced in the Libyan desert. The weather was perfectly fine, and I was working comfortably at my picture, when suddenly I noticed on the horizon what appeared to be a cloud, black in its upper region, and orange below. Before I had time to realize what was happening, a blast of cold wind whirled away picture and easel, and enveloped me in dust and flying pebbles. A moment later dust had turned to dropping mud, which in turn gave place to torrential rain, drenching me to the skin, and effectually washing the sand out of my system; after that were peace and genial sunshine once more.

FALCONRY.

ALL kinds of sport appeal to the Arabs and are eagerly followed by them; and of late years the substitution of breech-loading rifles for the antiquated, though picturesque flintlock and cumbersome spear formerly in use has materially increased the variety of game with which they can now successfully hope to cope. Big game is rare in the deserts I have visited, though hyena, jackal, silver fox, and an occasional wolf, often furnish a day's sport, while among the rocky spurs of the Mokattam Hills ibex and wild goat are occasionally to be found.

The deserts abutting upon Egypt abound in gazelle, the hunting of which is the only kind of desert sport I have enjoyed.

One morning, while sitting in Sheik Saoudi-el-Tahowi's lodge preparing for my

day's work, his son came in to say that a herd of gazelles had been seen in the vicinity, and that if I would accompany a hawking party just about to start he could promise me some good sport. The medieval flavor of a «hawking party» proved more enticing than the intended sketch, and eagerly accepting his invitation, I followed the young sheik to his «falconry.» This was a small tent surrounded by a compound of durra stalks, in which was a stand of eight or nine beautiful hawks, all closely hooded. On the ground sat their keeper, a huge negro, busily preparing the embroidered-leather gauntlets worn by the huntsmen as a protection against the birds' claws.

Orders having already been given, we were soon mounted and ready for a start. Most of us were on horseback, though one or two rode *hagein*, or swift dromedaries. Each rider carried a hooded hawk on his wrist, and a number of men and boys with greyhounds in leash accompanied us.

One of the sheik's sons, who was riding a camel, certainly merits a little description. Rejoicing in the name Gamil (which, being interpreted, means «beautiful»), young Tahowi evidently had made up his mind to «dress the part.» On his head was a cufia of many-colored silks, fringed with gold tassels, and bound round by the *akal*, or rope of brown camel-hair, always worn by the Bedouin. His *arbiyeh*, or outside cloak, was of a deep maroon color, showing just a glimpse of a vest of bright green beneath. The large white sleeves of the caftan, drawn through the *arbiyeh* well over the hands, sparkled like snow in the sunlight, while below appeared riding-boots of yellow leather. No less magnificent than his master, his milk-white camel, resplendent in gay trappings, went mincingly over his purple shadow through the sea of yellow sand.

Having some little distance to go before reaching our quarry, Tahowi beguiled the time in explaining their method of catching and training the hawks. The birds are caught in snares baited with a live pigeon, and after several days of starvation and intoxication with tobacco-smoke they are usually docile enough to be freely handled and begin their training proper. A dummy made of straw and covered with gazelle hide is placed in position, and a piece of meat firmly fixed over the eyes. The bird, which is secured by a long cord fastened to the legs, is then unhooded and allowed to strike its prey, out of which he can get no satisfaction until the

¹ Arabic for «fifty.»

head is reached. The meat being securely fixed, the hawk is unable to enjoy the anticipated feast, and is then drawn back to its captor's hand, who gives it a piece of flesh, its first meal for many days. This process is repeated over and over again until the hawk has learned its twofold lesson: first, always to strike for the eyes, and, secondly, to return to its master.

Suddenly a sharp cry from one of our party signaled that the herd had been sighted, and

utes elapsed from start to finish; but I have a very vivid recollection of our impetuous race—horses snorting, men shouting, and the rush of air in my face, while a couple of hundred yards ahead, the little herd, with a dancing gait in which they hardly seemed to touch the ground, quickly outdistanced us, until the sudden descent of the hawks speedily put an end to their poor little lives and our mad gallop.

I could not repress a feeling of profound



A SAND-STORM.

immediately hawks were unhooded, hounds slipped, and the whole party was at full gallop over the sand. It was very pretty to see the hawks at work. At first, apparently bewildered by the sudden light, they soared aloft as though uncertain what to do; but quickly catching sight of their game, they followed at an incredible speed until within striking distance, when, with a sudden swoop, each settled upon the head of its gazelle and fiercely attacked its eyes. Distressed and half blinded, the little beasts were soon overtaken and pulled down by the hounds; and a moment later the riders were on the scene, in time to save alive the one least hurt, while the others were quickly despatched with hunting-knives.

So rapid was the whole proceeding that probably not more than three or four min-

commiseration for these poor little animals, too delicately made for aught but fondling. However, the meat is good, and our party was sufficiently hungry to enjoy the prospect of our meal. I am glad to say, however, that the one caught alive proved to be but slightly hurt, and a week's gentle treatment sufficed to heal his wounds and make a pet of him; and months afterward I saw this same gazelle gamboling with the children in the tent, and rubbing noses with the very hounds which almost accomplished its destruction.

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE DESERT.

SOCIAL etiquette among the Arabs is a factor in life to be considered seriously if you wish to live among them without friction. Its obligations are not to be completely mastered



«WE WERE SOON MOUNTED AND READY FOR A START.»

in a few months. Sometimes when I have had companions with me presumably thoroughly *au fait* with all things Mohammedan, the harmony of the occasion has been seriously endangered by some thoughtlessness or ignorance on their part, which to the Moslem could appear only as a contemptuous want of consideration. Thus, no greater insult could be offered to an Arab than a friendly inquiry as to the welfare of his wife, to us a natural civility, but to him a gross impertinence bitterly resented. On one occasion I nearly made a similar blunder. I was invited by a neighboring sheik to go over to see him, and was on the point of riding up to his tent door and dismounting there. Fortunately, however, I recollected in time that etiquette demanded that I should halt fifty yards off, and call in a loud voice: «Have I your permission to approach?» This gives time to bundle off any of their womenkind who may be about, preparatory to the admission of the stranger. It is curious, also, to notice that in spite of the real affection existing between father and son, the sense of respect dominates all other feelings, and the sons will never sit at meat with their father in the presence of a guest, but will wait upon both until the father, rising, allows them the opportunity of breaking bread with their visitor.

Provided, however, that you recognize their social customs, my experience has

proved the Bedouin to be genuine, warm-hearted friends; and they really become greatly attached to those whom they know and who know them.

HOW THE SHEIK GAINED HIS POINT.

I SHALL never forget the ecstasy of affection with which, in the intervals of service, Sheik Mansour-abn-Nasrullah's youngest son used to squeeze my hand and exclaim, «Oh, Mr. Kelly!» He was a lovable boy of fourteen, the Benjamin of his tribe, and, while I was with them, my constant attendant.

This boy's grandfather was a wonderful old man of nearly eighty years, almost bedridden.

He had lived as sheik of his tribe in the troublous times of Said Pasha and Ismail, under whom tribes bordering on Egypt held certain lands as forage-ground, in return for occasional military service as irregular cavalry. Ismail's necessities, however, inspired the idea of imposing a tax upon them in addition. Resenting this attempt upon their freedom, the tribes, having burned their crops and buildings, retired far into the desert. An army under a Turkish general was sent in pursuit, but could not come within touching distance of the tribesmen, who, on their fleet horses, were constantly hovering on the army's flanks, and then suddenly disappear-

ing farther into the sandy waste. Having in this way lured the Egyptian troops far beyond their base of communications, old Nasrullah¹ suddenly surrounded the invaders with hordes of his followers, and rode up to interview the general. A parley ensued, in which, with extreme politeness, the Turkish general «regretted» that he had to demand their return and submission to his highness's decree.

Sweeping the horizon with his spear, the old sheik pointed out that the Egyptians were surrounded, and that escape was impossible, adding: «Go tell your master that but for my clemency you and your army would be eaten up; but now I let you go, that he may know that we are willing to be his *friends*, but never his *servants*.»

Returning to Cairo, the general duly reported events, the result being that the tribes were reinstalled in the possession of their lands on the original terms.

This old sheik, though very feeble, mounted his horse and rode out to meet

could have transformed the decrepit old man into the vibrating, enthusiastic warrior I saw before me.

THE TRIBAL BARD.

SITTING in the tent one night, I asked Sheik Mansour if they had no evening amusements, such as singing or dancing.

«What!» he exclaimed, «is not your excellency tired?»

«Not too tired to be amused,» said I.

«Then, *efendim*, perhaps you would like to hear our poet?»

«Certainly; what does he do?»

«Oh, pasha, he sings like the nightingales; he sings the (Song of the Nephaata.) For generations this gift has been with him and his house. Now he is old, but his son follows in his steps and will perpetuate the poetry of our tribe.»

«Does he sing often?»

«No, *efendim*; only when some occasion such as your excellency's visit inspires him.»



HAWKING IN THE DESERT.

me, brandishing his spear, a formidable weapon about sixteen feet long and very heavy; and when I first saw him careering about on his horse, shouting his family war-cry, and wielding the spear which I could hardly lift in one hand, it seemed incredible that the excitement of the moment

¹ Victory of God.

«Indeed? Then perhaps he will sing for me to-night?»

«*Maaloom*» («Certainly»). And off the sheik went to summon the bard.

I had heard of this man before, and awaited events with some curiosity.

Presently, one by one, the head men of the tribe came in, and silently salaaming,

seated themselves round the fire, and waited, expectation written on every countenance, their gleaming eyes and sigh of satisfaction plainly intended to impress me with a proper sense of the treat in store. Presently the bard appeared, accompanied by his son, and, salaams having been exchanged, sat down and prepared for business.

He was an old man, gray-bearded and sun-dried; and the look of importance upon his brow was repeated in the expression of reflected glory which animated the countenance of his son. Each carried an instrument called *el kemengeh*, a kind of two-stringed fiddle.

Shutting his eyes, and comfortably rubbing his hands together, the old man began, in a harsh, strident voice, to deliver a panegyric upon the song he was going to sing, calling forth repeated ejaculations of "Aiwa," "Yeuss," and other approving signs, from the assembled crowd. After ten minutes of this I became impatient, and exclaimed: "*Idrub el kemengeh ya usta*" ("Play your fiddle, O my master"), whereupon, with sympathetic grunts from all, he began the

overture, a weird, wailing melody, to which the son played a kind of second in a minor key which it is impossible to transcribe correctly in our annotation.

Beginning like the sighing of the wind among the palm-trees, it gradually gathered power and volume in a crescendo, then died away again to a breath, playing infinite changes upon the opening theme. The effect was distinctly artistic and quaint, and I was gradually drifting into a state of dreamy imaginings when suddenly the bard broke silence, and in a voice of amazing power and incisiveness began to intone the "*Song of the Nephaata*."

Going back for generations, the legend described the growing of the parent tribe into a power in Mesopotamia, and how, in course of time, when men and camels and horses were in plenty, the head sheik decided upon

the conquest of Tunis. Admirably accompanied on their instruments, one seemed to hear the hurried riding of messengers despatched to summon distant families; their horses' hoof-strokes gradually dying in the distance until naught was heard but the sighing of the night wind across the desert. Presently from far away was caught the distant thundering of the gathering hordes, gradually approaching nearer and nearer until the volume of sound culminated in a general salutation to the sheik who summoned them. Then came the sheik's exhortation, and the description of their desert

journey, which was to occupy many months.

Incidents by the way—heat, thirst, noise, and dust by day, and the eternal silence of the desert by night, the brightness of the stars, the waxing and waning of the moon, the hardships, excitements, plenty and poverty of condition—were, each in turn, graphically described, to the same weird accompaniment.

Hour after hour this went on, the bard's eye gleaming and his voice growing stronger and

stronger, until I was almost stunned by its thundering monotone. Meanwhile the tribesmen, shifting excitedly in their seats, and uttering quick ejaculations of approval, constituted a scene which kept me spell-bound. Eventually, in the narrative, Tunis was reached, and the horde of Arabs encamped beneath its walls.

It was now midnight, and for four long hours I had listened to this wonderful epic; but realizing that I was too thoroughly exhausted for further amusement, I decided to "turn in," and getting up, I left the assembly in the zenith of their excitement and gratification.

As I quietly passed outside, the sheik, hitherto absorbed in the performance, saw me, and suddenly jumping up, exclaimed to the minstrel: "Get out of this, you dog! You have tired the pasha with your pig's bab-



SHEIK MANSOUR-ABN-NASRULLAH.

bling. Get out of this!» And in a moment heroics gave place to humiliation, and I beheld the venerable bard, till then fairly bursting with pride and importance, ignominiously hustled out of the tent and creeping disconsolately homeward.

Taking it altogether, it was a fine performance, and I can give no idea of the effect produced by its apt accompaniment and quick alterations of pitch, both in voice and instrument, as necessity of description demanded.

This position of tribal bard is hereditary, the singer having no other employment, being supported by the tribe, each member of which contributes to his needs, while the sons are from infancy taught to perpetuate the songs and legends.

THE THIEF-TRACKERS.

ANOTHER curious profession among the Bedouin is that of the «thief-trackers.» Being without paddocks or stables, and their animals always more or less at liberty, theft of stock would appear to be an easy and frequent matter. Each tribe, however, has its little company of «trackers,» and it would be either a bold or an ignorant man indeed who ventured to interfere with an Arab's live stock. I have heard of one instance in which a camel stolen from a camp near Ismailia was, after weeks of labor, successfully tracked to the Sudan, where the beast was recaptured and summary vengeance wreaked upon the robbers. Selected for natural ability, and trained from boyhood to discriminate between each animal's footprint, this faculty becomes so highly developed that a particular horse's or camel's trail is unerringly picked up from among the thousands of impressions on the dusty highway.

CHARMS AND THE EVIL EYE.

LIKE all Mohammedans, the Bedouin are very superstitious, and believe firmly in the power of the «evil eye.» As a protection against this mysterious power, most of them carry charms, usually consisting of passages from the Koran, stitched inside their garments, or similar scrip, inclosed in silver or leather charm-cases, worn round the neck, horses and camels being almost always similarly protected. A horse I was once riding happened to burst the thong by which its charm was suspended, and which was in consequence lost. My Arab friends, much troubled, assured me that the horse was sure to die. Of course I laughed at the idea; but,

sure enough, some days later I heard that the horse *was* dead. The Arabs, of course, attributed its demise to the loss of its sacred protection, though diligent inquiry on my part elicited the fact that it had been cruelly overridden, and had died from exhaustion!

This superstition is one of the many little things to be reckoned with in desert life, as the following experience will show. Sheik Aleywa had a fine black horse, and also a beautiful boy, his youngest son, of whom he was exceedingly fond. This youngster, being a splendid rider, was put upon the fancy horse to give me a «fantasia.» His riding was exceedingly clever, and the horse a beauty; and at the end of the performance I was loud in my praise of both, taking care to add the usual invocation, «Ma'sha'llah,» which, however, the sheik did not hear.

«Take them!» he exclaimed. «Take them both—my son and the horse. They are yours.»

«I cannot, my sheik,» I replied. «I do not want the horse, and could not take your son.»

«You must, efendim,» he urged excitedly; and on my still refusing, he exclaimed in desperation:

«One of you must take them!»

Hereupon one of the bystanders came up and said:

«No evil will befall them, O my father; the pasha said, (Ma'sha'llah.))»

Whereupon the old man, greatly relieved, gave a huge grunt of satisfaction, and led the way to dinner.

I should explain that this expression, «Ma'sha'llah,» may be roughly translated as «May God keep evil from it,» and should always be said after praise of any living thing; otherwise the gift of the animal or being is considered to be the only means of averting the disaster, and perhaps death, sure to result from your omission.

HOSPITALITY AND THE GIVING OF PRESENTS.

I HAVE previously spoken of Arab hospitality and the giving of presents. Many people seem to believe that such acts of grace are done with an ulterior motive and in the hope of a return of favors. So far as I am aware, this idea is entirely wrong. Let me give two instances.

I had ridden to a tent one day to ask for some tobacco, my own stock being exhausted; and in answer to my query the occupant replied that he had tobacco, but it was «not fit for your excellency to smoke.» However, I tried it, and certainly it was not very palat-

able, which my host noticed, and, asking me to lodge with him, said he would send for some. I found, later on, that he had immediately sent a man on camel-back to Zagazig (three days' journey), with instructions to buy an *oke*¹ of the best «Turkish» the town provided.

On another occasion I noticed in a tent a rug made of a kind of felt and painted in a curiously barbaric design. I asked where it came from, and was informed that it was Sudanese. Merely remarking that it was curious, and that I had never before seen one, I dropped the matter. Some months later, after my return to England, I received a bale, forwarded from Cairo, containing three of these rugs! It transpired that my generous host, seeing that I was so interested, had straightway despatched a messenger to the Sudan to get the rugs for me, and had sent them after me to Cairo. Here was a case, at any rate, where even thanks were impossible, and I have never seen this particular Arab since. I am extremely sorry to say, however, that the rugs, when they reached me, were so full of moths that they had to be immediately destroyed, so that I have not been

man is sent on camel-back to deliver it to the first railway he may happen upon, often several days' ride, for which service no payment is expected.

Nearly all urgent messages are performed on camel-back, no other animal being able to cover so great a distance in equal time. Young Tahowi rode on his, one day, from Beni-Ayoub to Ismailia and back, a distance of about sixty miles, between sunset and sunrise; and I believe I am correct in saying that in cases of emergency a well-conditioned hagein will average one hundred miles a day for a fortnight, on a small feed and a little water every third day, though at the end of the journey it would be so worn out and emaciated as to require several months of rest and good feeding before it would recover its former vitality and stamina.

MIRAGES.

No description of desert life would be complete without some reference to the «mirage,» a phenomenon of almost daily occurrence. As is well known, it usually takes the form of water; and the illusion is so complete that I



THE «SONG OF THE NEPHAATA.»

able to keep this unique example of Arab hospitality.

Another matter in which they give themselves a great amount of trouble is in forwarding your very occasional correspondence. Should you desire to post a letter, a

¹ The oke, or ukkeh, is equal to about 2½ lbs. avoirdupois.

have stood and talked to a man who apparently was standing up to his knees in a lake the ripples of which broke on the sand a few yards from me. The most curious series of mirages I have witnessed, however, occurred when leaving my Arab friends and returning to the Delta. I was being escorted by a party of Hanaardi Arabs, and our destination was



A MIRAGE IN THE «FIELD OF ZOAN.»

San-el-Haga (ancient Tanis).¹ From Sheik Aleywa's tent the mounds of ruined Tanis were clearly seen, and appeared only some five or six miles distant. Our road lay through some miles of salt-marshes, after which we emerged upon the «field of Zoan,» in Abraham's day one of the most fertile and perfectly cultivated spots in Egypt, now a howling wilderness of rotten earth which will scarcely grow the most hardy weeds.

We had ridden for nearly four hours, and still seemed as far from Tanis as ever, the mounds appearing just as distant as at the start, when, suddenly, a curious «twinkle» of light and landscape occurred, most bewildering to the senses, and before I was able to rub my eyes clear we were standing on the mounds themselves! Crossing the Bahr Fakous,² a deep canal crossed by a ferry, similar phenomena were repeated. Looking westward toward the sun, the plain appeared to

be one huge inland lake, bordered by palm-groves and villages; so real, indeed, was it that we had a little debate as to whether it were possible that the Bahr Yusef might not have burst its banks and flooded the country, and made a wide detour necessary. While debating the subject, I noticed that several of my companions had disappeared, and with them all signs of the mounds of Tanis and the village of San-el-Haga, only about one mile distant. A few moments later I saw them all upside down in the sky, while the riders, on approaching more closely, suddenly righted themselves and stood upon terra firma once more!

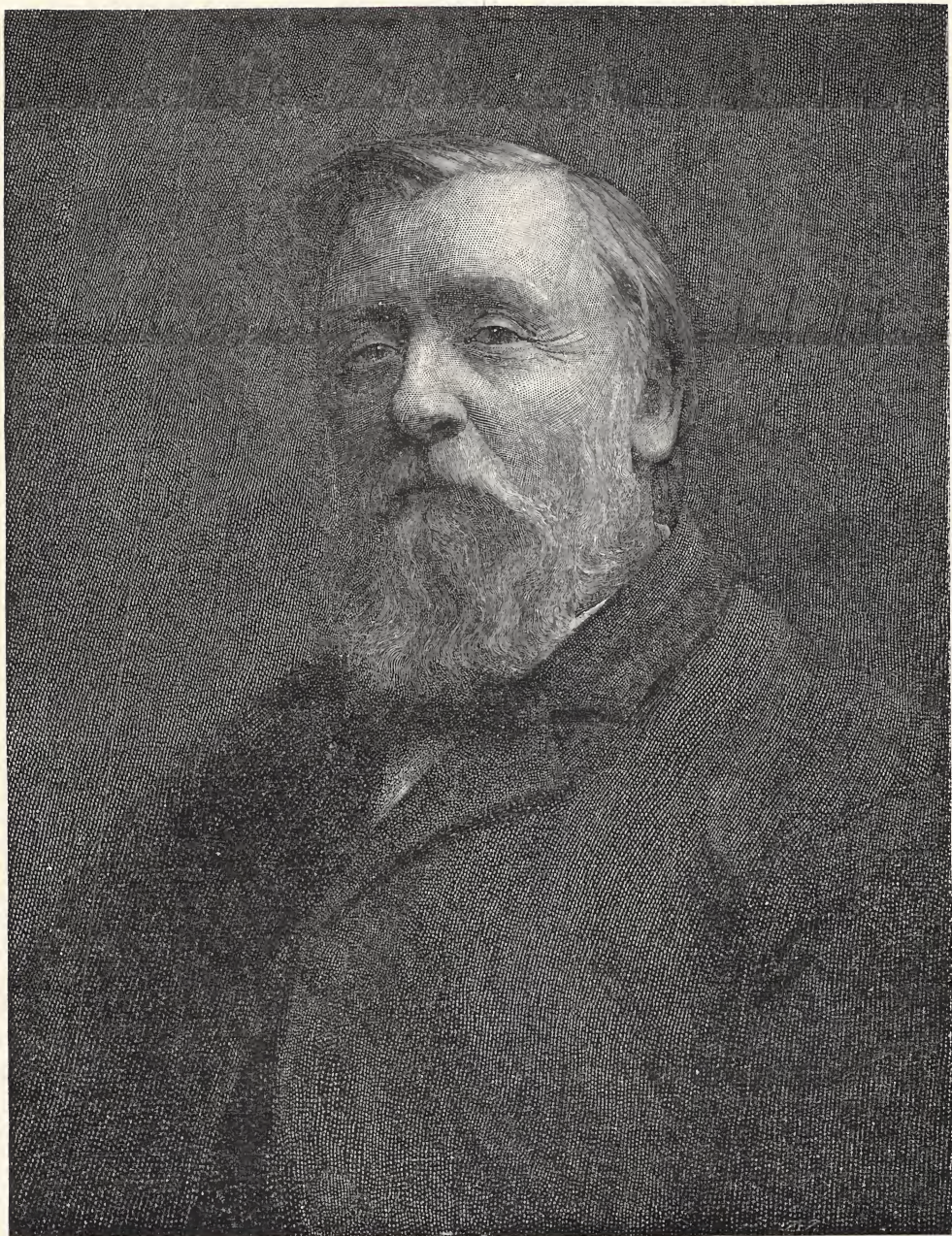
Our flooded plain proved a similar pleasantry of nature, and an hour later we stood upon the banks of the bahr; and as I bade farewell to the friends whose hospitality and kindness had robbed the desert of so much of its hardships, and rendered my life among them one of my happiest experiences, sincere feeling was added to the grace of their adieu: «*Shoof wishuk b'il khare in'sha'llah*» («Till by the will of God I see your face again in health»³).

¹ San-el-Haga, the «Zoan» of Scripture.

² Bahr means «river,» a term applied to all the large canals.

³ Or, «in prosperity.»





PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE C. COX.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Very Sincerely,
J. R. Lombard.

AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

THOMAS RAYNESFORD LOUNSBURY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IN a London weekly, a few years ago, a scholar of American birth, but now for more than twoscore years a resident of England, published letters in which he held up to the scorn of his British readers the vocabulary and the grammar of certain living American writers; declaring further that the mistakes of these authors were undoubtedly due to the unfortunate fact that they were Americans; and confessing, moreover, that he also, in writing English, felt himself to be writing a foreign language. Whatever might be thought of the taste or of the truth of this scholar's charges against his fellow-Americans, there was no disputing the justice of his self-accusation; for no foreigner ever wrote more pedantic or contorted English than his. In one of these letters he asserted that Americans were necessarily exposed to the influence of expressions which were "not standard English," and that, "in short, the language of an American is all but inevitably more or less dialectal"; wherefore it behooves us promptly to take measures that the evolution of the English language in America "be controlled by proficient in knowledge and taste, and not by sciolists and vulgarians."

I have called the man who uttered these sentiments a scholar,—for what else can any one be termed who has given an immensity of toil to the collection of illustrations of usage?—but the theory underlying these sentiments is wholly unscientific. No trained philologist any longer believes that it is either possible or desirable to give the control of the evolution of the language to "proficients in knowledge and taste." The latest historian of the English language tells us formally that "the history of the language is the history of corruptions," and that "the purest of speakers uses every day, with perfect propriety, words and forms which, looked at from the point of view of the past, are improper, if not scandalous. But the blunders of one age become good usage in the following, and in process of time grow to be so consecrated by custom and consent that a return to practices

theoretically correct would seem like a return to barbarism." Later he tells us that "the language can be safely trusted to take care of itself, if the men who speak it take care of themselves; for with their degree of development, of cultivation, and of character it will always be found in absolute harmony." Finally the same authority, as though intending to answer the strange assertion of the Anglo-American scholar, declares that the language need not fear the attacks of the sciolists and the vulgarians, since "it is in much more danger from ignorant efforts made to preserve its purity."

It is from the enlarged, revised, and in fact rewritten edition of Professor Lounsbury's "History of the English Language" that I have made these quotations; and in their union of scientific precision of statement with a wholesome common sense, these quotations, brief as they are, seem to me to be fairly typical of the man from whose book they were selected: for in all his writings no one can fail to note the boldness which is based on a complete mastery of the subject.

Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury was born in the State of New York in 1838, and was graduated from Yale College in 1859. He served three years in the army, being taken prisoner at Harper's Ferry, but being exchanged in time to be present at Gettysburg. In 1870 he was called to Yale, where he is now professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School. In 1879 he published his "History of the English Language," promptly adopted as a text-book in the leading colleges of the country, and substantially rewritten for the new edition issued in 1894. To the American Men of Letters Series, edited by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, he contributed in 1883 the biography of James Fenimore Cooper. In 1891 he sent forth, in three solid tomes, his "Studies in Chaucer"; already for The Century Dictionary he had prepared the Chaucer vocabulary; and he is also editing two poems of Chaucer's—"The House of Fame" and "The Parliament of Fowles." A course of lectures on Shakspeare, delivered in

certain Western and Eastern cities, has not yet been published.

With the increasing specialization of the higher education, most of our colleges wish to rescue the courses of instruction in literature from the hands of the language teachers, in fact restoring the old chair of belles-lettres—of course not as a substitute for philology, but as a supplement to it. While a knowledge of any literature must be based on a certain knowledge of its language, an understanding of linguistic science does not imply an appreciation of literary art. A professor of English is rare who has both philologic training and esthetic perception, as Professor Lounsbury has; and he has also a quality rarer still—the temper of the true scholar.

Accepting our language as a living organism, and thoroughly equipped for its vivisection, Professor Lounsbury is no mere grammarian. Capable of endless and incessant investigation for the settling of disputed points in literary history, he is no mere antiquary. To him research is a labor of love, useful not as an end in itself, but only in the service of a higher cause. He knows the English language as it was and as it is, and he knows English literature, past and present, and he loves them both; and therefore he is able to write about them with the insight and the sympathy of the true critic. Like Lowell, also a teacher of modern literature, Professor Lounsbury has no trace of the pedagogue, no taint of the pedant; and though his wit is less obtrusive than Lowell's, he is none the less certain to relieve a dry subject with dry humor.

Even those who may think that the English language is an arid subject cannot deny that there are many juicy passages in Professor Lounsbury's history of it. Personally I have always agreed with the Scotch gardener to whom an English dictionary had been given, and who reported that it contained "good stories, but unco short." Personally I am always ready for a ramble around the vocabulary; and so I am not an unprejudiced witness, perhaps. But I can affirm, on information and belief, that even those who take little interest in the subject find Professor Lounsbury's "History of the English Language" an eminently readable book. The second part, on the history of inflections, is perhaps of less general interest than the first portion, in which the evolution of English speech is traced; but in both parts the statement is always transparently clear, while the illustrations are delightfully apposite. In

both parts are numberless proofs of Professor Lounsbury's possession of the gift of putting things so that they cling to the memory of the reader; and the temptation to quote abundantly is hard to resist. Here is one needful verity, compactly put: "No tongue can possibly be corrupted by alien words which convey ideas that cannot be expressed by native ones. Yet this elementary truth is far from being universally accepted; for it is a lesson which many learn with difficulty, and some never learn at all, that purism is not purity." And here is another: "It cannot be laid down too emphatically that it is not the business of grammarians or scholars to decide what is good usage. Their function is limited to ascertaining and recording it. . . . It is [the best authors] who settle by their practice what is correct or incorrect, and not the arbitrary pretenses or prejudices of writers on usage or grammar."

It is not a far cry from a history of the English language to a biography of the first American author who gained popularity outside the boundaries of the English-speaking peoples. Irving's "Sketch-Book," begun in 1819, was the earliest book of American authorship to gain acceptance across the Atlantic in Great Britain; but Cooper's "Spy," published in 1821, was the earliest book of American authorship to win fame across the Channel, in France and Germany, in Italy and Spain. When the American Men of Letters Series was planned, no volume was more imperatively demanded than that devoted to Cooper, the more especially as his family, like Thackeray's, interpreted a treasured remark to mean that they must not aid or authorize any official biography. This alleged prohibition made Professor Lounsbury's task at once more difficult and more necessary. In Cooper's case, as in Thackeray's, the biographer has nothing to conceal. A biographer is a trustee for his readers, and he is derelict to his duty if he deprive his *cestui que trust* of one jot or tittle of the whole truth. But he is bound also to spare the reader all insignificant facts. Many recent biographers of authors are mere antiquaries, gathering up the chaff with the wheat, and choking the reader with the dust of their own tedious research. As Carlyle once said, "Rich as we are in biography, a well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." Upon the whole, and despite his petty weaknesses, Cooper's life was well spent; and it has now been well written. Indeed, Professor Lounsbury's "Cooper" seems to me a model biography; for it is founded on documentary investiga-

tion quite German in its thoroughness, and it is written with structural clearness quite French in its delicacy. It presents to us a finished statue of the man, without parading before us the chips and scattered fragments of the studio. And the book is as well written as it is well planned. It is the work of a scholar and a gentleman, honest but courteous, plain-spoken if need be, but civil-tongued always. Professor Lounsbury has something of Cooper's own sturdy Americanism, although he is wholly free from Cooper's pernickety peculiarities, and although he has abundantly the humor of which Cooper was hopelessly devoid.

After writing this account of the career of the man who wrote the first American historical novel, the first sea story, and the first tale of the forest and the prairie, Professor Lounsbury returned to his study of the man Lowell called «the first great poet who has treated To-day as if it were as good as Yesterday.» But the projected work grew on his hands until at last it appeared, at the end of 1891, in three stately tomes. The author was rewarded for his delay by the welcome his work received from the public at large, and from the specialists who could best testify to its excellence. By all it was accepted as the most important contribution yet made by an American scholar to the great unwritten history of English literature.

The three volumes of «Studies in Chaucer» contain eight separate essays. The desire to disentangle the few known facts of the life of Chaucer from the many vague fancies of the legend which has masqueraded as the biography of the poet, the wish to set the brief account of Chaucer's birth and wanderings and death on a firm foundation of scientific research, led Professor Lounsbury to devote his first essay to the actual life of the poet, and his second to the legend which has encompassed it about, tracing every unsupported suggestion to its source, and showing, once for all, upon what slight authority it rests. The next essays consider in turn the text of the poet, the list of his writings, and the question of his authorship of the translation of the «Romaunt of the Rose.» And over this last question there is still waged a battle among experts more fearful than that which raged over the body of Achilles; into it no layman need enter here, but even a hasty reader can see that Professor Lounsbury is well equipped for the fight, and can give a good account of himself when attacked. In the subsequent essays we have a consideration of the extent of Chaucer's learning,

which is shown to be much less than many pretend, just as Shakspeare's is also; for both poets had wisdom and what may be called intuitive knowledge, but neither was remarkable for «book-learning.» They were poets, both of them; they were literary artists; they were neither of them scholars.

It is to a consideration of Chaucer's art that the final essay is devoted, its immediate predecessors being on the poet's relation to the religion of his time and to the English language, and on the history of his literary reputation. Professor Lounsbury shows us that, however much he may have been misunderstood at times, Chaucer has had a continuous popularity, and that he has successfully met «the three tests of enduring fame—the opinion of contemporaries, the opinion of foreign nations, the opinion of posterity.» That the earliest great poet of the English language should have become the prey of grammarians and the sport of critics is odd enough; but it is not as extraordinary as that the author whom Lowell declared to be «one of the world's three or four great story-tellers» should lack adequate recognition for his preëminent merits as an artist for nearly five hundred years after his death. Yet this is the fact. Chaucer was supremely the artist «in the fabrication of his verse as well as in the construction of his plot and the telling of his story. . . . The story of his literary life is, in fact, a story of steady growth, in which he gradually rose superior to the taste of his time, proved all things, found out that which was true, and held fast to that which was good. In the various eulogistic tributes that have been paid to the poet, it is rare that [this technical excellence] has received even cursory notice. In none of them has it ever been credited with its full significance.»

No chapter in Professor Lounsbury's book is more skilfully prepared, or more welcomed by all who appreciate and admire literary art, than this last, in which he proves his assertion that Chaucer is supremely the artist, both in versification and in story-telling. That the poet's supremacy as a story-teller has not been more widely recognized is due perhaps to the general neglect of narrative art in nearly all British criticism. There are great novelists, no doubt, in English literature—perhaps as great as in any other literature; but there are few great story-tellers, few writers who understood the principles of selection and composition, few real masters of narrative. Mr. Howells once wondered how it was that, after we had

seen the refined and delicate fictions of Jane Austen, we could ever allow ourselves to accept the vulgar and violent caricatures of Dickens; and the wonder is greater that the people for whom Chaucer once wrote his shapely and vigorous tales can now tolerate that sprawling invertebrate, the modern British novel. At his best Chaucer was one of the greatest of English story-tellers, as at his best he was one of the greatest of English poets. As a story-teller and as a poet he was straightforward. «What he has to say he says in a thoroughly natural manner, without the slightest attempt to produce an impression.» One other quotation from this chapter I must permit myself: «Poetry has failed of its mission when its language, like that of diplomacy, is used to conceal thought.»

Throughout these «Studies in Chaucer» Professor Lounsbury adopts the spelling of «ryme,» which frees it from the obtrusive *h* foisted into the word most superfluously some time in the seventeenth century; and Professor Lounsbury always performs gladly that duty which lies upon every single student of English speech, to do whatever he can, whenever he can, to bring back our English spelling into the right path. One of the most eloquent passages in these three volumes, and one of the most convincing, is a plea for the simplification of our orthography. Spelling reform has no advocate better equipped than he, or more earnest in the cause. Again and again has he made merry with the amateur philologists who erect their own prejudices into an eternal law, and who profess to detect a subtle beauty in the ridiculous *b* in «debt,» or in the still more absurd *p* in «comptroller.» Although he treats them always with courtesy, he has little patience with the literary men who dabble in linguistics, a class of which Trench and Alford may be taken as types, both of them authors of books about words, narrow-minded originally, and now hopelessly belated. It cannot be easy for a trained student of English to be tolerant toward those who accept the Johnsonian canon of orthography, and therefore shiver at the suggestion of dropping the unjustifiable *u* from «neighbor» or the misleading *g* from «sovereign.» Indeed, to a scientific etymologist the misfit spelling of the modern dialect story is not more ludicrous than the accepted orthography.

It is greatly to be regretted that Professor Lounsbury has not yet gathered into a single volume his scattered essays on linguistic topics, now sunk in the swift oblivion

of the back number. Especially worthy of revival are two sets of papers prepared about fifteen years ago, one set for this magazine, on «Spelling Reform,» and the other for the defunct «International Review,» on «The English Language in America.» To both of these series of papers I am glad to confess my own great indebtedness. In these linguistic essays, as elsewhere, Professor Lounsbury bears his learning lightly; but the critics who come to try a fall with him must needs have practised in the schools, or they will lie with their mother earth. The papers on «Spelling Reform» show that he has not merely learning, but also the rarer quality, wisdom. They reveal, too, his possession of a full share of the humor which is every American's birthright. It is pleasant to be able to record that our English scholars have nearly all of them—Lowell most abundantly, but also Child and Furness—the sense of humor which prevents their lapsing into pedantry. This saving grace is nowhere more needful than in any discussion of the barbarities of modern English orthography, than which, indeed, even the Great American Joke is not more laughter-provoking.

The wholesome humor of the papers on «Spelling Reform» is to be found also in the papers on «The English Language in America,» wherein he faces those who have cast aspersions on our parts of speech. The frequent talk about the degradation of the language, particularly in this nineteenth century, and more particularly in these United States, is, for the most part, as silly as it is shrill. Professor Whitney recorded his opinion that there has been perhaps less change in the English language during the last forty years than in any half-century of its history. Of course the vocabulary is increasing with marvelous rapidity, as we can all see; and though we Americans are not so prone to the pastime as our kin across the sea, it would be as easy for us to decry many a Britishism of recent invention as it is for them to denounce the latest Americanism, especially as the latter often turns out to have a most venerable English pedigree. Upon this subject Professor Lounsbury has written with unfailing humor and with abundant knowledge of the principles which govern the development of the language.

He has as little liking for the silly spread-eagleism which declares that we do not care for abroad as he has for the feebleness of colonialism which takes all its opinions second-hand from the other side of the Atlantic. His attitude is not unlike Roger Sherman's, who,

when some irate member of the Continental Congress in 1776 moved the abolition of the English language in America, seconded the motion, with the amendment that we compel the British to learn Greek, and keep English for ourselves.

In fact, whether the subject he is treating be linguistic or literary, whether it be spelling reform or the English language, whether it be the prose novels of Cooper or the poetic

tales of Chaucer, Professor Lounsbury handles it with the same firm grasp, with the same understanding and sanity, with the same wholesome good humor. A scholarship as wide as it is deep, a common sense as unusual as it is vigorous, a humor unfailing always, and never obtruded or beyond control—these are characteristics not often found together; and they are to be found in all of Professor Lounsbury's works.

VITA BENEFICA.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.¹

ON softest pillows my dim eyes unclose,
 No pain—delicious weariness instead;
 Sweet silence broods around the quiet bed,
 And round me breathes the fragrance of the rose.
 The moonlight leans against the pane and shows
 The little leaves outside in watchful dread
 Keeping their guard, while with swift noiseless tread
 Love in its lovelier service comes and goes:
 A hand I love brings nectar; near me bends
 A face I love: ah! it is over! this
 Indeed is heaven. Could I only tell
 The timid world how tenderly Death sends
 To drooping souls the soft and thrilling kiss!—
 And then I woke—to find that I was well!

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISITING-CARD.

THE STORY OF THE PAROLE OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

BY JOHN M. BULLOCK.

IN the early summer of 1864, my eldest brother, Waller R. Bullock of Kentucky, was wounded and captured while acting as captain of a detachment of General John H. Morgan's dismounted Confederates at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, Morgan's men being defeated by the troops of General Stephen G. Burbridge of the Union army. After having been left for dead upon the battlefield, and finally brought back to life in an almost miraculous manner, he was allowed, through the kind efforts of some of my father's Union friends, to be carried to the home of a relative and cared for until he

was in a condition to be sent to prison at Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. After his removal to prison, we often received letters from him, telling us of his daily life of enforced idleness, but nothing regarding his health that caused us any uneasiness until the cold and icy winds of winter had set in. Then it was he wrote of a cough and some slight indisposition, but nothing that could awaken the watchfulness of even a mother's love. Early in February, 1865, Colonel Holliday of Kentucky, a Confederate officer, came through Baltimore on special exchange. My father, the Rev. Dr. Bullock, had left Kentucky at the beginning of the war, and accepted a call to the Franklin Street Presbyterian Church of Baltimore,

¹ This poem was written by Mrs. Rollins in her last illness, at a time when she believed herself recovering. She died on Sunday, December 5, 1897.

where he resided for ten or eleven years. He afterward removed to Alexandria, Virginia, where he resided when he was elected chaplain of the United States Senate. Later he made his home in Washington city. Colonel Holliday took tea with us the evening of his arrival; but although we asked him many questions regarding my brother's condition of health, he gave us no cause for alarm, only telling us that he suffered occasionally from his wounds, which had not entirely healed, and was troubled more or less by a cough. After bidding the family good-by, he requested me to walk with him to Barnum's Hotel, as he was not familiar with the streets of our city. After leaving the house, he delivered to me a message from my brother, to the effect that he was a very sick man, and had not long to live, owing to trouble with his wounds and a severe attack of pleurisy and pneumonia. As I was the only son living at home, he had sent this word to me in order that I might break the sad news to my parents. My mother being an invalid, it was my brother's wish that the information should be given to her in such a way as to alarm her as little as possible. That night I lay awake, in deepest anxiety and perplexity as to what was the best course to pursue to keep my mother in ignorance of my brother's real condition while I could put into execution some plan that would enable me to win the race from death. Though a school-boy at the time, my mind was made up before the morning dawned; and so, after a few hours of troubled slumber, I arose, dressed myself with unusual care, ate my breakfast, and then took my way, not to school, but to the station of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and in about an hour I was in Washington city.

As soon as I arrived in the capital I inquired the way to the home of Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair. Mr. Blair was a relative of my mother's, and had been a classmate of my father's at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, when they were both young lads. I found Mr. Blair at home, and apparently not very busy. In as few words as possible I stated the object of my visit—namely, that I desired to secure from President Lincoln the release from prison, upon parole, of my brother, Waller R. Bullock, who was sick and wounded; and that the first step toward the accomplishment of my mission was an introduction to Mr. Lincoln through some influential person or common friend. I further informed him that I had come to request his good offices in the matter of the introduction to the President.

Mr. Blair's reception of me had been most cordial; but as soon as he learned the true object of my visit, the warmth of his manner visibly cooled, and in very decided language he said: «Such a request to the President will be altogether useless. I can assure you that there are many members of Congress, and others high in authority, that would be glad to have their friends and relatives released from prison on such terms as you ask, and are unable to accomplish it. Don't bother your head about such matters, my son. Come, take your lunch with us, and then go out and see some of the sights of Washington; and I assure you it will be time far more profitably spent than in seeking an interview with the President that will do you no sort of good.» In a most emphatic manner I declined both Mr. Blair's advice and hospitality; and learning that Mr. Lincoln was that morning holding a levee at the White House, I took my leave of the Postmaster-General, after thanking him for all he had done for me, and strolled over in that direction. I had never before been present at a Presidential reception, and the sight was indeed a novel one.

Mr. Lincoln was standing in the center of one of the small rooms—the «Blue Room,» I believe; and near him, and a little in his rear, were Mrs. Lincoln and some half-dozen ladies, wives of members of the cabinet. In animated conversation with Mrs. Lincoln and her guests were a number of officers of the army and navy, several generals and admirals among them. The President stood alone. There were no introductions. Each person came up and shook his hand, and passed on to give place to those that followed. During this ceremony the Marine Band, stationed in the «East Room,» played for the marching throng. I had noticed one thing of which I had determined to take advantage. In the interval between the time the band ceased to play one selection and the beginning of another piece, the people stopped passing through the Blue Room, and for the time being left the President entirely alone. He stood with his hands clasped in front of him, his head slightly bowed, in his eyes that far-away look so often spoken of by those who knew him well. I thought this a splendid opportunity to get speech of him. Had I been older, I should not have thrust myself upon him at such a time; but youth does not stop to inquire too closely into the courtesies of life. Just as the band ceased playing, I stepped up to Mr. Lincoln, shook him by the hand, and said: «Mr. President, I am a son of the Rev.

Dr. Bullock of Baltimore, whom you know; and I have come to ask that you will parole my brother, Waller R. Bullock, who is a Confederate lieutenant, now in prison at Johnson's Island, wounded and sick.» I of course supposed Mr. Lincoln would reply to my petition by granting it or dismissing me with a refusal. But ignoring what I had said altogether, he asked in quite a loud voice—enough so to attract the notice of all those about him: «You are a nephew of John C. Breckinridge, ain't you?» «Yes, sir,» I replied. «Then I suppose, when you are old enough, you will be going down to fight us,» said Mr. Lincoln, in rather a laughing tone. «Yes, sir,» I replied; «I suppose, when I am old enough, I will join the army.» Mr. Lincoln seemed to be somewhat amused at my answer, and placing his hand upon my shoulder, said in a kind, fatherly way: «My son, you come back here at four o'clock this afternoon, and I will see you then.» I could see, from the cessation of all conversation by the persons about the President, including both Mrs. Lincoln and her guests, that they were interested listeners to our interview.

As the first person came up to take Mr. Lincoln's hand after the band began to play once more, I retired, bowing myself out, only too well pleased to have an engagement with so important a person as the President of the United States, the man who held the life of my brother in his keeping. Thinking I would speak to the doorkeeper at the main entrance of the mansion as to my prospects of gaining admittance to Mr. Lincoln's presence, at four o'clock, I asked that official how it would be, telling him what the President had said. «He just said that to keep from hurting your feelings, young fellow; for I have positive orders from Mr. Lincoln in person to close these doors at two o'clock sharp, and not allow anybody to come in—not even members of the cabinet.» I had more confidence in Mr. Lincoln's word than the doorkeeper of the White House, and went my way without fear and full of hope. After satisfying a growing boy's appetite at Willard's Hotel,—a matter of time,—I counted the minutes until the hour named.

As I approached the White House, to my surprise and gratification I saw Mr. Lincoln standing upon the west end of the front portico, with his son Robert by his side. Robert, then a lad, had lately been appointed assistant adjutant-general and assigned to duty with General Grant; and he and his father, I discovered, were negotiating for the pur-

chase of a horse suitable for service in the field. As I stepped up and took a position near the President, an orderly was in the act of riding a stylish-looking animal up and down one of the driveways in front of the mansion. I stood silently by, listening to the comments of the quiet, businesslike father and the more enthusiastic son, until suddenly Mr. Lincoln turned to where I stood, and said: «My son, you are a Kentuckian, and ought to know something about the value of horses. Tell me, what do you think that one is worth?» pointing to the animal in question. I replied, «I should like to see how he is gaited, sir, before I decide.» «Ride that horse around a little more,» called the President to the orderly, «and let us see how he goes.» After looking him over for a few minutes, and noticing the fact that he was a fairly good saddle-horse, I gave my opinion that he was worth about one hundred and fifty dollars. My decision seemed to have coincided with that of Mr. Lincoln; for he said in a rather loud voice, easily heard by the rider, who had stopped his horse near the end of the portico: «Just what I said he was worth—just what I offered him; but he wanted two hundred dollars for him—more than I thought he was worth.» In a few moments, however, the sale was made at the President's figure; and, seemingly much to Robert's delight, the horse was ordered to be delivered to the White House stables. Upon the conclusion of the purchase, Mr. Lincoln walked slowly to the main entrance and passed in, saying to me as he did so, «Follow me, my son.» Very deliberately Mr. Lincoln mounted the stairway, and as he gained the hallway above looked around to see if I had accompanied him. Then, opening a door to his right, we went into an office where was seated John Hay, secretary to Mr. Lincoln, before a large open fire, writing busily. Mr. Lincoln said, «Take a seat, my son; I will be back in a few moments»; and picking up a small package of mail from the desk near him, opened a door to the adjoining office and went out, leaving me to the companionship of Mr. Hay, who soon retired as if on important business.

I occupied myself during Mr. Lincoln's brief absence in trying to collect my thoughts and prepare a set speech to pour into his sympathetic ears. Suddenly the door opened, and the tall form of the President, six feet four inches in height, towered above me. Closing the door quietly behind him, he drew the largest of the easy-chairs to one side of the glowing log fire, and sitting down, leaned his

elbow on the arm toward me, and said, "Now, my son, what can I do for you?" You will note that all through my interviews with Mr. Lincoln he never addressed me without using the words—very kindly they sounded, too—"my son." Where now was my set speech? That I never knew. All I saw before me was a kind, sorrowful face, ready to listen to my story. I was not in the least embarrassed, as I supposed I should be, and at once began to tell Mr. Lincoln what I had come to ask of him. I said: "Mr. President, I have come to ask you to parole my brother, Lieutenant Waller R. Bullock, from Johnson's Island, where he is sick and wounded. He is extremely ill, and I want you to release him so that he may be brought home to die." I knew what he would ask me the first thing, and my heart sank as I heard the fateful question put. "Will your brother take the oath?" said Mr. Lincoln. "No, sir; he will not," I replied. "He will have to die in prison if that is the only alternative." "I cannot parole him," said the President. "I should like to do so; but it is impossible unless he will take the oath." I replied: "Mr. Lincoln, my brother is very ill, and cannot live long in his present condition; and it would be a great comfort to our invalid mother to have him brought home so that he can be tenderly nursed until he dies." "My son," said Mr. Lincoln, "I should like to grant your request, but I cannot do it. You don't know what a pressure is brought to bear upon me in such matters. Why, there are senators and members of Congress that would be glad to have their relatives and friends paroled on such terms as you ask, and cannot accomplish it." (The same words used by Mr. Blair.) Though somewhat disheartened, I again repeated the story of my brother's extreme illness, and the comfort it would be to my mother to have him with her in his dying condition. I said: "Mr. Lincoln, this is a case of life and death. If my brother remains much longer in prison on that bleak, dreary island, exposed to all the severity of an exceptionally cold winter, he cannot last very much longer. You are the only person in the United States that can do absolutely as you please in such matters; and you can release him if you desire to do so, no matter what people say or think." Mr. Lincoln had so often said that it was impossible for him to parole Waller that I felt my last chance to gain his consent to my petition was to appeal to him as the court of last resort, and throw the consequences of refusal upon him personally. Finally Mr.

Lincoln sank into a state of deep meditation. He sat with his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and gazed long and intently into the great wood fire. He was not a handsome man; neither was he a graceful one. His appearance when in repose was rather dull and listless. Indeed, I was struck with his awkwardness while receiving the guests at his levee, walking upstairs, and sitting in his chair. His hair was cut unevenly on the back of his head, his features were rugged, and he had evidently paid but little regard to his tailor. I noticed how large his hands and feet were, how loosely his black suit hung upon his immense frame. And then, too, as I have before remarked, he had that far-away look in his eyes so often spoken of by those who knew him intimately during those awful years of blood and carnage, when his great soul was wrung with the anguish of a nation at war with itself.

Suddenly, without warning, and when, from his long silence, I had concluded my cause was lost, Mr. Lincoln sprang to his feet, his whole being alert, his eyes no longer dull, but clear and strong with the light of intense feeling and power, all the awkwardness gone, his face not handsome, but full of strength and intelligence, making it a pleasant face to look upon—one a child would not refuse to caress. Straightening himself to his full height, he brought his clenched hand down upon the desk with a bang, and said, as he looked me full in the face, "I'll do it; I'll do it!" Walking over to his desk, he picked up a small paper card-case which held visiting-cards such as ladies generally use. Mr. Lincoln held it between his first finger and thumb up to his ear, and shook it to see if there were any cards left. I could distinctly hear the rattle of a single card. Finding what he was looking for, the President sat down, and placing the card before him, wrote very slowly and deliberately. I supposed he was writing an order to some clerk, or to John Hay, to have the parole papers made out. Such was my ignorance of the forms necessary to liberate prisoners that I imagined I should see a large official document with signatures and counter-signatures, seals, etc. Therefore I was much surprised when Mr. Lincoln arose, and, holding the card between his forefinger and thumb, read it aloud to me as follows:

Allow Lieut. Waller R. Bullock to be paroled and go to his parents in Baltimore, and remain there until well enough to be exchanged.

A. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln then held out the card to me; and seeing that I was somewhat disappointed in the size of the document, and hesitated to accept it, he said, as a smile played about the corners of his mouth: «That 'll fetch him; that 'll fetch him.» I thanked the President with all the warmth of my being. I felt that by the act of clemency he had just shown my brother had a chance for his life, and that it was to Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart and love of humanity that I owed the success of my mission. After once more expressing my thanks to the President, and assuring him of the gratitude of my father and mother and of our entire family, I prepared to take my leave, filled with joy. After handing me the card, Mr. Lincoln drew up one of the easy-chairs before the fire, and throwing himself into a comfortable position, began to ask me several questions. Said he: «Do you ever hear from your uncle John C. Breckinridge?» «Yes, sir,» I replied; «we hear once in a while from prisoners coming through on special exchange; and sometimes we have been enabled to receive letters via City Point by flag of truce.» «Well,» said Mr. Lincoln, «I was fond of John, and I was sorry to see him take the course he did. Yes, I was fond of John, and regret that he sided with the South. It was a mistake.» And then he made some further remarks about my uncle which showed his kind feeling for him. He also referred to his visit to Kentucky soon after his marriage, and the pleasant recollection he had of that period. (He had spent a few weeks in Fayette County at my grandfather Bullock's, whose second wife was an aunt of Mrs. Lincoln.) Altogether he was very kind, and I left the White House with my heart overflowing with gratitude to the President. One incident took place during my visit that goes to show how true and genuine was Mr. Lincoln's feeling of kindness toward others. Just as he was in the act of writing my brother's order of release on that little card, his son Robert came in, full of enthusiasm over the good qualities of his recent purchase. He was leaning over the back of his father's chair, and talking rapidly about his horse, when, suddenly remembering something he had forgotten to communicate, he said: «Father, Governor Hicks is dying.» Senator Hicks was an ex-governor of Maryland, and had been very ill for some days. Mr. Lincoln paused in his writing for a moment, and said in very sympathetic tones, without looking up: «Poor Hicks! Poor Hicks! Robert, order

the carriage; I must go and see Governor Hicks.»

In my haste to carry the good news to my parents, I arose from my seat at the first pause in the conversation, and bowed myself out of Mr. Lincoln's presence. I found the doorkeeper still on guard at the main entrance; and as he unlocked and unbarred the door he said: «It was well the President was out on the portico buying that horse, or you would never have entered these doors.»

The night I reached home, a number of gentlemen were collected in my father's study. The success of my mission was the theme of conversation, and it was decided unanimously that I was the proper person to convey that parole to Johnson's Island, and bring my brother home. Mr. Henry Garrett, a brother of John W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was one of those present. He was a true friend of our family, and kindly gave me a letter of introduction, which was directed «To All Railroad Employees,» and was as follows:

This will introduce to your favorable notice our young friend Mr. John M. Bullock, who is traveling with a sick brother. Any attention that you may show him will be highly appreciated by

ROBERT GARRETT AND SONS.

Had I known how to use that letter, I would have ridden free from Baltimore to Johnson's Island and return, such was the power of the Garretts during the war; but, being young, I failed to appreciate the true import of the communication, so learned its value only when too late to be of service. I found that Mr. Lincoln's name was a power wherever I went. That little card was an «open sesame»; and wherever and whenever I showed the signature «A. Lincoln,» that settled the matter, and all further discussion ceased. As I stepped upon the ice to cross from Sandusky to Johnson's Island, a guard standing near by said, «Where are you going?» I replied, «To Johnson's Island, to see Colonel Hill.» «You had better obtain a permit first,» said he. I handed him Mr. Lincoln's card. As soon as he saw the order signed by Mr. Lincoln, he very politely remarked that I was «free to go over to the island,» and pointed out to me the shortest route across. The ice was from three and a half to four feet thick, and heavy army-wagons were hauling freight to and from the island. Upon my arrival at Colonel Hill's headquarters, I was introduced to him by a young lieutenant named Phillips, whom I had met while he was in charge of prisoners

brought through Baltimore from Johnson's Island on special exchange. I handed the colonel Mr. Lincoln's card. He took it, glanced carelessly at the writing; but his indifference lasted only for a moment, for as soon as he saw and realized what the order was,—the release of a Confederate officer on parole, no oath required of him, and limited to the city of Baltimore,—he was a truly astonished man. «Well,» said he, «this is the first time such an order has been received at this prison since the war began. However, this is the President's handwriting—this is Mr. Lincoln's own signature, for I know it well. But, by Heaven! sir, I can't understand it. It is unusual, sir, to parole a prisoner on such terms.»

Just as we were leaving Colonel Hill's office, I asked him, as a favor, to give me the card on which President Lincoln had written the order for my brother's parole, so that I might keep it as a memento of my visit to Washington and its important results. Colonel Hill declined to accede to my unbusinesslike request, and said: «No, sir; I cannot part with this document, as it contains my authority for releasing your brother from prison, and will be retained and filed with all other papers relating to the affairs of this office.» But the official papers, granting the parole, were gratefully received, and proved to be an inviolable protection.

It was indeed a race with death to get my brother home before disease overcame all that was left of a once healthy man, worn to a skeleton from the effects of wounds and, later, pleurisy and pneumonia. The trip from Sandusky to Baltimore in the depth of a severe winter was a truly trying one, and a week was required to accomplish it. Upon our last night out, February 21, 1865, we stopped at Cumberland, Maryland, the trains of the Baltimore and Ohio not venturing to run at night, owing to the frequent attacks by Confederate rangers whenever they attempted it. There was a Union force of about five thousand men in and about Cumberland, commanded by Major-General Crook. General Kelley was also stationed at this point as second in command. General Crook's headquarters were at the Revere House, while General Kelley's were at the City Hotel, three or four doors below. Upon our arrival at Cumberland, my brother's Confederate uniform at once attracted attention, and it was not long before several Union officers called upon us, and asked to see by what authority a Confederate officer

was traveling free over the country. As always, when they found that his parole was given by authority of that magic name «A. Lincoln,» they bowed themselves out of the room.

I did not retire until late, the only creature visible being a little ducky lying curled up, sound asleep, in an arm-chair before the stove. It must have been scarcely daylight when I was awakened by some one blowing the fire in my room. I looked up, and saw the same little ducky blowing the kindling into a blaze. He was kneeling before the grate; and after blowing a long breath he would sit back upon his heels, throw his head up, and grin from ear to ear. He went through this pantomime several times, evidently believing both my brother and myself to be asleep. Suddenly I called out to him, «What are you laughing at, sir?» In a second he wheeled around, and said: «Boss, de rebels done come in here las' night, and stole Generals Crook and Kelley clean away.» Before I could reply by asking particulars, a new messenger from the seat of war rushed upstairs, dashed past my room, and, knocking on my neighbor's door, cried out in a gasping voice, as if he had been running for his life: «The rebels came in here last night, and captured Generals Crook and Kelley.» It was the same information given us by the little ducky, but couched in slightly different language. Our next-door neighbor, leaping from his bed, landed in the middle of the room at one bound; and his informer rushed down the hallway, shouting his evil tidings to the half-awakened inmates of the hotel. Immediately drums began to beat, bugles to sound the alarm, and men galloped by on horseback, singly and in squads. All was uproar and confusion. In a few minutes after I had finished my toilet, and while my brother was lying on the sofa ready dressed for traveling, several officers came up to reexamine his parole papers, thinking that possibly he might be connected with the capture.

Lieutenant McNeill of the Confederate army, with only ten or a dozen men, had entered Cumberland during the small hours of the night, and going quietly to the rooms of the two generals in command, one at the Revere House, and the other at the City Hotel,—after having first captured the sentinels posted in front and rear of the two houses,—ordered them to arise, put on their clothes, except boots, make not the slightest unnecessary sound, and follow them. In the rear of the City Hotel they found the rest of the squad awaiting them. The generals were

placed on the horses of their captors, while the Confederates took the fresher and finer animals belonging to their captives, and quietly and quickly rode out of the town and off to the mountains. The intense cold weather aided the Confederates in their daring adventure; for the guards were probably not looking for their enemies, and had sought shelter in some place of warmth. A curious feature of the affair was the fact that General Kelley was to marry the daughter of his host of the City Hotel, Mr. Dailey, on the next night after his capture; all the preparations had been made for the wedding; and, to make the matter still more annoying, young Dailey, brother of the prospective bride, Confederate soldier, was the leader and guide for Lieutenant McNeill, thus making it easy for him to discover the room occupied by General Kelley. The little ducky at the Revere House, with a pistol to his ear, and a promise of being skinned alive if he opened his mouth until daybreak, piloted Lieutenant McNeill to General Crook's apartment. History informs us that in a few months, after the two generals had been exchanged,—the captivity was very short,—the gallant Kelley returned and completed the nuptials so ruthlessly disturbed by his future brother-in-law.

Much has been said and written in regard to Mr. Lincoln's character for kindness, his disposition to be merciful, his gentleness toward those in trouble, his leniency to those in distress, his clemency, and desire, when possible, to pardon those who were condemned to death. All this is no doubt true. The testimony of those who knew him best confirms all that can be said in his praise as to the noble nature of the man. I wish, however, to bear witness to one fact regarding Mr. Lincoln that impressed me, boy as I was, in a marked degree during my interviews with him. Before approaching the President I felt a natural diffidence, not to say awe, of the man who was Chief Executive of the nation, commander-in-chief of the army and navy, as well as the man who held the life of my brother in his keeping. To a boy of fifteen this feeling was only natural. The closer I approached the great man, however, the less I feared him, the higher my courage rose; and before the interview was over I was as much at my ease with President Lincoln as if talking to my own father. The reasons for this are to be found in just the qualities of heart with which he is accredited, and rightly so, by all the world.

No sooner had he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, «My son,» than I felt drawn to him, and dreaded less and less the interview he had granted me; and each successive question he asked put me more at my ease, until, when I was alone with him in his private office, all my embarrassment vanished, and I saw before me the countenance of a man I could trust, one which invited confidence. And thus it was that I saw this man at the head of a great nation engaged in the most stupendous war in the history of the world. All of his hours were spent in labor. His time was priceless. Senators, representatives in Congress, ambassadors of foreign courts, officers of the army and navy, were anxious and pressing for an interview, however brief; members of the cabinet were debarred, according to the testimony of the doorkeeper. And yet, at such a time, this man of the people, this man among men, with the burden of a nation at war upon his shoulders, his mind bowed down by such responsibilities as no man ever bore alone since the world began,—not even Napoleon at the height of his fame,—left all these mighty questions and affairs of state long enough to enter into the pleasure of his soldier boy; long enough to give ear to the petition of a young lad praying for a brother's life—and that brother, in his eyes, an enemy of the state; long enough to leave his home to go and pay respect to a dying friend in his last hours. Such was Abraham Lincoln as I saw him in 1865.

Mr. Lincoln was slain by a madman. No section should be held responsible for such a deed. The South mourned as truly for his death as did the North. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln deprived that portion of our country of a protector both able and willing to stand their friend during all those days of struggling poverty and misery consequent on four years of war.

None more truly felt genuine sorrow for the death of Mr. Lincoln than my father and his family. To each one of us it came as a personal loss. And when, as one man, the nation bowed its head in the presence of death, and with mournful hearts and kindly hands draped its homes with the trappings of woe, no heart in all the land beat with truer sympathy, and no hands touched with greater reverence the funereal emblems that gave utterance to our respect for the nation's dead, than his to whom Abraham Lincoln had granted liberty and life.

LOVE AND CHANGE.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

ONE LOVER.

FOREVER? Ah, too vain to hope, my sweet,
That love should linger when all else must die!
No prayer can stay his wings, if he will fly,
Nor longing lure him back to find our feet,
Weeping for old disloyalties. The heat
That glows in the uplifting of thine eye
Dims and grows cold ere yet the day pass by;
Nor ever will the dusk of love repeat
The dawn's pearl-rapture. Ay, it is the doom
Of love that it must watch its own decay.
Petal by petal from the voluptuous bloom
Drops withering, till the last is blown away.
The night mists rise and shroud the bier of day,
And we are left lamenting in the gloom.

ANOTHER LOVER.

«LOVE is eternal,» sang I long ago
Of some light love that lasted for a day;
But when that whim of hearts was puffed away,
And other loves that, following, made as though
They were the very deathless, lost the glow
Youth mimics the divine with, and grew gray,
I said, «It is a dream—no love will stay.»
Angels have taught me wisdom; now I know,
Though lesser loves, and greater loves, may cease,
Love still endures, knocking at myriad gates
Of beauty,—dawns and call of woodland birds,
Stars, winds and waters, lilt of luted words,
And worshiped women,—till it finds its peace
In the abyss where Godhead loves and waits.

A THIRD LOVER.

My love for you dies many times a year,
And a new love is monarch in his place.
Love must grow weary of the fairest face;
The fondest heart must fail to hold him near.
For love is born of wonder, kin to fear.
Things grown familiar lose the sweet amaze;
Grown to their measure, love must turn his gaze
To some new splendor, some diviner sphere.
But in the blue night of your endless soul
New stars globe ever as the old are scanned;
Goal where love will, you reach a farther goal;
And the new love is ever love of you.
Love needs a thousand loves, forever new,
And finds them in the hollow of your hand.



THE UNITED STATES REVENUE-CUTTER SERVICE.

BY CAPTAIN H. D. SMITH,
Commanding the Revenue Cutter *Morrill*.

The President, through the Secretary of the Treasury, has designated seven revenue cutters to cruise on the coast during the winter months for the purpose of relieving vessels in distress.

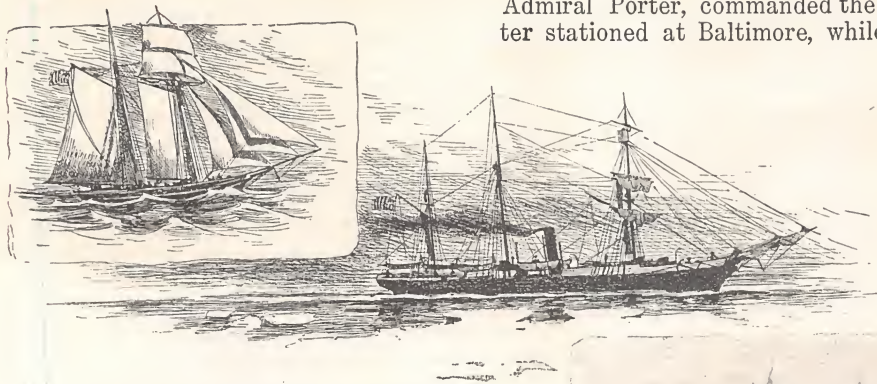
THERE is little in the above newspaper item to arrest the attention of the casual reader, but to the rank and file of the revenue-cutter service the paragraph means unceasing vigilance, hardships, encounters with gales, blinding snow-storms, braving breakers and lee shores.

Although there are thirty-three revenue cutters attached to the service, manned by over two hundred commissioned officers and one thousand seamen, the question is fre-

he proceeded to obtain all possible information with a view to creating a system by which the coast-line would be under surveillance, and illicit trading rendered perilous and uncertain.

President Washington, Secretary Hamilton, General Knox, Captain Barney, and the collectors of customs at Boston and New York conferred together, with the result that before the close of July, 1791, ten revenue cutters were built and officered, with stations extending from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Savannah, Georgia. The largest vessel did not exceed seventy tons, and the smallest thirty tons.

David Porter, grandfather of the late Admiral Porter, commanded the first cutter stationed at Baltimore, while Captains



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

TYPES OF REVENUE CUTTERS, 1790, 1862, 1893.

quently asked, «What is a revenue cutter, and what is she for?»

This lack of knowledge on the part of the public is not to be wondered at, though the service in point of antiquity ranks next after the army.

Alexander Hamilton's commission as Secretary of the Treasury bore date of September 11, 1789; and on October 2 of the same year

Hinman, Morris, and Campbell (the last two reached the rank of commodore in the navy) served as officers in the revenue-cutter service. By far the larger proportion of



officers elected to hold commissions were drawn from the scattered and disbanded forces that had made up the personnel of the Continental and the various State navies. Certain it is that, in founding the treasury nautical branch of the government, the appointing power of 1790 placed a high estimate upon the fighting records of the officers they selected, even though it was classed as a civil arm of the government.

Captain Daniel McNeal, who had fought gallantly in the Continental navy, entered the revenue-cutter service, receiving command of the vessel stationed at Charleston, South Carolina. An anecdote is related of him when he had charge of the frigate *Boston* (No. 2), in 1801. He was under orders to proceed to France, having on board Chancellor Livingston, minister to France, and his wife. During the passage the frigate was weathering a lee shore. Mrs. Livingston asked the bluff old fire-eater if they were not in great danger. He replied: «You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray to your God to forgive your numerous sins; for if we don't carry by this point we shall all be in — in five minutes!»

The officers of that period differed widely from the gentlemen who wear the uniform of to-day. The seafaring men of 1798 made but few pretensions to refinement of manner, and enjoyed few opportunities for educational advantages or accomplishments that would tend to grace a lady's drawing-room; but they were masters of their profession, possessing valor and judgment that enabled them to meet their adversaries boldly, yard-arm to yard-arm, overcoming odds fearfully against them, and wresting victory from men who scarcely knew the meaning of the word defeat, so far as their flag was concerned upon the sea, while their naval registers bore the legend,

The winds and seas are Britain's wide domain,
And not a sail but by permission spreads,

which the British admiralty erased after the experience of the war of 1812.

The first specific instructions given to commanding officers of revenue cutters emanated from Hamilton's pen.

Thus the revenue-cutter service was organized one hundred years ago—a century of varying fortunes, that has brought increased duties and responsibilities, with a field of operations extending from Maine to the Rio Grande, and from California to Point Barrow in the Arctic Ocean.

The Continental frigate *Alliance* was sold at Philadelphia, June 3, 1785, leaving the

United States absolutely without a national vessel of any description. The ten little revenue cutters launched in the spring and summer of 1791 were the only armed vessels controlled by the government until the advent of the frigate *United States*, July 10, 1797, which event may be assumed as the foundation proper of the United States navy. For a period of six years and upward the revenue cutters were the sole dependence of the government upon the high seas, so far as their jurisdiction extended,—namely, four marine leagues,—and as a means of conveyance and communication along the extended coast-line proved themselves both active and valuable, increasing in importance and popularity with all classes, until the necessity of the establishment passed the experimental point, and its existence as a corps became an assured fact.

Traveling in those days by stage over rough roads was an undertaking to be dreaded, and Vice-President George Clinton, desiring to visit New York, ordered the cutter *Active* around to Washington, on which he embarked. When off Cape Henry, a British squadron, under the command of Commodore Douglas, was sighted, which fired a number of shots at the revenue cutter. The officers were anxious to reply in kind, especially when a large boat from one of the frigates came within fighting distance; but the Vice-President pocketed the insult, forbade a shot to be fired, and with a favoring breeze the cutter soon left her unpleasant neighbors far astern.

The first great impetus experienced by the corps was during the quasi-French war. By orders of the President the cutters were placed upon the naval establishment, and they were well worthy and able to sustain their part in assisting to protect the country's honor. Eight revenue cutters, varying from one hundred and eighty-seven to one hundred tons burden, carrying from ten to sixteen guns, and manned by from fifty to seventy-five seamen and marines each, were attached to the various squadrons then cruising in the waters of the French West Indies. They were employed on blockading and convoying duty, cruising as well, and captured a large number of prizes, including both French privateers and merchant vessels. In point of effectiveness, discipline, guns, and proportion of crews and marines to each revenue cutter, never before or since has the service attained a position carrying with it so much military prestige and importance as an armed branch of the government.

On August 14, 1798, the frigate *Constitution* made her maiden cruise, accompanied by four stanch, fleet revenue cutters.

The first revenue cutter transferred to the navy was the *Thomas Pickering*, the finest vessel at that time in the service. Lieutenant Edward Preble, who had been ordered to the frigate *Constitution*, managed to have his orders revoked on account of his dislike of Captain Nicholson, and was placed in command of the jaunty revenue cutter, the late commander of which, Captain Chapman, had been transferred to the list of captains on the naval establishment. The *Pickering* was lost at sea, with all on board, while under command of Lieutenant B. Hillar, having sailed in August, 1800, for the Guadeloupe station.

The revenue-cutter service had now attained an honorable and prominent position as a corps, with its best vessels sought after, and forming a part of the naval force of the country for the time being; while its officers, representing all grades of the cutter service, had been transferred to the rolls of the navy, where, in many instances, they took high rank and important commands.¹ Old Ironsides was commanded by Hugh Campbell in 1800, he having been transferred from the deck of a revenue cruiser.

Up to the middle of the year 1799 the revenue cutters had been sailing under the national ensign and pennant, and in point of appearance the treasury cruisers could not be distinguished from vessels of the navy. On August 1, 1799, this was remedied by an order from Oliver Wolcott, then Secretary of the Treasury, who, in pursuance of authority from the President, prescribed that the ensign and pennant of revenue cutters should bear perpendicular stripes, with the coat of arms of the United States in the union, and should be carried by no other class of vessel.²

The dawn of the war of 1812 found the service but poorly prepared to meet a powerful foe; but the cutter *Jefferson* proceeded on a cruise the day after war was declared, and captured the schooner *Patriot* off the capes of Virginia. This was the first prize taken from the enemy. The commander of the cutter *Surveyor* defended his vessel so gallantly, when attacked by an overwhelming force, that he received from his captors a handsome letter acknowledging his bravery,

and his sword was returned to him. The cutter *Eagle*, when pursued by two British men-of-war, anchored under a bluff, landed her battery, hoisted the ensign of the service, and kept the attacking force at bay until the ammunition gave out.

Since its establishment, the service has participated in all the wars of the country. In the Seminole war the cutters coöperated with the army and the navy. The lives and property of settlers, lighthouses, etc., were protected, and operations of troops facilitated by the cutters and boats transporting them from point to point, covering encampments and stores with their light but effective broadside guns. The greater part of the duty was performed in boats, officers and men frequently being two weeks on expeditions, braving both the noxious vapors and the treacherous ambuscades that flourished in the almost impenetrable Everglades. In suppressing piracy the revenue cutters were particularly active, having many encounters with pirates. During the Nullification troubles at Charleston, four revenue cutters were ordered to that point. The Mexican war found seven revenue cruisers coöperating with the navy against the enemy; and in 1859 the celebrated revenue cutter *Harriet Lane* participated in the Paraguayan expedition under Commodore Shubrick.

The war of the rebellion found the service at low ebb in point of effectiveness, with but one cruiser—the *Harriet Lane*—adapted for fighting purposes. She was at once utilized by order of the President, and participated in the Fort Sumter relief expedition. From her deck was fired the first shot of the Civil War from the deck of a loyal ship. The gun was a thirty-two-pounder, in charge of Lieutenant W. D. Tompkins, and the incident occurred off Charleston Bar. The *Lane* was frequently under fire, and participated in the attack on Fort Hatteras. In convoying vessels, and cruising after armed vessels of the enemy, she was actively employed until permanently transferred to the navy, when she was used by Commodore (afterward Admiral) Porter as his flag-ship.

Like the *Pickering*, she was the finest vessel under the revenue flag, and, as a somewhat singular coincidence, foundered at sea. The various cutters patrolled the seaboard, acting as coast-guards, and assisted in blockading Chesapeake Bay, the commander of one vessel losing his life while on this duty. In 1863 the service was strengthened by the addition of six fine steamers, specially built for the purpose, capable of carrying

¹ There was no training-vessel in the cutter service at that period.

² The national colors were ordered to be carried at the main-peak, with the revenue ensign displayed at the fore, by an order issued through Assistant Secretary Hamlin, June 27, 1895.

heavy batteries and large crews. The *E. A. Stevens*, otherwise known as the submerged floating battery *Naugatuck*, formed part of the revenue-cutter service, and exchanged shots with the Confederate ironclad *Merrimac*, and also participated in the attack on Fort Darling.

From 1790 to 1890 the civil functions of the revenue-cutter establishment had been increased to such an extent that the flag was familiar to seafaring men from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. In suppressing mutinies, examining ships' papers, sealing hatches, assisting in enforcing quarantine regulations, protecting timber reservations, supplying lighthouses, and keeping watch and ward along the coast and its numerous estuaries, the corps had won for itself a well-deserved reputation.

An act approved December 22, 1837, added to the revenue-cutter service the most important duty ever intrusted to the supervision of the corps. It was the issuing of winter cruising orders, authorizing the President to cause suitable government vessels to cruise on the coast during the inclement months for the purpose of aiding distressed seamen. From that date the duty has devolved annually upon the service, increasing its popularity, while the practical results touched a tender and responsive chord in hundreds of households by the sea, the sturdy occupants of which look upon the stanch treasury cruisers as their firm friends and protectors in the hour of danger and trouble.

The service annually saves from destruction and peril of the sea, on an average, property valued at three million dollars, or considerably more than three times the total cost of maintaining the corps. The Dominion of Canada, and Nova Scotia as well, testified their hearty appreciation of the "corps's winter work of relief" by handsome letters to the officers; while various State legislatures and mercantile bodies have expressed their approval in a similar manner, evidence of which may be found in the archives of the Treasury Department.

To portray more vividly the hardship and danger involved in rendering assistance to a distressed vessel, an incident falling under personal observation will be given.

A ship, partly dismantled, with the flag of England fluttering union down, had been sighted toward the close of a threatening winter's day. She was drifting toward an outlying ledge, over which the foam-flecked billows were churning and beating in thundering reverberations. Her tattered canvas

streamed from shattered spars, while along her sloping deck, heavily coated with ice, not a human being was visible, save a crouching figure clinging to the wheel, which had no command over the almost helpless wreck. The entire crew of the cruiser were at their posts, and as the shapely craft rounded to, breasting the surging seas with the lightness and grace of a swan, and with her bright bunting gleaming against the somber storm-clouds, she must have appeared like a sweet harbinger of mercy to the despairing, tempest-tossed seamen of that straining hulk.

A sharp, stern order, the piercing trill of the boatswain's call, followed by the rapid lowering of a boat, occupied but a few seconds; and soon the hardy, disciplined crew, led by the cool-headed officer, were clambering over the splintered bulwarks of the stranger.

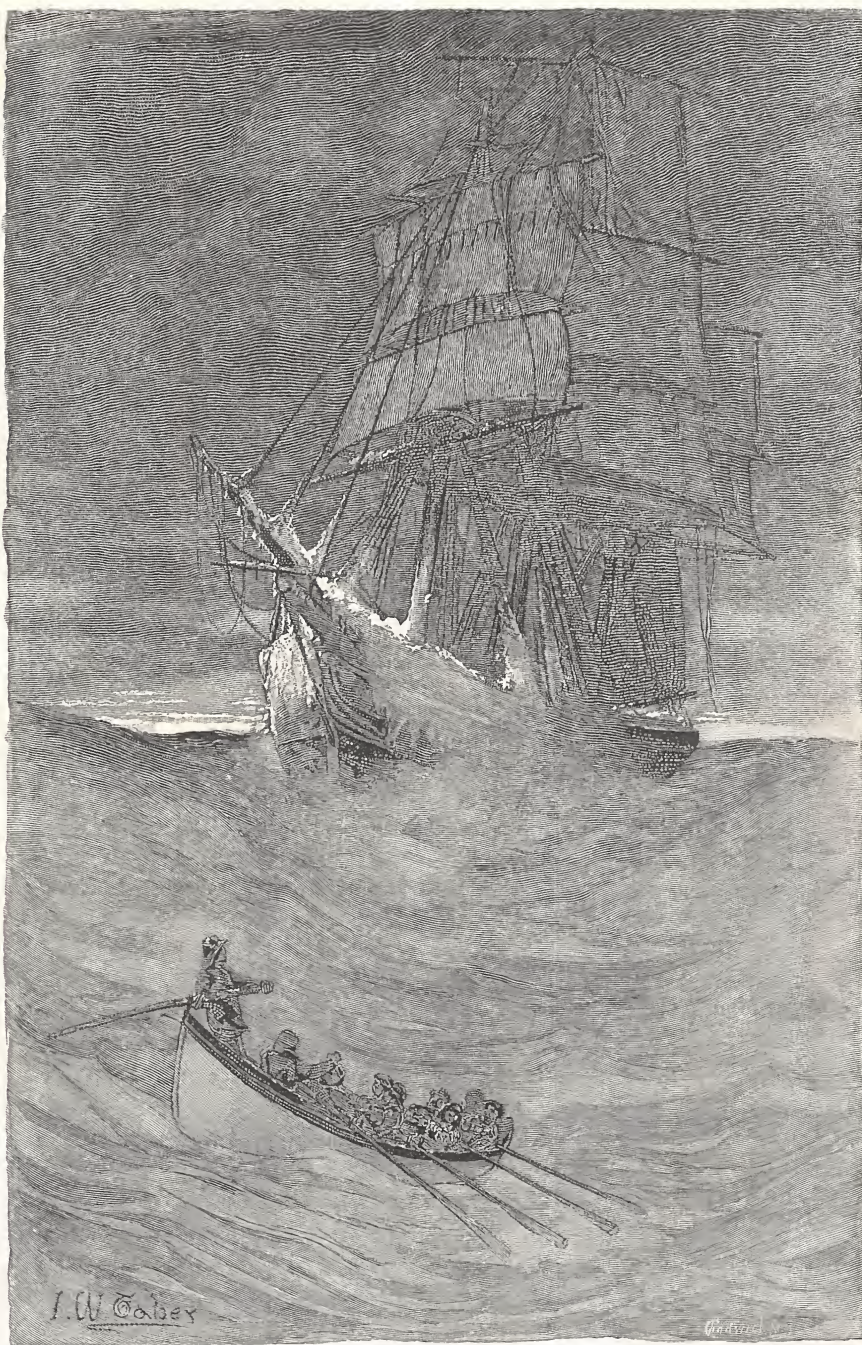
Lying to leeward, as they had fallen, were the bodies of two seamen, their clothes enveloped in ice, their faces, blue, silent, and rigid in death, turned toward the angry sky, while their eyes, wide open, had an expression of terror and suffering. The man at the wheel, badly frost-bitten, and faint from long fasting, told a pitiful story of disaster attributable to a growing evil—a short-handed crew. Provisions had given out, matches become worthless, fires died. The remainder of the poor fellows were confined to the comfortless forecastle, frost-bitten, half starved, a despairing set of wretches.

The vessel had sprung a leak; it was beyond their power to man the pumps. Hope had fled, and the boom of the breakers above the wail of the rising tempest warned them that a sailor's death was at hand.

The exhausted crew were tenderly cared for, fires started, and medical comforts administered, together with proper food. One party quickly ran a hawser to the cruiser, while others cut adrift broken spars and icy rigging. Flying canvas was secured, yards properly braced, and the signal of distress hauled down. The huge hawser cracked and strained as the cutter steamed ahead, bound for the nearest harbor. The breakers roared an angry protest as their victim swept seaward, safe from their merciless fury and the sharp fangs of the treacherous ledge.

The record achieved by the corps battling with the elements in the interest of humanity comprises the brightest laurels won by the service.

On July 30, 1871, the ferry-boat *Westfield* blew up in New York harbor. The revenue cutter *Chandler* rescued seventeen persons



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

A DISTRESSED SHIP.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

from drowning, and picked up a number of the dead.

The *Metis* disaster occurred August 31, 1872, and the revenue cutter *Moccasin*, Captain David Ritchie, rescued forty-two persons, besides recovering seventeen of the dead.

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W. A. Richardson, then Secretary of the Treasury, wrote a letter of commendation, which was ordered to be read on the quarter-deck at general quarters. The thanks of Congress were also accorded to Captain Ritchie and his officers for their services on that occasion.

It was Ritchie who at New Orleans tore down the Confederate flag from the *McClelland*, that had been treacherously surrendered by her commander, and, together with the original and legitimate ensign, delivered it to General Butler. As a reward, Ritchie was commissioned third lieutenant in the revenue-cutter service. General Butler forwarded to General Dix the cutter's flag, which was the object of that celebrated order: «If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.»

When the shores of Lake Huron were swept by fierce fires, compelling the homeless refugees to rush for safety into the waters of the lake, it was the squadron of cutters that first came to the rescue; pushing their way through blinding smoke and fiery showers of burning debris, bearing on their decks provisions, medicines, blankets, and clothes for the sufferers. Twenty-five persons were saved from a terrible death by the exertions of the rank and file.

During the great fire that swept the city of Boston, Lieutenant (now Captain) Congdon,

with his command, towed powder-hulks to Long Wharf, landed a supply at the custom-house, guarded it for two days and nights, in addition to mining and blowing up a number of buildings. For this he received handsome acknowledgments from the city and its fire officials. In the fires that raged at Eastport, Pensacola, and Key West, the cutters stationed there rendered valuable services in saving and protecting property.

The collision of the ship *Orpheus* and the passenger steamer *Pacific*, with about three hundred souls on board, occurred off Cape Flattery on November 4, 1875. The revenue cutter *Wolcott* picked up one man floating on a portion of the wreck, and conveyed to Port Townsend the master of the *Orpheus*, his wife, and crew. For twelve days the cutter cruised incessantly, a gale blowing the greater portion of the period, and by the zeal and diligence displayed won for the service unqualified admiration and praise on the Pacific coast.

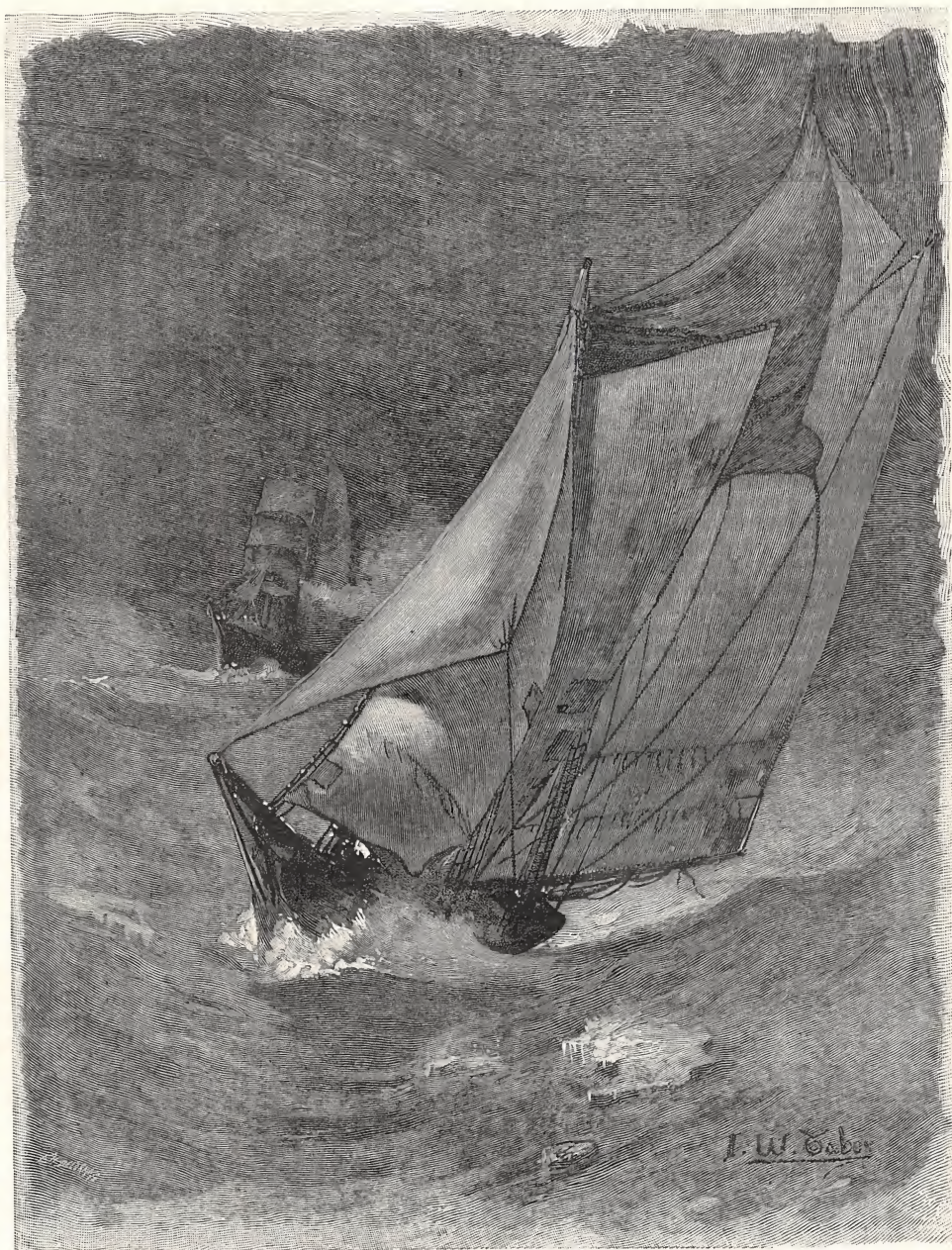
The wreck of the *City of Columbus* off Gay Head, the services of the *Dexter's* officers and



DRAWN BY W. TAPER.

A SUBJECT FOR DYNAMITE.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

CHASING A SEAL-POACHER.

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

crew, the bravery of Lieutenant John Rhodes, and labors that resulted in saving nineteen lives, are events that are of comparatively recent occurrence. Both press and public honored the officers and crew of the revenue cutter *Dexter*, while their names were entered on the records as having received the thanks of the department.

In the great yellow-fever epidemics that

have at various periods ravaged the seaports of the South, the vessels of the service have remained at their posts, officers and men vying with one another in their efforts to assist the heavy-hearted people. The cutters coöperated in carrying to plague-stricken localities physicians, medicines, nurses, and supplies of all kinds.

The revenue cutter *McCulloch* gave shelter

and food to the terror-stricken earthquake fugitives of Charleston; and the cutter *Penrose*, surmounting all obstacles, conveyed to the starving survivors of the flood at Sabine Pass provisions and clothing.

Captain Joseph Irish, in recognition of assistance rendered to the officers and crew of the shipwrecked Spanish sloop of war *Pizarro*, received, by direction of King Alfonso, the decoration and order of the grand cross of naval merit.

Captain D. F. Tozier has the cross of the Legion of Honor, presented by the President of the French Republic, for services extended to a French vessel that was in grave danger.

The revenue steamer *Chandler*, stationed at New York, on March 14, 1891, in the teeth of a driving gale, proceeded to the assistance of the Italian bark *Umberto*, which was ashore on the Dry Romer. The *Chandler*, no larger than an ordinary tug-boat, coöperated with the life-boats, and narrowly escaped serious damage.

The revenue steamer *Perry*, in 1895, during its cruise around South America, was the only representative United States vessel at Callao, Peru, during a revolution. The treasury cruiser rendered important service at a critical period, when American interests and honor were involved, the officers and men standing in readiness to land at a moment's notice, should occasion demand. Happily, the crisis passed without intervention on the part of the foreign men-of-war in the harbor; and the *Perry's* action received the warm commendation of the United States minister and consul.

The report of the Smithsonian Institution makes honorable mention of large numbers of rare and valuable specimens and reports received from various officers of the service, relating more particularly to the natural history and ethnology of the Northwest coast.

The acquisition of Alaska brought increased duties and responsibilities upon the service. The treaty went into effect May 28, 1867, and in less than ten days from that date the revenue cutter *Lincoln* was under sailing orders for Sitka. From that date the treasury cruisers have been indefatigable in their explorations, both afloat and on shore, furnishing to Congress and the public authentic information regarding the value and importance of Secretary Seward's purchase.

A season's cruise usually covers twelve thousand miles in waters both difficult and dangerous to navigate; but notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the service

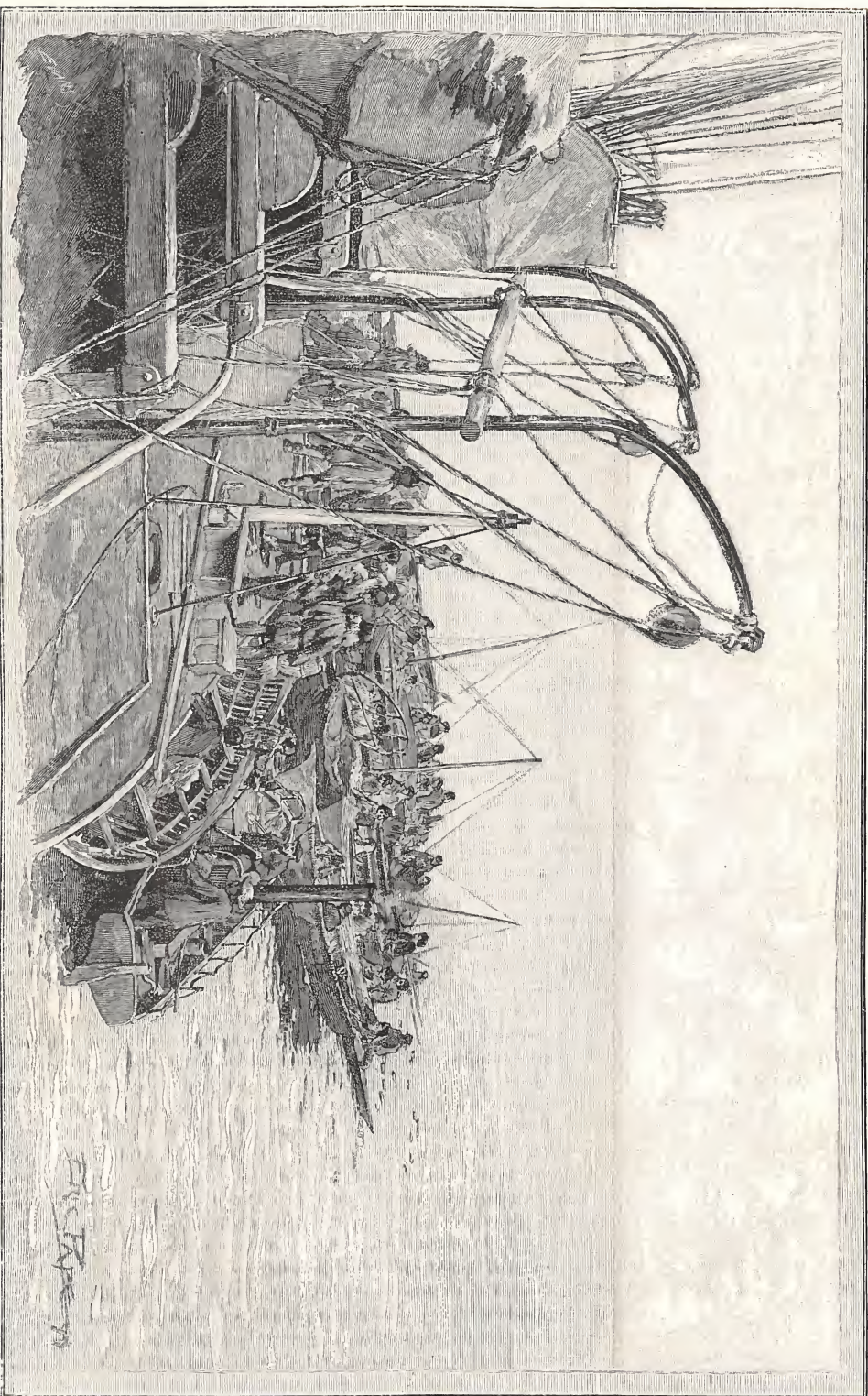
has operated in those desolate Northern seas, not a vessel has been lost nor has an accident of any magnitude occurred.

The revenue cutter leaves San Francisco early in May, proceeding to the seal islands, then to the Arctic Ocean, where the great whaling-fleet of the country is cruising. She visits the native settlements, looking after their interests in preventing traffic in rum, to obtain which the natives will risk life itself. A bottle of whisky has been known to purchase from an eager native an otter-skin worth hundreds of dollars; and for a jug of rum one will readily barter the fruits of a season's hunting and fishing.

In scenes of desolation, amid biting gales, grinding ice-floes, treacherous currents, snows, and fogs, succor is given to unfortunate seamen whose vessels have succumbed to the numerous perils of arctic navigation. A large number of seamen have been conveyed to points of safety by revenue cutters, the *Bear* alone having transported over three hundred destitute whalers to San Francisco.

In protecting fur-seals, sea-otter, and other fur-bearing animals of the Aleutian Archipelago, revenue cutters have no pleasure-sailing on summer seas. From beginning to end it is a series of contests with all the dangers and obstacles known to navigation. Gales of wind, storms of sleet, days of fog and darkness on seas but imperfectly charted, confront and obstruct the cruiser as she moves from point to point, keeping a vigilant lookout for seal-poachers, whose enterprise keeps pace with their daring. The crews of illicit traders are largely composed of Indians ignorant of law and impatient of restraint. On one occasion, where an officer and two men were placed on a captured schooner as a prize crew, the Indians, numbering over thirty lawless and desperate men, determined to rid themselves of their captors, retake the vessel, and resume the object of their trip. A grand powwow was held, and a death-dance indulged in, every movement of which was watched by the young but undaunted officer. Reinforced by the master of the schooner, who was a white man, the swarthy, reckless horde was kept at bay until the prize reached her destination. But the danger and constant anxiety of that trip have never been forgotten.

Captain Healy, commanding the *Bear*, had one hundred and fifty shipwrecked seamen on his vessel at one time. In the great storm of August, 1888, the whale-fleet was in the vicinity of Point Barrow, and five vessels



DRAWN BY ERIC RAPER.

ALASKAN INDIAN BOATS ALONGSIDE THE REVENUE CUTTER BEAR.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

succumbed to the fury of the gale. The crews, after six hours of terrible exposure, were transferred to the *Bear*, and conveyed safely to San Francisco. The *Thetis*, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Emory, U. S. N., succeeded in saving the schooner *Jane Grey*. She was repaired, refitted, made as good as new, and restored to her owner at San Francisco, the officers and men of the *Thetis* waiving all claims, and refusing reward of any description. It was a graceful act, in keeping with the chivalrous and proverbially generous spirit of American naval officers.

Lieutenant Reynolds, of the *Corwin*, hoisted the stars and stripes over Wrangel Land, August 12, 1881, where it is believed that no white man ever trod before.

When news was received of the burning of the United States steamer *Rodgers*, the *Corwin*, twenty-four hours after the order was received, was steaming through the Golden Gate, bound for Cape Serdze Kamen (the «stone heart»), Arctic Ocean, where the survivors were supposed to be. From



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

«WAI-PU-CO» AND «RAINBOW» GUIDE AND INTERPRETER
ON THE UNITED STATES STEAMER *BEAR*.

the deck of an American whaler the survivors were transferred to the revenue cutter, and the mission was successfully accomplished.

The late Captain Shepherd, formerly commanding the *Rush*, surpassed all other officers in the number and importance of his captures of seal-poachers. During one cruise he intercepted thirteen vessels.

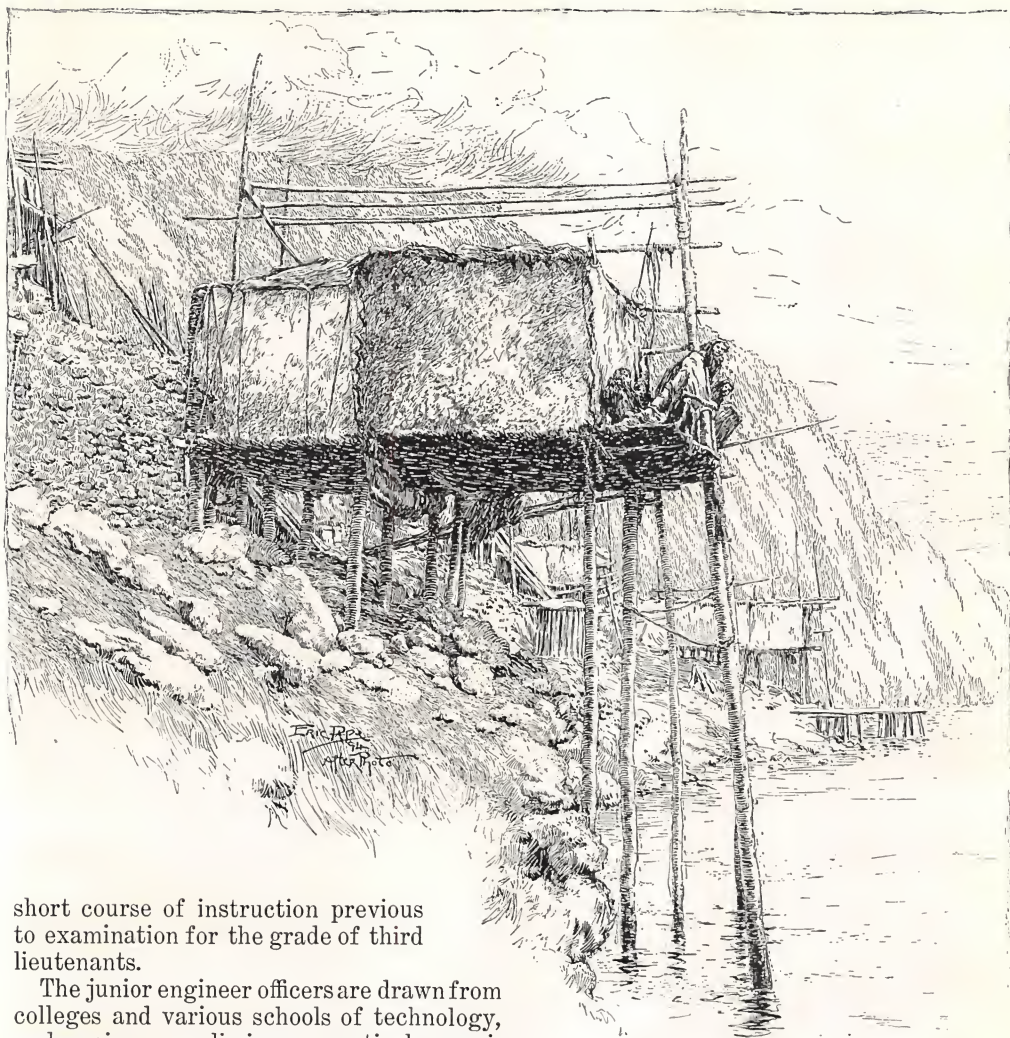
Captain Tuttle has succeeded to the command of the revenue cutter *Bear*, ably maintaining the reputation acquired by that vessel for zealous and efficient work amid scenes of savage desolation.

Volumes would be required to record the results of numerous expeditions organized for the purpose of discovering channels available for commerce, surveying harbors, shoals, and coast-lines, running soundings, determining positions of cod-fishing banks, and coaling-stations, tracing rivers and penetrating into the interior, examining volcanic mountains and mineral resources, gathering data covering geography and physical and climatic characteristics, ascertaining the resources and productions of the country, and furnishing information generally relating to the character and condition of the inhabitants.

The duties of the revenue-cutter service have been increased from time to time, until at the present day they embrace the following: the security of the customs revenue; the assistance of vessels in distress; the protection of wrecked property; the enforcement of the neutrality laws; the suppression of traffic in firearms and intoxicating liquors in Alaskan waters; the prevention of invasion of the seal-fisheries by unauthorized persons; the enforcement of quarantine; the protection of vessels from piratical attack; the prevention of depredations by vessels upon the timber reserves; the enforcement of the laws governing merchant vessels, including the laws relating to name, hailing, port, etc., the laws with regard to licensed enrolment and registry of merchant vessels, and the laws which require that life-saving appliances shall be carried, that passenger vessels shall not be overloaded, that vessels shall show the proper lights at night, that merchant steamers shall carry the evidences that their hulls and machinery have been properly inspected, and that their officers are licensed.

The officers are also required to report any disarrangement of the aids to navigation on our coasts. They are frequently called upon to suppress mutinies, and special duties are assigned to them in connection with the life-saving service and the enforcement of anchorage laws.

The service is entirely distinct from the navy, coöperating with it, however, when ordered by the President. The officers are commissioned in the same manner as those of the army and navy. At present a practice-ship is maintained, where young men are received under the title of cadets, and given a



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A KING ISLAND HOUSE, BERING SEA.

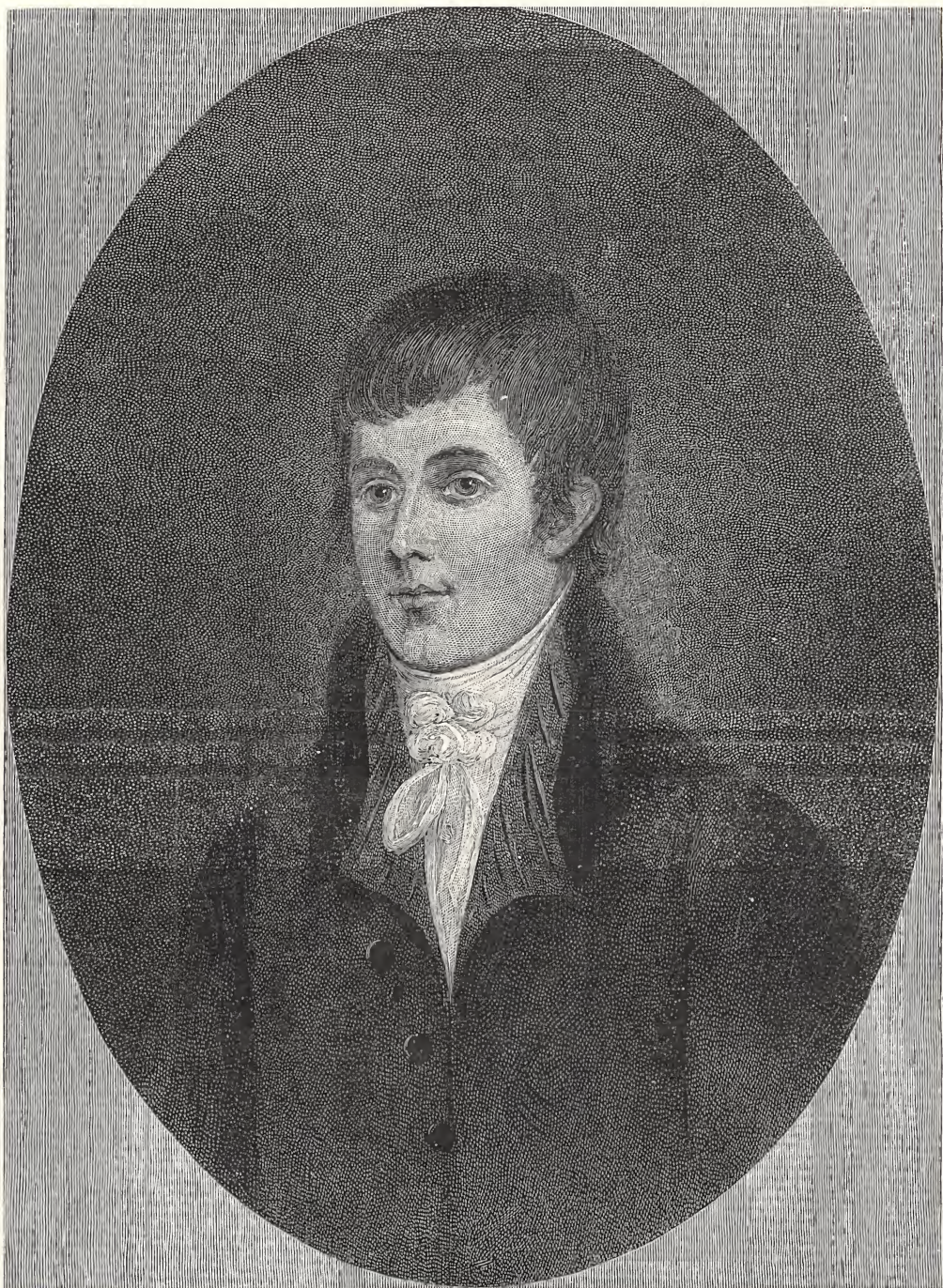
short course of instruction previous to examination for the grade of third lieutenants.

The junior engineer officers are drawn from colleges and various schools of technology, undergoing a preliminary practical experience afloat before receiving commissions, and represent a high and cultivated element in the corps, second to none in point of scientific attainments and practical efficiency.

Grant to this faithful branch of the general service the rights and privileges enjoyed by the army and the navy; place it upon a solid and just foundation, to which its record and length of service squarely entitle it; stamp with official disapproval selfish, personal cravings for advancement and ease, while the service at large languishes in vain for a

permanent retired list; and strangle, sternly and effectually, all attempts to fasten upon the time-honored corps useless rank with ancient titles, formerly known as post-captains. Let it remain as the strong right arm of the Treasury Department, on the broad lines drafted by Washington and the genius of Hamilton, the adjunct of the navy in time of war, the efficient coast-guard during the continuance of peace.





PAINTED BY WILLIAM MCQUEHAE.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

I am ever,
my dear Sir, your
Res^t J. G. J. J.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF «AULD LANG SYNE.»

BY CUYLER REYNOLDS.

[WILLIAM MCQUHAE, the painter of the portrait of Robert Burns which is shown on the opposite page, was born in the parish of Balmaghie, North Britain, May 10, 1779. From there he moved to Edinburgh, where he and Burns roomed together. He early exhibited remarkable talent as a painter, and while rooming with Burns he painted from life this portrait, which was then pronounced a good likeness.]

About 1805 Mr. McQuhae came to America, bringing with him the picture, which he presented to an art society in Philadelphia; this society disbanded, and he regained possession of it. While in a small town in Pennsylvania he was taken ill. A friend was very kind to him during his illness, and he gave him this portrait as a mark of his appreciation. It then passed into the possession of John McQuhae, William McQuhae's son, and grandfather of the writer.

George M. Diven, Jr.]

IN looking over a collection of autographs, or in examining a solitary one, it is seldom that a person is attracted by them unless he is a connoisseur. In most instances the signature is the chief excuse for valuing an autograph, and its attractiveness depends upon the esteem in which the man who penned it is held. This is, of course, from the standpoint of the casual examiner. The subject treated in the writing is the main feature, and if the words are recognized as the original copy of a well-known book, a famous poem, or a letter conveying some noble sentiment, then one's estimation of the autograph is enhanced to a considerable extent. All these important features are present in the autograph of Burns's «Auld Lang Syne.» It is more than a mere specimen of handwriting or the signature of a famous man, valued because it shows the pen-touch of the writer; it is from the pen of a man of note, and the subject, or rather the words, are so well known that they speak the individuality of the poet and his country.

So few original copies of celebrated poems are in existence that the beholding of one of them is cause for interest, inducing one to think of the many thousands who have heard those words, but have never seen the poet's face, his picture, or his handwriting. Gazing first upon the poet's picture, and then upon the paper on which he has looked and touched, one feels as though brought into close contact with him.

The late Chancellor John V. L. Pruyn of Albany, New York, was the successful purchaser of «Auld Lang Syne,» and the one to make the autograph one of America's treasures. The facts regarding its removal to this country are of peculiar interest, and they bring the history of the autograph, now more than a century old, up to date.

Mr. Pruyn was a lover of curios, and particularly of the kind connected with an interesting past; and his collecting showed a refinement not evident in the taste of the usual collector. In 1859 the centennial of the birthday of Robert Burns was made the occasion for a celebration in different cities of the United States; and the literary people of Albany decided to observe the day by memorial exercises in a large hall on the evening of the day. Previous to the event Mr. Pruyn planned that it would be a feature if he could secure this autograph copy of the poet's «Auld Lang Syne.» Henry Stevens was a famous purchaser for collections in those days, supplying Mr. James Lenox, Mr. John Carter Brown, the British Museum, and others, with some of the most valuable old works; and thereby hangs a tale to be told later. He owned the verses in question. He was a friend of Mr. Pruyn, and a correspondence regarding the matter in hand began. The result was that Mr. Stevens sold the verses to Mr. Pruyn, and the manuscript was intrusted to Captain Moody, who guaranteed that it should reach Chancellor Pruyn in time for the celebration. His steamship reached New York late on the day of the celebration, leaving but a few hours to get it to Albany, or the mission would prove fruitless. The only way was for the captain to select one of his trusty men. With this special messenger it was sent from the steamer and conveyed with all despatch directly to the hall in Albany. Mr. Pruyn was all-expectant when, during the exercises, he was called from the hall. Though he was gone only a moment, all interest in what was going on upon the stage was lost for the time being. Another swing of the door, and Mr. Pruyn entered, waving aloft the manuscript, and exclaiming, «It is here!» With exultant delight, and amid

Auld lang syne
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never thought upon?
 Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
 O for auld lang syne.
 Chorus
 O for auld lang syne, my jo,
 O for auld lang syne;
 Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,
 O for auld lang syne.
 And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup!
 And surely I'll be mine.
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 O for auld lang syne.
 O for auld lang syne.
 We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine,
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 O for auld lang syne.

cries of «Auld Lang Syne» is with us!» Chancellor Pruyn advanced to the stage and read the poem through. Hardly could the people be prevented from breaking in upon him; and when it was proposed to sing it through, enthusiasm knew no bounds. Never did a chorus so willingly lend aid, and the familiar air swelled forth in mighty volume.

The cherished page was bound within

Russia-leather covers, and with it were placed a letter to Dr. Richmond from Burns, dated February 7, 1788, proving the identity of the writing in the poem, and also the letter written to Chancellor Pruyn by Henry Stevens when sending the poem to him.

The poem is contained on one sheet of paper. Its size is no larger than this printed one, yet Mrs. Pruyn has refused an offer of

We twa hae paid't i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld &c.

And there's a han', my trusty fere,
 And gie's a han' o' thine.
 And we'll tak a right gudewilly waught,
 For auld lang syne.

+ + + + +
 Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired
 Poet who composed this glorious Fragment! There
 is more of the fire of native genius than in it, than in
 half a dozen of modern English Bacchanals.
 Now I am on my Hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting
 two other old stanzas which please me mightily.

Go fetch to me a hint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonie lassie.

three thousand dollars for it. On one side,
 in a remarkably distinct hand, are penned
 three verses and a chorus. The reading on
 the other side is this:

We twa hae paid't i' the burn
 Frae morning sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, etc.

And there's a han', my trusty fere,
 And gie's a han' o' thine!
 And we'll tak a right gudewilly waught,
 For auld lang syne.

* * * * *

Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-
 inspired Poet who composed this glorious Frag-
 ment! O there is more of the fire of native genius
 in it, than in half a dozen of modern English Bac-
 chanals.

Now I am on my Hobby-horse, I cannot help in-
 serting two other old stanzas which please me
 mightily.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie.

It would seem as if the words "Light be
 the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired

Poet," which Burns addressed in this letter to Mrs. Dunlop, were intended to lead her to infer that he was not the composer of any of the verses. Two theories are put forth in regard to the use of these words. Some hold that he was of a modest disposition, and as he was loath to place his name to all he wrote, desiring first to obtain a free criticism, he put it forth in the light of another's writing. The other theory, and the one generally vouchsafed in explanatory notes to "Auld Lang Syne" as it appears in various publications, is that *some* of the verses are original, while others are copied from an anonymous source. Thus there appears the following in "Songs of Scotland, adapted to their appropriate melodies, by George Farquhar Graham, 1853":

Burns admitted to Johnson that three of the stanzas of "Lang Syne" only were old, the other two being written by himself. These three stanzas relate to the cup, the pint-stoup, and a gude willie waught. The two relate to innocent amusements of youth contrasted with care and troubles of maturer age. In introducing this song to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, and a descendant of the race of Elderslie, the poet says: "Is not the Scotch phrase auld lang syne exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune (of this name) which have often thrilled through my soul. . . . Light be the turf . . ." Shield introduced it into the overture of the opera of "Rosina" by Brooks, produced in 1783 at Covent Garden. In the last movement of the overture it serves as an imitation for Scottish bagpipe tune, in which the oboe is substituted for the chanter and the bassoon for the drone. In Cummings's collection the air is found under the title "The Miller's Wedding." Gow called it "The Miller's Daughter," and again "Sir Alexander Don's Strathspey," in compliment to the late baronet of Newton-don, in the county of Roxburgh, who was a good violin-player and a steady patron of musical art.

It will be noticed that this authority states that Burns says: "Is not the Scotch phrase auld lang syne exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune," etc. Evidently the latter expression was used in the opening page of the letter to Mrs. Dunlop, which Stevens did not secure, though he had the better part—the poem. If this is not the case, continued repetition has changed, or rather added to, the letter Burns wrote on the page between the verses of the poem.

Place the form of "Auld Lang Syne" as it is sung to-day beside the original, and the vast difference is at once apparent. The copies here presented are taken from two different works—the first and older form

from Graham's "Songs of Scotland," and the latter from "The Household Book of Poetry":

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon?
Let 's hae a waught o' Malaga,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
Let 's hae a waught o' Malaga,
For auld lang syne.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Every line of the song as it is now found in print, no matter what version one selects, will show a change of words, or at least a different spelling, from the original writing of Burns as here copied directly from his own autograph. As in the above "my jo" is changed to "my dear," so in the other verses the ". . . willy waught" of Burns is changed to ". . . willie waught," "han'" to "hand," "pint stoup" to "pint stowp," and "wander'd" to "wandered."

The letter of Mr. Stevens to Mr. Pruyn accompanying the autograph reads:

VERMONT HOUSE, 49 CAMDEN SQUARE,
LONDON, Jan. 7, 1859.

J. V. L. PRUYN,
Albany.

MY DEAR SIR: "Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired Poet who composed this glorious Fragment!" So wrote Burns on the 17th of December, 1788, to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, whom he would feign make believe that "Auld Lang Syne" came fra smither han'. It is now acknowledged to have been based "on an old song," but it received its fire from Burns.

The annexed fragment containing "Auld Lang Syne" is part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, and is beyond all question in the autograph of Burns. I have placed beside it a characteristic letter of the poet, dated February, 1788, bearing his signature, and addressed to Dr. Richmond.

The autograph of "Auld Lang Syne" was for many years in the possession of my late friend William Pickering the publisher, and after his death it fell under Sotheby's hammer in 1855 to me, at a price which I dare not name, but which would have gladdened the hearts of the poet and his poor Jean, had they in time reaped the benefit. "For America" were the only words of the

auctioneer that accompanied the fall of the hammer, and as I pocketed the precious relic «For America» was many times repeated by the poets and scholars present, who had assembled to witness the sale, with a tone of reluctance at the idea of its leaving the country that told more of the value of the relic than the gold I paid for it.

Since then I have been importuned to part with it, both in England and Scotland; but my reply has always been: «For America, where Burns is more read, more admired, and more universally appreciated than elsewhere, aye, than [he] was in his own Scotland, I procured it, and thither it must go.»

I am sorry to part with «Auld Lang Syne» in the handwriting of Burns. So I was with the books of Washington now in the Boston Athenæum, and the sculptures of Nineveh, now belonging to the New York Historical Society, presented by Mr. Lenox. But I do not for one moment regret that I have had the opportunity, and been the means, of securing these things to my country. They are all now in good hands and in the right place. Pray guard your treasure, and let Americans sing «Auld Lang Syne» from the autograph of Burns every hundred years on the 25th of January, in commemoration of his birthday, 1759.

I am, my dear Pruyn,

For auld lang syne,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY STEVENS,

G. M. B.

This was the form in which Mr. Stevens always signed his name. Not every one knew the meaning of the three letters «G. M. B.» He was proud of his birthplace, and they stand for Green Mountain Boy.

This story is told in regard to him. He supplied Mr. Lenox and Mr. John Carter Brown with many a rare old copy of the Bible. He secured in England what he considered a treasure, and wrote two letters offering it for sale. In the one he wrote: «If you want it, let me know at once before old Brown gets it»; and in the other he said: «Answer immediately, or old Lenox will get it.» Unfortunately, he was absent-minded at a most critical moment, and mailed each letter to the wrong person. The result was disastrous. It cut off all further business with both men, who had paid thousands of dollars to him. As a collector he had a great reputation, and was an authority on old manuscripts. His services to Mr. Pruyn were highly appreciated by him, and now the single sheet of paper with the words known all over the world is valued at thousands of dollars by Mrs. Pruyn, and locked securely in her safe, to be handled only on rare occasions.

«FILL ME FANCY'S CELL.»

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

OFF, my thought, with the bee,
Go seek the blossom-bell;
Sail it over the airy sea,
To the sweet-o'-heart, to the elfin tree;
Mate with the bee, and happy roam,
Follow him off, and follow him home:
Go, fair and fleet,
And bring me sweet,
Bring from the blossom-bell
Honey and melody—
Fill me Fancy's cell.

Thought, go journey and sing,
Go drink in the honey-well;
Belt yourself with his robber's rings,
With the mellow sun-gold yellow your wings;
Follow your guide wherever he ride,
The dear little thief of the summertide:
Go, fair and fleet,
And bring me sweet,
Bring from the blossom-bell
Honey and melody—
Fill me Fancy's cell.

RUSKIN AS AN OXFORD LECTURER.

BY JAMES MANNING BRUCE.

(WITH A FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT.)

IT was my good fortune, some twenty years ago, to spend a winter of study at Oxford. Among the memories of that happy sojourn, the most outstanding are of Ruskin's lectures. He was then closing his second term as Slade professor of art. I had become an "unattached student," availing myself of the system, then of recent date, by which "persons" were "permitted, under certain conditions, to become Students and Members of the University without being attached to any College or Hall." The nominal government of this extra-collegiate group pertained to a body of five "delegates." Such actual supervision as they enjoyed was exercised by two of the delegates, who bore the additional title of "censors." The censorship was, to say the least, not rigorous. I remember but a single interview with the genial administrator of it, who entered my name on the books of the "delegacy," received my two pounds ten, and did whatever else may have been necessary to induct me into the privileges of the university. After some friendly talk regarding the courses I proposed to follow, he said: "And you must not neglect your opportunity to hear the most eloquent man in England—of course I mean Ruskin." I noticed that he did not say *Mr.* Ruskin. The omission, very exceptional in English usage, marked conspicuously the eminence of the name.

It did not need the censor's advice to take me to the small amphitheater of the Taylor Institution on the day set for the art professor's first lecture. A room rather long than square, with narrow banks of uncomfortably cramped seats rising steeply from a railed inclosure; within the rail, a table, a reading-stand, and a chair; on the wall behind, what looked like a haphazard assortment, never twice the same, of prints, photographs, bits of bas-relief, water-color drawings, and once a little Turner landscape,—such were the simple arena and paraphernalia of "the most eloquent man in England."

Although at the time of which I write

Ruskin was but fifty-seven years of age, one inevitably thought of him as an older man. His fame even then far antedated my own earliest recollections. The first volume of "Modern Painters," which established his reputation and decided his career as a writer on art, had been published thirty-three years before. Most of his "beautiful authoritative books," as Thackeray's daughter called them long ago, had already taken their place among modern literary classics, and their pretty, fanciful titles were familiar, if their contents were not. I could at first hardly reconcile with my preconceptions the slight, active figure, the alert, sensitive face, the aspect of not more than mature middle age, which made up my first impressions of Ruskin. There was, indeed, at the same time the suspicion of a stoop, and both face and form had an odd effect of shrivel and shrunkenness. I suppose it must have been on this account that one did not cavil at the references he was fond of making to his advanced age. "Being," he said one day, "to my much sorrow, an old and tired person, and, to my much pride, an old-fashioned person." One admitted his right to characterize himself thus, in spite of chronology.

I can scarcely imagine that Ruskin ever resembled the old sentimental portrait, with its smooth regularity of feature and softly flowing hair, from which my mental picture of him had been derived. Doubtless the first actual sight of a man whom one has dreamed about for years always dissipates something of the glamour with which fancy has surrounded him. But I am glad to record that the real Ruskin, though widely divergent from his poetic presentment, at once approved himself to me a much more congruous and satisfactory apparition. The disappointment, so far as any was felt, pertained to his size. I have called him slight; he was distinctly short as well, wholly lacking the suave majesty of proportions implied, if not depicted, in the early prints. Not that one could by any means have thought him undignified:

but his dignity was no affair of material bulk or imposing manner; it was the worthier dignity of intense earnestness and imperious sincerity. The man's insistent genuineness would have made any conventional grace or elegance seem affectation and artificiality. Rugged and angular, he still was never awkward. The eager swiftness and vitality of his intellect precluded that. It could not happen to him to be, as Emerson bitinglly says, «awkward for want of thought, the inspiration not reaching the extremities.» His face was small, in spite of the largeness of his features; the hair a somewhat tumbled shock of reddish brown, broadly streaked, like the straggling beard and whiskers, with gray. In his costume, simple enough beneath his professor's gown, there was a suggestion of originality and picturesqueness, chiefly due, I think, to the broad necktie of bright blue satin which he habitually wore. Matthew Arnold, in one of his pleasant letters, speaks of meeting Ruskin at a London dinner-party, «looking very slight and spiritual»; and adds: «He gains much by evening dress, plain black and white, and by his fancy's being forbidden to range through the world of coloured cravats.» But it seems to me that I should have found him less engaging without the clumsy blue satin tie.

It was with something like dismay that we heard Mr. Ruskin's introductory announcement concerning the winter's lectures. They would be nothing, he told us, but a few readings from the «Discourses» of Sir Joshua Reynolds. This was not what we had anticipated. We might have had this from anybody else. But we soon found that it was Ruskin, after all, and not Reynolds, whom we were to hear. The large, thin quarto volume of the «Discourses» was regularly produced and laid open on the broad top of the platform-rail. The lecture often began with a few of Reynolds's stately sentences. I am far from sure that this was always the case; but I am positive that the «reading» never exceeded a paragraph or two. The extract thus dutifully presented became immediately a text, but even a text only in the sense in which the Scottish preacher used his Bible verse—as a «loupin'-an stane.» From the point of departure thus obtained, he ranged with brilliant and fascinating discursiveness over the topics which happened to be uppermost in his mind.

When he spoke of art, it was with a scope far beyond that of any mere academic discussion. No technical detail was too minute to escape his masterful and incisive touch,

but the whole was always present in the smallest part. The trees never hid the forest. He taught principles rather than rules; but he taught principles in such a way that the rules they involved became clear and stringent. «The power of great men,» he said, with deep seriousness, «lies in *subjection*»; and, in illustration: «Sir Joshua Reynolds attributes his power to seeing the will of God, and not opposing to it any will of his own.» Echoing the same thought: «Only in the sure knowledge of our Lord and of his law is the sureness of any human action, in conduct or in art.» Still again: «Religion is a submission, not an aspiration; an obedience, not an ambition, of the soul.» «We have the habit of thinking our own opinions law, instead of recognizing a law in the will of our Creator. We judge the truth of God by our opinions instead of *vice versa*.» «According to the new theology, it is unnecessary to obey God, but entirely proper to repose upon him.» «Modern scientific men suppose that their prayers take God by surprise.» «I remember» (speaking of prayer) «that every one is listened to, of course, and appointed to his ignorance and the life he has led.» «The object of all great artists is to make you forget their art and themselves, and believe in and love their subject.» «All my theories,» he declared, «are summed up in the line of Wordsworth, (We live by admiration, hope, and love.) Not admiration of ourselves, nor hope for ourselves. Love can be only of others; self-love is a contradiction of terms.»

There were often incidental aphorisms and sharp individual characterizations, epitomes of criticism, in a sentence. «The power of distinguishing right and wrong, called, when applied to art, taste.» «The art-students of Rome now make ditches of themselves for the defunct rubbish of the past.» «Vile artists, like Gustave Doré, love shade and death.» «Ghiberti worked without love; his art is cold.» The young man about town of London or Paris, the consummate product of modern civilization, was branded as «a fanged but handless spider, that sucks, indeed, and stings, but cannot spin»—this with an intensified sibilant which made the whole sentence a hiss.

There has never, doubtless, been a more audacious dogmatist than Ruskin. «I am, I believe, the only person here in Oxford who says he has got something entirely definite to teach.» This was the opening sentence of his lecture one morning. I could well understand the very literal young English-

woman, though I did not really agree with her, who told me she never thought of going to hear him. «I can't bear him,» she flared. «I think he is the most conceited man that ever lived.» Obviously there was nothing more to be said to her. And yet I might have urged that he was far from exaggerating the importance of his message, albeit he insisted upon it so strenuously. I remember his bringing to the lecture-room a meager octavo pamphlet of sixty-odd pages, containing selections from his writings which had been printed for the University of Madras. «Here,» he explained, as he held it up before us, «you will find everything of any consequence in all the books I have written.»

On the principle I once heard enunciated, that men like best to listen to the preachers who «make them squirm,» it is probably true that Ruskin's frank and furious quarrel with many things in the England he loved so well had much to do with his popularity among his own countrymen. Certainly he «rowed» them in a fashion for which it would be hard to find a parallel. «The British Constitution, of which you are so proud,» he broke out one day, apropos of some abuse he had been denouncing—«why, it is the vilest mixture of humbug, iniquity, and lies that Satan ever spewed out of hell.» Another day it was this: «Instead of, (England expects every man to do his duty,) we are receiving and acting on the watchword, (England expects every man to do the best he can for himself.)» Another day he descanted upon certain present tendencies which he could not vehemently enough reprobate, and climaxed: «The reverent olden time called Him the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Our modern philosophers have found other names—Just - what - might - have - been - expected, Evolution, the Conservation of Forces, the Prince of Competition.» He lashed himself into a magnificent frenzy over some rationalistic comments on the «horror of great darkness» that fell upon Abram waiting for a sign from the Lord. «Indigestion, most likely, thinks modern philosophy. Accelerated cerebration, with automatic conservation of psychic force, lucidly suggests Dr. Carpenter. Derangement of sensorimotor processes, having certain relations of nextness, and behaviour uniformly depending on that nextness, condescendingly explains Professor Clifford. Well, my scientific friends, if ever God does you the grace to give you experience of the sensations either of horror or darkness, even to the extent your books

inflict them on my own tired soul, you will come out on the other side of that shadow with newer views on many subjects than have yet occurred to you, novelty-hunters though you be.»

He was never done girding at the English Church, for what he regarded as its pretentious ineffectiveness. Once, after describing the army and the law as affording careers, the one for the high-spirited, the other for the intellectually gifted sons of the nobility, he added: «And public theology furnishes means of maintenance for the sons of less clearly distinguished ability.» Something led him to quote from the fifteenth chapter of Genesis the clause, «the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision.» He at once interpolated a paragraph for the sake of which, I suspect, he had introduced the reference: «In the (Explanatory and Critical Commentary and Revision of the Holy Bible,) by bishops and clergy of the Established Church, published in 1871 by Mr. John Murray, you will find the interesting statement respecting this verse that (this is the first time that the expression (so frequent afterward) «the word of the Lord» occurs in the Bible.) The expression is certainly rather frequent afterward, and one might have expected from the episcopal and clerical commentators, on this its first occurrence, some slight notice of the probable meaning of it. They proceed, however, without farther observation, to discuss certain problems, suggested to them by the account of Abram's vision, respecting somnambulism, on which, though one would have thought few persons more qualified than themselves to give an account of that condition, they arrive at no particular conclusion.»

I discover the above passage, almost word for word, in one of the «Fors Clavigera» letters, issued during the winter we were «in residence» at Oxford; and I dare say that if my notes of Ruskin's lectures at that time were less fragmentary, they would embrace pretty much the entire «Fors Clavigera» of the period. It was one of the ingenuous ways Mr. Ruskin had of taking his audience into his confidence to bring us the manuscript of each letter as it was written, and to give us at least «the heart of it» in advance of its publication. Nowhere, perhaps, did his genius for vituperation have freer or more sparkling play than in these deliverances to the workingmen of England. Sometimes the scintillation grew lurid and baleful, but there was generally a half-humorous extravagance of language in his

diatribes which supplied, whether intentionally or not, an antidote to their venom. «Here,» he flashed, «is the first economical fact I have been trying to teach these fifteen years, and can't get it yet into the desperate, leathern-skinned, death-helmeted skull of this wretched England—till Jael-Atropos drive it down, through skull and all, into the ground: that you can't have bread without corn, nor milk without kine; and that being dragged about the country behind kettles won't grow corn on it; and speculating in stocks won't feed mutton on it; and manufacturing steel pens and scrawling lies with them won't clothe your backs or fill your bellies, though you scrawl England as black with ink as you have strewed her black with cinders.» His immitigable hate of the railways vented itself with the drollest exaggeration. Think of a man in the midst of Oxford's sumptuous trees and lustrous turf sneering fiercely: «There is no green grass, there are no green trees, in England any more. Everything is black since we were overtaken by the blight and curse of railways»!

Among all of what the irreverent were accustomed to call Ruskin's fads, none was more persistent, as none was superficially more incongruous, than his exaltation of manual labor. «No one can teach you anything worth learning but through manual labor; the very bread of life can only be got out of the chaff by rubbing it in your hands.» A year or two before my time at Oxford, he had attempted a practical demonstration of this doctrine. He persuaded a group of his most enthusiastic pupils to spend their afternoons with him working upon ditches which were being dug in the neighboring village of Hinksey. I do not know whether the experiment justified itself by any physical or spiritual benefit accruing to the amateur «navvies»; but while it lasted, the spectacle it offered was «distinctly precious» to the Philistines, both of town and gown. I can still hear the joyous chuckle with which a dear old Oxford lady, whose racy talk was as innocent of malice and uncharitableness as of final *g*'s, dilated upon the fun she had in going out to see «the Hinksey diggin's.»

The union of sweet reasonableness with fanaticism, which was one of Ruskin's many paradoxes, explains his delightful candor in animadverting upon his own weak points. He had no tolerance for shallow self-sufficiency. «There is no temptation to folly,» was one of his pungent *obiter dicta*; «a man has no business to be an ass.» Accordingly,

he put us on our guard against his faults and fallacies. I treasure in memory one exquisitely diverting instance. He had been speaking with approval of unsectarian education, —«Teach no church catechism; teach only the Mosaic law and the love of God,»—and had commended a recent speech in that vein by Professor Max Müller. Then, after a pause, he began very slowly: «It is a vice of mine, in the fear of not saying strong things strongly enough, to use a violence of language that takes from their strength; but this is my calm and cool conviction: I tell you, without a note of excitement in my voice or manner, in language of absolute and tamest moderation, as I stand quietly here with my arms hanging at my sides,»—letting his arms fall, and holding them stiffly down, —«unless you teach your children to honor their fathers and their mothers, and to love God, and to reverence their king, and to treat with tenderness and take care of kindly all inferior creatures, to regard all things duly, even if they only have the semblance of life, and especially such as God has endowed with the power of giving us pleasure, as flowers—unless you teach your children these things,»—by this time the pinioned arms, which had been gradually freeing themselves, were revolving in frantic curves, and the carefully modulated voice had risen till it became a hoarse shriek in the climax, —«you will be educating Frankensteins and demons!»

Another instance of Ruskin's letting himself go remains somewhat painfully in my recollection. He had made reference to the fifty-fifth psalm, quoting, «Oh, that I had wings like a dove!» and stopping to comment on the lovely words. They reminded him of Mendelssohn's song, which he chose to consider a vulgar jingle, wholly unworthy to be linked with that beautiful scripture. To show his sense of its poverty and pettiness, he made a burlesque pretense of singing it, and accompanied the performance with a jump and a bat-like flapping of his black gown sleeves that verged unpleasantly upon buffoonery.

The phraseology of Ruskin's lectures, like that of his books, was strongly tinged with biblical references. He could not sufficiently extol the Bible as a treasury, not only of spiritual verities and inspirations, but also of pure and lofty English style. He made glowing acknowledgment of the lifelong gratitude he owed his mother for obliging him to read the Bible through many times. He was glad she did not pass over «the hard and

cruel chapters, or the dry, tough genealogies," and especially that he could not beg off from the serious task of memorizing large portions. In fact, he attributed to this early and close familiarity with the Bible all that was best in his intellectual equipment, and all the power he possessed of good literary expression.

One of his most memorable passages of biblical panegyric was whimsically prefaced. To illustrate the honesty of medieval art in contrast with modern sham, he pointed out an arabesque from a manuscript of the Psalms, copied with coarse inaccuracy for a tail-piece in a current magazine. He made us see how the graceful lines were distorted, and the whole perfect design cheapened and

falsified. "And that 's what you like, you blessed English!" he railed, as he flung the offending (Fortnightly) on the floor. Then, taking up his manuscript Psalter, he opened to the first psalm, and began to read it, giving both the majestic Vulgate Latin that was before him, and the English he knew so well. In a moment his spirit was rapt into an ecstasy. Striding back and forth behind his platform rail, he poured out a rhapsody of exalted thought in rhythmic phrase which no one could have attempted to transcribe, but which must have overwhelmed all who heard it with the thrilling consciousness of being in the immediate presence and listening to the spontaneous exercise of creative genius.

BR'ER COON IN OLD KENTUCKY.

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "A Cumberland Vendetta," "The Kentuckians," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

De ole man coon am a sly ole cuss;

Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

An' de lady coon am a leetle bit wuss;

Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

We hunts 'em when de nights gits dark;

Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

Dey runs when dey hears de big dogs bark;

Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

But 'deed, Mister Coon, hit 's no use to try;

Git erlong, coon-dog, now!

Fer when we comes you 's boun' to die;

Git erlong; coon-dog, now!



THE day was late in autumn. The sun was low, and the haze of Indian summer hung like mist on the horizon. Crows were rising from fat pickings in the bluegrass fields, and stretching away in long lines through a yellow band of western light, and toward the cliffs of the Kentucky River, where they roost in safety the winter long. An hour later darkness fell, and we rode forth the same way, some fifty strong.

There were "young cap'n," as "young master" is now called, and his sister Miriam; Northcott, who was from the North, and was my friend; young farmers from the neigh-

borhood, with their sisters and sweethearts; a party from the county town not far away; a contingent from the Iroquois Hunt Club of Lexington; old Tray, a tobacco tenant from the Cumberland foot-hills; and old Ash, a darky coon-hunter who is known throughout the State.

There were White Child and Black Babe, two young coon-dogs which Ash claimed as his own; Bulger, a cur that belonged to Tray; young captain's favorites, June Bug and Star; several dogs from the neighborhood; and two little fox-terriers, trotting to heel, which the major, a veteran, had brought along to teach the country folks a new wrinkle in an old sport.

Ash was a ragged, old-time darky with a scraggly beard and a caressing voice. He rode a mule with a blind bridle and no saddle. In his belt, and hanging behind, was an ax-head fixed to a handle of hatchet length; the purpose of this was to cut a limb from under Br'er Coon when he could not be shaken off, or to cut a low entrance into his hole, so that he could be prodded out at the top with a sharp stick. In his pockets were matches to build a fire, that the fight could be seen; at his side hung a lantern with which "to shine his eye"

when the coon was treed; and under him was a meal-sack for Br'er Possum.

Tobacco had brought Tray from the foothills to the blue-grass. His horse was as sorry as Ash's mule, and he wore a rusty gray overcoat and a rusty slouch-hat. The forefinger of his bridle-hand was off at the second joint—a coon's teeth had nipped it as clean as the stroke of a surgeon's knife one night when he ran into a fight to pull off a young dog. Tray and Ash betrayed a racial inheritance of mutual contempt that was intensified by the rivalry of their dogs. From these two the humanity ran up, in the matter of dress, through the young farmers and country girls, and through the Hunt Club, to Northcott, who was conventional perfection, and young captain's picturesque sister, who wore the white slouch-hat of some young cavalryman, with the brim pinned up at the side with the white wing of a pigeon that she had shot with her own hand.

The cavalcade moved over the turf of the front woods, out the pike gate, and clattered at a gallop for two miles down the limestone road. Here old Ash called a halt; and he and Tray, and young captain and Blackburn, who was tall, swarthy, and typical, rode on ahead. I was allowed to follow in order to see the dogs work. So was Northcott; but he preferred to stay behind for a while.

"Keep back thar now," shouted Ash to the crowd, "an' keep still!" So they waited behind while we went on. The old darky threw the dogs off in a woodland to the left, and there was dead silence for a while, and the mystery of darkness. By and by came a short, eager yelp.

II.

ONLY two days before, Northcott and I were down in the Kentucky mountains fishing for bass in the Cumberland, and a gaunt mountaineer was helping us catch minnows.

"Coons is a-gittin' fat," he remarked sententiously to another mountaineer, who was lazily following us up the branch; "an' they 's a-gittin' fat on my corn."

"You like coons?" I asked.

"Well, jes gimme all the coon I can eat in three days,—in three days, mind ye,—an' then lay me up in bed ag'in' a jug o' moonshine—" Words failed him there, and he waved his hand. "Them coons kin have all o' my corn they kin hold. I'd jes as live have my corn in coons as in a crib. I keeps my dawgs tied up so the coons kin take their time; but"—he turned solemnly to his com-

panion again—"coons is a-gittin' fat, an' I'm goin' to turn them dawgs loose."

White moonshine, coons, and sweet potatoes for the Kentucky mountaineer; and on through the blue-grass and the Purchase to the Ohio, and no farther—red whisky, coons, and sweet potatoes for the night-roving children of Ham. It is a very old sport in the State. As far back as 1785 one shouting Methodist preacher is known to have trailed a virgin forest for old Br'er Coon. He was called Raccoon John Smith, and he is doubtless the father of the hunt in Kentucky. Traced back through Virginia, the history of the chase would most likely strike root in the homesickness of certain English colonists for trailing badgers of nights in the old country, and sending terriers into the ground for them. One night, doubtless, some man of these discovered what a plucky fight a certain ring-tailed, black-muzzled, bear-like little beast would put up at the least banter; and thereafter, doubtless, every man who loved to hunt the badger was ready to hunt the coon. That is the theory of a distinguished Maryland lawyer and coon-hunter, at least, and it is worthy of record. The sport is common in Pennsylvania, and also in Connecticut, where the hunters finish the coon with a shot-gun; and in New England, I am told, "drawing" the coon is yet done. Br'er Coon is placed in a long, square box or trough, and the point is to get a fox-terrier that is game enough to go in "and bring him out." That, too, is an inheritance from the English way of badger-fighting, which was tried on our American badgers without success, as it was usually found necessary, after a short fight, to draw out the terrier—dead. Coon-hunting is, however, distinctly a Southern sport, although the coon is found all over the United States, and as far north as Alaska. It is the darky who has made the sport Southern. With him it has always been, is now, and always will be, a passion. Inseparable are the darky and his coon-dog. And nowhere in the South is the sport more popular than in Kentucky—with mountaineers, negroes, and people of the blue-grass. It is the more remarkable, then, that of all the beasts that walk the blue-grass fields, the coon-dog is the only one for which the Kentuckian does not claim superiority. The Kentucky coon-dog—let his master get full credit for the generous concession—is no better than the coon-dog of any other State. Perhaps this surprising apathy is due to the fact that the coon-dog has no family position. A prize was offered in 1891 by the Blue-Grass Kennel

Club at Lexington, and was won, of course, by a Kentucky dog; but the American Kennel Club objected, and the prize has never been offered again. So the coon-dog has no recognized breed. He is not even called a hound. He is a dog—just a «dawg.» He may be cur, fox-terrier, foxhound, or he may have all kinds of grandparents. On one occasion that is worth interjecting he was even a mastiff. An Irishman in Louisville owned what he called the «brag coon-dog» of the State. There are big woods near Louisville, and a good deal of hunting for the coon is done in them. A German who lived in the same street had a mastiff with the playful habit of tossing every cat that came into his yard over the fence—dead. The Irishman conceived the idea that the mastiff would make the finest coon-dog on earth—not excepting his own. He persuaded the German to go out in the woods with him one night, and he took his own dog along to teach the mastiff how to fight. The coon was shaken out of the tree. The coon-dog made for the coon, and the mastiff made for the coon-dog, and reached him before he reached the coon. In a minute the coon-dog was dead, the coon was making off through the rustling maize, and Celt and Teuton were clinched under the spreading oak. Originally the coon-dog was an uncompromising cur, or a worthless foxhound that had dropped out of his pack; and most likely darkies and boys had a monopoly of the sport in the good old days when the hunting was purely for the fun of the fight, and when trees were cut down, and nobody took the trouble to climb. When the red fox drove out the gray, the newer and swifter hounds—old Lead's descendants—took away the occupation of the old foxhound, and he, in turn, took the place of the cur; so that the Kentucky coon-dog of to-day is usually the old-fashioned hound that was used to hunt the gray fox, the «pot-licker»—the black-and-tan, long-eared, rat-tailed, flat-bellied, splay-footed «pot-licker.» Such a hound is a good trailer; he makes a good fight, and there is no need in the hunt for special speed. Recently the terrier has been introduced to do the fighting when the coon has been trailed and treed, because he is a more even match, and as game as any dog; and, thanks to Mr. Belmont's «Nursery» in the blue-grass, the best terriers are accessible to the Kentucky hunters who want that kind of fight.

But it is the hunt with an old darky, and old coon-dogs, and a still, damp, dark night, that is dear to the Southern hunter's heart.

It is the music of the dogs, the rivalry between them, the subtleties of the trail, and the quick, fierce fight, that give the joy then. Only recently have the ladies begun to take part in the sport, and, naturally, it is growing in favor. Coons are plentiful in the blue-grass, even around the towns, where truck-patches are convenient, and young turkeys and chickens unwary. For a coon, unless hard pressed, will never go up any tree but his own; and up his own tree he is usually safe, for trees are now too valuable to be cut down for coons.

It is the ride of only a few hours from the mountains to the lowland blue-grass, and down there, too, coons were getting fat; so on the morning of the second day Northcott and I woke up in the ell of an old-fashioned blue-grass homestead,—an ell that was known as the «office» in slavery days,—and old Ash's gray head was thrust through the open door.

«Breakfast 'mos' ready. Young cap'n say you mus' git up now.»

Crackling flames were leaping up the big chimney from the ash kindling-wood and hickory logs piled in the enormous fireplace, and Northcott, from his bed in the corner, chuckled with delight.

That morning the Northerner rode through peaceful fields and woodlands, and looked at short-horn cattle and Southdown sheep and thoroughbred horses, and saw the havoc that tobacco was bringing to the lovely land. When he came back dinner was ready—his first Southern dinner.

After dinner, Miriam took him to feed young captain's pet coon, the Governor, and Black Eye, a fox-terrier that was the Governor's best friend—both in the same plate. The Governor was chained to an old apple-tree, and slept in a hole which he had enlarged for himself about six feet from the ground. Let a strange dog appear, and the Governor would retreat, and Black Eye attack; and after the fight the Governor would descend, and plainly manifest his gratitude with slaps and scratches and bites of tenderness. The Governor never looked for anything that was tossed him, but would feel for it with his paws, never lowering his blinking eyes at all. Moreover, he was a dainty beast, for he washed everything in a basin of water before he ate it.

«Dey eats ever'thing, boss,» said old Ash's soft voice; «but dey likes crawfish best. I reckon coon 'll eat dawg, jes as dawg eats coon. But dawg won't eat possum. Gib a dawg a piece, o' possum meat, and he spit it

out, and look at you mean and reproachful. Knowin' possum lack I do, dat sut'nly do look strange. Hit do, mon, shore.

«An' as fer fightin'—well, I ain't never seed a coon dat would n't fight, an' I ain't never seed nuttin' dat a coon would n't tackle. Most folks believes dat a possum *can't* fight. Well, you jes tie a possum an' coon together by de tails, an' swing 'em over a clothes-line, an' when you come back you gwine find de coon daid. Possum jes take hole in de throat, an' go to sleep—jes like a bull-pup.»

A gaunt figure in a slouch-hat and ragged overcoat had slouched in at the yard gate. His eye was blue and mild, and his face was thin and melancholy. Old Ash spoke to him familiarly, and young captain called him Tray. He had come for no reason other than that he was mildly curious and friendly; and he stopped shyly behind young captain, fumbling with the stump of one finger at a little sliver of wood that served as the one button to his overcoat, silent, listless, gentle, grave. And there the three stood, the pillars of the old social structure that the war brought down—the slave, the poor white, the master of one and the lord of both. Between one and the other the chasm was still deep, but they would stand shoulder to shoulder in the hunt that night.

«Dat wind from de souf,» said old Ash, as we turned back to the house. «Git cloudy bime-by. We gwine to git Mister Coon dis night, shore.»

A horn sounded from the quarters soon after supper, and the baying of dogs began. Several halloos came through the front woods, and soon there was the stamping of horses' feet about the yard fence, and much jolly laughter. Girths were tightened, and a little later the loud slam of the pike gate announced that the hunt was begun.

III.

Br'er Coon he has a bushy tail;
Br'er Possum's tail am bar';
Br'er Rabbit's got no tail at all—
Jes a leetle bunch o' ha'r.

WHEN the yelp came, Tray's lips opened triumphantly:

«Bulger!»

«Rabbit,» said old Ash, contemptuously.

Bulger was a young dog, and only half broken; but every hunter knew that each old dog had stopped in his tracks and was listening. There was another yelp and another; and the old dogs harked to him. But the hunters sat still to give the dogs time to

trail, as hunters always do. Sometimes they will not move for half an hour unless the dogs are going out of hearing. Old Ash was humming calmly:

Coony in de tree;
Possum in de holler;
Purty gal at my house,
Fat as she kin waller.

It was Tray's dog, and old Ash could afford to be calm and scornful, for he was without faith. So over and over he sang it softly, while Tray's mouth was open, and his ear was eagerly cocked to every note of the trail. The air was very chilly and damp. The moon was no more than a silver blotch in a leaden sky, and barely visible here and there was a dim star. On every side the fields and dark patches of woodland rolled alike to the horizon, except straight ahead, where one black line traced the looping course of the river. That way the dogs were running, and the music was growing furious. It was too much for Tray, who suddenly let out the most remarkable yell I have ever heard from human lips. That was a signal to the crowd behind. A rumbling started; the crowd was striking the hard turnpike at a swift gallop, coming on. It was quick work for Bulger, and the melancholy of Tray's face passed from under the eager light in his eyes, and as suddenly came back like a shadow. The music had stopped short, and old Ash pulled in with a grunt of disgust.

«Rabbit, I tol' ye,» he said again, contemptuously; and Tray looked grieved. A dog with a strange mouth gave tongue across the dim fields.

«House cat,» said young captain. «That was a farm dog. The young dogs ran the cat home.» This was true, for just then two of the old dogs leaped the fence and crossed the road.

«They won't hark to him next time,» said young captain; «Bulger's a liar.» A coon-dog is never worthless, «no 'count»; he is simply a «liar.» Nine out of ten young dogs will run a rabbit or a house cat. The old dogs will trust a young one once or twice; but if he proves unworthy of confidence they will not go to him sometimes when he is really on a coon trail, and will have to be called by their masters after the coon is treed. As Bulger sprang into the road, old Ash objurgated him:

«Whut you mean, dawg?—you black liah, you!» The pain in Tray's face was pathetic.

«Bulger hain't no liar,» he said sturdily. «Bulger's jes young.»

Then we swept down the road another mile to another woodland, and this time I stayed with the crowd behind. Young captain had given Northcott his favorite saddle-horse and a fat saddle that belonged to his father; and Northcott, though a cross-country rider at home, was not happy. He was being gently rocked sidewise in a maddening little pace that made him look as ridiculous as he felt.

«You have n't ridden a Southern saddle-horse before, have you?» said Miriam.

«No; I never have.»

«Then you won't mind a few instructions?»

«No, indeed,» he said meekly.

«Well, press your hand at the base of his neck,—so,—and tighten your reins just a little—now.»

The horse broke step into a «running walk,» which was a new sensation to Northcott. We started up the pace a little.

«Now press behind your saddle on the right side, and tighten your rein a little more, and hold it steady,—so,—and he 'll rack.» The saddler struck a swift gait that was a revelation to the Northerner.

«Now, if you want him to trot, catch him by the mane or by the right ear.»

The horse broke his step instantly.

«Beautiful!» said Northcott. «This is my gait.»

«Now wave your hand—so.» The animal struck an easy lope.

«Lovely!»

We swept on. A young countryman who was called Tom watched the instruction with provincial amusement.

I was riding young captain's buggy mare, and, trying her over a log, I learned that she could jump. So, later in the night, I changed horses with Northcott—for a purpose.

We could hear the dogs trailing around to the right now, and the still figures of Ash and Tray halted us in the road. Presently the yelps fused into a musical chorus, and then a long, penetrating howl came through the woods that was eloquent to the knowing.

«Dar 's old Star,» said Ash, kicking his mule in the side; «an' dar 's a coon!»

We had a dash through the woods at a gallop then, and there was much dodging of low branches, and whisking around tree-trunks, and a great snapping of brush on the ground; and we swept out of the shadows of the woodland to a white patch of moonlight, in the center of which was a little walnut-tree. About this the dogs were sitting on their haunches, baying up at its leafless branches; and there, on the first low limb, scarcely ten feet from the ground and two

feet from the trunk, sat, not ring-tailed Br'er Coon, but a fat, round, gray possum, paying no attention at all to the hunters gathering under him, but keeping each of his beady black eyes moving with nervous quickness from one dog to another. Old Ash was laughing triumphantly in the rear. «Black Babe foun' dat possum. Dis nigger 's got dawgs!» Northcott was called up, that he might see; and young captain rode under the little fellow, and reaching up, caught him by the tail, the possum making no effort at all to escape, so engrossed was he with the dogs. Old Ash, with a wide smile, dropped him into the mouth of his meal-sack.

«Won't he smother in there,» asked Northcott, «or eat his way out?»

Old Ash grinned. «He 'll be dar when we git home.» Then he turned to Tray. «I gwine to let you have dis possum in de mornin', to train dat liah Bulger.»

There is no better way to train a young dog than to let him worry a possum after he has found it; and this is not as cruel as it seems. Br'er Possum knows how to roll up in a ball and protect his vitals; and when you think he is about dead, he will unroll, but little hurt.

The clouds were breaking now; the moon showed full, the air had grown crisp, and the stars were thick and brilliant. For half an hour we sat on a hillside waiting, and, for some occult reason, the major was becoming voluble.

«Now, old Tray there thinks he's hunting the coon. So does old Ash. I reckon that we are all laboring under that painful delusion. Whereas the truth is that the object of this hunt is attained. I refer, sir, to that possum.» He turned to Northcott. «You have never eaten possum? Well, sir, it is a very easy and dangerous habit to contract if the possum is properly prepared. I venture to say, sir, that nawth of Mason and Dixon's line the gastronomical possibilities of the possum are utterly unknown. How do I prepare him? Well, sir—»

The major was interrupted by a mighty yell from old Ash; and again there was a great rush through the low undergrowth, over the rocky hillside, and down a long, wooded hollow. This time the old negro's favorites, White Child and Black Babe, were in the lead; and old Ash flapped along like a windmill, with every tooth in sight.

«Go it, Black Babe! Go it, my White Chile! Gord! but dis nigger 's got dawgs!»

Everybody caught his enthusiasm, and we could hear the crowd thundering behind us.

I was next Ash, and all of a sudden the old ducky came to a quick stop, and caught at his nose with one hand. A powerful odor ran like an electric shock through the air, and a long howl from each dog told that each had started from some central point on his own responsibility. The major raised his voice. «Stop!» he shouted. «Keep the ladies back—keep 'em *'way* back!»

«Gord!» said old Ash once more; and Tray lay down on his horse's neck, helpless with laughter.

The major was too disgusted for words. When we crossed the road, and paused again, he called in a loud voice for me to advance and see the dogs work. Then he directed me to call Northcott forward for the same purpose. Blackburn came too. A moment later I heard young captain shouting to the crowd, «Keep back, keep back!» and he too spurred around the bushes.

«Where are those dogs?» he asked with mock anxiety.

The neck of the major's horse was lengthened peacefully through the rails of a ten-foot fence, and at the question the veteran whisked a bottle of old Jordan from his hip.

«Here they are.»

Then followed an eloquent silence that turned the cold October air into the night-breath of June, that made the mists warm, the stars rock, and the moon smile. Once more we waited.

«How do I prepare him, sir?» said the major. «You skin the coon; but you singe off the hair of the possum in hot wood-ashes, because the skin is a delicacy, and must not be scalded. Then parbille him. This takes a certain strength away, and makes him more tender. Then put him in a pan, with a good deal of butter, pepper, and salt, and a little brown flour, leaving the head and tail on. Then cut little slips along the ribs and haunches, and fill them with red-pepper pods. Baste him with gravy while browning,»—the major's eyes brightened, and once at least his lips smacked distinctly,—«cook sweet potatoes around him, and then serve him smoking hot—though some, to be sure, prefer him cold, like roast pork. You must have dodgers, very brown and very crisp; and of course raw persimmons (persimmons are ripe in possum-time, and possums like persimmons—the two are inseparable); pickles, chow-chow, and tomato ketchup; and, lastly, pumpkin-pie and a second cup of coffee. Then, with a ducky and a banjo, a mint-julep and a pipe, you may have a reasonable ex-

pectation of being, for a little while, happy. And speaking of julep—»

Just then two dim forms were moving out of sight behind some bushes below us, and the major shouted:

«Tawm!»

The two horsemen turned reluctantly, and when Tom was near enough the major asked a whispered question, and got an affirmative response.

«All right,» added the major, with satisfaction. «Shake hands with Mr. Northcott. I hereby promote you, sir, to the privilege of staying in front and watching the dogs work.»

Northcott's face was distinctly flushed after this promotion, and he confessed afterward to an insane desire to imitate the major's speech and Blackburn's stately manner. When we started off again, he posted along with careless content, and many sympathized with him.

«Oh, this is just what I like,» he said. «Everybody posts up North—even the ladies.»

«Dear me!» said several.

«I reckon that kind of a horse is rather better for an inexperienced rider,» said Tom, friendlily, and Northcott smiled. Somebody tried a horse over a log a few minutes later, and the horse swerved to one side. Northcott wheeled, and started for a bigger log at a gallop; and the little mare rose, as if on wings, two feet higher than was necessary, while Northcott sat as if bound to his saddle.

Then he leaped recklessly into another field, and back again. Tom was speechless.

It was after midnight now, and the moon and stars were passing swiftly overhead; but the crowd started with undiminished enthusiasm when a long howl announced that some dog had treed. This time it was no mistake. At the edge of the woodland sat the old ducky at the foot of the tree to keep the coon from coming down, while the young dogs were bouncing madly about him, and baying up into the tree. It was curious to watch old Star when he arrived. He would take no pup's word for the truth, but circled the tree to find out whether the coon had simply «marked» it; and, satisfied on that point, he settled down on his haunches, and, with uplifted muzzle, bayed with the rest.

«I knowed dis was coon,» said Ash, rising. «Possum circles; coon runs straight.»

Then the horses were tied, and everybody gathered twigs and branches and dead wood for a fire, which was built half-way between the trunk and the tips of the overhanging

branches; and old Ash took off his shoes, his coat, and his vest, for no matter how cold the night, the darky will climb in shirt, socks, and trousers. If he can reach around the tree, he will go up like a monkey; if he can't, he will go to the outer edge, and pull a bough down. In this case he could do neither, so young captain stood with his hands braced against the tree, while the old darky climbed up his back, and stamped in sock feet over his head and shoulders. Tray held the fence-rail alongside, and, with the aid of this, the two boosted Ash to the first limb. Then the men formed a circle around the tree at equal distances, each man squatting on the ground, and with a dog between his knees. The major held his terriers; and as everybody had seen the usual coon-fight, it was agreed that the terriers should have the first chance. Another darky took a lantern, and walked around the tree with the lantern held just behind one ear, «to shine the coon's eye.» As the lantern is moved around, the coon's eye follows, and its greenish-yellow glow betrays his whereabouts.

«Dar he is!» shouted the negro with the lantern; «'way up higher.» And there he was, on the extremity of a long limb. Old Ash climbed slowly until he could stand on the branch below and seize with both hands the limb that the coon lay on.

«Look out dar, now; hyeh he comes!» Below, everybody kept perfectly quiet, so that the dogs could hear the coon strike the ground if he should sail over their heads and light in the darkness outside the circle of fire. Ash shook, the coon dropped straight, and the game little terriers leaped for him. Br'er Coon turned on his back, and it was slap, bite, scratch, and tear. One little terrier was caught in the nose and spun around like a top, howling; but he went at it again. For a few minutes there was an inextricable confusion of a brown body, snapping white teeth, and outshooting claws, with snarling, leaping little black-and-tan terriers, and much low, fierce snarling. The coon's wheezing snarl was curious: it had rage, whining terror, and perfect courage, all in one. Then came one scream, penetrating and piteous, and the fight was done.

«Git him?» yelled Ash from up in the tree.

«Yep.»

«Well, dar 's anudder one up hyeh. Watch out, now!»

The branches rattled, but no coon dropped, and we could hear Ash muttering high in the air, «I bet ef I had a black-snake whip I 'd lif' you.»

Then came a pistol-shot. Ash had fired close to him to make him jump; but Br'er Coon lay close to the limb, motionless.

«I got to cut him off, I reckon,» Ash called; and whack! whack! went the blows of his little ax. «Whoop!»

The branch crackled; a dark body, flattened, and with four feet outstretched, came sailing down, and struck the earth—thud! Every dog leaped for him, growling; every man yelled, and pressed close about the heap of writhing bodies; and there was pandemonium. A coon can fight eight dogs better than he can fight three, for the eight get in one another's way. Foot by foot the game little beast fought his way to the edge of the cliff, and the whole struggling, snarling, snapping mass rolled, with dislodged dirt and clattering stones, down to the edge of the river, with the yelling hunters slipping and sliding after them. A great splash followed, and then a sudden stillness. One dog followed the coon into the water, and after a sharp struggle, and a howl of pain, turned and made for the bank. It was Bulger—the last to give up the fight. Br'er Coon had escaped, and there was hardly a man who was not glad.

«Reckon Bulger can fight, ef he is a liar,» said Tray—«which he ain't.»

The stars were sinking fast, and we had been five hours in the saddle. Everybody was tired. Down in a ravine young captain called a halt when the dogs failed to strike another trail. The horses were tied, and an enormous fire was built, and everybody gathered in a great circle around it. Somebody started a song, and there was a jolly chorus. A little piccaninny was pushed into the light, bashful and hesitating.

«Shake yo' foot, boy,» said old Ash, sternly; and the nimble feet were shaken to «Juba» and «My Baby Loves Shortenin'-bread.» It was a scene worth remembering—the upshooting flames, the giant shadows leaping into the dark woods about, the circle of young girls with flushed faces and loosened hair, and strapping young fellows cracking jokes, singing songs, and telling stories.

It was all simple and genuine, and it pleased Northcott, who was one of the many Northerners to whom everything Southern appeals strongly—who had come South prepared to like everything Southern: darkies, darky songs; Southern girls, Southern songs, old-fashioned in tune and sentiment; Southern voices, Southern accent, Southern ways; the romance of the life and the people; the

pathos of the war and its ruins; the simple, kindly hospitality of the Southern home.

Nobody noticed that Tray was gone, and nobody but Tray had noticed that Bulger was the only one of the dogs that had not gathered in to the winding of old Ash's horn. A long howl high on the cliff made known the absence of both. It was Bulger; and again

an' you would n' come, so I climbed up an' shuk him out. When I got down the coon was dead. Bulger don't run polecats," he said with mild scorn, and turned on Ash: "I reckon you'd better not call Bulger a liar no more." And the blood of the Anglo-Saxon told, for Ash made no answer.

It was toward morning now. Only one



«GO IT, BLACK BABE! GO IT, MY WHITE CHILE!»

came Tray's remarkable yell. Not an old dog moved. Again came the howl, and again the yell; and then Tray was silent, though the howls went on. Another song was started, and stopped by old Ash, who sprang to his feet. A terrific fight was going on up on the cliff. We could hear Bulger's growl, the unmistakable snarl of a coon, a series of cheering yells, and the crackling of branches, as though Tray were tumbling out of a tree. Every dog leaped from the fire, and all the darkies but old Ash leaped after them. There was a scramble up the cliff; and ten minutes later Tray came into the firelight with a coon in one hand, and poor Bulger limping after him, bleeding at the throat, and with a long, bloody scratch down his belly.

«Bulger treed him, an' I seed the coon 'twixt me an' the moon. I hollered fer you,

white star was hanging where the rest had gone down. There was a last chorus—«My Old Kentucky Home»:

We 'll hunt no more for the possum an' the coon.

And then, at a swift gallop, we thundered ten miles along the turnpike—home. The crowd fell away, and day broke as we neared young captain's roof. The crows were flying back from the cliffs to the blue-grass fields, and the first red light of the sun was shooting up the horizon. Northcott was lifting Miriam from her saddle as I rode into the woods; and when I reached the yard fence they were seated on the porch, as though they meant to wait for the sunrise. At the foot of the apple-tree were the Governor and Black Eye, playing together like kittens.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY MERILLE.
COMTE DE THUN DE HOHENSTEIN,
Commander of the Austro-Belgian forces.

HOW AN AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKE RULED AN AMERICAN EMPIRE.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

EXPERIMENTS.

THE details of Maximilian's court once settled, the new sovereign started forth upon a tour of the provinces, to present himself to the loyalty of his subjects. The Empress remained as regent, to govern under the guidance of the commander-in-chief. Ovations had everywhere been prepared, and a semblance of popularity, so dear to Maximilian's heart, was the result. But im-

mense sums were expended, and more precious time was wasted.

Upon his return, he began a number of administrative experiments. The French, after a long series of preliminary blunders, were just beginning to understand the country when the Emperor arrived and attempted independently to acquire the same lesson, at the expense of the nation, of his party, and of his allies.

It soon became obvious that the young

monarch was not equal to the task which he had undertaken, and a feeling of disappointment prevailed. Unendowed with the force and clearness of mind necessary in an organizer, he insisted upon all administrative work passing through his own imperial bureau. At the head of this bureau he placed an obscure personal favorite, a Belgian named Eloin, who had risen to favor through his social accomplishments. This man did not speak one word of Spanish, hated the French, despised the Mexicans, and was more ignorant than his master himself of American questions in general, and of Mexican affairs in particular.

While in office he used his power to repress much of the impulse given to enterprise by the French. His narrow views were responsible for a jealous policy which excluded all that he could not personally appreciate and manage. He and the Emperor undertook to decide questions upon which they were then hardly competent to give an intelligent opinion. The Mexican leaders were made to feel that they had no influence, the French that they had no rights. After doing much mischief, M. Eloin was sent abroad upon a mysterious mission. It was rumored that he had gone to watch over his master's personal interests abroad.

DISSENSIONS.

INDEED, the presence of the personal friends and countrymen of the sovereigns who had accompanied them in their voluntary exile caused a note of discord in the general harmony of the first days of the empire, indicative of the cacophony which was soon to follow.

It was natural that, so far away from their native land, these would-be Mexican rulers, stranded among a people with whose customs and mode of thought they had no sympathy, and of whose traditions they knew nothing, should cling to the little circle of trusted friends who had followed them in their adventure. It was natural also that the Mexicans, seduced by the vision of a monarchy in which *they* hoped to be the ruling force by virtue of their share in its inception and its establishment, should feel a keen disappointment upon finding foreigners, whom they themselves had been instrumental in placing at the head of affairs, not only overshadowing them, but usurping what they deemed their legitimate influence. It was likewise natural that the French, who had put up all the stakes for the game, and who had sacrificed lives, millions, and prestige in

the venture, should look to a preponderant weight in the councils of an empire which was entirely of their creating. All this was the inevitable consequence of such a combination as that attempted in Mexico; but apparently it was one which had entered into no one's calculations, and for which no provision had been made. The imperial dream of Napoleon III had been too shadowy to include such humanities.

The original «king-makers» soon became a troublesome element in Maximilian's administration. His policy naturally led him to seek supporters among the progressive Mexicans, and to devise the honorable retirement of his early allies from the active management of affairs.

GENERAL DE THUN.

In October, 1864, Comte de Thun de Hohenstein had been sent to Paris to negotiate for



COLONEL VAN DER SMISSEN.
Commander of the Belgian contingent.

the transportation of some four thousand Austrians for the army of Maximilian in Mexico. Belgians were also rapidly enlisting



PORFIRIO DIAZ.

A Mexican general and statesman, born in 1830. He served in the war against the United States in 1847, against Santa Anna in 1854. During the French invasion he was one of the leaders of the defense. He became President in 1877, and except from 1880 to 1884 he has been President ever since, the constitution having been amended so that he could succeed himself.

under Colonel Van der Smissen; and shortly afterward Austro-Belgian auxiliary troops, numbering, from first to last, some eight thousand men, were transferred to Mexico. These soon developed into an additional source of difficulty.

The officers of the Austrian contingent had not forgotten the yet recent encounters with the French army at Solferino and Magenta, and, no doubt at first unconsciously, an unconciliatory spirit was manifested in every difference which arose between the French and their present allies.

Comte de Thun, the commander of the

Austrian corps, felt more than restless under Marshal Bazaine's authority. Eventually, in 1865, Maximilian, whose confidence he enjoyed, further complicated the situation by establishing alongside of the War Department a military cabinet, through which the Austro-Belgian contingents were independently administered. This broke up all chance of uniform action in military matters. It placed the auxiliary troops beyond the jurisdiction of the French commander, who, under the terms of the treaty of Miramar, was to be regarded as the commander-in-chief.



FROM "MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES," BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

MATIAS ROMERO.

A Mexican diplomat and statesman, born in 1837. Now Minister to the United States.

The same lack of unity as existed between the imperial army and the French was also found to exist between the foreign mercenaries and the Mexican troops.

To the natives these foreigners, although countrymen of their sovereigns, were interlopers and rivals. Their very presence defeated the object of their Emperor's futile attempt at a show of Mexican patriotism. The position of the French was a well-defined one. They were there for a purpose, spent their money freely, fought their battles victoriously, and would some day go back to France. But the Mexicans hated these foreigners, and the confidential offices held by impecunious Belgians and Austrians in

the government and about the person of the executive added to the instinctive suspicion with which their permanent residence in the country was regarded.

Under the then existing conditions, where so many irreconcilable interests were in presence, it is not to be wondered at if little harmony prevailed amid the various conflicting elements gathered together by fate for the enactment of this fantastic scene.

EFFORTS TO CONCILIATE THE UNITED STATES.

ON April 4, 1864, the Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington had passed a unanimous resolution in opposition to the

recognition of a monarchy in Mexico, as an expression of the sentiment of the people of the United States. Although Mr. Seward, in forwarding a copy of the resolution to Mr. Dayton, had stated that the President did not «at present» contemplate any change in the policy hitherto followed, the attitude of the United States toward the Emperor had been unmistakably emphasized, on May 3, 1864, by the departure of our minister, the Hon. Thomas Corwin, who left, ostensibly on leave of absence, as soon as the approach of the new sovereign was heralded. Notwithstanding the small encouragement which

the mission proved a failure, and only added one more to the many abortive attempts made during those four years to «solve the unsolvable problem.»¹

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ.

On January 1, 1865, President Juarez issued from Chihuahua a proclamation in which he confessed defeat, but in dignified tones asserted the righteousness of the national cause, in which he put his trust, and appealed to the nobler ideals of his countrymen.

At that moment, to the superficial ob-



EX-CONFEDERATE GENERALS IN MEXICO.

Generals C. Wilcox, J. B. Magruder, S. Price, A. W. Terrell, T. C. Hindman.

such an attitude gave him, one of the earliest acts of Maximilian was to send Señor Arroyo to seek an interview with the head of the United States government, with a view to the recognition of the empire. Señor Arroyo was not even granted an audience. In July, 1865, another attempt was made by Maximilian to obtain the recognition of the United States government.

Among the chamberlains of the Emperor at that time was a son of General Degollado. He had lived in Washington, and had there married an American woman. The couple were put forward as likely to bring the undertaking to a favorable conclusion. But

server, and in the capital, the empire seemed an accomplished fact.

The country at large, although by no means pacified, was nominally under imperial rule. Almost alone, in the south, General Porfirio Diaz held his own at Oajaca, and remained unsubdued.

General Courtois d'Hurbal, who had been sent against him, had so far been unable to deal with him. The commander-in-chief resolved once more to take the field in person. As a result, Oajaca shortly afterward was taken, and General Diaz, at last forced to surrender, was made prisoner, and transferred to Puebla for safe keeping.²

¹ According to Prince Salm-Salm, yet another attempt was planned in the fall of 1866, in which he and his wife were intended to be the principal actors, and were to be sent to Washington armed with a fund of \$2,000,000 in gold. He states that the news of the Empress's illness, and the consequent failure of her mission abroad, prevented the carrying out of the scheme.

² He, however, boldly managed his escape a few

months later, and again took the field at the head of a band of fourteen men. These increased in number, snowball fashion, as other guerrillas gradually rallied around the distinguished chief; and, at the head of an army, he in time reappeared in Oajaca. After defeating the Austrians, in whose keeping the state had been left, he reentered the city in October, 1866.

In the course of these and other vicissitudes General

FROM Mexico to the coast the country was quiet, and things were apparently beginning to thrive. But if to the residents of the capital the national government was a mere theoretical entity, in the interior of the country, and especially in the north, the small numbers of the French scattered over so vast an expanse of territory were obviously insufficient to hold it permanently. In order to please Maximilian, they traveled from place to place, receiving the allegiance of the various centers of population; their battalions multiplied their efforts, and did the work of regiments. But the predatory bands now fighting under the republican flag were, like birds of prey, ever hovering near, concealed in the Sierra, ready to pounce upon the hamlet or the town which the French must perforce leave unprotected, and wreaking terrible vengeance upon the inhabitants.

No wonder that the intervention grew in unpopularity. In certain parts of the country, as in Mazatlan, the French had to resort to force to constitute an imperial administration. It was made a penal offense to decline an office, and the reluctant Mexicans were compelled to serve against their will.

At the beginning of the year 1865 martial law was proclaimed. By this measure the marshal sought to check not only brigandage, but the military disorganization which the then prevailing state of things must inevitably create. In this effort he found but little support on the part of the imperial government. Indeed, Maximilian insisted upon all actions of the courts martial being submitted to him before being carried out. Much acrimony arose on both sides in consequence of this interference.

I remember once hearing the marshal refer to a controversy that was then going on between himself and the Emperor with regard to prisoners taken by him at Oajaca, and whom he felt should be exiled. Maxi-

Diaz conducted himself not only as a patriot, but as a soldier. It was generally to him that the French turned when called upon by circumstances to trust to a leader's word or to his humanity. Yet General Forey, in the Senate, March 18, 1866, declared him a brigand whose summary execution would be warranted, as indeed that of all the Mexican generals.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. H. ANDERSON. GEORGE S. COOK, SUCCESSOR.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

An American hydrographer and naval officer, born in 1806. At the beginning of the Civil War he entered the Confederate navy. At its close he went to Mexico and served under Maximilian. He was the first to give a complete description of the Gulf Stream, and to mark specific routes to be followed in crossing the Atlantic.

milian, unmindful of the prolonged effort which it had cost to subdue these men, insisted upon releasing them, and eventually did so. The marshal bitterly complained of his weakness, gave other instances of his untimely interference with the course of justice as administered by the military courts, and excitedly declared that he was tired of sacrificing French lives for the sole apparent use of giving an Austrian archduke the opportunity «to play at clemency» (*de faire de la clémence*). Such difficulties steadily widened the breach between the court and the French military headquarters.

In the autumn of 1865, the news having reached him that President Juarez had passed the border and left the country, Maximilian, elated by the event, and exaggerating its bearing upon the political and military situation, issued the famous decree of October 3, now known in Mexican history as the *bando negro* («black decree»). In this fatal enactment he assumed that the war was at an end, and, while doing homage to President Juarez himself, attempted to brand all armed republicans as outlaws who, if taken in arms, must henceforth be summarily dealt with by the courts martial, or—when made prisoners

in battle—by the military leader, and shot within twenty-four hours.

This extraordinary decree was greeted with dismay in the United States. It outraged the Mexicans, and excited the vindictiveness of the Liberal party. At the time such men as General Riva-Palacio and Gen-

doubt that it embodied the policy of repression urged by the marshal, and that, if he cannot be held responsible for its form, in substance it was approved by him.² Whatever may have been its origin, when, shortly afterward (October 13, 1865), Generals Artega and Salazar, with others who, at the



FROM A STEEL-ENGRAVING BY A. B. WALTER FOR THE "DEMOCRATIC REVIEW."

DR. WILLIAM M. GWIN.

eral Diaz were still in the field, and some of Mexico's most illustrious patriots were thus placed under a ban by the foreign monarch.

It has been claimed that Marshal Bazaine entered an earnest protest against the measure, the harshness of which he regarded as impolitic; that he urged its inexpediency, and personally objected to it as likely to weaken the authority of the military courts; that he, moreover, observed that it opened an avenue to private revenge, and delivered up the prisoners of one faction into the hands of another, a course which could not fail to add renewed bitterness to the civil war now so nearly at an end.¹ But although the famous decree certainly was the spontaneous act of the Emperor, and of his ministers who signed it, there can be no

head of small detachments, were holding the country in the north against General Mendez, were taken by the latter, and shot under the decree of October 3, such a clamor of indignation was raised at home and abroad as must have demonstrated his mistake to the young Emperor. This mistake he was soon to expiate with his own blood.

SIGNS OF COMING TROUBLE.

ON March 10, 1865, the Duc de Morny died. He had been the moving spirit in the Mexican imbroglio, and it would be difficult to believe that the withdrawal of the prompter did not have a weakening effect upon the performance. His death, by removing one of the strongest influences in favor of the inter-

¹ See M. de Kératry, p. 84, etc. See also debate in the Chamber of Deputies, *«Moniteur Universel,»* Paris, January 28, 1866.

² See *«L'Empire de Maximilien,»* by P. Gaulot; also

Prince Salm-Salm's *«My Diary in Mexico,»* etc., in which the author states that he was told by Maximilian that it was drafted and amended by Marshal Bazaine, who urged its enactment.

vention, not only in the Corps Législatif and at court, but in the financial world, was certainly one of the many untoward circumstances which helped to hasten the end.

The millions raised through the Mexican loans had been carelessly administered and lavishly spent. What with the expenses of the court, extensive alterations in the imperial residences, especially in Chapultepec, and the outlay incidental to the pageants and ovations of the Emperor's journeys in the provinces, the relief brought by the loans had been brief.

Confidence was waning. The incapacity of Maximilian was becoming generally recognized, and the difficulties inherent in the situation were everywhere becoming clear.

The fact was that the party through which the French and Maximilian had been called to Mexico was the unpopular retroactive party; that, in order to exist, Maximilian had been obliged to recognize the measures enacted against his own partizans by the national party; that in so doing he had alienated Rome, whose censure he had drawn upon himself, and had aroused the political resentment of the priests; that in setting aside the leaders of the party to whom he owed his crown he had estranged his strongest adherents; and all this without winning over any important adhesions from the Liberals, or making any serious headway with his antagonists, who would have no emperor, no monarchy, no foreigner.

The success of the intervention was now clearly seen to depend upon a war systematically conducted against an enemy who represented a national sentiment.

THE UNITED STATES IN MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

AND now a serious danger was threatening the empire in the North. On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to the Federal army. The Civil War in the United States was at an end, and the French were beginning to understand that the Northern republic, whose unbroken unity stood strengthened, could no longer remain a passive spectator of the struggle taking place at its frontier.

The scene of military interest suddenly shifted to the Rio Grande, and the incidents happening on the border deserved more attention than Maximilian seemed at first inclined to bestow.

The interests of the national party were represented in Washington by Señor Romero, who, with consummate tact and ability, made the most of every opportunity. The service

rendered by him to the cause of republicanism and of Mexican independence was second to none in importance. No detail seemed too trifling to be turned to account in his effort to strengthen the Mexican cause with our government.

A rumor reached us that President Juárez had succeeded in raising a loan in the United States. The ranks of the Liberal army were receiving important reinforcements from the officers and men of General Banks's command, who passed the border in large numbers to take part in the attack of General Cortinas at Matamoros. Already, in January, 1865, the impulse given to the republican party in the North vibrated throughout the land. Soon resistance everywhere appeared in arms once more. Both General Mejia and Admiral Cloué, then in command of the French Gulf Squadron, complained that the United States army afforded protection to the Juarists.

Recruiting-offices had been opened in New York, which, although not countenanced by the government, must furnish valuable auxiliaries to the Liberals. Alarming rumors reached France and Mexico with regard to the extent of the movement.

On the other hand, the negotiations then being carried on between Napoleon and Maximilian, with a view to securing the Mexican debt to France by a lien upon the mines of Sonora, was giving umbrage to the United States, and gave rise to considerable diplomatic correspondence.

It required no wizard to foretell the issue. After the surrender of General Lee, the Confederate army corps, twenty-five thousand strong, under the command of General Slaughter had opened negotiations with Marshal Bazaine, with a view to passing the border and settling in northern Mexico, provided suitable terms were granted by the Mexican government to the new colonists. It was then becoming clear to many that the half-way policy hitherto followed had led to nothing, and must result in a useless sacrifice of life and millions unless a larger force were maintained by the French in Mexico, or some barrier set up against the naturally dominant position taken by the United States with regard to Mexican affairs.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS IN MEXICO.

IN June, 1865, Generals Kirby Smith, Magruder, Shelby, Slaughter, Walker, A. W. Terrell of Texas, Governor Price of Missouri, Wilcox of Tennessee, Commodore Maury of

Virginia, General Hindman of Arkansas, Governor Reynolds of Georgia, Judge Perkins, Colonel Denis, and Mr. Pierre Soule of Louisiana, Major Mordecai of North Carolina, and others, had come to Mexico. With them had passed over the frontier horses, artillery, everything that could be transported, including large and small bands of Confederate soldiers, and some two thousand citizens who left the United States with the intention of colonizing Sonora.

Confederate officers now flocked to Mexico with a view to making new homes for themselves. Many of them were interested in special schemes by which the agricultural wealth of the land might be made to yield its treasure to the ruined but experienced Southern planters.

My mother being a Southern woman, and knowing some of their leaders, our house soon became a center where they gathered in the evening and freely discussed their hopes. Thus was added a new element to the already motley assemblage which collected about us at that time. Truly a most heterogeneous set! Confederate officers, members of the diplomatic corps, newly fledged chamberlains and officials of the palace, the marshal's officers,—Frenchmen, Austrians, Belgians, and a few Mexicans,—would drop in, each group bringing its own interests, and, alas! its animosities.

Laws against foreigners having been passed, no property could henceforth be held by them unless they became naturalized. Some of the Confederate refugees therefore became Mexican citizens, and took service under the Mexican government. Governor Price, for instance, received authorization to recruit the imperial army in the Confederacy. He and Governor Harris of Tennessee and Judge Perkins of Louisiana were appointed agents of colonization, and immediately set to work upon the survey of the region lying between Mexico and Vera Cruz, with a view to furthering this purpose. General Magruder, the ex-commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces in Texas, having also become naturalized, was placed in charge of the survey of the lands set aside for colonization as chief of the Colonization Land Office. The government sold such land to colonists for the nominal consideration of one dollar an acre, and allowed every head of a family to purchase six hundred and forty acres upon a credit of five years. A single man was allowed three hundred and twenty acres.

Not only the government, but large land-

owners, proposed such free grants, and offered every inducement to settlers, if they would come and develop the agricultural resources of the country. The first Confederate settlement was established near Cordova in the autumn of 1865.

Commodore Maury, now a naturalized Mexican citizen, had in September been appointed imperial commissioner of immigration and counselor of state. He opened an office in the Calle San Juan de Latran, and was authorized to establish agencies in the Southern States.¹

General Charles P. Stone had come to Mexico with a colonization scheme of his own. He had, in 1859, made a survey of Sonora under the Jecker contract. He now was on his way to look after some of the Jecker claims when accident threw him on board of the steamer with Dr. William M. Gwin, ex-senator for California. The two men at once came to an understanding and joined forces.

In 1856 (December 19), two years after the filibustering expedition of Count Raousset de Boulbon, the house of Jecker had obtained from the Mexican government the right to survey the territories of Sonora and southern California. The conditions were that one third of the unclaimed land should become the property of the house of Jecker.

In 1859 the Liberal government had rescinded the grant, and this had added one more grievance to those which the Swiss banker had brought up against the administration of Juarez. No sooner had Sonora sent in its adhesion to the empire than Jecker proposed to the French government to make over to it his rights against a payment of two million dollars.

The plan was then to colonize Sonora and Lower California, establishing, on behalf of France, a right to exploit the mines. The climate was healthy, the land rich, the adventure tempting; but it had the great drawback of running foul of the most acute Mexican susceptibilities. Not only did such pretensions at that time excite the suspicions of the Mexicans with regard to the disinterestedness of the French alliance, but they were calculated to give umbrage to the United States government.

As early as 1863, Napoleon III had discussed the possibility of establishing in Sonora² a colony which should develop the

¹ See decrees signed by Maximilian and the minister of the interior, Luis Robles Pezuela, on September 24 and 27.

² Chihuahua, Durango y Sinaloa eventually were also included in the scheme.

mining and agricultural wealth of the state. In exchange for a grant of unclaimed national lands, these colonists were to pay a percentage of their proceeds to France, as well as a tax to the Mexican government.

A colony of armed Confederates, inimical to the Federal government of the United States, established between its dominions and the heart of the Mexican empire, and backed by France, Austria, and Belgium, must form a formidable bulwark in case of trouble between Mexico and its Northern neighbor. There is small doubt that some such plan had formed a part of the original "deal" proposed by Jecker to the French leaders.

In the spring of 1864 unauthorized attempts had been made by Californian immigrants to land at Guaymas and settle upon certain lands granted them by President Juarez. The marshal had sent French troops to protect the province from such inroads, treating these intruders as squatters. This had furnished a reason for the military occupation of Sonora; thus was the first step taken in the realization of the project.

Such was, in rough outline, the position of the Sonora colonization question when Dr. Gwin entered upon the scene. Upon his arrival in Mexico, he applied at headquarters for an audience. The marshal, although in full sympathy with the project, realized the danger of its open discussion at that time. Maximilian and his advisers were opposed to it. Much tact and secrecy seemed, therefore, necessary in the conduct of negotiations having for their object the furtherance of so unpopular a scheme. Dr. Gwin was too conspicuous a figure to pass unnoticed the portals of the French headquarters. An informal interview was therefore arranged.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

WE then lived at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico reached by the Paseo, where the marshal rode every day for exercise. Our house was built at the foot of a long hill, at the top of which stood a large old mansion, the yellow coloring of which had won for it the name of the Casa Amarilla. It had been rented by Colonel Talcott of Virginia, who lived there with his family. Dr. Gwin was their guest; and it was arranged that the marshal, when taking his usual afternoon ride with his aide-de-camp, should call upon us one day, and leaving the horses in our patio with his orderlies, should join us in a walk up the hill, casually dropping in *en passant* at the Casa Amarilla.

The plan had the double advantage of being a simple one and of providing the marshal, who did not speak English, with suitable interpreters. The interview was as long one. The marshal listened to what the American had to say. Indeed, there was little to be said on his own side, as the Mexican ministry was absolutely opposed to the project, and any change of policy must depend upon a change in the imperial cabinet.

His Excellency, however, seemed in high good humor. As we came out, he merrily challenged us to run down hill, much to the astonishment of the few *leperos* whom we happened to meet. The Mexican Indian is a sober, rather somber creature, not given to levity; his amusements are of a dignified, almost sad nature. He may be sentimental, bigoted, vicious, cruel, but he is never vulgar, and is seldom foolish. Indeed, well might they stare at us then, for it was no common sight in the lanes of Tacubaya to see a commander-in-chief tearing down hill, amid peals of laughter, with a party of young people, in utter disregard of age, corpulence, and cumbersome military accoutrements!

The personality of Dr. Gwin was a strong one. A tall, broad, squarely built man, with rough features which seemed hewn out of a block with an ax, ruddy skin, and a wealth of white hair brushed back from his brow—all combined to make him by far the most striking figure among the group of Southern leaders then assembled in Mexico.

His own faith in the almightiness of his will influenced others, and in this case brought him very near to success. He talked willingly and fluently of his plans. Notwithstanding the decided opposition met with on the part of the Mexican government, he then confidently expected to be installed in the new colony by the opening of the year, and invited his friends to eat their Christmas dinner with him there. He was generous in sharing his prospects with them. We all were to be taken in and made wealthy: every dollar invested was to return thousands; every thousand, millions!

It was entertaining to hear him narrate his interviews at the Tuileries with Napoleon III and the other great men of the day. His tone was that of a potentate treating with his peers. He spoke of "my policy," "my colony," "my army," etc.

In 1865 Dr. Gwin again went to France to confer with its ruler. Upon his return to Mexico, he was regarded as the unofficial agent of the French government. The Emperor had promised him every facility and

assistance. All that was now needed to make his dreams a brilliant reality was the signature of Maximilian. He was full of glowing anticipations. But Maximilian was then none too friendly to his allies, and he stood firm. However much the French might urge it, the national feeling was already strongly arrayed against any plan involving the possible alienation of any part of the Mexican territory. Moreover, it was becoming obvious, from the various complications occurring upon the Rio Grande, that the befriending of the Confederate refugees must henceforth seriously add to the difficulty of obtaining the recognition of the Mexican empire by the United States—an end which Maximilian had greatly at heart, and one which, strangely enough, he never lost the hope of accomplishing, so little did he, even after two years' residence in Mexico, understand American conditions.

A NEW AGREEMENT WITH FRANCE.

GENERAL ALMONTE had been sent to France on a mission, the object of which was to influence Napoleon to continue his support. The only result of his errand was a communication addressed to Maximilian, dated May 31, 1866. In this Napoleon stated the situation with a frankness the brutality of which aroused the indignation of the court of Mexico. An onerous agreement was nevertheless arrived at, to which necessity compelled Maximilian to subscribe (July 30). By this agreement, half of the revenue derived from the customs of Tampico and Vera Cruz was to be assigned to the French in payment of the debt until the entire outlay made on behalf of the Mexican empire had been repaid. The French, in return, promised to continue their support until November 1, 1867, and to withdraw their army in three detachments, the last of which would embark on that date. The imperial government was thereby deprived of half of its reliable revenue at a time when, in order to maintain its existence under the present stress, large additional resources should have been at its command.

In 1866 Napoleon had formally instructed the marshal to advance no more funds, and to pay only the auxiliary troops. The Mexican army might dissolve. The French, on withdrawing, would leave the Austro-Belgian corps and the foreign legion,—*i. e.*, some fifteen thousand men,—upon which the empire must depend. Under the new arrangement the Austro-Belgian soldiers were to receive

the same pay as the French—that is, about one half the amount formerly paid them, and were once more placed under French control.¹

Dissatisfaction prevailed, and the very worst spirit was manifested on all sides. After continued ill feeling, in August, 1866, Comte de Thun sent in his resignation, and returned to Europe, leaving Colonel Kodolitch in command.

The Belgian corps mutinied, and the ring-leaders having been discharged, the disbanded men were incorporated into new mixed regiments.²

Meantime the Liberals were everywhere assuming an aggressive attitude. Guadalajara had fallen into the hands of General Uruga. In July, 1866, Matamoros, Tampico, and Monterey were also lost to the Imperialists. The revenue from the duties from the port of Tampico thereby ceased altogether, and went to strengthen the national party. This event caused a painful shock.

THE KNELL OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

To us in Mexico there was no concealing the fact that the knell of the Mexican empire had struck. Maximilian must fall. How? was the only question.

When, in the course of the winter, the treasury being empty, he had appealed to the French for relief, he had threatened to resign the throne unless they would advance to his administration the funds necessary for its support. The marshal had then, against the formal orders of his own government, supplied the necessary millions to tide over successive crises as they presented themselves; for it was clear that unless funds were immediately forthcoming the empire must collapse.

The French government, however, had censured the marshal's conduct. His situation was fast becoming an impossible one, and in order to obtain security he ordered the seizure of the custom-house of Vera Cruz. Maximilian was furious, and a rumor spread that he was seriously considering his abdication. The Empress, who strongly opposed this, suggested going abroad herself to see what could be done to save the crown. All confidence was at an end between the young monarchs and the marshal whom they held

¹ Maximilian's proclamation announcing to the auxiliary troops that they should henceforth form one and the same division « with their companions in arms » was dated May 19, 1866.

² Order given through General Neigre, July 8, 1866.

responsible for Napoleon's altered attitude. It seemed idle to trust to written appeals the force of which must be counteracted by his representations. A personal interview might, however, accomplish much. The situation was reaching an acute crisis. Much bitter recrimination had followed upon the disasters to the imperial forces in the North. Nothing could be worse than the animus on both sides. Altogether, imperial Mexico had become a seething caldron, in which the scum stood a fair chance of rising to the top.

Each side accused the other of duplicity with regard to the United States. The Imperialists openly charged the French with delivering up the empire to the republicans, while the French suspected the existence of snares and intrigues set afoot for the purpose of bringing about such complications as might force France to retain an interest in Mexican affairs.

Had Maximilian's grasp of the situation been stronger, he must have seen that by firmly taking his stand upon his original agreement with France, by refusing to consider the onerous terms substituted for those of the treaty of Miramar by Napoleon in his communication of May 31, 1866, and by making then and there a public renunciation of his throne, based upon the non-fulfilment of the terms of the convention, he must throw the full responsibility of the dénouement upon the Emperor of the French.

He had then his one chance to retire with dignity and honor from the lamentable situation into which his youthful ambition and inexperience had led him, at the same time revenging himself upon his disloyal ally by exposing to the full light of day, and before the whole world, the wretched conditions under which the empire had been erected.

By compromising and signing away half the revenues of his ports,¹ by retaining the scepter upon terms that made the empire impossible, that forced him down to the level of a mere leader of faction, and placed him in contradiction to his own declared principles, he descended from his imperial state, and forfeited, if not his crown, at least his right to it, if judged by his own standard. He, moreover, lost his one chance of seriously embarrassing his allies. At that time the army was scattered in small detachments over the Mexican territory; terms had not yet been made with the Liberal leaders; the sudden collapse of the empire must have created dangers to the French, the exist-

ence of which would give him a certain hold over them.

But he was a weak man; the Empress clung to her crown; the great state officials were interested in retaining their offices; he was surrounded by evil or interested councilors; and instead of standing up firmly in his false ally's path, he allowed him to brush past and to disregard him.

In ancient Mexico, when, fortune having deserted a warrior, he fell into the hands of his enemies, a victim doomed to sacrifice, a chance was, under certain conditions, given him for his life. He was tied by one foot, naked, to the gladiatorial stone, armed with a wooden sword, and six warriors were, one after another, entered against him. If extraordinarily skilful, strong, and brave, he might hold his own and save his life; at least he might destroy some of his foes, and, falling like a warrior, avoid being laid alive upon the sacrificial stone, where his heart, torn out of his breast, must be held up, a bleeding sacrifice to the fierce god of battles.

Maximilian was not strong enough for the unequal struggle at this supreme moment, and he was laid upon the sacrificial stone.

SECRETARY SEWARD.

MEANWHILE the cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," which wise men had from the first anxiously watched as it loomed upon the northern horizon, had grown with alarming rapidity, and was now spreading black and threatening over the whole sky.

Secretary Seward was prepared to enter upon the scene. Nothing could be finer than the conduct of the American statesman throughout these difficult transactions. Alone among the foreign leaders who had a share in them, he followed a consistent policy from beginning to end, and his diplomatic notes form a logical sequence. Quietly, steadily, he played his part, to the greater credit and higher dignity of the nation whose interests and honor were in his keeping.

The burden of the Civil War had for several years weighed him down; but despite every effort of European diplomacy, the ship of state, steered by a firm hand, was kept upon its course, avoiding every shoal, while saving its strength for home defense. He never yielded a serious point, never wavered in his adherence to the traditional American policy; and stood by the legal republican government of Mexico even when, reduced

¹ Convention of Mexico, signed July 30, 1866, by M. Dano and Don Luis de Arroyo.

to the persons of the President and his minister, Lerdo de Tejada, it was compelled to seek refuge at Paso del Norte. But when the surrender of Lee's army left the Federal government free to act, sixty thousand men were massed upon the frontier, and the American statesman at once grew threatening.¹

In vain did Napoleon III plead for delay; in vain did he assure Mr. Bigelow that a date had been fixed for the final recall of the army. From Washington came the uncompromising words: No delay can be tolerated; the intervention and the empire must come to an end *at once*.²

RATS LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP.

SINCE accepting Napoleon's ultimatum, by the terms of which all French assistance was to be withdrawn by November 1, 1867, Maximilian had made no attempt to disguise his hostility to his allies.

The French government having formally declined to do more than pay the auxiliary troops and the foreign legion, the distress was great, and the Imperialists, on the verge of starvation, were frequently supplied in the field by the French commissariat. Demoralization set in throughout the imperial army. Whole garrisons, receiving no pay, left their posts, and turned highwaymen, even in the neighborhood of the capital.

Indeed, the desertions were now so frequent that the Liberals were able to form a "foreign legion" with the deserters of various nationalities who sought service under their flag.³ Rats were leaving the sinking ship.

In January, 1866, the imperial army, including the Austro-Belgian legion, numbered 43,500 men. In October of the same year only 28,000 remained under arms. Many, of course, had fallen in the field, but desertion was principally accountable for this shriveling of the Mexican forces.

Permission had originally been granted French officers to take service under the imperial flag. Various army corps had been formed, which were officered by Frenchmen as well as by Austrians and Belgians.

Theoretically, a year and a half was time enough to organize the new foreign legion then well under way; but recruiting for the Mexican army was now found to be, like all other experiments successively brought to bear upon the problem, virtually impossible. Under the circumstances it seemed folly for foreign officers to enlist in the newly organized imperial regiments.

The marshal took it upon himself to withdraw the permission given some time before to French officers to pass into the Mexican service. He has been blamed for this, and accused of having deliberately hindered the organizing of Mexican forces, thus hastening the ruin of the empire. But no one not on the spot toward the close of the year 1866 can well realize the atmosphere of general *saute qui peut* that prevailed in Mexico and affected all classes of society. To all who had anything to lose, the only course that seemed perfectly clear was to get out of the country, leaving behind as little of their belongings as possible. Indeed, M. de Hoorickx, who remained as *chargé d'affaires* after the departure of the Belgian minister, M. de Blondel, told me that he also was doing all in his power to prevent his countrymen from embarking upon such stormy seas.

Sober-minded Austrians, on their side, used their influence over their more adventurous comrades to prevent their remaining under the altered conditions.

And now the only hope of the empire rested upon the power of Empress Charlotte to induce the courts of Austria, Belgium, Rome, and especially the court of France, to grant a reprieve to the tottering empire by lending it further support.

To defray the expenses of her journey, thirty thousand dollars were taken from an emergency fund held as sacred for the repairs of the dikes which defend Mexico against the ever-threatening floods from the lakes, the level of which is higher than that of the city.

It soon was whispered among us that upon her arrival in Paris the Empress had not spared the marshal, and that in her interview with Napoleon III she not only had denounced him, but had asked his recall.

¹ See peremptory note of Secretary Seward to Mr. Bigelow, November 23, 1866 ("Diplomatic Correspondence," 1866, Vol. I, p. 366). See also letter to the Marquis de Montholon, April 25, 1866.

² On December 16, 1866, Mr. Seward officially expressed his opinion that the traditional friendship with France would be brought into "imminent jeopardy, unless France could deem it consistent with her interest and honor to desist from the prosecution of armed

intervention in Mexico" (letter of Seward to Bigelow, "Diplomatic Correspondence," 1866, Vol. III, p. 429); and he declined the condition made by the Emperor that the United States recognize the empire of Mexico as a *de facto* power. See proclamation of President Johnson, August 18, 1866, declaring the blockade of Matamoros issued by Maximilian null and void ("Diplomatic Correspondence," August 17, 1866, Part I, p. 339).

³ See "L'Ere Nouvelle," September 25, 1866.

A LAST RESORT.

ON September 16, 1866, the anniversary of the national independence was celebrated with unusual state by the Emperor. The *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, and a formal reception was held at the palace, where, for the last time, a large crowd assembled. After this a meeting of the council of state was held to discuss the situation.

The Liberals and Moderates had failed to strengthen the empire. As a last resort, the Emperor turned once more to the reactionary party for help. The Liberal ministers withdrew, and a new cabinet, composed of the ultra-clerical party, was formed.

Thus, at the last hour, when, without funds and abandoned by his allies, all was crumbling about him, Maximilian cast his lot with the men-whom, when rich in money, armies, and allies, and the future promised success, he had discarded as impossible to carry. In accepting their help he was pledging himself to factional warfare, and was virtually going back upon every declared principle which had formed the basis of his acceptance of the crown.

But in fairness it may be said that the unfortunate prince was at this time hardly responsible for his actions. The situation was desperate. He had neither the strength nor the coolness of judgment to face the issue. His vacillating nature had been still further weakened by intermittent fever, as well as by the events of this year, so fatal to his house. The climate of Mexico did not suit him. What with malarial fever and dysentery, as well as with distracting responsibilities and cares, he was a physical wreck. Not only had he month after month felt his hopes grow faint and his throne crumble under him; not only had he every cause to lose faith in his star as well as in his own judgment: but the cannon of Lissa must have vibrated with painful distinctness through the innermost fibers of the Austrian admiral's heart, and his personal interest in Austrian affairs must have caused him to dwell with poignant regret upon his renunciation of his birthright, and his absence from the larger stage upon which, but for his wild errand, he might then have been playing a leading rôle.¹

The new clerical cabinet, as usual, promised to pacify the country, and to find the funds

indispensable for the purpose. This was the last card of the reactionary party. Of all those involved in the issue, the clerical leaders alone had everything to lose by the downfall of the empire. Their personal interest in its prolongation was clear. With them it was a matter, if not of life and death, at least of comparative dignity and prosperity at home, or of exile and beggary abroad.

To place his fate in such hands was the last mistake of the Emperor. Such interested advisers must endeavor to cut off his retreat, when to remain must cost him his life.

The mission of the Empress abroad had, if anything, aggravated the situation. It is said that, no doubt under the influence of the cerebral disturbance that soon afterward manifested itself, her recriminations were so violent as to arouse a feeling of personal resentment which destroyed all sympathy in Napoleon's heart. Already weary of an undertaking which from beginning to end must reflect upon his statesmanship, and which was fast becoming a reproach to the French nation, he was even then negotiating with the United States for the removal of his troops, and for the restoration of the republic.

Regardless of the onerous agreement which Maximilian only four months before had been compelled to sign, the new minister of foreign affairs, the Marquis de Moustier, on the occasion of his first reception to the Diplomatic Corps, on October 11, told Mr. Bigelow that the Emperor would recall the army shortly.² The minister of war had already signed a contract with Péreire, the head of the *Compagnie Transatlantique*, for the home passage of the last instalment of the army during the month of March.

Of these fateful negotiations we in Mexico were then ignorant. We were under the impression that strict compliance with the terms of the recent agreement was the worst that could befall the empire. That these terms would be strictly adhered to even seemed incredible to many. There were optimists among us who thought that Napoleon's action was intended to call forth docility on the part of Maximilian and of his Mexican cabinet, and to bring them to terms. Thus it was that, although the *débâcle* was in reality hard upon us, it yet seemed sufficiently far off not materially to affect our daily life. We therefore lightly skipped over the thin ice of our present security, astonishingly unmindful of what the immediate future had in store for us.

¹ See M. de Kératry, «L'Empereur Maximilien,» p. 220.

² See letter of Mr. Bigelow to Mr. Seward, October 12 («Diplomatic Correspondence,» 1866, Part I, p. 360).

August 1745

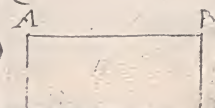
George Washington

Geometry

One of the Seven Sciences, and a very useful and Necessary Branch of the Mathematics, whose Subject is greatness: for as Number is the Subject of Arithmetick, so that of Geometry is Magnitude, which hath its beginning from a Point, that is a Thing supposed to be indivisible, and the Original of all Dimensions. By it is explained the Nature and Property of continued Magnitude that is a Line, a Superficies, and a Solid, of which in their proper Order.

Geometrical Definitions

1. A Point is void of Length Breadth and Depth as the Point A.
2. A Line is made by the moving of a Point and has length only as A B, which is the first kind.
3. A Surface is made by the moving of a line and has length and breadth as A B C D which is the second kind.



THE FIRST AND LAST WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON.

BY S. M. HAMILTON.

It will be the duty of the Historian and the Sage in all ages to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid the immortal name of Washington.—LORD BROUGHAM.

TO-DAY historical precedent is an acknowledged and potent factor in our national life. Security in action based on that authority can be obtained by research in original sources only.

To all those other attributes of a well-balanced intellect George Washington added wise forethought in the appreciation of the value to posterity of authentic records of the days in which the foundations of our nation were laid. By that method of perfect order and system, developed in the days of his boyhood, and continued throughout his well-occupied life, he gathered and preserved the most complete and accurate manuscript and documentary testimony of the thoughts and deeds of the men of his times; and in his own correspondence, diaries, notes, and observations, as well as in the rich collection of letters addressed to him, he has placed the man of public affairs, as well as the student and scholar, under an unpayable debt of gratitude.

By the terms of Washington's will his nephew, Bushrod, inherited these treasures. It was from Bushrod's heir, George Corbin Washington, that the National Government bought the "Washington Papers," as the entire collection, now preserved in the national archives in Washington, is familiarly known. They were sold in two separate lots: the first, in the year 1834, under an act of Congress appropriating \$25,000; the second, in 1849, for a further sum of \$20,000. Thus the people secured a property to which it is not possible to affix a commercial value at the present day, and which, as time goes on, will increase to one beyond all calculation.

It is beyond the limit of these notes to attempt to describe the varied character and great extent of the manuscript papers and record-books of American history left by General Washington, or to do more than refer to the essential part that they form.

The two interesting examples that are given in this number of *THE CENTURY* convey some idea of their wide range. A moment's thought will give some conception of the varied character of the enormous mass of historical material existing between the date of the school copy-book of the lad of fourteen and the little diary closed the night before December 14, 1799,—Washington's last day on earth,—the latter being probably the most valuable Washington manuscript in existence.

Not only are these valuable papers and historic relics well cared for, but, what is of equal value, they are being made accessible to historical students. Not many years ago the manuscripts were bound and stitched together in a manner that would have been a miserable way to keep even newspaper clippings. This, however, has been changed; and at the present time nothing but the highest praise can be bestowed on the manner in which they are preserved, under the direction of the Bureau of Rolls and Library in the Department of State. In the examples before us, for instance, each sheet has been carefully fortified and restored, and set in on old-style cartridge-paper; the pages are bound in full levant, the cover inside finished in full gilt and watered silk in shades of blue and gray, the waste paper or fly-leaf being also faced with silk. They are then finally boxed in book form, which effectually excludes dust and protects the manuscripts from handling. The school copy-book has for title-page: "Washington's School Copy-Book, 1745."

An enumeration of its contents gives us an insight into the course of his education and the inclination of his mind. As seen by the facsimile, the first subject is geometry, which is followed by examples in geometrical definitions, geometrical problems, surveying, solid measure, mensuration of solids, gauging, mensuration of plain superficies, such as plank, wainscot, painting, glass, etc.; a

December 1799

- 8th Morning perfectly clear, calm and pleasant, but about 9 o'clock the wind came from the N. W. and blew fresh. Mer 38 in the morning. - as at night.
9. Morning clear & pleasant with a light wind from N. W. Mer at 33. - pleasant all day - afternoon calm Mer 39 at night - Mr. Horatio Lewis & wife set off on their return home after breakfast - and Mr. Law Lewis and Washington Custis on a journey to N. Kent.
- 10 Morning clear & calm - Mer at 31 afternoon covering - Mer at 32 and wind brisk from the Southward - A very large hear frost this morn.
11. But little wind and raining - Mer 34 in the morning and 38. at night. - about 9 o'clock the wind shifted to N. W. & it ceased raining but was cloudy. - Lord Fairfax his son Tho. and daughter - Mr. Warner Washington & son Whiting - and Mr. In. Herbert dined here & returned after dinner. -
- 12 Morning Cloudy - Wind at N. E. & Mer 33. - a large circle round the Moon East Night. - about 1 o'clock it began to snow - soon after to hail and then turned to a settled cold rain - Mer 28 at night.
13. Morning snowing & ab. 3 Inches deep - Wind at N. E. & Mer at 30. - continued snowing till 1 o'clock - and ab. it became perfectly clear - wind in the same place but not hard - Mer 28 at night. -

description of the leap-year, dominical letter, golden number, cycle of the sun, Roman indiction, epact, etc.; memorial verses, the description and use of the globes, geographical definitions, and geographical problems. Such were the practical and useful lines of study of the boy Washington, and his early proficiency is shown by this, the earliest of his school-books, preserved from the time he was fourteen years old.

The diary is lettered: "Meteorological Record, 1799," and has this simple inscription on the title-page: "This Diary probably contains the last words that General Washington committed to writing. On the night of the 13th he was attacked by the disorder of which he died."

The diary is mainly devoted to recording the state of the weather, but other items of a more personal interest occur. The following are extracts:

"February 11. A little lowering in the Morning wind Southerly and Mer. at 27. Went up to Alexandria to the celebration of my birthday. Many manœuvres were performed by the Uniform Corps—and an elegant Ball & Supper at Night."

Under date of February 22:

"Morning Raining—Mer. at 30—Wind a little more to the northward—Afterwards very strong from the N^o W^t and turning clear & cold. The Rev. Mr. Davis & M^r Geo: Calvert came to dinner & Miss Custis was married at Candle light to Mr. Laurence Lewis."

FLOWERS IN THE PAVE.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER,

Author of "Nature in a City Yard," etc.



PEAKING of inheritances, would n't it be surprising if we could know just how much of our thinking and doing were thought and done for us centuries ago? We see England in America every day, not merely in the fad of Anglomania, but in law and manner. It is exhibited in the country whenever a man puts upon waste ground a sign that cries, "This part of God's earth is mine—all mine! Therefore, all common and unlanded persons keep off from it." It is found in the courts whenever a man is set free after beating his wife or put into jail for trapping a rabbit. It endures in our love of theaters and books, in our harshness to animals, in our honesty, strength, and courage. Puritan ancestry asserts itself whenever we meet a man who lives for pleasure. He is repellent to us, and we cannot understand his satisfaction with himself. The busy man who is taking recreation may be a delightful fellow; generally he is, because there is in his case a glad rebound from the sordid and practical to the sanitary, the genial, the humorous, the ideal.

The man who lives for pleasure deserves none, and has n't any. He looks it. How and why is it that the average society person, so called, has such a faint personality? Is it because of even—therefore slight—development? Compared with the usual woman whose

picture is printed in the society columns of the newspapers,—startling taste that puts it there!—the shop-girl, the actress, the woman who writes, or who thinks without writing, the good mother, has a distinction that is eminent. Society lives to enjoy. To enjoy solely by consuming, without continuing or creating, is hard. In its upper grades, society smiles and talks softly. The lower grades laugh and yell, especially when they can attract attention in a theater box. What a frightful fate would be a "jolly" life to him who is still, in constitution and brain, a Puritan! One understands natural gaiety, high spirits, fine animal condition, and all that; but the make or state of mind that turns everything to a laugh, while it has its use of refreshment, would be intolerable if it lasted. The humor that smiles rather than the joke that roars, the deeps of healthful calm, the joys of mind and spirit that are almost told in sadness,—as the joy of autumn and the joy of love,—these are normal, and to have them for a year is worth a life of jollity. Yet, spite of its jolly ideals, I like the human race pretty well. It has proved that it can get more out of the air and the earth than any other creature can, though we do not know what the oyster will do after he has been through college.

Another tribal trait of ours is the habit of putting other people under discipline for not thinking as we do, or being so lucky. What

a grist of laws is ground in every State in every year—laws intended to make us as good as the men who passed them! How we are watched and ordered and mandamused and enjoined in our eating and drinking, our staying up o' nights, our looking at pictures, our dancing, our Sunday purchases and pursuits! Oh, what patient creatures we are! And when we do good to others, how patient they must be! If you want to make a present to me,—mind, I don't ask you to, and if it bids for any favor on my part I don't want you to,—please not to give me a loaf of bread, or a bushel of coal, or a flannel shirt. There is too much of charity, and too little kindness. A man has to be pretty low in body and mind and spirit to accept charity; but, granted that he must, how can he endure to receive bread, coal, and flannel shirts all the time? Is it not enough to crush the life out of him? The donors would sometimes do better to give a picture, or a Turkish rug, or a pot of flowers, or an etching, or a microscope, to a man, before they go at him with bread and flannel. He might like a book, or a magazine, or a day in the country. Gifts with beauty, gifts that teach, gifts that stimulate, make it worth a man's while to earn his own bread and coal and shirts. They make a horizon for his life, so that he can look up once in a while, when he is earning, and refresh himself, and feel that there is something on this earth, after all, besides bread and coal and flannel.

I don't know when I was better pleased than with the conduct of a couple of paupers in a Connecticut city, after their neighbors had got together and made a purse for them. They were well-bred paupers, mind you, and had asked no favors; but having been ill for a time, and lost work, they properly came within helping range of their fellow-creatures. And the good souls said, «Now Mr. and Mrs. B. will be able to buy some flannels and a barrel of flour, and they really must get a necktie and a bonnet to come to church in.» But what a cackling, what a holding up of hands and rolling of eyes! The first thing those paupers did with their money was to buy two tickets to hear Charles Dickens read!

Dickens! A man who wrote stories that were not true! It never occurred to the deacons that a soul could be starved as well as a body. These two people had minds; their minds were hungry, and they had a treat that blessed them as long as they lived: but the givers of the fund were angry because all of the money was not spent for bread and coal and flannel. I have known people to refuse

aid to a man because he had certain comforts—books, pictures, and a pipe. If he wanted aid, he was first to take these things to the auction-room or the pawnshop, and get rid of them for a tenth of their value, and buy three meals. Then, having nothing left to live for or with, he was to have bread. As if the poor devil did n't live in his books and pictures more than in his bread! Motley was right: «Give me the luxuries, and you can have the necessities.» How I could enjoy the flowers that I hope will be sent to my funeral!

Funerals! The city kills many men every year—kills with a yearning for hills and moving waters. And many die in the country for lack of a crowd. Often we grieve with city sickness, and lay it to heavy suppers, late hours, heat, press of business, sewer-gas, want of ventilation—this, that, and the other; but go into the country, even look into some wild solitude at sunset, and all comes right again. It was the mind that was cramped; the body was suffering vicariously. Nearest privilege to these escapes is to walk the streets at night, look at the sky, and hear music. All other arts are imitative. Music alone is inventive and human—or heavenly. It voices the great soul of nature; it takes one out of this ignorant present.

The music is not all from pianos, either. The night-hawks arrived in the year of this writing on May 26. I saw two flying low above the elevated railroad, and they were crying harshly to each other, or frightening their prey into sight. Later I saw a little flock of half a dozen or more. We ought to have crows. Their song is the most restfully rural that I know.

And it is after dark that the street is most tolerable. At other times it is a strife. It arouses aggressions. It keeps us tense. I marvel not that truckmen and bicyclers swear at each other so much, but so little. Grass growing on a patch of undisturbed pave, or darkness resting on it, is a blanket of peace. Still, strife is right sometimes, and war is a tonic—a national tonic, because individually not all need it, not all endure it. It is like iron in other medicinal forms than shells and bayonets. But while it makes a people brave and tough, it is crushing to mind and fancy. War never could have made an Emerson, brave as he was, nor a Hawthorne, nor a sculptor, painter, poet, musician, nor any kind of genius. It could easily have crushed him. You can't raise violets and roses in the ash-heap or the slaughter-house. And the willingness that some of the Grub-street celebrities had to be in town, even taking it as

recreation to go through the Strand, shows that they had as much the making of fighters as of writers.

Even here Nature proclaims her largeness once in a while, and triumphs over the shop-windows. In 1884 we had the red sunsets and sunrises, continuing night after night and day after day for months; for in the year before the world had blown open at Krakatau, and an island had tumbled into the hole, taking with it towns and men and beasts. Lava, and the heat of it, belching from a dozen throats of rock, had thrown into the air clouds of dust, that drifted around the world, too fine to settle for a long time. Did the dust rise higher than our atmosphere, or is that envelop deeper than we think? I ask because I saw the shadow of the earth on it at evening. A government official, to whom I wrote of this phenomenon, made no reply. He may have thought me a falsifier or a dreamer; and as he was an astronomer, he never looked at the heavens, but spent his evenings figuring by gas-light whether an observer had made an error of a thousandth of a second in the inclination of Mercury's axis to its orbit. As Rip Van Winkle says, on seeing his wife at the wash-tubs, «Well, somebody's got to do it, I suppose»; but I am surprised at the man, and sorry for him, who sees in nature only quantities, never masses and qualities. I met a professor once who said that the visible universe was composed of lines; color he did not notice; light, song, beauty, were sentimental affectations. Your average astronomer is not what his vocation ought to make him—a poet, scientist, or philosopher: he is an arithmetician.

For myself, I am more interested in a man than in knowing how long it takes him to ride to his office, and his hour for getting there. So this disclosure of mine was of no account to the astronomers. None the less, I saw the edge of this goodly earth shadowed, round, vast, spectral, on the dust in the eastern sky, spreading over it in an arch full 25° in height, yet, as I recall it, seeming higher than exact opposition to the sun would make it. To appear round at all, this shadow must have been thrown on something immensely far away. We guess the world's atmosphere to be one hundred miles thick; but either that or the outlying ether holds dust farther from the surface of this globe.

It is not always that you can see the stars well from the streets; for not only is the air above a city fouled and thickened with smoke, steam, dust, and gas,—which you may see from

afar as a veritable cloud lowering over the place where you know the town to be,—but the glare of light from a thousand electric-lamps and gas-jets so dazzles the eye that the calmer, softer lamps of heaven are half lost. Only on sharp, clear nights, or in vacant lots, does the Milky Way appear, or the fourth-magnitude stars, or the aurora; yet that subtlest of celestial phenomena, the zodiacal light, I have several times seen from pavements, roofs, and ferry-boats. And I have been able to trace far into the glowing sky the bars of radiance sometimes shot up by the sun half an hour after it has set. These bars of light and compensating shadow may be seen, occasionally, reaching quite across the heavens, and converging in perspective in the east, thereby proving their immense reach. One writer relates this phosphorescent after-glow to the zodiacal light, which really appears later in the evening, and is different in that, instead of raying out, it sends up a triangle toward the zenith.

Twice in city streets I have seen the northern lights ascend the sky until they lay across it in a band from east to west, squarely overhead, then passed a little to the southward, perhaps reaching latitude 40°, though the prosperity of that guess would depend on how high these lights were above the earth. When folks hear them rustle and snap, they must be near. I never heard them, though I have been close by them in Alberta, Canada, and on Lake Superior. In town the steam-, trolley-, and cable-cars, the ding-dong of bells, the screech of whistles, the rattle of wagons, the pounding of feet, the hum of factories, the yelping of dogs, the clatter of human tongues, make that kind of observation hard.

Some wonderful skies are to be seen from our windows and sidewalks—light and deep, clear and clouded, gray and glowing, lovely and threatening, boiling with rain and thunder, heavy with August haze, blazing flame-like in October sunsets. The clouds may brush the steeples, or hang, far and white, in thousands of pendants, like the groined roof of Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey; or they may recede farther, until, almost lost in the blue, they swim twice as high as the Himalayas in a summer cold of 90° below zero. And on rainy days, what witch-like haste and darkness of the low-flying vapors! what freaks of falling water! Is it an optical effect that what are palpable drops as high as the third floor are dispersed into spray before touching ground, like some of our Western waterfalls in a high wind? We often see distant rain- and snow-curtains,

that swing over the earth, never seeming to trail even their fringes on the ground.

And there are the meteors, that usually fail to shoot on the advertised nights, and that occur in those awe-inspiring showers just after everybody has stopped looking for them and gone to bed. In boyhood I was startled by the dropping of an aërolite into a field beside me one night when I was trudging over a country road in Vermont; and, some years later, while crossing City Hall Square in New York, I glanced up at the Tribune clock, and caught the plunge of a great meteor in the eastern sky. The dust from these visitors is always falling; it settles on our window-ledges. The planets may also be seen while the sun is shining; at least, Venus, Mercury, and Mars are visible when nearest to us. On a summer evening in 1896 a meteor started in the west, and moved southward, curving through a quarter of the horizon, and breaking in its flight. Its apparent slowness told of distance, and its endurance told of size. Most of the flashes we see in the sky are made by chunks of iron no larger than walnuts.

Among other aërial fantasies is the mirage, and that we see in town as much as in the country; for in the former place it is largely an effect of warm air rising from the earth,

and the stones of the city are more quickly heated than the fields. We get no such shifting pictures in New York as we see along the lower St. Lawrence, where the hills are in momentary change, dividing, rising, flattening, breaking into islands and trees, crossing gaps with bridge-like extensions of themselves, while this freaking spirit is at work among them. Yet one of the most striking exhibitions of the reflecting power of mere air is to be seen on any warm day on the Brooklyn Bridge. Walk along the promenade as far as the stair, and ascend this slowly until the eye is level with the higher portion; then pause and note. The boards are almost invisible; in place of them is what appears to be a river; and people ahead are wading in it, their legs being reflected in its faintly agitated surface. Two or three steps higher, and the river is gone. It was made of warm air. Not so very warm, either; for on January 25, 1897, with the thermometer at 13°, and the wind blowing twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, this queer effect was faintly visible. The sun was shining in a clear sky that afternoon. To see these things,—at least, to find them,—it needs that the eye be clear of prejudice, that it be innocent and receptive; otherwise you see many things that are not there.

THE TWO QUICK DEVILS OF TOTSUKA.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," etc.



HE moon had risen out of the sea at ten o'clock, and had topped the mountains of the Kazusa-Boshu peninsula, and was looking over the Bay of Tokio and aslant the trees and roofs of the bluff at Yokohama, when it cast a beam through the semi-darkness upon three little Japanese gendarmes, with three little caps, and three little jackets, and three big swords. The sky was not so indigo as one can stain a lantern-slide, but it was very blue; and there was a bloom and luxury of growing things which softened to a charm the crudely finished "foreign" dwellings among which lay their road; and there was many a changing vista down to the city lights, and the glistening waters, and the ships from the wide ports of

the world. But there was also the dignity of a gendarme; and the three kept step, and stared ten paces forward, till they came to a house with a fence of high bamboos.

"I beg pardon!" said the sergeant to the dark door, in a loud voice; and, within, a native serving-woman sighed, and unscreened the hall lamp, and ran with slapping sandals to the stairs, calling:

"O Bobbo-san! O Helno-san! He come! To-day I tell you he come. Why you not run?"

"I beg pardon!" came the voice of the sergeant. The door opened, and Mitsu dropped on hands and knees.

"Renowned captain of the peace!" she said in an inflection of pleased surprise, smiling, and keeping her eyes on a crack in the floor.

«As for this evening,» replied the sergeant, bending so low that his short jacket rode over his shoulder-blades, «honorable health is augustly perfect?»

«Miserable self is happily whole,» replied Mitsu; and they both politely giggled, and bowed, and sucked their breath as if they were drinking at a spigot.

Then the sergeant asked about the health of a short list of her nearest relatives, and they snickered, and ducked, and sucked a spigot separately for each one. And Mitsu started with the honorable sergeant's bodily state, and they snickered and ducked and spigoted at his reply, and then separately for all his parents and grandparents, and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts and cousins to so many removes that the sergeant's chin-strap swung out into space, and his cap got budged from its official lodgment, and the American clock ticked impatiently. Two persons who came of a land of less formality were sliding silently down the back balusters.

«Admirable Mitsu,» said the sergeant, «herein two Americans honorably reside: a boy of seventeen or less,—foreign youths grow so honorably tall that I cannot tell,—and a maiden of perhaps sixteen. To-day, during the imperial progress, these two young beings, disregarding dignified requests, and honorably disdainful of courteous warning, have committed most distinguished crimes. Augustly appearing at a certain window extraordinarily unprovided with shutters, they, with unseemly boisterous smiles *looked down upon the sacred person of the Mikado!* And they aimed a picture-box at him, now doubtless possessing his counterfeit presentment, to the scandal of the world. Deign to invite entrance. For I must withdraw from here the honorable bodies of these two young persons, and they must rest augustly pent in jail till worthy punishments are meted by his Excellency, the Kanagawa Ken.»

The sergeant re-spigoted all the breath he had expended in this speech; and Mitsu declared that she was the Mikado's infinitesimal worm. But could not honorable delay be granted? The highly influential parents of these two young persons had gone to Shanghai on the honorable steamship; and their uncle, who was their protector for the while, had gone augustly inland for a day and a night. Distinguished procrastination, replied the sergeant, putting down his boot within a hair's-breadth of her fingers, was graciously impossible.

«O Bobbo-san! O Helno-san!» called Mitsu.

«*O-mawari* say must go with him. I cannot make stop. Why you are not run?»

The house sounded empty. The sergeant and his two men hastened up-stairs, restraining an impulse to leave their boots at the threshold; and in a few minutes they came down the stairs again.

«Honorable young persons have fled,» said the sergeant, with a grin. «They must be honorably caught. Permit us to inspect the delectable back garden.»

A gate that gave upon a lane hung ajar. Some one had just seen two foreigners—one in petticoats, he said, and one with legs—engage three 'rikshas; and in the third 'riksha they had lifted two indescribable things like—but the gendarmes did not care about that detail. The fugitives had gone on the road that leads down to the bund.

«To the railroad-station!» exclaimed the subordinates, jumping into a 'riksha.

«To the railroad-station!» commanded the sergeant, jumping in after them just in time; and with one *kuruma* to pull, and two *kuruma* to push, they bowled toward the bund, the sergeant, by virtue of his rank, sitting on the knees of the other gendarmes, and leaning against their chests to lessen their chatter and make himself heard. The three *kuruma* disputed over the matter as they ran, and every one giggled honorably, and the six made a lively party flying down Camp Hill, with the sergeant's appearance of dignity preserved mainly by his narrow fringe of whiskers, which ran down under his jaw like a second chin-strap. Men at the bridge had seen the three fleeing 'rikshas, each with a pusher, going at a tremendous gait through the Settlement; and the contents of the third 'riksha were a strange framework of black rods and shiny radiating—but the sergeant and the two subordinates and the three *kuruma* all bowed, and rattled away toward the honorable railroad-station, politely stopping now and then to make sure of their trail. When they arrived at the ticket-office and made their inquiries, they all laughed aloud, the sergeant, by virtue of his rank, striving to laugh a little the loudest; for no one in the last two hours had seen any foreigners, young or old.

«To the Tokio road!» commanded the sergeant. «They have fled to Tokio.»

«No,» said the two subordinates and the three *kuruma*; «to the Hodogaya road. They have fled toward Hodogaya.»

«To the Tokio road, I say!» commanded the sergeant. And away whirled the 'riksha; and the sergeant grinned augustly, for the

'riksha was headed for Hodogaya, and he was in it. As they went one way around the hill of Noge, six kuruma, drawing three empty 'rikshas, were returning by another way, all wrangling as to what the strange things were which the foreigner in petticoats and the foreigner with legs had preferred to carry off on their shoulders until they had gotten out of sight around a curve toward Hodogaya.

Now the moon had risen well over the village of Hodogaya, and all the little snub-nosed Japanese dogs had gone to bed. Some dogs of foreign parentage barked; but of people there were few who had not rolled themselves in their quilts, if they had any, and gone to sleep with their napes on hard pine pillows, with wooden shutters closed against thieves. At the end of the string-like village was a lonely abode where a great shadow rose upon a paper wall, cast by an aged, pious little scholar, one who studied so early and late and hard that he rivaled the ancient Daruma—the one who sat for nine years with knees akimbo, pondering on a knotty holy problem, till his legs fell off. To-night this after-type of Daruma had gazed for hours at his toes, in ecstatic meditation about the gods; and now more than ever he felt himself near them and worthy of their grace. At length, as if compelled by some lofty power, he looked out into the night, and impassively he beheld a vision—two supernatural beings who did not touch the earth, but who skimmed near it with equal steps, and in a flash were past and gone without a sound. The gods had given him a token! His sixty saintly years were not in vain! The sage sat on his threshold and approved the moon; for to-morrow he would be the most honored man in all his province.

Farther away, there staggered toward the village a strong young maker of clogs, who had tarried with waters stronger than he. And in the dim distance he saw two twinkling lights approaching; not paper lanterns, but eyes!—eyes of horrid dark and spidery things, coming through space like shooting-stars. And, none too soon, he pitched headlong into a ditch.

"It was the evil drink," he strove to say, with the roots of his hair all frozen. "I have seen double before when there was one; but now, since there was none and I saw two, I must have seen quadruple. Whee!" Then he fell again, and cut his head, and dreamed horribly.

White clouds traversed the moon. Farther on, great pines, relics of the ancient glory of

the highway, brandished scraggly arms; and an honorable dog, of valor often tried, fled with a yell to an oozy rice-field. No length of thought, with his wet legs shivering, could explain the uncanny things that had hunted him—creatures with length and height, but without thickness, and with fearful speed. Many dogs in narrow hamlets scurried with ignominious tails that night, and wondered in the shadow of a cart.

A fever-stricken potter of Totsuka lay with his head beyond his shutters, staring at the whirling road; and he snorted aghast, and jumped up, lurching against his fragile walls. "Devils! devils!" heard his folk, as the shutters fell with a crash; and they fled to the road in their quilts, as from an earthquake. "Two devils—of wondrous speed!" cried the potter, in the distance; and people looked out, and called that he was mad. But he had left the town behind, and was running on the road between the hills and rice-fields, where his shouts echoed among shrines and graves.

"Have you seen the two devils?" he called to the fat stone image of Binzuru. But the little god sat arrayed in a new red-cotton bib and yellow-worsted hood and mittens, and was too content to care. "*Abunayo!* Look out for the devils!" shouted the potter, dashing into the gloom of the pine-shaded highway.

What were the specters a woman of a farther village saw as she went through the midnight to get her sick child water? There, in the cold moon, glittering, skeleton-like things, that rolled through the air, bearing bodies with stiffened arms and moving legs. Demons they were, dashing-on dragons! It was a deadly omen for an ailing child. She hastened across their trail to the temple, reckless of what might blight her, and passed between the grimacing Ni-o, the terrific gods that frighten evil spirits by their looks. "Mercy, Kwannon!" she prayed for a long time, when she had pulled the rope of the bell that bespeaks the goddess's attention. In the distance drew nearer one crying through the night: "Have you seen the two devils?—two devils with fiery eyes; and their feet were round and rolling, and their legs went up and down!" The village was roused, and people began to collect in the temple.

"Nonsense!" growled the priest of the night, disturbed from beloved slumber, and listening to the story of the woman and the ravings of the man from Totsuka. "Some one must have trundled a Shanghai wheelbarrow through the town; and you, in your ignorance—bah! What evil spirit dares this

sanctuary?» cried the priest, striking an attitude behind a great ebony table. «If any, let it approach at its peril!»

But the potter had hurried on, asking everywhere, in a loud voice: «Have you seen the two devils flying in the air?» Men came out of doors, and hailed him. «Two flying devils have been seen near Totsuka!» was passed from house to house. «And it is said they flew this way—with feet that rolled, and they cut the air like swords.» The man from Totsuka broke away from those who would detain him, crying hoarsely: «Let us follow the two devils, and drag them from their dragons!» Whereupon he ran off, chased by gathering numbers, toward Kamakura, where there are so many gods and goddesses that it is a marvel if an ogre shows his head; and many of the fleet of foot began to vie with the others in speed and courage in the blind pursuit, though no one dared to pass more than a safe distance ahead of the rest. But the vanguard had soon outraced the man from Totsuka, who came behind with many stragglers. And the two devils, or whatever they were, were being gained on; for they had had to alight from their dragons, or whatever they were, and push them up a long hill, and then walk with them down the other side of it, which is so full of ruts that even a dragon is not sure of foot there. Half a mile on, one demon had to dismount again, and pump air into the fore foot of the other demon's dragon; so that they heard quite plainly behind them, cried in Japanese: «Has any one seen the two devils sliding on the wind? Who will chase them?»

«Oh, Bobby,» said the second demon, shuddering, «it's the policemen! How could they get here so soon?»

«Jump on!» said the first demon, trying to live up to her belief in his bravery. «We won't stop to find out.»

Then away they sped down through an avenue of stately pines toward the Bay of Sagami; and the throng behind them had turned to a hilarious mob, rushing down past a great lotus-pond, and past the temple of Hachiman, where the god of war lay yet to sleep for several years, old men and young joining in the cry of, «Have you seen the two quick devils of Totsuka?» with the glee of little children at a game. For none of them really believed that there had been an apparition; and every man calculated upon dodging behind some other man if the demons should really appear; but every man thought that all the others thought that he was very doughty, and altogether every one

was exceedingly pleased. «To Hase!» some one cried; and every one repeated it, and they all galloped by a short cut over the rice-fields, so that they made another gain on the demons, who went by the main road. For, since the mob gathered new members from every household or two,—in a land where clothing can wait until you come home and put it on,—there were always fresh ones, anxious to outdo the others, and show how little fear there was in them. Their noise beat on the ears of the mighty bronze Buddha, which is nine times as high as a man, and ten times as old as he usually lives to be; and it beat on the ears of the two demons, toiling and pushing up another long hill, through a deep cut lined with images of Jizo, who is the patron of travelers, but not of those who travel by supernatural means.

«Oh, Bobby» cried the second demon, «there's a hundred of them!»

«A hundred!» said the first demon. «The whole population of Japan is out of bed because we looked down on the Emperor. Come on!»

One pursuer reached the summit alone. The specters were true! He saw them—whizzing down a grade of stones and ruts, that were hazardous even for demons. A thief who had cut a hole through a paper wall, and was drawing forth booty from under a snoring nose, heard cries, and ran into the road with his garments stuffed full, then fell on his face, and begged mercy from the lightning things that passed him like a gust of wind.

«Have you seen the two devils?» cried the vanguard, rushing down the hill in a compact body.

«Yes,» said the thief, with chattering teeth. «They waked me out of a sound sleep—as I was saying my prayers. But they were not devils; they were gods, on cart-wheels.»

«It was two devils on dragon-back!» yelled the mob, paying no attention to him; and they stampeded for Katase, while the moon looked down upon a line of hamlets aflame over the most uncanny visitation known to the memory of the oldest truthful inhabitant; and the demons scuttled away before the mob.

«Abunayo!» shouted the first demon to a solitary figure with a staff. In answer the figure blew three sad notes on a bamboo whistle; he was blind, and had been following his trade of *massageur* in Koshigoe. And at the same instant the second demon struck a stone, and wobbled, and shot past, tearing a rag from the many that clothed the blind man.

"Help!" screamed the sightless, poking his staff into the earth; and turning round and round, not knowing where to flee. "There are devils in the air! They have singed me with sulphur! Help!"

"Devils?" came the echo of voices like his own. "Who has seen the two devils on dragon-back?"

"I! I saw them!" cried the blind man, earnestly.

The two dragons had whipped over a hard sand road as fast as demons could urge them, widening a space between themselves and their pursuers, and rounding a curve toward Katase. The vast cone of Fujiyama rose against the distance; but they saw only the near circular heights of Enoshima, rising thick-clad from the brine like a Japanese head, and moored to the main by a narrow neck of sand. The first demon dismounted.

"Don't tremble so, Helen," he whispered. "Blow out your lamp. Put your bell in your handkerchief. Come on. *Please* don't shiver so!"

A long cloud went floating across the moon. The swelling of voices came like a rising wind behind them. The two demons turned at a sharp angle from the Katase road, and down a steep bank to where the beach runs off to Koshigoe and to Enoshima, and where then the waters lapped the hurrying feet of an anxious demon with legs, shouldering two dragons, followed by a scared demon in petticoats, past the silent sampans of the fishermen, which lay like things in a picture.

BACK in the ditch on the road to Totsuka lay the maker of clogs, seeing fiery fiends astride of poles; and they circled round him, ever nearer, whipping him with snakes. In the temple on the way to Kamakura, the woman and the priest of the night were arguing still as to whether she had seen a devil or was possessed of one; and they would be now, but the woman had died. Beyond Kamakura, the potter of Totsuka was trying to say, "Have you seen the two devils?" with lips like baked clay; but no one noticed him, prostrate in the rice. The blind masseur was hurrying toward Katase, proudly sure that he led the horde. But he was a straggler in the rear; for already Katase was in an up-roar, and many underclad people from Kamakura and Hase and Katase, and the hamlets in between, now saw more of each other than they had for years, or would have if they had not been so excited. All the

priests were in their robes in all the temples; and all the highway from Totsuka to Katase was in such an inflammation, so to speak, as history has not seen it for a hundred years—such that the only properly dressed and decently contained person in all that way was little Binzuru, in his yellow-worsted hood and mittens, and his red-cotton bib.

Like a nest in a tree sits the little inn of Nishimura among the trees of Enoshima. The wind plays on the needles of the pines, and the surf does away with the sound of the outer world. Up to the balcony of the inn looked two tired, unenthusiastic demons, one in petticoats, and one with legs.

"Rode down here in three hours—on *those things?*" said Uncle Ben, very portly in his kimono. "Wonder you did n't break your necks. Got 'em on to-day's steamer—ran away, and scared the people, eh? Helen, here's a maid to show you a room. Tumble into bed with you. Scat! Bob, I'm glad you took such pains to bring that negative. You'll go to Tokio to-morrow, and you'll give the negative to the chamberlain, and you'll kotow, and whistle through your teeth, and promise never to do it again. Lucky you're not in the Yokohama jail. Safeties, eh? Well, I'm behind the times. Scat!"

Back on the road to Hodogaya slowly returned three tandem kuruma, then a riksha with three little men in uniform, and behind the riksha an aged sage with a cord around his neck, drawn by three hands stretched from the back of the riksha.

"I—who have had a token from the gods!" expostulated the sage. "I—who have been devout these fifty years! It was not I who looked down at the Tenshi. I was peacefully sitting under my cherry-tree, yearning to the moon—and you snatched me innocent from my threshold, like a babe. O most honorable, mighty men, release me for my gray hairs!"

"Well, let him go," commanded the sergeant. "I can't think what to accuse him of."

"No," said the two subordinates and the three kuruma. "Does he think we came so far for nothing?" And the sergeant grinned.

Later, the moon, at the horizon, saw a file of three honorable little policemen, with three little jackets, and three little caps, and three big swords, all augustly marching up Camp Hill; and their faces wore an expression as from duty nobly done. But they did n't see the expression on the face of the moon, for it hid hurriedly below the sky-line.

CURRENCY REFORM.

BY ROBERT S. TAYLOR,

A Member of the Monetary Commission.



THE course of events is rapidly bringing the money question in the United States to a decisive stage. For many years the controversy was carried on within the two leading political parties instead of between them, which would have been better for the country. Many men will temporize with wrong tendencies in their own party which they would fight bravely as errors of the other party. Democrats and Republicans alike dallied with the cheap-money delusion until it came dangerously near to acquiring control of both organizations, and finally succeeded as to one of them, driving the other to the opposite side. The new alignment which followed showed a startling closeness in the vote. So far from deciding the question, the first set party battle over it has simply defined the issue. It is, on the one side, the gold standard, with the forms of money, scale of prices, and methods of business which belong with that standard; and on the other, the silver standard, with the money, prices, and methods which belong with it.

The vague hope entertained by many, that escape from the bitter struggle which the fighting out of the issue means might be found through international bimetallism, has faded from the horizon. There was a time when such a solution was apparently possible, though of debatable wisdom. It is no longer even possible; and this not only because that concert of action among nations which alone could ever have rendered it possible is now out of the question, but because silver and gold have set a space between themselves which the whole world cannot bridge at any such ratio as $15\frac{1}{2}$ or 16 to 1, which alone would satisfy our free-silverists. The effect of this elimination of international bimetallism from the possibilities is to define the alternative all the more sharply between gold and silver. There is no middle ground between them.

Our present monetary system, though open to grave inherent objections, would be bearable if it were not for the silver agitation. If there were no shadow of question in any

quarter about the standard; if ample and secure provision were made for payment of the government's demand obligations; if there existed such a state of public enlightenment on the subject that greenback inflation could no longer threaten, and confidence could be maintained in the perpetuity of these conditions, the money would be good, and successful business and general prosperity would be possible. But no single element of this situation is present. The standard is in controversy; no adequate and certain provision exists for payment of the demand obligations; four years hence they may be collectable only in silver; and in place of that general enlightenment on the subject which is the best security of a popular government against dangers of all sorts, we have a vastness of ignorance and prejudice which is appalling to contemplate. And so all things which pertain to business—money, contracts, values—hang suspended between gold and silver, like Mohammed's coffin in mid-air. And while, with an optimism that is amazing, we are making contracts, investing money, and hurrying out to meet prosperity half-way, it is impossible for any thoughtful man to conceal the fact from himself that he is building upon a foundation which may shortly prove to be but sand.

It was a deep and wide-spread sense of the gravity of the situation thus confronting the country that called together the remarkable gathering at Indianapolis on January 12, 1897. It was a convention of accredited delegates from chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and similar commercial bodies, in all parts of the United States. Its three hundred members had a single, definite object in view, which was the promotion of such measures as would remedy the evils and remove the dangers now existing in the currency system of the country. After mature deliberation they adopted the following brief declaration of principles:

This convention declares that it has become absolutely necessary that a consistent, straightforward and deliberately planned monetary system shall be inaugurated, the fundamental basis of which should be:

First. That the present gold standard should be maintained.

Second. That steps should be taken to insure the ultimate retirement of all classes of United States notes by a gradual and steady process, and so as to avoid injurious contraction of the currency, or disturbance of the business interests of the country, and that until such retirement provision should be made for a separation of the revenue and note issue departments of the treasury.

Third. That a banking system should be provided which should furnish credit facilities to every portion of the country and a safe and elastic circulation, and especially with a view of securing such a distribution of the loanable capital of the country as will tend to equalize the rates of interest in all parts thereof.

The convention appointed an executive committee of fifteen members,¹ who were directed, first, to use their efforts to secure the passage of a law by Congress authorizing the appointment of a commission by the President to formulate a definite plan for the reformation of the currency; and, failing in that, to appoint such a commission themselves. That committee laid the subject before the President and Congress at Washington. The suggestion was favorably received; but, under the policy adopted by the Republicans at the opening of the special session, to postpone all other legislation until the passage of a tariff bill, no action was possible until that had been accomplished. When that had been done a bill providing for the appointment of a commission was introduced in the House, and its passage recommended by the President in a special message. It passed the House, but was not acted on by the Senate. The executive committee of the Indianapolis convention, in obedience to the directions under which it was proceeding, then appointed an unofficial commission of eleven members,² non-partizan in its complexion, chosen from ten different States of the Union, and representing a variety of occupations and business relationships. That commission has been holding sessions at Washington, with occasional intermissions, since September 22, and will complete and publish its work by the time this number of THE CENTURY reaches its readers. It will report its recommendations, not to the President or to Congress, but to the com-

mittee by whom it was created. Its deliverance will be without pretense of authority, and will be entitled to no consideration except that which may be due to the reasonableness and practical wisdom of its suggestions.

It would be premature at this time to speak specifically of a plan as yet incomplete in the hands of its framers. It may be assumed that it will be consistent with the principles adopted by the Indianapolis convention. And it may be said further, without impropriety, that it will be complete in the sense that it will provide for the gradual and progressive elimination of the recognized evils of our present system, and the development and growth of a better system, by processes which, once set in motion, will go on without further legislation. At the same time it will deal with different phases of the problem in such manner that its recommendations can be carried into effect, if approved, as to some of them, by one act of legislation, and as to others, by other and subsequent acts. For example, the great issue—the issue which by its very existence is the chief element of weakness in our system,—the open question as to the standard,—can be settled, so far as anything can be settled by law in a free country, by a few lines of statute independently of any other legislation on the subject. The part which the government is to play in the maintenance of that standard by the performance of its own obligations, which is by far the most important part of the whole, can be prescribed and provided for in another act, independently of all other legislation. The necessity of some modification of our national banking law, in order to preserve even its present usefulness as a source of currency supply, has long been recognized by thoughtful observers. If the judgment of the country shall be that the evils attendant upon the use of government notes as money are so serious and inherent as to justify the retirement and disuse of that form of money, a very large extension of bank-note circulation will become necessary; and the system must be reorganized in such manner as to give it a capacity of growth to whatever extent may be required by the interests of the country. It is entirely

¹ H. H. Hanna, Chairman, Indianapolis, Ind.; M. L. Crawford, Texas; W. B. Dean, Minnesota; J. W. Fries, North Carolina; J. F. Hanson, Georgia; C. C. Harrison, Pennsylvania; Rowland Hazard, Rhode Island; John P. Irish, California; H. H. Kohlsaat, Illinois; John J. Mitchell, Illinois; Alexander E. Orr, New York; Geo. Foster Peabody, New York; T. C. Fowler, Montana; E. O. Stanard, Missouri; Augustus F. Willson, Kentucky.

² George F. Edmunds, Vermont, Chairman; George E. Leighton, Missouri, Vice-Chairman; T. G. Bush, Alabama; W. B. Dean, Minnesota; Charles S. Fairchild, New York; Stuyvesant Fish, New York; J. W. Fries, North Carolina; Louis A. Garnett, California; J. Laurence Laughlin, Illinois; C. Stuart Patterson, Pennsylvania; Robert S. Taylor, Indiana.

possible to accomplish this by amendments of our present law which shall preserve its tested and valuable features in the highest possible degree, and yet render it capable of the expansion which commercial conditions may require, whether that be little or much, or take place soon or through a long course of years. And this can be accomplished by an act which can have its operation independently of any other proposed laws. The recommendations of the commission, therefore, will be of such sort that they can be approved and adopted in whole or in part, and at once or from time to time hereafter. They will be submitted to the criticism of the press and the public, and come to the attention of Congress in such manner as the gentlemen representing the movement which brought them into existence shall deem best.

It would be unjust to all those who have been concerned in this movement to misconstrue the spirit and intent of these recommendations. There will not be in them or about them the least assumption of wisdom, or right to advise or direct. The function of the Monetary Commission is to prepare a memorial to Congress, on behalf of a great body of patriotic citizens who are profoundly impressed with the belief that grave perils threaten the country which can be averted only by timely legislation. The subject is one not of extreme difficulty, but one in respect to which there is such extreme diversity of opinion, and such an infinite number of suggested remedies for supposed evils, that the friends of currency reform are embarrassed in their efforts for want of some definite rallying-ground. They are looking for this in the report of the Monetary Commission. Its scheme may be far from perfect; but unless it shall fail entirely in its purpose, it will present an intelligible and consistent plan which can be stated, understood, discussed, and improved upon, and so enable the movement for currency reform to assume a tangibility and concreteness of expression which have been hitherto wanting, and which are necessary in order to make it effective in the highest degree. This is what is hoped for. This is the end toward which the labors of the committee and the commission have been directed.

The movement for currency reform which found expression in the Indianapolis convention, and in the proceedings which have followed and are yet to follow from it, is frequently spoken of as a business men's movement—a phrase which has provoked criticism in some quarters, as though that movement

were one in the interest of a limited class of citizens, and not of the whole body of the people. In a broad sense, all useful labor is business, and all who perform it are business men. But there is a distinction between occupations which these words mark better than any others which could be used. On one side are those occupations which consist in the making, buying, selling, transporting, or handling of goods, wares, money, or securities; on the other, direct culture of the soil, and the rendition of personal services for wages, fees, or salaries. The relations of these occupations to money are not exactly the same. In the former there are continual buyings and sellings, investments for profit, use of credits, and dealings involving money; in the latter money enters in not as a subject of dealing, but rather as the final fruit of labor performed. In the former the attention of men is directed constantly, by the nature of their daily occupations, to monetary conditions, changes, and prospects, all of which affect their interests in a direct and vital sense. In the latter there is less immediate occasion for thought about such things. There is reason, therefore, why men of the former class should be, as a rule, more alert, more interested, and better informed on money questions than men of the latter class, and so good reason why they should lead when questions of that kind press for decision. Indeed, to do so is a duty which they owe to their countrymen, and which they cannot shirk without fault. It is in no invidious sense, therefore, but for true and convenient distinction, that we speak of the business men's movement for money reform. It is not a movement in their interest more than in the interest of every other citizen. The goodness or badness of the monetary system affects all men alike in its final results. But business men, in the sense of the word just stated, feel the effects of monetary conditions more quickly than others, and in a way which excites their interest and concern more intently and immediately, and so stimulates them to earlier and more energetic action.

It would have been quite superfluous to say so much as this merely to repel a captious criticism. The observations offered are pertinent to a more important phase of the matter. It is the belief of the writer that we are in the presence of an issue more vital and acute than is generally realized by the people. Shall we maintain our gold standard, or abandon it for silver? That is the question, and it will have an answer soon. We

have gone too far to evade it or to put it off long. To go to silver appears to such men as constituted the Indianapolis convention to be an act of madness. There have been debasements of coin, little by little, in ages gone by, by royal robbers of ignorant and defenseless people; there have been progressive inflations of paper currency by deluded people, ending at last in total collapse;¹ but history has no record of any such sudden, blind, wild, suicidal plunge as a slump from the gold standard to the silver standard would be today. Men who look at it from that view stand aghast at the thought of the disasters which would attend such a catastrophe. And yet it is not only possible, but probable, unless it shall be averted by the union and coöperation of all the forces that can be mustered against it. The question is a political one, to be settled at the polls and by votes. The main organization of the Democratic party is for the silver standard. The gold wing of that party is not strong enough to control elections. The gold standard will go down unless it is carried to victory by the Republican party and its sound-money allies.

William McKinley was nominated because he was beloved of Republicans, and represented in his person the principle of protection. The same elements of strength contributed to his election. Many thousands of Republicans voted for him who would not have supported the financial plank of the St. Louis convention as an independent proposition. It is not certain that all of these will vote the Republican ticket next time. Protection will not be an active issue, and the financial issue will not be exactly the same as that of last year. On the part of Republicans it was then the mere defense of the existing system. Next time it will be an issue between standards, naked and undisguised. The pendulum-like alternation of party victories for twenty-five years past has its ominous suggestiveness.

The fate of the country is in the hands of its Republican leaders and its business men. The former are in control of a great organization in which individual conviction has the powerful support of party discipline. To these the latter can add not only their number in votes, but the strength which resides in in-

tellectual activity and personal influence. This is the situation which clear-headed business men see, and, seeing which, some of them organized the movement which took form at Indianapolis. Their plan of operations contemplates, first, the formulation of a simple, consistent, workable scheme of currency reform resting on sound-money principles, which the voters of the United States ought to understand and approve if suitably presented to them; and, second, the institution of a campaign of education, to begin forthwith, and to go on until the money question is settled on a permanent basis. There is a world of hope in such a movement. It is an evidence of political vitality fit to cheer the hearts of those who are ready to despair of the republic.

One thing more, however, is indispensably wanting. It is the prompt and hearty support of the movement by the Republican party leaders and organs. Temporizing and hesitation on their part will be fatal. With lapse of time, without renewed disaster, the lesson of recent years will fade from men's minds. With continued prosperity the apparent need of reform will grow less. With renewed disaster the difficulty of accomplishing it will grow greater. The sure basis of permanent and useful reform can be found only in an intelligent popular understanding of the subject. It is not a case of sentiment; it is a matter of business. Men's feelings can be moved quickly; to educate them is a slow process. If the Republican leaders desire to put their party permanently in the right on the money question by force of intelligent conviction in the minds of its members, and secure its enduring ascendancy in the administration of the government by making it the means of securing the enduring prosperity of the people, they have no time to lose in beginning that great work.

Another consideration remains, of no less weight. The high and noble enthusiasm of a great body of men animated by sincere and patriotic purposes is the most precious of all the forces that work in society. Taken at its flood, it may bear a nation onward into a new epoch of progress; once spent in vain, it may never revive. The Republican leaders will be blind to the signs of the times if they fail to see that the business men's movement for currency reform is their opportunity.

¹ See "Cheap Money in Past and Present Times." The Century Co.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

With Regard to Age.

THE incoming of the new year, about the time when this is written, would seem to make the subject of age a timely Topic. Perhaps it is natural that the less age a person has, the less vitally interested he is in the subject. And yet, on the other hand, the more age a person has, and the more interested he is in the subject, the less agreeable its contemplation and discussion seem to be. The young, as a rule, can talk about age, even old age, without any sense of unpleasantness, because the young, while they expect to live forever, do not expect ever to be old. To the young the state of old age is unthinkable. Young people like to play with the idea of old age. Young poets are apt to write verses about it; but the interest on their part is a matter of sentimentalism rather than of true sentiment.

After writing thus far there comes to memory a story printed in this magazine for March, 1876. Mr. Edward Bellamy, in the days before he was transformed from an imaginative artist into an earnest propagandist,—when he was writing those delightful and original stories which we dare say he now regards as comparatively a waste of powers, save as they gave him his training for the ingenious works which carry his «message» to such an immense number of readers,—in those old days Mr. Bellamy wrote a little story in which he shows the usual attitude of youth toward the idea of old age, and also the disturbing effect of that idea when circumstances have brought it home to young minds in a novel and pressing way. A group of young people belonging to the social club of a New England village resolve to have an «old folks' party.» The plan was to dress so as to resemble what they expected to look like fifty years hence. They were to study up their demeanor to correspond with what they expected to be and feel like at that time. As Henry, the originator of the happy thought, put it, they would just call on Mary next Wednesday evening to talk over old times, and recall what they could, if anything, of their vanished youth, and the days when they belonged to the social club at C—. It was to be a sort of ghost party—«ghosts of the future, instead of ghosts of the past.» There is a touch, by the way, of the coming Bellamy in the remark of one of the characters: «Ghosts of the future are the only sort worth heeding. Apparitions of things past are a very unpractical sort of demonology, in my opinion, compared with apparitions of things to come.»

There was great amusement at the old folk's party. The boys and girls entered into the idea with heartiness and ingenuity. But their parts had been so well studied, and were so well played, that after the thing had gone on awhile «the pathos and melancholy of the retrospections in which they were indulging became real.» All felt that if it was acting now, it was but the rehearsal of a coming reality. So when, finally, Mary went to the

piano and sang, to an air in a minor key, «The days that are no more,» the girls found themselves crying. Suddenly Henry sprang to his feet, tore off his wig, letting the brown hair fall over his forehead, and cried: «Thank God, thank God, it is only a dream.» Instantly the transformation was effected, and the boys and girls were waltzing in the «maddest round that ever was danced.» After an exhausted pause, they noticed that the one real grandmother at the party was smiling through tears. About her they gathered with affectionate caresses, weeping again because they could not take the old lady back with them into youth.

But would the old lady have wished to go back—unless they could have revived for her the companions of her own young days? To this same old lady they had come for costumes, and to ask her to go with them to the party and, as a matter of fact, also to observe the peculiarities of old age; and she had said to one of them, as if she «saw right through» her: «I suppose, my child, you think being old a sort of misfortune, like being hunchbacked or blind, and are afraid of hurting my feelings; but you need n't be. The good Lord has made it so that at whichever end of life we are the other end looks pretty uninteresting; and if it won't hurt your feelings to have somebody in the party who has got through all the troubles you have yet before you I should be glad to come.» Was it bravado on the old lady's part? Was it the habit of an unselfish lifetime, to make the girls cheerful by pretending that she herself was cheerful? Or was she content? Who knows, except the old women and the old men themselves?

Notwithstanding Charles Dudley Warner's contention that fiction, or at least some fiction, is stranger than truth, there is enough strangeness in truth to account for the familiar proverb. Something has just come to our notice that has an inverted resemblance to Mr. Bellamy's story. (We wish Mr. Bellamy would put it in his note-book.) A «veteran» of the Army of the Potomac, one of the youngest officers in that army, by the way—dropped in the other day, and told us that his friends were about to celebrate his eighteenth birthday. It seems that, just before the exact date of that birthday, a Confederate projectile plowed a hole along the top of his head,—you can lay your finger in the furrow now,—and left him in no condition for festivity. He was for a long time more dead than alive, and funereal honors would have been more appropriate at the time than any other ceremonies. It was the only birthday of his fifty odd which had passed without celebration, and his friends thought that it was a pity that his heroism should stand in the way of a proper birthday feast, even if this should have been unavoidably delayed a third of a century. We do not know just how the «occasion» is to be «improved.» We hope the veteran will remember to forget everything that has come to pass since he recovered consciousness in the very stress and agony of the

great war. As it happens, his hair is still dark, and he can look the part to singular perfection. We can see the fire and determination in his eye as he addresses the assembled company; we can see him as he urges «the boys» to stand by the flag, and «honest old Abe,» and the imperiled Union. And these grizzle-beards about him, do they partake of the illusion? Though, most of them, so much older, is it not as easy for them as for him to throw off, in their minds, the accidents of age, and again, with breathless frenzy, «up and at them» through storm of whistling bullets and howling shells?

Of one thing we may be sure: that most people who are called old feel younger, and therefore may be said to be younger, than they are called. And one reason why most people feel younger in their middle and old age than others regard them is that the first impression is the deepest, and our first impression of ourselves is that we are young. Not that every one does not have at various times a strong sense of age; but this sense may come upon one with as great force in youth as in advanced years. A friend, not young, once told us that he had never had the realization of advancing age thrust upon him with more powerful effect than when, over thirty years before, he entered a barber-shop, and with fear and shame offered his virgin mustache to the remorseless blade. It seemed as if «youth, the dream,» had indeed departed. The same self-observant psychologist remembered another sobering and disillusioning plunge into something like old age. His salary had been raised; he was no longer to be the struggling, and therefore perhaps somewhat interesting, young economist that he had believed himself destined always to be. Our friend said that it was singular, in this case, how soon the melancholy of accomplishment and of age-in-youth disappeared under the growing conviction that his unexpectedly large income was in reality not half large enough to meet his absolutely necessary expenses.

The attitude of Mr. Bellamy's young people toward the old is well-nigh universal in the Occidental world, whatever may be the feeling in the Orient; and perhaps we do not fully understand the psychology of the Orient. It is impossible for an old person to argue away the feeling of a young person toward an old person. It is an attitude of affection, of respect, of awe, of all sorts of sentiments, according to individuality; but in relation to the one quality of age, the younger gives «the look from above downward,» just as the grandmother in Mr. Bellamy's story suspected. The young person may not be fully aware of this attitude on his own part; and the older person may be philosophical about it, and think little of it, as he should; but, as a rule, it is there.

What good would it do for the old person to say: «My young friend, you take a very unphilosophical position with regard to my age. I am merely myself, which includes all that youth which you now have, and a good deal more besides. I simply have succeeded in keeping alive. You know what Tennyson says about «the glory of going on, and still to be.» Well, unless you are deprived of this glory, you will soon have passed through that brief experience of youth with which every life begins. And, besides, I may be a good deal younger than you suppose. For age is relative. Men and women nominally of the same age are by no means truly so. Every life is a clock, wound up to go so many hours, and

then to stop, so far as this world is concerned. One human machine is wound up to run, barring accident, say fifty years; another seventy years; another ninety or a hundred years. Suppose that three men were born on the same day, and you asked each of them, forty years after birth, how old he was; would forty years old be the correct answer in each case? Of course not; and it is the injustice of such calculations that makes most women and many men sensitive on the subject of their age. Popular arithmetic is deficient in this particular. You need not smile. Go and ask some biologist if I am not right. It is the amount of initial vitality that counts. You think you are twenty years younger than I am, and you look down upon me from your altitude of youth. As a matter of scientific fact—in the strict measurement of vitalities—you may be six months older than I am. There is enough that is tragic about age without complicating the subject with conventional inaccuracies. Yes; perhaps I am hovering about the seventies. There is nothing in that to frighten any but the plenary inspirationist and strict constructionist; for sanitary science, medicine, and surgery long ago antiquated the psalmist's baleful (threescore years and ten.) Any actuary can tell you that human longevity is increasing. And, besides, as the commander said to his troops in the thick of the battle, does a man want «to live forever?»

One of the «Heroes who Fight Fire.»

THE mention by Mr. Riis, in his article on «Heroes who Fight Fire,» of the heroic death of Battalion Chief Bresnan, in December of 1894, brings to mind the career of a typical New York fireman of our day. In the days before the establishment of the new Fire Department there were «heroes who fought fire»; but these heroes had a singular tendency not only to fight fire, but to fight anything in sight. Those were the days when a fire was dreaded by the community, not merely for the destruction of property by fire and water, but on account of the lively rivalry sometimes engendered. In fact, it is said that the fire sometimes had to wait for proper attention while the companies were giving their minds and fists to the decision of the more important question of precedence.

The old volunteer system became as unbearable as it was exciting and interesting, and the paid and disciplined department took its place. There were good and capable men in the old department, for all its faults. In the new department arose to authority men like the present able Chief Hugh Bonner, like Battalion Chief Ahearn, mentioned by Mr. Riis, and like the late Battalion Chief John J. Bresnan. It has long been, as a whole, a department of which our city is right to be proud. It has often been studied and imitated by other cities, though the recent experience of London seems to show that all it is capable of teaching as to organization, management, and methods has not been taken sufficiently to heart there.

Bresnan had two characteristics in his profession: he was scientific and minute in his interest in and knowledge of detail, and he was a quick and utterly fearless leader when it came to a direct attack upon the fire enemy. He knew all about all parts of the apparatus for fire-extinguishment—he had, indeed, made several useful inventions of details in this line. He knew a fire as a botanist knows a flower—seed and

stalk, bud and blossom. And when it came to putting his knowledge into practice he was almost reckless in his courage.

The laws on fire-proof construction, and the other laws for the prevention of fires in tenements, which the Tenement-House Commission of 1894 were instrumental in placing upon the statute-book, were partly the result of his suggestions, both privately and publicly made; and on his tragic death, the Commission passed resolutions heartily acknowledging his services.

So much for his position as an expert. A few words about him as a man. Bresnan was born in Ireland, and was brought to New York when two years of age. He had little school education, but a head full of learning not taught in schools. He knew his city better than most people in any walk of life, and the city's recent history. His language was racy, with a phraseology strange to scholastic ears, but full of pith and marrow. All heroes are not modest. Bresnan added to heroism the charm of modesty. You might have known him for years without learning from him that he had saved a single life; yet he had saved many. As Father van Rensselaer, his close friend, said at his funeral: «He never made mention of himself in his report when he did a brave deed. He was always in the background when his own praise was concerned, but always in front when discharging his duty.» The priest eulogized him, too, for his tender-heartedness, and declared that he was «not only one of the finest and bravest firemen in the city, but also a noble man.»

Along with all this he had great personal attraction. He was a fine fellow in every way, quiet, kindly, forcible. One felt that one had been in «good society» after an hour with Bresnan. There are no men in the service in New York just like him; but there are firemen here, and in all our cities, equally brave, and equally unpretentious in their bravery—men with whom heroic deeds come naturally and without self-applause, sometimes without notice from any source, «all in the day's work.»

Letters or Business.

It was recently stated in the gossip of the press that a certain son of a millionaire had abandoned his chosen career in the «field of letters,» after the publication of a single book of travels, and was about to enter his father's business firm.

Upon this change of purpose the gratified parent is reported to have made the following comment: «A million men can write books, but few have the opportunity my son enjoys to become great in the business world. A book is read by few. A large commercial or manufacturing enterprise, well conducted, is a blessing to the world at large.»

Whether accurately repeated or not, these words are charged with a wisdom worthy of the founder of a large and useful mercantile business. Anybody of average mental capacity may cumber the shelves of book-stores with printed and bound paper arranged to look like books. Anybody, as well, with an orderly mind and a habit of industry, may live a useful life in the walks of commerce. But it is only the heirs of ruling princes, and of great merchants of independent fortune, who are given a great part to play in human affairs for the mere taking. To accept such a rôle is more a matter of duty than of inclination, and especially in the boundless field of business; for, as the sagacious father justly says, a well-conducted commercial enterprise «is a blessing to the world at large.»

No doubt a great book is in equal, if not wider measure, a blessing to mankind, but great books are not the outcome of a deliberate purpose to pursue the «career of letters.» Literary genius, in various conditions and walks of life, has exhibited a sporadic or continuous activity which in the final estimate may be loosely described as a «career»; but in the deliberate practice of writing for publication we have merely the pursuit of a profession, in which the rewards are distinctive or commonplace, under the same conditions as in the so-called learned professions. In these various walks the parent who has gained distinction in them is able to pass along only a very intangible professional «good will» to his son, and the literary father none at all. He who enters the field of literary competition does so as an orphan without heritage. Let the man with a worthy business career born to him pause before he throws it away for the hollow honors of average literary success.

Among the men and women who have achieved literary fame are a goodly number of sons and daughters of great and wealthy merchants. They were writers from necessity just as truly as the literary geniuses who have written in poverty when the pursuit of a practical career might have given them a comfortable living. But in general only harm comes to letters from the amateurish efforts of young men who have inherited, or are to inherit, wealth acquired in commerce, and who desert the splendid opportunity for usefulness built up by a lifetime of parental toil. Some of them seek the notoriety, excitement, or power that is supposed to come from the control of periodicals, monthly, weekly, or daily, and, with their wealth for a backing, have been known to force the methods of the press in ways distinctly not resulting in «a blessing to the world at large»; and others among them look to the affectation of letters as a graceful excuse for a life of ease, forgetting that, like all the other walks of artistic effort, the «career of letters» entails unending drudgery and devotion, and yields intangible and uncertain rewards.

OPEN LETTERS

The Way to Solve the Servant Question.

TRAIN THE MISTRESSES!

WE hear nowadays a great deal about the trials of housekeeping and the inefficiency of our servants, but nothing about the inefficiency of our housekeepers. Is it not just there that the root of all the trouble lies? Can a woman expect to have a well-ordered household and capable servants, when she, their head and director, is all but ignorant of the first principles of household economy?

Of course the average housekeeper does not acknowledge that she is ignorant; nor does the average mother think any training is necessary to fit her daughter to rule over a household. «My daughter is intelligent,» I have heard mothers say. «She will easily learn by herself what it is natural for all women to know.» Some girls do, but, alas! through bitter experience, with endless discomfort to themselves and others, needless waste of time and money, and often with exhausted strength and shattered nerves. Others never learn. Did one but know the secret history of many a shipwrecked marriage, one would doubtless find that household discomforts and worries, and ignorance in money matters, were the beginning of more serious troubles.

This important part of a girl's education is all but neglected in this country. No matter what our strong-minded «woman's rights» sisters may say to the contrary, woman's real sphere is, and always will be, matrimony and maternity; and household duties fall to the lot of almost every woman, whether she be married or single. What preparation for these inevitable duties do our girls receive?

We do not think of sending our boys out into the world without fitting them for their life's work; yet a daughter is expected to manage a household and bring up a family without the slightest preparation or experience. Totally ignorant, she is placed in a position which requires knowledge, tact, and system, and an executive ability quite as great as is needed for the management of many a business or profession. Our boys work their way gradually into positions of responsibility and trust; but our girls are forced to assume them without any preliminary training. A few lessons in cooking, after a girl's education is supposed to be finished, do not make her an efficient housekeeper. Systematic instruction in sweeping and dusting, washing dishes and cleaning silver, in the mending, washing, and ironing of linen, and the making of fires, as well as in the handling of money and the keeping of accounts,—in fact, the working and the needs of each and every department of a household,—should form part of a girl's education from the time she begins to learn her A B C's. In after life she may never need to put her hand to any of these things; but the knowledge thus gained will be of ines-

timable value in enabling her rightly to judge and intelligently to direct the work of those in her employ. She must be taught that this is as important and necessary a part of her education as her French and music—that it is preparing her for her life's work. Any one who has watched a little girl sweep up the nursery with a toy broom, and witnessed her delight in caring for a doll's house, will realize that the housewifely instinct is natural, and needs only to be judiciously fostered and trained.

As long ago as 1848, Miss Beecher wrote a little book urging mothers and teachers to instruct young girls in the principles and practice of domestic economy; but her words seem to have fallen upon stony places. Physical culture, the neglect of which Miss Beecher also deplored, has made wonderful strides; and women's colleges have sprung up all over the land, testifying to a love of study and a desire for higher education among our women. But are they better versed in household lore than they were fifty years ago?

We have fortunately ceased to think that a rudimentary education and superficial accomplishments suffice for our daughters, and that fancy-work should satisfy their souls; but with this striving for a higher education, a wider sphere, and a more active life, are we not in danger of neglecting duties which lie close at hand? What our women need to learn is that domestic duties are not beneath them; indeed, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said, «The most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment. . . . To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshment for him whom I love.»

A woman should regard her household cares as dignified, important, and difficult duties which require her best and most intelligent efforts; not as troublesome, petty annoyances which take her away from more important or more amusing occupations, and which might be avoided if only her servants were better. It is too true that the majority of our servants are ignorant and incapable; but it is not altogether their fault. They cannot learn in their homes what we demand of them; but many an ignorant girl could be made a good servant with a better mistress. When our daughters are thoroughly taught housekeeping and the management of their households, then, and not till then, shall we have capable servants. Efficient service will then be intelligently demanded, and it will be forthcoming; but we cannot hope for it as long as the mistress is more ignorant than her humblest hireling.

A foreign woman now living in this country once told me that she could not understand the ceaseless complaints she heard on all sides of the inefficiency of servants; that, although she came here a stranger to the

language and ways, she had never had the slightest trouble; and she attributed this fact to her thorough domestic training in early life, and her knowledge of what she should demand from her servants. She expressed surprise at the ignorance of the average mistress in this country, and her desire to be rid of all responsibility and care.

It is no wonder that our women take little pleasure in what they do so badly, and grow weary and disheartened when wrestling daily with a problem they cannot solve. But let them once take a more serious view of their household duties, and be better trained for them, and housekeeping will cease to be the trial and bugbear it now is. They will find an interest and pleasure in their work such as they had never known before. As a man laboring for the maintenance of his family has certain hours in the day when nothing is allowed to interfere with his work, so should the wife, his partner, be equally conscientious and systematic in doing her share toward providing for the comfort and welfare of the family. And much could be done to aid and encourage her in these labors if men were more ready to acknowledge her difficulties and appreciate the value of her services. A man works for tangible results, pecuniary or professional, and these act as an incentive. A woman's work in her household savors of the treadmill. A kindly word of appreciation is the only reward she can hope for; and how often does she get it? Comforts are taken for granted, her best efforts are ignored, and too often the only comment upon all her labors is a complaint that the bills are too high. If a woman had the handling of all necessary moneys, the bills would doubtless not be so high. A man requires a certain capital to carry on his business, and would be annoyed beyond endurance were it controlled by another; but the average woman has little or no money she can call her own, and consequently rarely knows how to control her expenditures. With a definite sum at her disposal, a woman will learn to adapt her expenses to her income; and only by seeing the result of small economies, and reaping the benefit of them, can she be taught thrift and the value of money. The habit of charging to her husband everything she purchases robs her of the responsibility of paying, and leads to carelessness and extravagance. A man is placing a woman in an undignified position, to say the least, when he will not trust her with some of his "worldly goods" after "endowing" her so freely with them all.

I do not wish to maintain that our women should become domestic drudges; but they ought to exercise an enlightened and systematic oversight of their households, and realize the importance and dignity of their position. If they could be brought to understand that it is in their own interest to become good housekeepers, perhaps women would give the matter more serious attention. Besides being aware of efficiently fulfilling their destinies, they would be free, in a well-ordered household, from the petty annoyances caused by the shortcomings of ill-trained servants, the countless worries and complications which beset them would be lessened, and they would have more strength and more time for other occupations.

Really competent housekeepers have the most leisure at their command. The training which has taught them

to manage their homes with precision has made them capable of doing good outside work. One woman I have in mind, who was thus trained by a New England mother, takes an interest and pleasure in the humblest details of housekeeping; yet she has found time to assist her boys in preparing for college, has done good literary work, and takes a prominent and efficient part in both charitable and municipal undertakings. Another, not less well versed in the domestic arts, has mastered a difficult branch of science, and her work meets with praise and recognition from those highest in the profession. Competent housekeepers are free from the petty tyranny of the servant who knows she is indispensable—knows that her mistress cannot do the work. How many of our women could, in an emergency, prove their ability to rise above such tyranny, as I heard of a foreign-bred woman once doing? Her husband, a diplomat of high rank, was giving a large official dinner, and just as she was dressing to receive the guests, word came from below stairs that my lady of the kitchen had departed. In those days—some thirty years ago—our caterers were not so many or so efficient as they are to-day, and assistance from outside was not to be thought of; so, hastily summoning her young daughter to take her place and make her excuses, she went to the kitchen, and served her guests with a dinner perfect in every detail. Not until they returned to the drawing-room and found her waiting to receive them did they realize that the "sudden indisposition" had been a ruse, and that the diplomat's wife was a good cook as well as a gracious hostess.

But it is not only the women who have servants and money at their command who need to take a higher view of domestic work. It is the women of all classes and conditions. There is a growing tendency among them all to despise housework, and among the younger generation an alarming ignorance of its first principles. I say alarming, for the evil effects will be serious and far-reaching; and the greatest service our women of leisure could render their sisters of the working-classes would be to make housework fashionable. There are hard-working mothers all over the country who foolishly think that they are bringing up their daughters to be ladies by not allowing them to do any housework. A most pernicious influence in this direction is our daily press. It would be difficult to calculate the wide-spread evil our newspapers work in chronicling the doings of a small set of people, and in giving a senseless and undue prominence to their wealth and amusements. The longing for such a life, all "beer and skittles," and the desire to copy the women who apparently have no duties and no responsibilities, have destroyed the happiness of many a home. The idea that housework is beneath them, and the home sphere too limited, has also flooded the country with art students who will never paint good pictures, and would-be musicians who will never rise beyond teaching unwilling children badly. How many among them—among the countless women working for a living—are fit to marry and care for a family? They almost all look forward to matrimony; and, indeed, this very fact is often used as an argument against employing women instead of men; but what degree of comfort can their husbands hope for, and how can their children become useful men and women?

It is well that women should be self-supporting, and not unnatural that the activity of a professional or business life should attract them; but they can never entirely escape domestic duties, and would not their lives be easier and happier if they were taught in childhood how to meet them?

Another result of this distaste for household occupations is the wide-spread custom of boarding—an American custom which astonishes the foreigner who visits us, and is the ruin of family life. Women of means, incapable of conducting a household, take refuge in hotels and apartment-houses to be rid of the «worry of servants.» Some plead economy as a reason; but if they were willing to give more personal attention to their housekeeping, and would not attempt to emulate their richer neighbors, they might have the comforts and advantages of homes of their own, and still find time for intellectual and social pleasures. Many women with limited means and only a couple of servants expect to run their households on a scale which demands twice that number—to use as much silver and have all the leisure of their richer friends; and they grow disheartened when they fail. One often hears them praise the ease of life abroad; but in foreign countries they are willing to live far more simply, and are not tempted to compete with their neighbors. The benefit to her children in being removed from the baneful influence of hotel and boarding-house life ought to recompense a mother for any extra efforts. If her daughters were obliged to assume some of her duties, they would lessen her cares, and would also gain the experience they so badly need.

The false estimate placed upon housework has likewise lowered the standing of domestic servants in this country. Our native-born men do not hesitate to marry shop-girls or factory-hands; but they consider a girl who has been out at service not their equal socially. Our servants are better paid than any other women, well housed and fed, and sheltered from many of the temptations which surround the working-girl; they are nursed when ill, and not immediately thrown out of employment; and often in old age or prolonged illness are tenderly cared for by their former employers. Yet many a girl will struggle to keep body and soul together on starvation wages rather than incur the stigma of having been a servant. It is doubtless true that girls prefer the greater freedom of shop and factory; and they also have no means of fitting themselves for domestic service.

The majority of our servants are foreign born and bred, and have had their training in their native countries, either as under-servants in large establishments where a professional housekeeper rules, or in modest households where the mistress, often a woman of title and position, is willing to give personal attention to her housekeeping, and is capable of training her servants. The wages they receive are necessarily small, but they look upon the board and lodging they get as sufficient compensation until they are fit to assume more responsible positions.

In our country the housekeepers always demand skilled labor, and in their eagerness to secure it are willing to pay any price. Thus wages have been forced up far beyond the value of the services rendered, and

all but the rich are debarred from having an adequate staff of servants. The supply does not meet the demand, so even the badly trained can secure such prices that the standard of efficiency remains low. Our women of the leisure class, who are singularly devoted in their efforts to aid the suffering and the needy, and to bring some brightness into their lives, can in no way so well further the well-being and happiness of the whole race as in teaching women and girls to take a different view of housework. Well-cooked food and cleanly homes are the best weapons with which to fight the attractions of the saloon, and habits of order and thrift will do more to raise the material welfare of the poor than almsgiving.

Much is being done, but not nearly enough, and not altogether in the right direction. It is the educated, the well-to-do, who must take a different view of household economy. Good mistresses are needed far more than good servants. Let us secure the former, and we shall soon have the latter. But my readers will say: «How can we make our daughters good housekeepers? There is no time for it. The school demands so much that they have all they can do, with their music and dancing and foreign languages besides.»

The real trouble is that household economy is not recognized as a fundamental part of a girl's education. But even in existing circumstances much may be done. In the first place, there are the long summer holidays, when it would be far better if the time were not given up entirely to idleness, and when sewing-classes and cooking-classes might easily be made a source of amusement. Or, in the winter, could not the dancing-class be omitted for a season? and the music-lessons, which are often mere drudgery, and lead to nothing? Then, after school hours, some small task that need not take many minutes should be obligatory each day; and on Saturday mornings, why not teach them to trim lamps, or to clean silver, or to mend the linen and to dust the drawing-room?

Young girls usually like this sort of occupation; and if they do not, the same authority which keeps them unwilling captives at their books and piano could easily insist upon it, if the necessity were once recognized. And let them be taught to look after their own belongings, and not to depend entirely upon a maid.

By the time a girl is fifteen she will thus have learned all the manual part of the workings of a household. Then give her the responsible charge of one and another department. Let it be her duty to see that the drawing-room is properly cared for, or the lamps correctly trimmed. Give her by turns the keys to the wine-cellar, the care of the linen-closet, or the sorting of the week's wash with the supervision of the mending. Later the dining-room can come under her care, and, with a fixed sum at her disposal, let her provide the candles, the fruit, and the bonbons for the table. And then, as she grows older and is emancipated from the school-room, teach her to do the marketing and catering. She will like the authority, if she is not burdened with too much at a time, and is not hampered by too much criticism and interference. The responsibility of having a definite task to perform, with the consciousness that others are dependent upon her, will be great factors in forming her character. She will learn habits of thrift and the

value of money if she is given an allowance and taught to keep accounts. Let it be for small things at first, and gradually be increased to cover the more important items, until she learns to pay for everything she buys. With such a training she will be thoroughly equipped to assume the management of her own household; she will not be forced to submit to the tyranny of inefficient servants, nor made nervous and miserable by cares that are too much for her. How much easier and happier will her life be than that of the average young housekeeper! Cannot mothers see the wisdom of such a course, and realize that this is the way to solve the servant question?

Louise Griswold.

Relics of Lee's Surrender.

MISS ALICE BARBARA STAHL, of Galena, Illinois, states, in behalf of the family of Major Wilmer McLean of Appomattox, that Major McLean did not voluntarily part with the table and other relics of the surrender of General Lee mentioned in General Porter's concluding article in the October CENTURY. It is said that he threw down the ten-dollar bill offered by General Sheridan for the table on which General Grant wrote the terms of surrender, and that the table was subsequently removed by the soldiers, after which Mrs. McLean picked up the bill.

Editor.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Graphical Solution.

JUSTIN STURGIS was «shy» a column on Wednesday night, and copy had to be in on Thursday morning, for the «Weekly Whirl» went to press at four o'clock. The «Whirl» was a better paper than any one except the editor and Justin Sturgis knew. It ran good half-tone work, and it not only had the best literary quality of all the papers on the coast, but it would have felt at home in London, so the editor said. It did n't matter much to the editor what news was in the paper, as long as it was briskly written, for he took the «Savoy» and the «Yellow Book» and the «Revue Blanche», and he went in for the «precious» methods in literature. If there was an actress to be written up (and there's «business» in that very often, what with selling half-tone blocks and extra copies), he hated to have Sturgis go to see her, for fear he would n't get enough sprightly imagination into it; he much preferred to have it done in the office, for Sturgis could turn out «good stuff» if he had to.

The consequence was that Justin got into the way of putting everything off till the last moment, and then working under high pressure. This week the photographs of the «Military Sports at the Presidio» had n't come out well enough to run, and the editor came into Sturgis's room, and told him he'd have to do about a thousand words to fill space. «Can't you do a good (guy) article?» said the editor. Sturgis had done a stinging skit on «Charity War-Horses» three weeks before, that had set all the society women talking, and the editor had been after Sturgis ever since to write another. «But we must have something by nine o'clock, sure,» he said.

«How about the «American Caricaturists?» suggested Sturgis.

«Oh, we're not down to that yet,» said the editor, with a grin, as he went out.

The «American Caricaturists» was a sore point with Justin Sturgis. He had written the article with a great deal of care some six months ago, and had looked up

all the illustrations himself, and had had them well reproduced. The whole thing was in type, and had lain in a galley on the stone table up-stairs for almost half a year; but the editor, for some reason, would never run it. «Oh, that 'll wait all right,» the editor would say. «We 'll get in a hole some day, and run her in. It is n't (timely) enough.» So the «American Caricaturists» had become the joke of the composing-room, and it lay on the stone, marked «live matter,» outliving galley after galley of «standing ad's.» Several times the foreman had seen the chief pull a proof of the article with his own hands, and trim it with the long shears, and try to patch it into the dummy, and Justin Sturgis and the foreman would nudge each other, and wait with anxiety. But every time it was «crowded out» by the timely arrival of some dog-show article or other that had been delayed by the «narrow-measure» linotypes.

So Justin Sturgis was «at home» to ideas that evening. But the ideas persisted in staying away. He had sat up all night with himself and a dose of strychnia,—a one-sixtieth-of-a-grain tablet, it was, that was to be an immoral accessory before the fact of his originality.

He thought of all the most romantic things he had ever been interested in: of the fourth dimension; of the impossibility of defining the absolute difference between the right and the left hand; of preëxistence; of the theory that parallel lines *may*, perhaps, meet this side of infinity; of the analogy between atomic motions and the orbits of star systems; of the significance of the lines on the soles of one's feet and the capillary markings on one's thumbs; of conventional moralities, and how they would be affected by a sojourn on an uninhabited island; of the final disposition of mislaid pins; of the effect, if any, of a mucilage cocktail; of pictures painted by blind artists; of the number of bricks in one's house, compared with the number of hairs in one's head; of the absurdity of minus quantities; of the phenomena of semi-nudity in dream; of the euphonious naming of infants; of the geographical center of the United States and the County of San Francisco; of the amount of bird-shot one could swallow without ill effect; and of

why buttons are sewn on a man's coat-sleeve. All these things passed through his brain, but they were thoughts rather than ideas, which, according to the dictionary, are strictly the «objects or results of thinking.»

At length an idea came to him at about 3:12 A. M. The idea was this—that it is possible to devise literary plots by more or less mechanical methods. Now the way in which he achieved the idea was this:

That day he had happened to meet Milford on Market street—much to his surprise, for he had thought Milford had gone East. Milford had, in fact, stayed till this day, detained by an accident, and he was on his way to the ferry when Justin met him. There was nothing so remarkable about the encounter, for such things happen every day; and yet, as Justin Sturgis thought it over now, it seemed to him a strange thing that he should *happen* to be on Market street at the precise moment that Milford was there. He realized the fact that such coincidences were essential to our life; for, after all, this one circumstance was not a stranger fact than that he had met a hundred other persons, too, on Market street, not to speak of the thousands elsewhere. The interesting part of it was that while Milford had entered his life for a moment, without much apparent meaning, he, Justin Sturgis, had in the same way crossed Milford's path, with as little reason to be seen for it. But there was no doubt in his mind that there *was* some meaning in it, if one could get at it, and that in some way Milford's appearance was as necessary to the plot of the story of Justin Sturgis's life as Sturgis's coming in on time was necessary to the action of Milford's life.

Here, then, were two life-dramas being enacted, the principal in the one coming as a mere supernumerary into the other. It was all very cleverly arranged and intertwined, he thought; but when he reflected that the same complication had connected him, in a more or less significant way, with every person he had met or talked to that day, his wonder at the mysterious and infinite involution of human lives almost frightened him.

It was, after all, the economy of material that most struck him; for every supernumerary on one stage played the title rôle on some other. «It would be fun to try and manage that, in no matter how small a way,» he said to himself. «It would be a regular circus with three rings—a simultaneous performance in, say, three

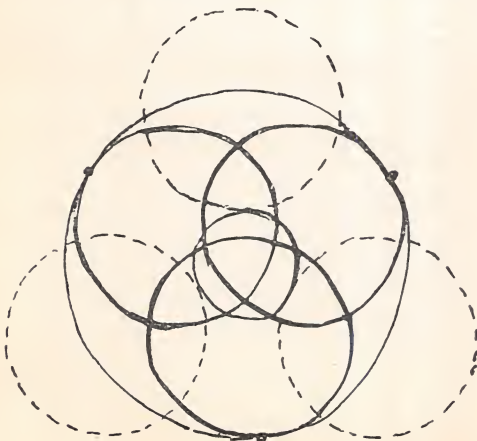
theaters. Jove! I'd like to give a show like that,» he went on. «That would be the newest thing yet. We'd have three stages built in the pavilion, and the audience would move around after each act, and the players would exit as minor characters off Stage No. 1, to enter as leading men and women on No. 2, in the same costume. Let's see; it would have to be like this»; and he drew on a sheet of yellow copy-paper three interlaced circles. «Of course this diagram is merely a sort of a symbol of the interweaving plots, not a working-plan,» he mused. «The three plays would have to be written so as to bring each character into the others exactly on time. It would be a bully *tour de force*, if anybody ever got on to how hard it was to do. The Magic Square is n't a circumstance to it. Of course, in real life these three circles, each representing a drama, are each intersected by other circles *ad infinitum*,»—and he drew three more,—«but the first three would be all that an audience could watch. Here's the audience, moving around in a circular orbit,»—and he circumscribed the three original circles,—«and the actors would progress around the little circle, like this»; and he drew another ring within the last.

He took up the diagram, and looked at it curiously.

«Who would think,» he said reflectively, «that this drawing represents a concrete, dramatic possibility? that it is the abstract symbol of a definite, logical—what shall I call it?—*plot*! That's just what it is. It's a graphical solution, same as we used to figure bridge-strains with—eureka! I have it! This is the long-lost secret of the mechanical combination of details to suggest a story. Of course they never could do it, because there was nothing ever used to represent the unifying principle. But look here; this is a *design*. Once you have the key to the thing, and you can read the whole business, the same as a musician can hear a piece of music in his mind just by looking at the notes. By Jove! I believe you could apply the same theory to melody too! Suppose you punch a whole lot of little holes haphazard into a long roll of paper, and run it through an organette: you might strike a good idea for a tune. Say! this is a great thing, and I'm going to push it right along. All I have to do is to reverse this process, and draw a lot of abstract geometrical designs,—that's dead easy; I used to do 'em by the basketful in primary school,—and then I have to attach a certain concrete significance to their elements, and there you are! Of course they're likely to be a little bizarre, and they'll need pruning; but if I can't whack out a half-dozen stories by to-morrow morning, I don't see why!»

Justin Sturgis's head was buzzing like a sawmill by this time, and it was past five o'clock in the morning; but he realized neither fact. He was drawing squares and triangles, involutes, catenaries, cusps and nodes, filling sheet after sheet of copy-paper. When he looked up from his task at last, and took the wet towel from his head, he saw, to his stupefaction, that it was eight o'clock. «Well, that stuff *does* keep you awake with a vengeance,» he said. «I don't see as it stimulates your brain so very much, though. I've reasoned this whole thing out on a perfectly logical system. Strychnia does everlastingly stay with you, though,» he said, as he washed his face.

Sturgis was down to the «Whirl» office promptly on



time, and went right up to the editor's room. He fumbled a little at the latch, and he rocked a little on his legs; but he was radiant.

«Here you are,» he said to the editor. «I've got a corking good thing here—up all night working it out. It's great stuff! The (Charity War-Horses) are n't in it for the discussion it will make. See here; you want to (process) these drawings in a hurry, and run a column of the cuts, and caption it (Stories Without Words.) My scheme is to offer a prize—say a year's subscription 'I'll do—for the one that sends in the best yarns. Ain't that a great fake?» And Justin sank down on the exchange table, and dozed off.

«See here!» said the editor, angrily; «the less you monkey with that strychnia the better. It would be a darned sight better for you to fall asleep and dream something worth while!» Then he wearily took up the rubber speaking-tube that connected with the composing-room.

«Oh, Harry! See if you can get that (American Caricaturists) article all in on the second form,» he said.

Gelett Burgess.

A Literary Conversation.

It was at a summer hotel—a combination of piazzas and cheap bedroom sets attached to a very ordinary restaurant. Dinner—at one o'clock—was over, and Miss Catherine Harlem came out upon the piazza.

Finding an available rocking-chair near her friend of two days' sitting, Miss Arabella Morris, Miss Harlem occupied it, and in a few moments was able to make her chair keep time to the swinging of Miss Morris's. Then they talked.

«Is n't this a delightful day?»

«Simply perfect.»

«I think you said you were here last year?»

«Yes; not long, though. The man who kept it then was horrid—simply horrid.»

«Mr. Albyn seems nice; don't you think so?»

«Just as nice as he can be. He has such good ideas. But then, he is educated, you know; he graduated from—some college.»

«That makes a difference, does n't it? He seems to know what people like.»

«Yes. That is such a good idea of his—getting those books up here.»

«Books? How do you mean?»

«Why, have n't you heard? He has a lot of new books sent up every few weeks—or days, maybe. Anyway, I know you can get them from the clerk.»

«Oh, is n't that splendid! I just dote on books. Don't you like to read?»

«Read? Why, mama says I don't do anything else! When I get a new book I just devour it!»

«And so do I. Why, I sat up all night, nearly, to finish (Trilby.) And how I cried when she died!»

«And was n't it awful about that poor Little Billee? A perfect genius—and all for nothing.»

«Do you like historical novels?»

«I like Miss Yonge ever so much.»

«I don't mean that kind. I mean those new foreign books—like (Quo Vadis?) for instance.»

«Oh, yes. You mean by Henryk Sienkiewicz—if that's

his name. I never feel quite sure of those foreign names. It was the longest time before I could get Paderewski's name right.»

«Dear Paddy!—was n't he just divine!»

«Was n't he! Why, I know girls who kept his photograph just wreathed in fresh flowers every day.»

«So do I. But one never cares so much about authors as about musicians. I wonder why?»

«Well, it's different. Now, this Sienkiewicz—what does he look like?»

«Why, he's the image of my Uncle Charlie. But—there!—you don't know Uncle Charlie, do you? No matter; he is very dashing, you know—sort of military.»

«It is wonderful how men can think of such things. Just imagine all that about Nero, and the lions, and the martyrs, and the early Christians, and catacombs, and things—why, it makes my head ache to think of a man's knowing so much. How do you suppose they do it?»

«I suppose it is their business—the same as anything else. Then there are great libraries; there are tons of books about things in them—miles of shelves full.»

«Yes; but how can Sienkiewicz know just when to make them say the things they do say?»

«I'm sure I don't know. And yet he seems to bring it all before you so, just as if you saw it. Those scenes in the arena must have been blood-curdling.»

«Exciting, too. That chariot-race in (Ben Hur,) they say, was as real as if you were there.»

«I don't think there has been anything better than that.»

«Not even in (Quo Vadis?)»

«I don't know, really. Of course that is a translation, you know, and a translation can't be the same as the original.»

«No; I notice that in all the French books; and it must be harder to translate from such a tongue as the German.»

«Why from the German?»

«How do you mean?»

«I mean, such a book as (Quo Vadis?)»

«But (Quo Vadis?) is n't a translation from the German.»

«What is it, then?—Norwegian?»

«No, my dear; it is from the Polish.»

«Are you sure?»

«Or Hungarian. Anyway, it is in some of the languages nobody knows. I don't remember for certain. Maybe it is Austrian. But I *know* it was n't German.»

«Well, I don't exactly remember—for I have n't read it.»

«Have n't you? Why, I thought from the way you spoke that you knew all about it. You quite scared me with your knowledge.»

«Scared you? Why—have n't you read it, either?»

«Not yet.»

«I MUST go up and get my embroidery, or I'll never finish those doilies.»

«I just love embroidery. Will you let me see them?»

«Why, of course I will.»

And the chairs were left vacant. They swung to and fro thoughtfully for a few moments, creaking in a chuckling way, and then were still.

Tudor Jenks.

If I Might Choose.

I 'VE sometimes wished to be a saint
And lead a holy life,
Beyond regret, above complaint,
Unvexed by worldly strife ;

With ne'er a taint of jealousy
Nor touch of Cupid's bond—
To live for others, and to die
And win reward beyond ;

From tender vanities to flee—
Yet, if the choice were mine,
Of all the saints, I'd like to be,
I think, Saint Valentine.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

Outlines.

A MAN who had suffered ill through the laws of the king came to the king to plead for justice. «Remember, O king,» said the man, «that, lowly as I am, I am thy brother.» Then the man's dog, whom he, too, had ill-treated, said to him: «Remember, O master, that I also am thy brother.» * * *

WE array our men on the board, our king and our queen, our bishops and our knights and our rooks. We plan a bold and a sure campaign. Bravely we charge down the open lanes. We pride ourselves on our skill in the game, and we plume ourselves for victory. Then silently comes Fate,—a pawn we had held in contempt,—moves but one place on the board, and calls, «Checkmate!» * * *

A MAN said to his friend, «Tell me what is the most dreadful thing that ever happened.» His friend answered, «A man loved a woman who loved him; but afterward she ceased to love him.» Then the man said, «I have known of many, many things to happen to people more dreadful than that.» Said his friend, «But this happened to me.»

Berry Benson.

A Dream.

I SLEEP and dream (ah, vision bright!)
That I am she in whom unite
Concatenations of delight,
And such diversity of plight
(All printed out in black and white),
As never fell to king, or knight,
Or queen, or belted earl.
A dream of fame—where were its bliss?
Of fortune—what were that to this?
Of moonlight and a lover's kiss?
All fade to her who dreams she is
The Advertisement Girl.

Through many a page I, scorching, take
My course by boulevard, bush, and brake,
Upon my wheel that «takes the cake»;
My wheel that cannot shake or break;
My wheel no rivals can o'ertake;
My wheel of every human make,
And evermore «the best»!
When tired I turn the page, and I
On medicated pillows lie,
A sweet dream in each conscious eye;
Or, in a hammock swung anigh
(The only make you ought to buy!),
I picturesquely rest.

And oh, the things I have to eat!
Baked beans, canned pie, and pickled meat,
Egg substitutes that «can't be beat,»
Et cetera,—salt, sour, and sweet.
Then my perennial candy treat!
At home, in shirt-waist starched and neat,
Behind two trotters on the street,
Or in the rowboat's hinder seat,
I offer it to all I meet,
With such a candied smile!
My hair grows past belief or hope;
My pearly teeth how wide I ope!
And my complexion, by the Pope—
(Good morning! have *you* used my soap?)—
Must stir my rival's bile.

Just turn the leaves, and you will stare
To see the things I have to wear
(Donned with my most engaging air,
And promptly photographed with care),
Of silk, fur, feathers, wool, and hair
(Which suit, though I be dark or fair);
Skirts of the regulation «flare,»
With bindings which nor rip nor tear
(All imitations you 'll beware!);
Lace, hats, capes, corsets, underwear
(Which fit, if I am stout or spare);
Shoes, collars, shirt-waists—I declare,
They cause my brain to whirl!
But turn again, and follow me,
Assuaged by diverse melody
From box, or string, or pipe, or key.
In gay boudoir you next shall see
Me sweetly sip bouillon or tea
(All other brands are heresy!).
From *your* dull world, ah, let me flee,
And ever, only, always be
The Advertisement Girl!

Dorothea Dimond.

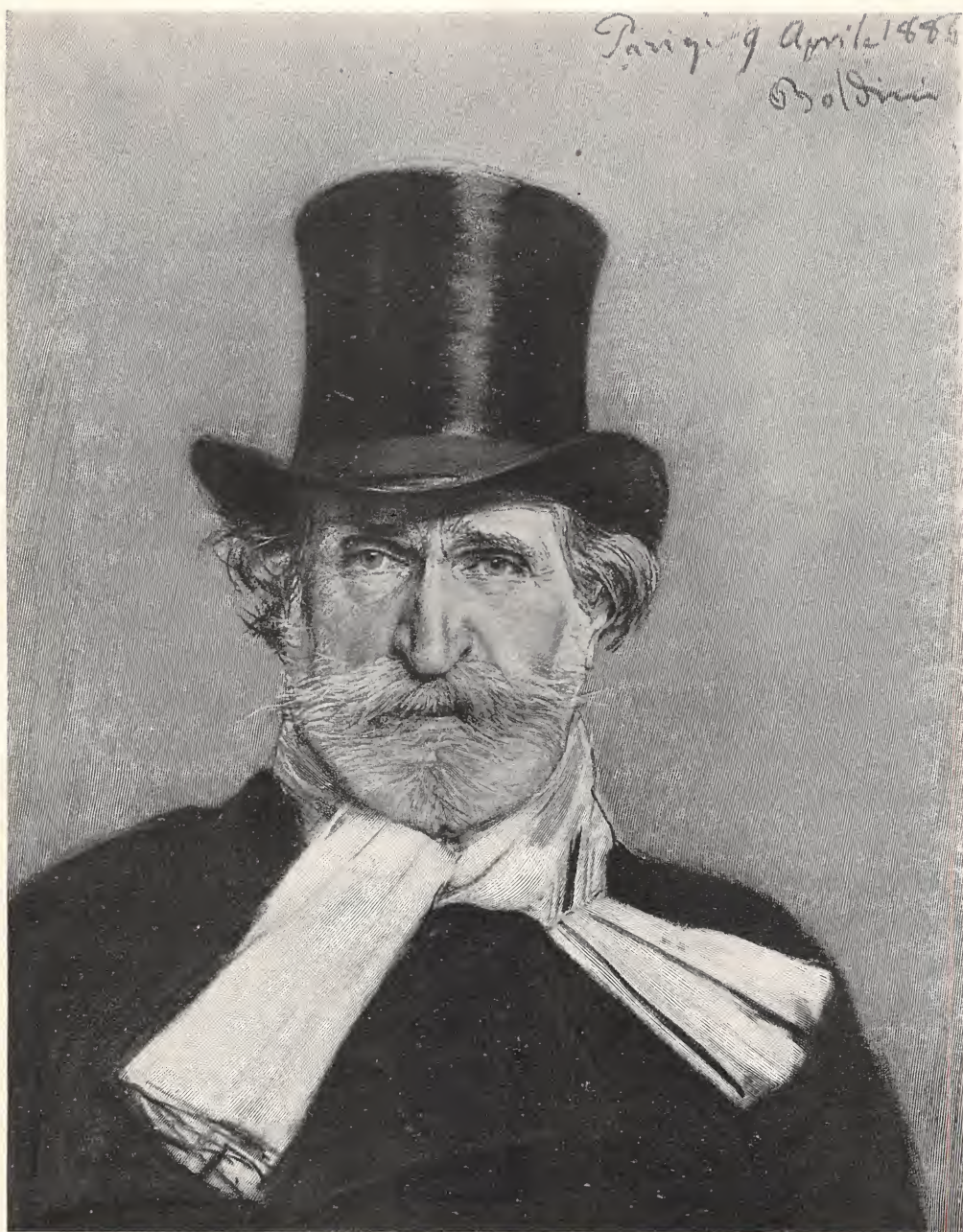
Two St. Valentine Days.

SHE was ten and I was twelve
And her beau;
And I well recall a line,
«I am thine and thou art mine,»
In her childish valentine,
Long ago.
She was ten, the winsome elfe—
She was ten and I was twelve.

She was ten and I was twelve:
Back there sped
To her tiny loving heart,
My reply, a work of art,
«We shall never, never part»—
Thus it read.
She was ten, the winsome elfe—
She was ten and I was twelve.

She was ten and I was twelve:
Time the jade—
Time has made me old and gray;
She is gray and old, they say.
Round us children play to-day,
As we played.
She has ten, my old-time elfe—
She has ten and I have twelve!

Earle Hooker Eaton.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.

BOLDINI'S PORTRAIT OF VERDI, PAINTED IN 1886.

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THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

BY JOHN R. PROCTER,
Formerly State Geologist of Kentucky.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

PASSING southward through Kentucky on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, the observant traveler will notice that about forty miles from Louisville the road climbs Muldrow's Hill, which is the northern escarpment of an elevated limestone plateau sloping gently to the south and west. The road traverses this plateau for about one hundred miles, and descends a southern escarpment into the basin of central Tennessee. In this distance only three streams are crossed—Nolin, Green, and Barren rivers; and between these rivers the entire surface-drainage passes away through subterranean channels, giving rise to a curious «sink-hole» topography which is peculiar to this region. These circular and oval-shaped depressions are so numerous that in places the rims almost touch one another, and one can sometimes count several hundred to the square mile. Through vents at the bottom of these sinks the surface-water passes downward into caverns and underground streams, emptying into the above-named rivers through arched ways near water-level, and in places beneath the surface of the rivers.

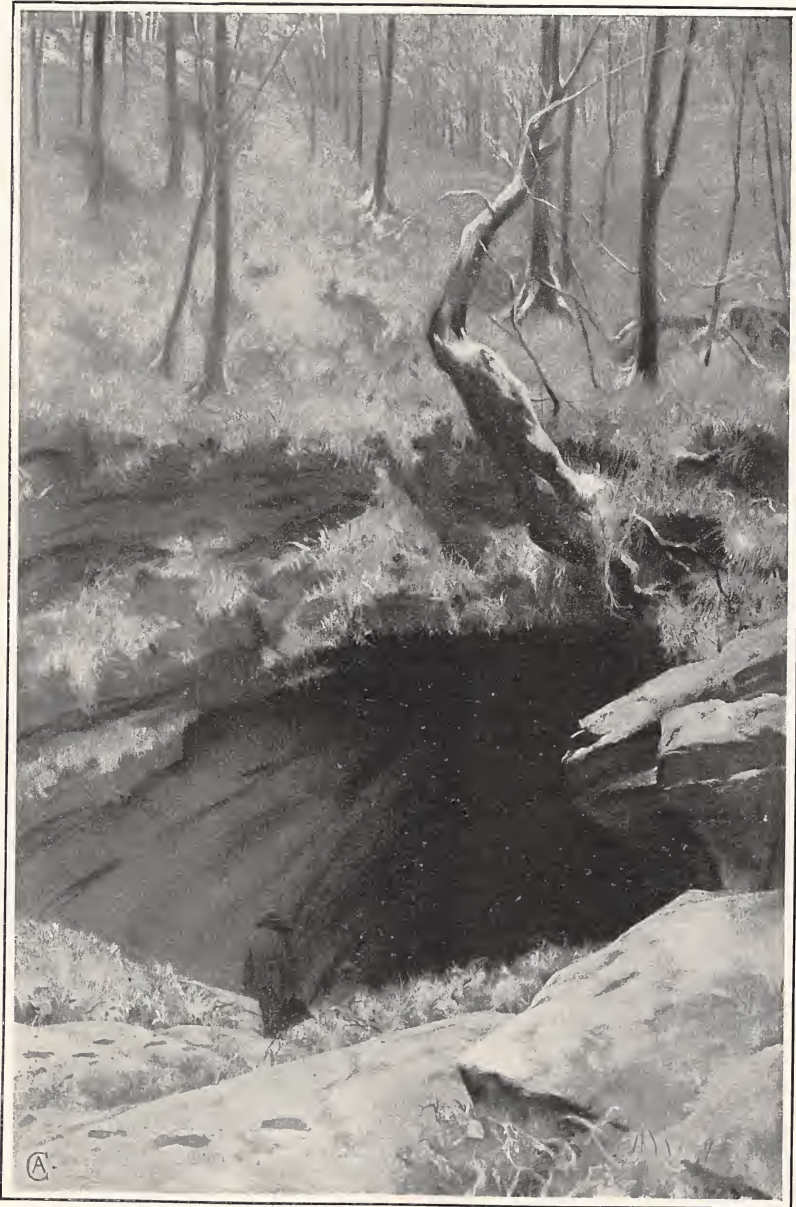
The surface-rock of this plateau is the Subcarboniferous limestone, which is here several hundred feet thick, a massive, remarkably homogeneous rock, with no in-

tervening strata of shale or sandstone—conditions most favorable for the formation of caverns; consequently this region contains more and larger caves, in a given area, than any other region in the world. In Edmonson County, where the celebrated Mammoth Cave is located, it is claimed that there are as many as five hundred known caverns.

A range of hills of uniform height, running parallel with the railway and several miles distant, will be observed to the north. On nearer inspection this will be seen to be a level plateau rising out of the limestone plain, and held up by a capping of massive sandstone. It is beneath the protection of this sandstone-capped plateau that the larger caves are found. Green River has cut through this plateau to a depth of about 320 feet; and as the sandstone cap is about 70 feet thick, we find about 250 feet of massive limestone exposed above the drainage-level. As some of the domes and upper avenues of the caves extend up to the base of the sandstone, and some down to the drainage-level, we thus have 250 feet as the present limit of the vertical extension of these caves. The evidence is conclusive that these caves have been cut down to correspond with the deepening of the channel cut by Green River. In the region immediately along the line of the

railway, where the sandstone capping and the upper limestone have been removed by erosion, the caverns have less vertical extension, and correspond to the lower avenues of the Mammoth and other caves to the north.

streams in this region. Every one of the innumerable depressions or sink-holes—save where the vents have been closed, thus forming ponds—communicates with an underground channel or cave, and the aggregate



ENTRANCE (WINTER).

Doubtless large caverns, corresponding to those now remaining beneath the sandstone plateau, existed here before the upper member of the limestone was eroded from this area. There is no means of estimating the extent of the caverns and subterranean

length of such channels has been estimated at many thousands of miles. Nor can we form any estimate of the number and extent of large caverns yet undiscovered. But for the erosion caused by a small stream cutting through the roof of Mammoth Cave the pres-

ent entrance would not have been broken open, and this, the greatest of caves, might have remained unknown. Several other of the largest and most beautiful caves in this region have been found by accident. Hidden grandeurs doubtless yet remain entombed beneath the extensive uplands reaching out on both sides of Green River. In crossing the southern upland we come upon oval-shaped limestone valleys, surrounded on all sides by a sandstone rim, with no outlet save through vents in the bottom. These valleys are sometimes hundreds of acres in extent, and are probably formed by the falling in of extensive caverns, the debris, disintegrated by the elements, being carried away through the subterranean channels. The fact that existing caves under the hills surrounding these valleys have been found through entrances in the sides of some of the valleys is an indication that this may have been the condition.

So great is the volume of water entering Green River through underground channels, having a uniform temperature of about 54°, that this stream rarely freezes. I have seen Green River, forty miles below this region, entirely free from ice at a time when loaded teams were crossing the Ohio River on the ice. The outlines of the cavernous members of the Subcarboniferous limestone coincide with the outlines of the original «Barrens» in this part of Kentucky. When the whites first came to this region, what is known as the Barrens was destitute of timber, and was covered with a rank growth of grass called «barren grass.» The burning of this grass kept down the growth of timber. The roots of certain species, surviving the fires, would spread out on all sides, and send up shoots, which would be burned off before attaining any size. When the country was settled and farms were opened the annual burning of the grass ceased, and the land was quickly reforested from the roots yet surviving in the ground. It is told of the first settlers that they obtained their fire-wood by grubbing it out of the ground. This is a fertile region, and pleasing to the eye. When clothed in waving grain and meadows, it is a smiling, dimpled land.

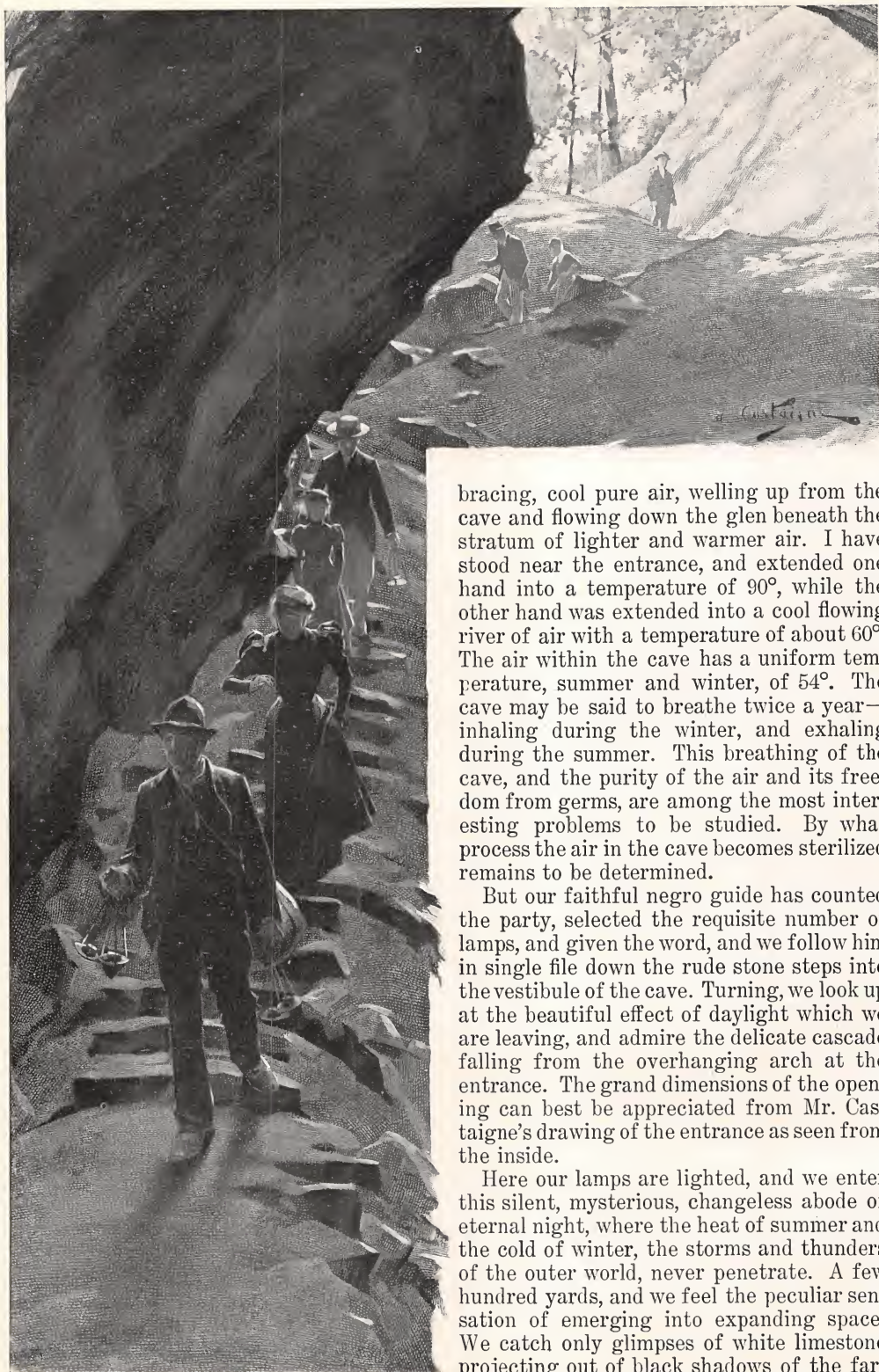
The dynamic forces by which these caves have been formed are yet in operation, and the processes are easily understood. The Subcarboniferous limestone, though homogeneous and massive, has cracks and fissures. The surface water, taking on carbonic acid and percolating through these fissures, disintegrates the soluble limestone, and enlarges

the cracks into channels for streams. Into these channels the sands and gravels are carried, adding to the erosive power of the streams. The acidulated water oozing through the limestone disintegrates the surface, so that there is a constant dropping off of particles, thus slowly but constantly widening the channels into broad and lofty avenues. Much of this limestone is oölitic, and an almost pure carbonate of lime, and in places in Mammoth Cave we find what is mistaken for sand to be a mass of tiny grains of oölite that have been detached by the disintegration of the cementing material.

The avenues of Mammoth Cave form a bewildering labyrinth, crossing over and under one another, and winding about in every direction, the main ones having a general direction toward Green River. In places the waters have cut through the several levels of avenues down to the water-level, forming immense domes. Gorin's Dome, for instance, has a vertical range of about 225 feet. We have in the caves a building up through the agency of water as well as the eroding action. In passing through the limestone the water becomes charged with lime, and this is redeposited, forming stalactites and stalagmites. The upper member of the limestone contains iron pyrites, and through the agency of moisture and air upon these and the limestone, sulphate of lime, or gypsum, is formed, and the gypsum crystals incrust the walls and ceilings in the upper and drier portions of the cave with beautiful and fantastic forms of sparkling white. These gypsum formations grow out of the rock as hoar-frost grows out of the ground.

The stalactite formations in Mammoth Cave, while beautiful, especially in some of the great domes, are surpassed by the wonderful pendants, alabaster and onyx columns, and translucent curtains in several of the caves in other parts of Edmonson County; but no cave approaches this in the size and sublimity of its avenues, its awe-inspiring domes, its mysterious rivers, and in the rare beauty of the festoons of flowers and sparkling crystals ornamenting miles of avenues.

The entrance to Mammoth Cave is reached by descending a picturesque pathway leading from the hotel down the hillside over jutting moss and fern-covered limestone cliffs into a beautiful glen extending from the top of the hill down to Green River, which is 194 feet below the mouth of the cave, and about half a mile distant. If the weather is warm, as we near the entrance we step into a



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE (FROM THE INSIDE).

bracing, cool pure air, welling up from the cave and flowing down the glen beneath the stratum of lighter and warmer air. I have stood near the entrance, and extended one hand into a temperature of 90° , while the other hand was extended into a cool flowing river of air with a temperature of about 60° . The air within the cave has a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of 54° . The cave may be said to breathe twice a year—inhaling during the winter, and exhaling during the summer. This breathing of the cave, and the purity of the air and its freedom from germs, are among the most interesting problems to be studied. By what process the air in the cave becomes sterilized remains to be determined.

But our faithful negro guide has counted the party, selected the requisite number of lamps, and given the word, and we follow him in single file down the rude stone steps into the vestibule of the cave. Turning, we look up at the beautiful effect of daylight which we are leaving, and admire the delicate cascade falling from the overhanging arch at the entrance. The grand dimensions of the opening can best be appreciated from Mr. Castaigne's drawing of the entrance as seen from the inside.

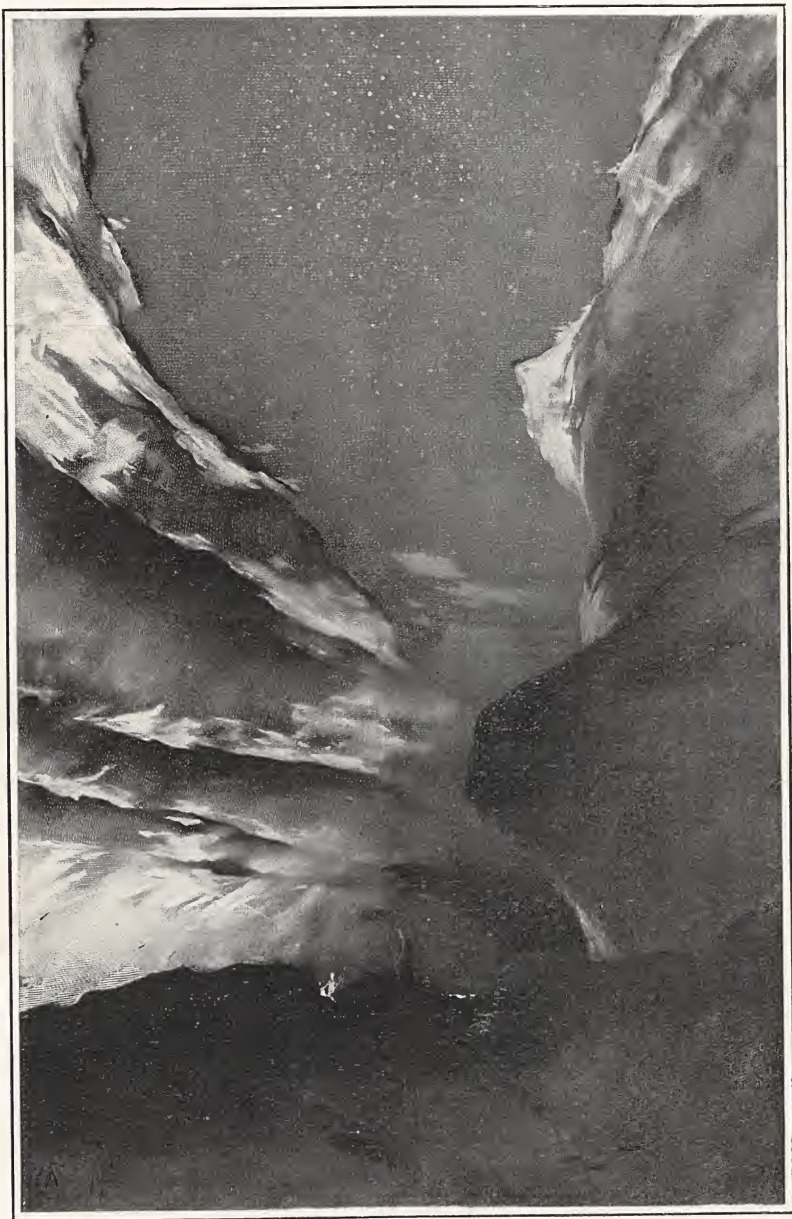
Here our lamps are lighted, and we enter this silent, mysterious, changeless abode of eternal night, where the heat of summer and the cold of winter, the storms and thunders of the outer world, never penetrate. A few hundred yards, and we feel the peculiar sensation of emerging into expanding space. We catch only glimpses of white limestone projecting out of black shadows of the far-away walls and ceiling of an immense, almost

circular room about 70 feet high, which our guide proclaims the Rotunda.

We note the peculiar musical effect of the human voice. Years ago it was my good

lofty corridors in majestic waves of melody.

I could then appreciate the inestimable privilege of the few who heard Jenny Lind sing here, and who in the Star Chamber heard



THE STAR CHAMBER.

fortune to hear a celebrated German musical society sing in this Rotunda. I went far away in one of the great avenues leading from here, blew out my light, and sat alone in the darkness, and listened while the grand anthems rolled and reverberated through the

a member of her party render on his violin the prayer from «Der Freischütz.»

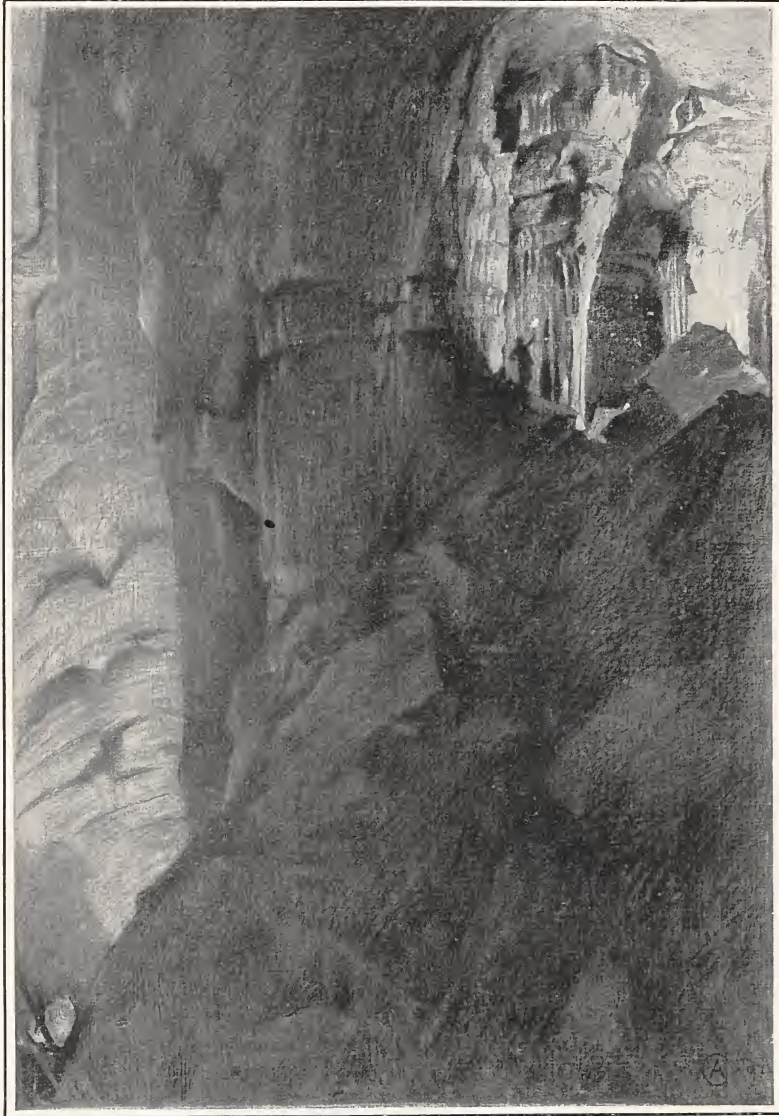
When the Rotunda is illuminated we note the perfect clearness of the atmosphere, the freedom from dust particles of any kind; and we soon learn that nowhere in the cave will



CHIEF CITY.

even dust rise upon our shoes. We note also the exhilarating effect of the air upon the members of our party. It is believed that the air has become oxygenated by chemical process; certainly, from its purity and dryness, it enables one to undergo exercise for

nues, and used for the manufacture of gunpowder. The war of 1812 was fought, on the American side, with gunpowder made from saltpeter taken from caves, and Mammoth Cave supplied the greater part. One wonders how, in the absence of germs and of decay, the earth

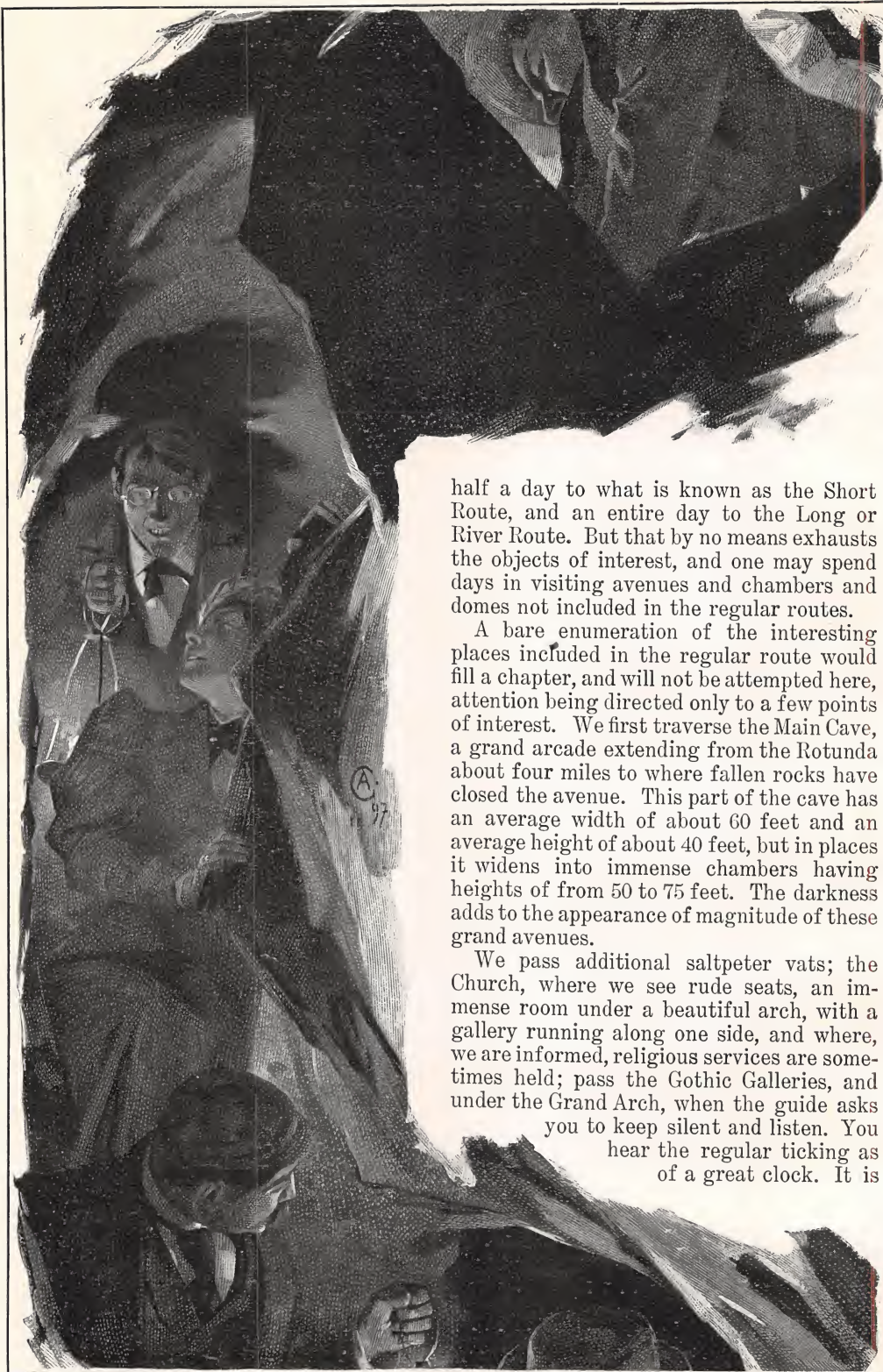


MAMMOTH DOME.

hours without a sense of fatigue. Here before us is evidence of the wonderful dryness of the air. The saltpeter vats erected in 1812, and the timbers which have remained in their present position since then, show no evidences of decay. In these vats the saltpeter was leached from the nitrous earth abounding in the upper and middle dry ave-

becomes charged with nitrogen. It has been claimed that nitric acid in the atmosphere, combining with the limestone, forms nitrate of calcium, and the disintegrated waste from the walls and ceiling yields the great supply of nitrogen abounding in the cave.

It requires a day and a half to make the regulation journeys through the cave: one



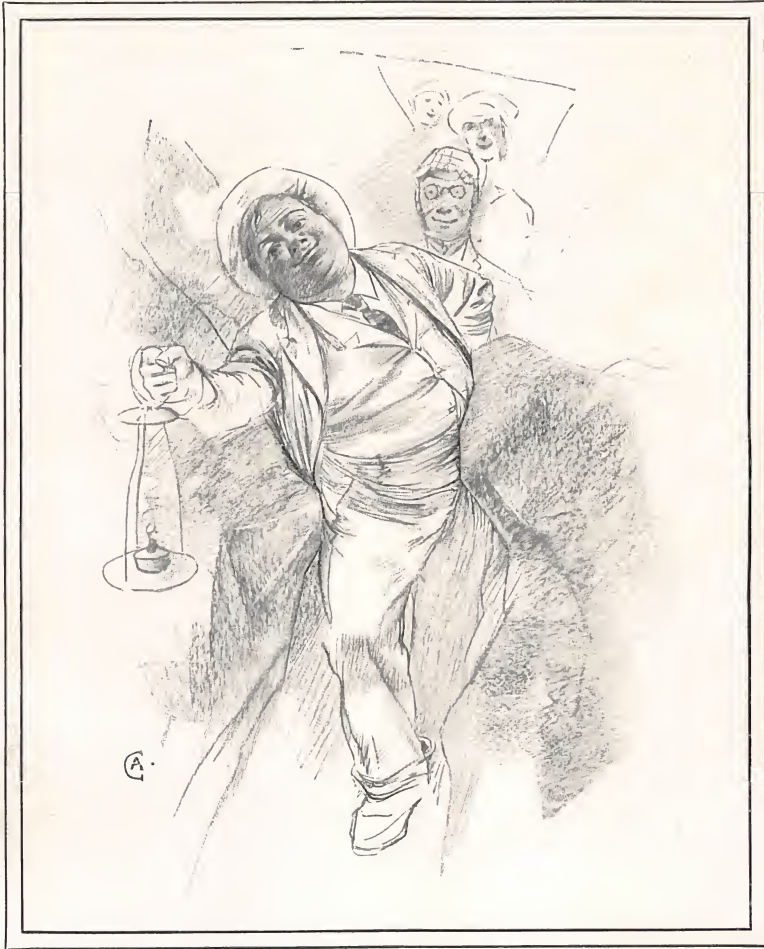
half a day to what is known as the Short Route, and an entire day to the Long or River Route. But that by no means exhausts the objects of interest, and one may spend days in visiting avenues and chambers and domes not included in the regular routes.

A bare enumeration of the interesting places included in the regular route would fill a chapter, and will not be attempted here, attention being directed only to a few points of interest. We first traverse the Main Cave, a grand arcade extending from the Rotunda about four miles to where fallen rocks have closed the avenue. This part of the cave has an average width of about 60 feet and an average height of about 40 feet, but in places it widens into immense chambers having heights of from 50 to 75 feet. The darkness adds to the appearance of magnitude of these grand avenues.

We pass additional saltpeter vats; the Church, where we see rude seats, an immense room under a beautiful arch, with a gallery running along one side, and where, we are informed, religious services are sometimes held; pass the Gothic Galleries, and under the Grand Arch, when the guide asks you to keep silent and listen. You hear the regular ticking as of a great clock. It is

caused by a single drop of water falling into a pool about every second. To get the full value of this you should be alone, and should blow out your lamp, and then you can hear only this musical ticking, sounding afar through the great silent hall. And then one should go alone, where there is no sound of dropping water, and, extinguishing the light, learn for the first time what absolute silence and ab-

up their abode here, and remained for five months without going outside. It is said that when they did go out three died before they could reach the hotel. Something more than purity is required—sunlight. It is said that the saltpeter-miners had remarkable health while working in the cave, and persons with weak lungs are certainly benefited by short walks in this atmosphere. I believe, in time,



FAT MAN'S MISERY.

solute darkness are—profound blackness that you can feel, no sound save the beating of your own heart, which after a while you can plainly hear.

Some distance on we come upon two stone cottages built against one of the walls of the avenue. These are the remains of a number that were built in the cave, in 1843, for the abode of consumptive patients. It was believed that the pure air of the cave would effect a cure, and fifteen consumptives took

that these immense reservoirs of dry, pure, antiseptic air will be utilized for the cure of consumption and asthma, not by sending the patient into the cave, but by bringing the air into sunlighted sanitariums on the dry, well-drained elevated sandstone plateaus above the caves. We know the air is dry, because the timber carried in in 1812 has not decayed, and iron hinges have been here since 1843, and show no sign of rust. We know the air is pure, because here animal



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

matter does not decay, but simply dries up. The mummies found in the caves were not prepared mummies, but simply desiccated bodies. The uniform temperature of from 53° to 54° the year round has been demonstrated. Consumptives take long sea-voyages and visit high altitudes to get the benefit of aseptic atmosphere; but they suffer from variations of temperature, from storms, and at high altitudes exercise cannot be taken, while the cave air predisposes one to take exercise with little fatigue. I have known delicate women to walk for nine hours in the

pressiveness of the outer air. We dreaded to inhale it into our lungs, and returned again and again into the pure air flowing from the cave. Air freed from bacteria is one of the main reasons for success in modern surgery, and a sanitarium into which this air could be pumped would doubtless be resorted to for difficult surgical operations. Consumptives in high altitudes are compelled to remain indoors in winter weather and breathe the vitiated air of closed rooms; while in sanitariums supplied with cave air, by letting the air in at the upper part of the rooms and



ENTRANCE OF PURGATORY AND ECHO RIVER.

cave, clambering up steep ascents and over rocks, and come out of the cave feeling no sense of fatigue until they reached the warm, impure air outside, charged with the odors of decayed vegetation, when they would almost faint, and would require assistance in ascending the path to the hotel. We think the atmosphere in the glen at the entrance remarkable for purity before we have become sensitive by hours in the pure atmosphere of the cave. I once went with a friend and a guide to Roaring River and several other remote places, which required remaining in the cave overnight. It was night when we came out, and we had become so sensitive by our stay of thirty-six hours in the pure air of the cave that we were almost overcome by the suffocating mephitic odors and op-

out at the lower part, all exhalations would pass out, and pure air would be constantly rushing in at a uniform temperature, winter and summer. Then, it would be a boon if we could escape the oppressive heat of summer into hotels kept cool and pure by the air from these great dry caves.

We pass on from these desolate stone cottages with their sad memories. Some of our party have good voices, and all try to get the musical, resounding effect from the lofty vaulting. Then we learn that in places the rocks have a chord of their own, and when the right key is struck the most wonderful musical effects are produced. The guide understands the secret, and commands the rocks to give forth sweet musical responses.

We now enter an immense hall about sev-



THE DEAD SEA.

enty feet wide, but how high and long we cannot tell; for above the towering cliffs on each side is blackness, and ahead of us the receding walls vanish in utter darkness. By direction of the guide, we seat ourselves on a log, and lean back against the right-hand wall. He removes our lamps so that they will not shine in our eyes, and placing them so the light will be thrown upward, he bids us look aloft. Exclamations of wonder break forth. We seem to be looking out from the bottom of a deep cañon into black midnight heavens studded with innumerable stars. The longer we gaze, the more perfect does the illusion become. The guide, by skilful manipulation of the lights, causes clouds to overcast the sky; then black clouds hide the stars from view; a wind sweeps them away, and the stars come out plainer than before; and then the lights disappear down under the farther wall to our right, and we hear the footsteps of our guide resounding fainter and fainter; and then utter blackness and stillness, and we remain in silence in the famed Star Chamber. After a while we hear, far away on our left, the

crowling of a cock; then the deep baying of a house dog. Nearer the barking comes. A faint streak of light steals along the projecting buttresses of the overhanging cañon, and gradually spreads down its sides. We look to the left, and see the light slowly rise above the black horizon, and our guide comes forward with the lights, and receives the applause which he well deserves. The ceiling of the Star Chamber is flat, and is coated with the black oxid of manganese. This is pierced with sparkling crystals of gypsum. The blackness is so intense, and the ceiling so high, that we seem to look up into unfathomed space, in which the tiny stars float. Emerson was evidently more impressed with the Star Chamber than with any other portion of the cave, as will be seen from his essay on «Illusions.» Mr. Castaigne's drawing is the only satisfactory representation of this wonderful place that I have ever seen.

Star Chamber is the end of the Short Route, and visitors retrace their steps from here; but there are some miles beyond, which we will visit in order to see the largest underground dome in the world. This is called

Chief City. This stupendous dome is 500 feet across in one direction, and 280 feet in another, and the height is estimated at from 90 to 125 feet. Over this great area extends a solid arch of limestone. The awful sublimity of this place can be appreciated better from the illustration than from any attempt at description. This dome was frequented by the Indians before the coming of the whites. Great numbers of reeds, from one to three feet long, are found here. The ends of these have been charred, and it is evident that these were filled with the fat of animals, and were used for torches to illuminate this magnificent temple.

The Indians procured flint from the cave. Flint Dome, which is rarely visited, has bands

and nodules of flint projecting from the circular walls, and the evidences are abundant that the Indians gathered flint from here. The moist flint from the cave would flake easier than the dry flint outside, and for that reason must have been in great demand by these manufacturers of flint implements. There is not space to describe here the interesting mummies that have been found from time to time in these Edmonson County caverns, nor of the woven fabrics and ornaments found with these mummies. These fabrics were woven from the inner bark of trees. In Salt Cave and in Short Cave several interesting sandals were discovered a few years since. They were braided in an artistic manner, and were of pleasing shape. They



CROGHAN HALL AND MAELSTROM.

were like shoes rather than sandals, were of different sizes, and of slightly varied designs, but all shapely and carefully braided. The saltpeter-miners and the early visitors to the cave did not appreciate the value of the remains of the aborigines found, and much valuable material was evidently lost and destroyed.

Before crossing the river for the Long Route we visit some of the wonderful domes.

a great height. Six enormous columns, eighty feet high and about twenty-five feet in diameter, support one of the circular sides of the roof. These columns are fluted, and have well-marked capitals, and look like the ruins of some immense Egyptian temple. The white limestone is here incrustated with an amber-colored stalagmitic coating, and curtains of the same material add greatly to the beauty of the place.



«THE SPIRIT OF ETERNAL, CHANGELESS SILENCE REIGNS SUPREME.»

These are in the portion of the cave nearest Green River, but this would not be known by the visitor after wandering through avenues turning in all directions. The most interesting are Gorin's Dome, Bottomless Pit, and Mammoth Dome.

Gorin's Dome has the greatest height and depth, but Mammoth Dome is the largest of the three. It is about 400 feet in length and 150 feet in height. It has two levels—the upper containing the large columns shown in the upper part of the illustration, and the lower part, into which a cascade falls from

Gorin's Dome is viewed through a circular window in the side of an avenue about midway between the top and the bottom of the dome. The stalactites, hanging curtains, and incrustations are more beautiful here than elsewhere in the cave, which, added to the great height, gives to this dome a peculiar charm. The water in the bottom of the dome connects with Echo River by an unknown passage. There is a winding passageway leading to the bottom, and as the view from this point is one of the most impressive in the entire cave, it is unfortunate that the tourist

cannot have the benefit of it. The circling walls reach from the river-level up past all the various levels of the cave, and are carved and fluted by the descending water, and curtains and pendants of alabaster add to their marvelous beauty.

The Bottomless Pit, though much smaller and less grand, has some of the characteristics of Gorin's Dome. It is a fearful pit to look down into from the bridge spanning one of its bays. I once went with a companion through a tortuous passage to the bottom of this pit, and while there we heard the shouting and laughter of an approaching party overhead. Extinguishing our lights, we waited until they had collected on the bridge overhead; and as they looked down, trying to penetrate the unfathomable darkness of the deep pit, we gave an unearthly, sepulchral wail. Exclamations of fear and horror resounded through the cave from the frightened crowd upon the bridge; but the guide, knowing that we had gone into the cave in advance of his party, quieted their fears by the assurance that the sounds did not come from evil spirits of the vasty deep.

Throughout the portions of the cave visited by tourists, all are impressed by the sense of vastness of the avenues and chambers; and many of the larger avenues are not visited. The main cave on the Short Route is from 35 feet to 300 feet wide and from 40 feet to 125 feet high for a distance of several miles; and on the Long or River Route this sense of roominess prevails throughout, with the exception of a pleasing diversion through the short cut to the river by the intricate windings of the Corkscrew, or through the winding, narrow, water-worn passage known as Fat Man's Misery, which is not over eighteen inches wide for some hundreds of feet. Emerging from this latter winding way into Great Relief, we enter one of the grandest avenues in the cave, called River Hall, extending for several miles, and leading, with its ramifications, to the wonderful subterranean lakes and rivers. We pass along the narrow pathway on the edge of the dark cliffs overhanging the Dead Sea. The lights, skilfully thrown on projecting ledges on the farther side, are inadequate to dispel the darkness surrounding the clear pool of water below. We stop to listen to the musical splashing of a small cascade. We cross a stone archway forming for several hundred feet a natural bridge over the River Styx. We stamp upon the hollow stone to hear the drum-like sounds reverberating through the avenues. We pass

in single file along the side of Lake Lethe, and enter the Great Walk, a lofty, spacious avenue about 90 feet high, extending for about 1200 feet to the shore of Echo River. The floor of this lofty avenue is a clean yellow sand. When the river is high this walk is submerged, thus adding to the width of the river. For a long time Echo River barred the way to the extensive system of avenues beyond. The celebrated colored guide Stephen Bishop was the first to cross it. New avenues have been discovered and opened up, so that it is now possible to reach the trans-river portions of the cave without crossing the river. But these are used only when the river is too high to cross, as a sail on this underground water is one of the most delightful experiences of the cave. Flat-bottomed boats, each with a capacity to carry about twenty persons, have been provided. Our lamps are arranged at each end; we take seats along the sides of the boats, which are pushed off; and we silently float out under the dark archway into an unknown world such as we have never before conceived of. The river is about 20 feet deep, of the purest water, so clear that pebbles can be seen on the bottom. In places it widens out to 200 feet, and branches reach away into darkness on each side. It is a sail of about three fourths of a mile to reach the farther shore, and it is an experience ever to be remembered.

Our guide asks us to keep silent; then, lifting the heavy, broad paddle with which he has been propelling our boat, he strikes with all his strength the flat side on the surface of the water. Instantly the subterranean thunders of this under-world are let loose. From all directions come rolling waves of sound multiplied a thousandfold, receding, and again returning with increasing volume, lingering for many seconds, and finally dying away in sweet, far-away melodies. Then, when the last faint sounds have ceased, he agitates the water with his paddle, and asks us to listen. The receding waves, reaching cavities in the sides of the overhanging arches, break the stillness with sweet bell-like sounds. Some notes, striking the key-note of the rocks, multiply the musical melody; some notes are soft and low; others are loud, almost with an alarm-bell clangor. This music, such as cannot be heard elsewhere on earth, gradually dies away in receding echoes, coming over the waters from far-away hidden chambers. The echo is not such as we hear above ground or in buildings, but a succession of receding waves of sound, lasting for

about thirty seconds, and adding an indescribable melody to all sounds, whether from shouting or from instrumental or vocal music.

The interest in this underground river is enhanced by the knowledge that in it are found the blind or eyeless fish. There are several species of these. They are colorless, and well demonstrate how life is adapted to its environments. There are no visible eyes, but the rudiments of eyes are found under the skin. Instead of eyes, the head is covered with small ridges of cup-shaped papillæ, each papilla containing in the center a delicate, projecting, highly sensitive nerve-filament, which, by its delicate sense of touch, compensates for the absence of sight. So sensitive are these blind fish that it is impossible to touch one of them while they are free in the water. Blind, colorless crawfish are also found in these waters. The cave cricket, or wingless grasshopper, is found throughout the cave. It has eyes, but as they are useless in the dark, it is provided with very long and very sensitive antennæ, which it sways about, and thus manages to get along without light. It is known that Echo River empties into Green River. When the latter river rises, even when there have been no rains in the neighborhood of Mammoth Cave, the rise in Echo River will correspond.

It is a long walk beyond the river to the

end of the regular journey, and many objects of interest and beauty are encountered on the way. The crowning glory of this part of the cave is Cleveland's Cabinet, a lofty archway two miles in length, the walls and ceiling covered with incrustations of sparkling crystals of gypsum. In places the fibrous gypsum has taken on the form of rosettes, and covers the rock as with a mass of snowy flowers. For the entire two miles of this wonderful arcade of gems and crystal flowers we hear nothing but exclamations of surprise and admiration. We leave behind us this fairyland for the more somber avenues, climb up a rough ascent in a wide dome called Rocky Mountains, and enter Croghan's Hall, in which is a deep pit called the Maelstrom. Above this pit hang large translucent stalactites. We are told that this is the end of the cave; but it is only one of the many ends, and some of the avenues have been closed by fallen rocks or by the stalactite growth, and the real end is yet unknown. We retrace our steps, and after a wandering of nine hours emerge from the cave into the oppressive air of the upper world. We have seen nothing more beautiful than the rosy light of the setting sun as we look out from the dark chasm. We turn for a last lingering look into the wonderful, mysterious under-world, where the spirit of eternal, changeless Silence reigns supreme.



ANDRÉE.

BY WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

HERE is a thing must of our time be told:
 One heart among us, wilder than the rest,
 Took ship of air and sailed away in quest
 Of one more thought of God, hid from of old
 Behind the eternal barriers of the cold.
 Of late we saw him with undaunted breast
 Scale heaven and steer to be the white North's guest,
 And Winter's ancient fastness to behold.
 And now the great winds waken, and the snow
 Drives southward, and the red auroras dance.
 He doth not come. Will he return? Perchance
 The Hyperboreans, rapt with his face,
 Detain him in the land of berg and floe,
 Or Arctos shines upon his burial-place.

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "A Bachelor Maid," "Sweet Bells out of Tune," etc.

IX.

THE crown of their voyage was to be the ring of mountains lying in purple shadow about Athens and the Acropolis. Davenant, glass in hand, had been on deck since sunrise, gazing eagerly at the various points of the Grecian islands, identifying Minerva's temple as they passed it, and at last recognizing with a thrill those mighty piles of marble, Hymettus and Pentelicon, between which arises, upon its umber hill, that gem of the dead as of the living world, the Parthenon.

Sybil had stopped in the saloon for a cup of tea before she joined him. When they steamed into the Piræus the rapt gazer felt her light touch on his arm.

"I wonder how I ever pretended to enjoy anything before you were there to share it," he remarked. "The morning has felt incomplete without you; and in other days I wanted to be alone when I was sight-seeing."

"I also will own that this is just a little better than traveling with my aunt," said she, mischievously.

While they stood surveying the approach to the Athenian seaport, amid the crowd of vessels of many nationalities lying along the quays, a conspicuous object was a beautiful yacht painted white, with the Stars and Stripes flying at her masthead.

Instantly Davenant's cap was lifted from his head, and a look of proud and reverent affection came into his eyes.

"What is it?" asked she, curiously. "Oh, only an American yacht! I can't imagine being glad to see that; for most likely there'll be some compatriots at the hotel who'll find us out, and there's the end of our lovely isolation from the world."

"A man would be a poor creature, in my opinion, who would n't feel a thrill at the sight of his country's flag in a foreign harbor," he answered.

"I never thought of that side of it. Perhaps I have seen too many of them," she said, a little chilled by the suggestion of reproof. "At any rate, I shall ask this Cook's boatman, just coming up the side, who the

owner is. They know everything about the docks."

"('The *Almée*, belonging to Monsieur Willoughby of New York,)' was the reply Sybil conveyed to her husband, who had not left his stand. "Just as I supposed. Those Willoughbys! who own a boat because it's the fashion, and are both so dreadfully seasick I wonder they've the courage to go outside of harbor."

"The yacht is a beauty, though," said he, admiringly. "Ah, there begins again that Southern clack and tumult of boatmen. But nothing will ever equal Chios!"

In their hotel, in rooms with long windows opening into a portico of snow-white marble, its pillars framing in full view the hill of his lifelong dreams, Davenant left his wife to rest, while he set out on foot to scale the classic heights. What he felt and thought on the staircase of the Propylæa and on the step of the great temple, where he stood for a long time drinking in the scene and air and influence, must be imagined by those who share his sentiment.

At the portal of the exquisite little temple of Nike Apteros his visions were rudely disturbed by the approach of a large, bland personage in a too correct yachting-suit, who fell upon him with fervor, extending his hand.

"My dear sir, I'm charmed to see you here—charmed. Met you at dinner at the Grant-hams', and am well acquainted with your high reputation at our bar. My name is—"

"Of course—Mr. Willoughby," said Davenant, gathering his scattered wits together. "We were told that is your pretty yacht in harbor."

"Yes; I bought the *Almée* last year from Monty Wuthering, who had got tired of her. Fine boat, is n't she? Sent her over to the Mediterranean, and joined her at Gibraltar last month. M' wife had so much care and anxiety last winter, getting into our new house—"

"I—ah—remember," hastily interposed Davenant.

"—that the doctors said she could n't undertake the care of it this winter. On the verge of nervous prostration was Mrs.

Willoughby. So we made up a little party for this cruise in the Mediterranean and Ionian. Came through the Canal of Corinth, or, I might say, scraped through,—m' wife quite hysterical over the narrow passage,—and expect to winter in Egypt."

"Do you stay long in Athens?" asked his hearer, wearily.

"Just as long as m' wife can be contented here. By George! Davenant, we're at the best hotel I ever struck in a foreign country. I'd be willing to put in a good stop here myself. But tell me of Mrs. Davenant. Of course you are on your wedding tour. The world knows very well about your movements. Can't carry off a belle of society without suffering the penalty of having it discussed. Like to have a copy of the (New York Interviewer,) giving a full account of your wedding? Think my wife has one at the hotel."

"You will excuse me," said Davenant, stiffly.

"No offense meant. Everybody has his turn in the newspapers, and everybody knows what old lady Lewiston is when her back's up. You'll be interested to hear that m' wife's secured for our expedition the one all the society columns are saying will succeed your fair lady as the beauty of the smart set—Miss Claribel Walton. Heard of her, no doubt? Pretty as a peach. Mrs. Stanley tried to get her for Lenox before we left; but m' wife was too clever—whipped in with an invitation for this cruise. Some good fellows are of our party—several friends of your wife's—Allen, Willy Lang, and Beau Frisbie. Tried for Cleve, but he was in England visiting, and I could n't catch him."

Davenant, writhing with impatience, was yet struck by the names mentioned. He knew them to belong to people of Sybil's acquaintance, hitherto unapproachable by the lavish Willoughbys. The idea of this downpouring of idle pleasure-seekers upon the precious hours of his waning honeymoon sent disgust into his heart. But stronger than all other feelings was for the moment his desire to be rid of a Willoughby in the shadow of the Parthenon.

It was inevitable that the Davenants should run into the other camp. After luncheon in their sitting-room, Davenant carried his wife off for a round of mild sight-seeing. He had found time during the morning to drop into the museum of the Acropolis and admire the recently discovered "Winged Three," with its serpent's tail, and now went back to give her a glimpse at it.

"Think of this splendid monster swooping down through ether every evening to gather tidings of what threatened Athens from the outer world, and returning to the Parthenon with the rising of the sun!"

"What strikes me in their sculpture," said Sybil, "is the grand, free forms of the women. If we could all be molded and hold ourselves erect like these statues and fragments, we'd be fit to (take the lead.) Did you see the small size of that pretty Greek girl's waist who got into her carriage before ours at the hotel? I am sure she cannot draw a long breath comfortably."

"Ah, Mrs. Davenant!" said a voice. A good-looking man in light tweeds, who was surveying a frieze in rather bored fashion, had turned and was saluting them. It was Sybil's old acquaintance, familiar to the wealthy leisure circles of New York as Willy Lang, who took the circumstance of meeting them in Athens as he would have taken a similar encounter in Hyde Park or Fifth Avenue—or, for the matter of that, Djibouti.

"Rather a poor season to be here, but we're well enough at the hotel," he said indifferently.

Lang, an old admirer of Sybil's, was well informed as to the romantic marriage excluding her from her aunt's good graces and bank-account. He admired her still, but wondered why Davenant had been such an ass as to take a bride under such circumstances, especially when everybody said that the fellow was getting ahead in the world like wild-fire. Nothing could have induced Lang to share *his* modest income with a wife. It was all he could do to knock about, buy drinks and cigars, clothe himself like a lily of the field, and pay club dues. The rest of his enjoyments came out of the purses of other people, to whom he gave the equivalent of his good looks, fine figure, and knowledge of the world, intending to do so until such time as it should please his fancy to secure a wealthy wife.

When Sybil introduced him with graceful pride to her husband, Lang treated Davenant with some show of civility. His shrewd, lazy remarks reminded Davenant of Ainslie, whom he had always liked, though in Ainslie there was the spark of individuality lacking in the present specimen. Keeping pace with them in the round of the museum, he stood lifting his hat at the carriage-step, outside, after Sybil had taken her seat in it to depart.

Davenant could see that Sybil was rather gratified than otherwise by this meeting. With Lang she had plunged at once into a

talk concerning people and things Davenant had already tried, for his wife's sake, to care about, but tried in vain. He was generously glad for her to have this pleasure, and at the same time a very little piqued at her animation in partaking of it.

"You like Lang, then?" he said as they drove off.

"I like some of the things he likes, rather," answered she, with a mutinous smile. "My dearest Peter, you can't expect me all at once to live on your mountain-tops and never go down into the valleys. Now, tell me candidly, what do you think of Willy Lang?"

"I'm afraid I sha'n't think of him after we've been parted for five minutes, though he's pleasant-enough company. The worst I have against him is that he is willing to be the guest of the Willoughbys."

"Who caused you to thrill with their American flag, remember!"

"I wish they had remained invisible beneath it. Sybil, I foresee endless vexations through these people being here. It is almost cause for moving."

"The hotel is so large. We can have our meals always to ourselves. In the evenings sometimes it might be fun to—oh, no, no! what am I saying? I am not Sybil Gwynne, and do not belong to that set now. I am Mrs. Davenant, an entirely reconstructed young person, who glories in her handsome, clever husband, and would n't change him for all that these people stand for. Indeed, Peter, I'm in earnest. And if I ever seem to you weak in these matters, think of what my whole life has been, put in the balance with the few months since you appeared to influence me for better things. I don't envy Claribel Walton in the least, stepping into my old shoes. She's quite welcome to them. I thought Etta would take her up when I deserted. Etta must have a girl friend. But she'll need a long time to get over Claribel's traveling under Mrs. Willoughby's wing. There's been a rumor that Claribel is in love with Willy Lang, and perhaps that accounts for her being here. But he does n't even look at her. She's not rich enough. Any one who gets him must contribute millions and a house. Those other men we're going to meet are of Lang's sort, only not as nice. You'll see them all over Europe amusing themselves. They're rather ashamed than otherwise of being called Americans. They don't like being mixed up with our vulgar herd that travels; though, to tell the truth, Peter, I don't either."

"Yet we shall soon be hand in glove with Mrs. Willoughby."

"Oh, the Willoughbys have crept (in.) They are bad, certainly, but no worse than the parvenus of every nation that rise to the top by spending money for other people's entertainment. It is a sure sign the Willoughbys are (in) that Willy Lang consents to come on a cruise with them."

"I am sick of their (ins) and (outs)!" exclaimed Peter. "See what they've brought upon us already—to waste Athens in talking about them!"

But the glory of past and present soon blended to drive from the grumbler every thought that was not of pure rejoicing, when they watched the sun go down behind "his Delphian cliff."

Peter had lifted Sybil to rest on a shattered pedestal in the grass under the eastern range of pillars of the Parthenon, now deserted, save for a few other visitors, and the guardians of the place, who were jingling their keys in impatience for the orb of day to go down and let them be done with gaping travelers. And thence our couple had strayed down to the platform on the western end of Nike's lovely temple, and stood looking at the scene in the silence of perfect sympathy.

Sybil could not know what this meant to his thirsty soul, for the first time slaking itself at immortal fountains; but she saw his deep pleasure, and was glad in it. They were standing where old Ægeus stood to look for the ship that was to bring him news of his son Theseus' victory or defeat in the encounter with the Minotaur; as he watched, the royal vessel had come into view, but with black sails, and the king, taking this for an announcement of his son's death, had leaped headlong to destruction from the cliff.

Just now the far reach of mountains, valley, sea, and islands was bathed in "the tender grace of a day that is dead." Nothing like it had ever greeted Davenant's eyes before. The memory of it would go with him to his grave.

The last rays of the sun saw them hurried by the guides from their classic pinnacle of bliss. Driving back through the *basse ville* of Athens, the cheerful scenes of the street after working-hours were in strong contrast with the forsaken ruins overhead. At the wine-shops, and outside the house doors, women, children, soldiers, and peasants were meeting, greeting, circling, and chatting, like a chorus scene of the opera. Men and women in Albanian dress, manly and handsome Cretans in their baggy knee-breeches with boots reaching half-way up the bare calf, some Turkish women in yash-

maks, made points of color in the scene. Greek women and girls were at the fountains, filling stone amphoræ. Between the white-, pink- and yellow-plastered house-walls—between the hedges of cactus, aloë, palm, and carob—arose with every passing by of wheels or foot-passengers a gray dust, thick and heavy, that, settling upon the inhabitants, did not appear to incommode them in the least.

THERE was no help for Sybil Davenant. Although she had said to herself that she would never go near her, she knew quite well that pay or receive a visit from the unconquerable Mrs. Willoughby she must. She found in her rooms, on the return from driving, the cards of all the party, with an urgent invitation from Mrs. Willoughby to join them at dinner, which was at once declined.

"You had better go alone first, after dinner, and I will stray in afterward," said Peter, with a groan. "A man always makes a poor show when on bridal exhibition. I shall go for a stroll through the streets, and you can say you don't know where I am."

Sybil's appearance, in Mrs. Willoughby's drawing-room—the one appertaining, of course, to the most expensive suite of the hotel—was the occasion of a lively welcome from two women who had exhausted each other's conversation.

"Our men are all scattered somewhere," said Mrs. Willoughby, a little more confident in manner than when Sybil had last seen her. "Claribel and I were just wondering if you would not come. And we are dying to see your husband. I've told Claribel what a beauty he is—an excuse for any girl's rash—"

"Go on; don't be afraid," said Sybil, blushing a little, but mistress of herself. "You cannot say more of him than he deserves. He will come in presently to thank you for the emotion the flag on your yacht inspired in his patriotic breast."

"Oh, my dear! I sometimes say to Mr. Willoughby I wish we could run up another set of colors. Our flag is just the signal for us to be fleeced in every port we go to. The yacht's a very nice one, certainly. My cabins were fitted up for Mrs. Wuthering, who has such sweet taste. But one can't stand the noise and smells of these Southern harbors. Besides, it's a change to get into a hotel and see somebody; though, unless you happen to know people, I think these foreign hotels are very keep-to-one's-self places. It's ever so much livelier at home."

"I know nothing whatever of hotels at home," said Sybil, "except to leave cards at them."

"Nor I," said Claribel, not to be outdone.

"I don't mean that I ever stay at hotels at home," Mrs. Willoughby hastened to say. "Of course not, with two houses of my own. You have no conception of our troubles with our new house in Fifth Avenue last year. After I'd furnished it I was a wreck—a perfect wreck—and that's the reason for this trip."

For a wreck Mrs. Willoughby certainly preserved a comfortable weight and aspect. But Sybil had heard so many of her class making excuses to come abroad and wander, through excess of money and vacuity of mind! Mrs. Willoughby was just a shade better than the Americans who, in so many foreign cities, form colonies, and are content to dwell together in insularity of spirit among those who will know them not.

Mrs. Willoughby was actually bored beyond measure by her Grecian sojourn. The true aroma of the place could never be perceived by her. In Paris, London, at the German baths, or in the Italian capitals, she might have found some kindred spirits and much diversion; but here!

And it was not what it seemed, to be the head of such a party as were her guests. The men treated her with but scant politeness. Her husband, having asked them at her bidding, often wished he could dismiss them, giving each a return ticket and hastening him home. Miss Claribel Walton, a dark beauty with a keen eye to the main chance, had set out intending to utilize the cruise not only in killing time, but by accomplishing a long-eluded capture of Mr. Willy Lang.

The most agreeable incident, so far, of Claribel's travels had been running, in this way, upon the bride and groom who had effected such a meteoric disappearance from Newport. She wanted something to put in her "letters home," she said; but Claribel was suspected of eking out a slender stock of pin-money by contributing items of so-called "social interest" to fashionable journals. She had also a keen desire for Sybil to hear the general expression of belief that Miss Walton would succeed her in the place Sybil had vacated.

"If you want gossip, I can give you a good deal from Newport in some cuttings that have been sent me," she said, fully aware that these columns contained many statements of the nature she desired to impart.

"Oh, no, thanks," said Sybil. "We have n't yet reached the stage of the honeymoon when one welcomes an enemy. We are shutting our eyes, indeed, to everything at home till we see Sandy Hook again."

Miss Walton bridled. She felt she had not made exactly a success.

"It will be nice for me to let our friends know you have survived all that has been said of you," she went on pleasantly.

"Shall you print it?" asked Sybil, now thoroughly aroused.

Vexed with herself for minding such pin-sticks, she turned to talk with poor, worried Mrs. Willoughby, who found herself in the position of a theatrical manager between leading ladies at war.

"Then you do mean to go back home?" pursued Miss Walton, after a moment's rest. "Won't you find it rather a change? I believe your husband does n't go out much—Mrs. Stanley said he did n't—"

"He has gone out now," answered Sybil, with decision.

What might have ensued was prevented by the entrance of the men. Mr. Willoughby, who brought up the rear, having managed to pass an hour at billiards, was now looking forward to the time when he might be allowed to go to bed.

The others, discovering in Mrs. Davenant much more of an attraction than in the too evident Miss Claribel Walton, advanced with animation to surround her. When Davenant came in, he found his wife the brilliant center of a little group of masculines, reinforced by poor Mr. Willoughby, who had hailed with satisfaction something that would oblige him to keep awake. Mrs. Willoughby, with her strip of tapestry-work, and Claribel, knitting a golf-stocking destined for the manly calf of Mr. Lang, sat, dull outsiders in the tribute to Sybil's charms.

Davenant's arrival changed the situation. Suppressing a desire to hit to the right and left, and carry Sybil away from these fellows to—one of the peaks of Hymettus, let us say,—he displayed an ease and good-humored courtesy that won for him approbation undiluted. But Sybil knew that, spite of appearances, the sooner she cut short the evening the better for Peter's reputation; and, resisting all efforts to draw her into a water-party the next day, she hastened to make her adieus.

"You poor dear, what a hero you were!" she said in the corridor. "But you could not have held out much longer."

"And what a heroine my wife was! Sybil,

what have you done to antagonize that Walton girl?"

"Nothing more than to *be*," she said, shrugging.

"She is in love with Lang. Lang cares not a rap for her. He was probably at one time in your train—"

"What an unraveler of plots my lawyer is! Lang has really cared for but one person—himself."

"But he was reputed to be your follower. That accounts for it."

"Let us go out on the portico and look at the moon," she said, drawing him out into the peerless night.

THE next day they went by carriage to Eleusis. A smart shower of rain, falling when they had but just passed into the suburbs with the cactus hedges and the plaster walls prickly with thistles growing atop, the gnarled, warty old olives and the oleanders leaning out of the courtyards, all gray with dust of summer, refreshed the atmosphere.

Up the hilly road they rode between pine-trees in shape like lilac plumes, and of a bright spring green. The rain, that had brought out from the earth a delicious scent of wild herbs, ran away in yellow rivulets to the valleys. Beyond them were bold, darkling, wood-crowned summits with velvet clefts, not so long since haunted by brigands, but now in possession of archaic shepherds wearing mantles of rough cloth, leggings, and steeple-crowned hats, and carrying guns to keep away the wolves from their "black sheep and white." Groups of local militia patrolled the hills to see that the wandering flocks kept sacred the inclosures of the farmers. These mounted infantry wore frilled petticoats, white leggings cross-gartered with black, and Albanian slippers with tufts of red silk on the toes. In peasant carts, gaily painted, drawn by mules in bright harness, the owners, trusting to their faithful beasts to find the way home, lay asleep amid sacks, barrels, piles of wicker bottles, and empty baskets. Ancient crones in sleeveless overcoats of white wool with stripes of black embroidery, carrying on their laps rosy babies slumbering amid vegetables, fowls, and fruit, sat upon donkeys. Children, brown and merry, ran beside stalwart peasants; and straight-backed girls, bearing amphoræ on their heads, walked with a free, firm tread in heelless slippers. And this, as Sybil saw it, was the modern procession upon the classic Sacred Way!

They had stopped for a bit to visit the ancient Byzantine church at Daphnî, with its

old mosaics newly brought to light by the Grecian Archæological Society, and then drove on to where the Bay of Eleusis, a rippled sheet of blue, laughed as it came up to their feet.

Here, where once Demeter's maidens danced and sang, and waved their garlands about the flower-wreathed animals they led to sacrifice, our couple fell to talking, as moderns will, of subjects far removed from these retrospects of long-gone days.

"You did not hear me, dearest; you are not listening," said her husband, after he had repeated a remark about the lakes above the road, wherein the priests of Eleusis used to fish. "Now you are thinking of something that gives you pain. May n't I share it, Sybil?"

They were on the rear seat of an old *calèche*, the dragoman and driver up in front. For the last ten minutes the dragoman had consented to intermit his eternal contributions to their knowledge of events and localities, and was enjoying a cigarette.

"It is nothing—just a trifle," she contradicted herself in feminine fashion. "I wish, Peter, we were going to housekeeping in that red farm-house behind the high walls! I like its tiled roof with the gay colors, and the vines trailed over the balcony in front, and those vineyards and olive-orchards all around; but alas!"

"Why do you sigh? You must tell me, Sybil," urged the impatient lover.

"I am vexed with myself for caring what that girl said last night."

Little by little he drew from her her tilt with Claribel Walton. His eye flashed and his lip curled when he heard it.

"You could mind that? *You*, who are my wife! My wife!"

"Peter, I told you I was ashamed of it. I am not a strong, big man. I'm only a girl brought up to consider these things all-important. If I do not think so still, it is because I fell in love with you."

"The triviality of it! The vulgarity! Why, we are as far above such people as— That it should find a lodgment in your brain, much less wound your sensibilities—"

Sybil hung her head, blushing deeply.

"Do these puppets flatter themselves they are (living in an ethereal atmosphere and breathing the air of the gods)? And can my Sybil fancy—"

He stopped suddenly, as if disdaining to carry out the protest. Sybil, who had never seen him angry, shrunk within herself. She thought he was making it unnecessarily hard

for her, and bringing superfluous energy to bear upon his expressions.

"Puppets they may be, but till now they have been all the friends I have had—that is, if you mean those I lived among till I met you," she said.

He did not answer, and in this strained mental attitude they drove to the foot of the hillside scarred with excavations, and scattered with the relics of the glorious Demeter's shrines. Leaving the carriage before a little wine-shop in the village, they climbed the slope, and after ascending the steps of the Propylæa, stood at last upon the marble portico of the great Temple of the Mysteries. The autumn sun fell in floods about them, but the air from the Ionian was cool and crisp. In the intense, clear light, the mountains of Salamis seemed near enough to caress with the hand. The sea sparkled with a million facets. In that moment of supreme beauty the spell of old days descended upon the pilgrims; their little troubles fell away, their hearts wavered toward each other, and then blended in tenderness.

"Do you know what the Eleusinian mysteries were?" asked Davenant of his bride. "First, worship of a woman,—a true, good, loving woman,—then the cult of a faith that led its votaries on from aim to aim of this world to trust in a world to come. We are standing in one of the most famous spots in historic Attica, and, as it seems to me, the source of the noblest impulses of those old pagans' lives."

"Forgive me!" murmured Sybil in his ear, as she rested her hand upon his arm.

This was not relevant, but Peter understood, and was touched by it. His brief anger long since spent, he had been reproaching himself bitterly for the pain he had caused her. They began anew their explorations, and before it was time to return Sybil had merrily proposed to him to "set up housekeeping" in the cave where Pluto had carried Proserpine to spend her honeymoon!

WITH all his desire to visit Olympia alone with Sybil, Davenant could not be selfish enough to deny her the delight of a run in the *Almée* to Patras, whence they would go on by rail to visit the ruined city of the divine Hermes. This excursion, projected by the men of her party, had found Mrs. Willoughby averse again to "undertaking to squeeze through that dreadfully narrow Canal of Corinth, where they had banged

against the sides last time, and frightened her nearly to death.»

Mrs. Willoughby therefore electing to go by rail to Patras, her husband felt that he must needs accompany her, thus leaving Sybil to chaperon Miss Walton on the yacht.

By half-past eight of a fine, bright day, when the arch of blue overhead seemed a single hollow gem, they embarked at the Piræus, and taking possession of the wicker chairs and umbrellas on the carpeted deck, were soon cutting the sapphire sea to round Salamis. Sybil, leaning back, with Lang established at her side for the morning, took as a matter of course this situation, that proved so annoying to her husband—and to one other. She had always been accustomed to see men keeping at a distance from their wives when in parties on pleasure. For her, under the present circumstances, to withdraw with Davenant would have been manifestly in bad taste; and Willy Lang's languid civilities could give concern to no one save Claribel, whom he took visible pains to flout. Miss Walton, in self-defense, assumed hilarity, laughing aloud, and engaging the others to admire her pretty vagaries.

Davenant, finding his occupation gone, walked off forward, and while smoking alone surveyed the scene with an interest unquenched by adverse circumstance. At midday they steamed in between the steep clay and gravel banks of the canal,—dreamed of in vain by Cæsar, Nero, and Adrian,—with its railroad bridge lying like a ladder across the chasm high above; and making the entry of the Gulf of Corinth in safety, the *Almée* began a voyage every hour of which overflowed with interest and beauty.

«Luncheon, luncheon!» cried the thin, high-pitched voice of Miss Walton in Davenant's ear. «Antiquity's all very well, but the rest of us are starving.»

«I am sure my wife will excuse me till we've passed the Acro-Corinth,» he said; «then I shall make up for my delay by eating all there is.»

«I keep forgetting that Mrs. Davenant is playing hostess for the day,» said Claribel, her eyes flashing through her mask veil of white gauze. «And so does she, apparently. One has n't the heart to interrupt that nice long tête-à-tête, has one? You know, they say Lang values only what's out of his reach. A year ago at Newport it was *she* who—but here am I letting my giddy tongue run on. Of course Sybil has repented of girlish follies, and is going to be a model matron now—just like her dear friend Etta!»

Davenant did not answer. With glass lifted, he was scanning the grand, bold promontory crowned with the ruined castle of Penteskoufia, at foot of which, close to the water's edge, lies the modern town of Corinth.

«I suppose all moons must wane,» went on his tormentor, artlessly. «Sybil was saying how immensely jolly it is to have run upon our jolly lot. To look at her, one would n't suppose she is a recent loving bride. But that's an immense relief to everybody. If there's anything that bores hopelessly, it is newly married gush.»

Davenant, turning, directed his gaze across the wide, sparkling gulf to the range upon range of Bœotian and Peloponnesian hills. Above them towered Par-nassus, gray and hoary, with patches of black moss in its cavernous depressions. The mountain of the Muses was now crowned with a wreath of blue-black cloud, whence a column of white mist, shot with sunlight, arose to heaven.

«An altar of the gods; not a green thing in sight; Apollo fled!» he muttered to himself.

Miss Walton, properly rebuked for her impertinence, could not withhold a final shaft.

«Then I shall tell Sybil you want us to go to luncheon without you?» she said, moving off. «Take my word for it, she'll prove resigned. If she's a wise woman she'll make the best of being with people of her own set now. When she gets back to New York she may feel the need of them.»

After luncheon, Sybil, slipping her arm through her husband's, led him away to a quiet spot.

«You have been teased by that horrid Claribel?» she said. «I saw it the moment you came in to table. Your eyes have a cloudy look; nobody's eyes are as beautiful as yours, Peter—»

«I was a fool to come on this party,» he said, smiling at her feminine method of peace-making; «but where you're concerned I must always be a fool, I suppose. Sybil, this shows you our lives have nothing in common with chattering idlers. I can't fit my feet to their pace. I want you to myself, to walk with me, apart! If you love me, give up the attempt to join your old life with the new. Let us cut loose from your past, and work out our own future.»

«My dearest Peter, you are not practical,» she said, in perfect amity. «Because Willy Lang is an amusing do-nothing, and Claribel Walton a sharp-tongued, spiteful creature, let us not be driven to make such desperate

resolution! My whole heart is yours. I am happier with you than I could be elsewhere. But we can't break with people. In two words, we must live for others as well as for ourselves."

"My Sybil a moral philosopher!" he exclaimed, in a voice that showed a tinge of vexation.

"Don't mock me, Peter. I am only talking common sense."

"Away with common sense when we are sailing under Parnassus!" he cried petulantly. Somehow, he seemed to her like a big, vexed child. The protecting, soothing impulse came over her with a wave.

"I love you," she said simply, turning upon him the gaze of her bluest of eyes.

THEIR day, thus checkered, passed into sunset. Lepanto, Don John of Austria and his courtiers dancing down to death, Byron and Missolonghi (whose two lights glimmered afar as the dusk fell), even the currant industries of the shores of this inland sea, were discussed between them at intervals, whenever Sybil could leave the party to join her husband. Davenant, throwing off all pretense of sociability, kept himself aloof—or, as Miss Walton afterward informed her friends, sulked bearishly. Sybil did not mind his bearishness. She knew the cause of it, and forgave. But she was aware of a panic she had rather have been spared, lest the present conditions should extend into her future in a way that would hedge her in unpleasantly. She saw that between their two lives of every day an intermittent rivulet of separating habit ran. She resolved that, come what might, it should not widen to a constant stream.

These reflections went with her to Olympia into the presence of Hermes, standing on his pedestal, smiling immortally at the infant in his arms. And she noticed that Peter, who had hitherto yielded himself prisoner at once to such marvels of ancient art, with the homage of a rapt school-boy and a fond scholar combined, now stood before the masterpiece of Praxiteles in almost moody silence as he gazed abstractedly.

When they were in the train going back to Athens,—for it was resolved to leave the *Almée* at Patras pending the voyage of her owners to Corfu,—Mrs. Willoughby, who noticed Peter's aloofness from their party, of which Sybil was still the center, said with a laugh in the bride's ear:

"Seems a little out of sorts with us, does n't he? But dear me, child, it would n't be a

honeymoon without a tiff or two! Besides, your honeymoon's over, days and days ago." Sybil sighed.

X.

MISS CARNIFEX sat in her morning-room, directing envelops for the circulars of a newly organized society of which she was president, secretary, and board of managers in one. It had been a forlorn hope of charity, of which she had taken charge. Until it was more upon its feet she would not expend a penny of their small fund in employing help for its clerical needs.

While thus occupied, her father, in bicycle costume, in which he resembled an ancient Strephon, came in, and stood discontentedly upon the hearth-rug before a little wood fire that the cool spring morning had made agreeable.

"I wish to goodness you'd drop those decrepit widows, or whatever they are, and come for a spin with me out to the Riverside," he observed.

"With pleasure, daddy," said she. "I'm on the last quarter of my last hundred, as it is. I thought you were safe and happy in your chair, reading that new novel I gave you, that everybody's talking about."

"I've had to go back as much as three times and re-read a page to find out what the woman means," was the vexed answer. "Her sentences are so swathed in mystery I could n't make head or tail of the story. Give me a good, rattling novel of adventure in plain words, say *I!* I would n't exchange (*Monte Cristo*) or (*Ivanhoe*) for a year's issue of this modern stuff."

"Nobody's going to interfere with your (*Monte Cristos*) and (*Ivanhoes*), daddy. But, before I go to change, have you seen in the morning papers about that will of Mrs. Lewiston's?"

"No; I hope the old woman relented, and left a few thousands a year to help out Sybil Davenant."

"No mention whatever of Sybil. With a few legacies to those spoiled old servants of hers, and a thousand a year to her cousin Annie James, what is not given to St. Clair Lewiston goes outright to build a new wing to St. Jeremy's Hospital, of which her husband was a director."

"I am sorry for that," said the old gentleman, thoughtfully. "But no one who knew her will be surprised. Davenant's refusal to live in her house spoiled the only attempt at peace-making. They say that poor stick of a son, St. Clair, is on his last legs, and his

money will go to an uncle in Omaha. I'd have thought Mrs. Lewiston would outlive St. Clair, certainly. Gad! you may n't believe it, but she was a monstrous pretty girl. I remember her and her sister Sybil at a ball at old Delmonico's in Fourteenth street; dressed alike, in white tarlatan, with camellias in their hair. It made my heart go pitapat when I danced a redowa with Sybil, I remember. She married Gwynne, a kind of a shilly-shally man who collected embroideries and carried intaglios about in his waistcoat pocket. Gwynne could n't stand the crude atmosphere of America, he said. When I saw him in Paris, in '71, he was the most aimless ass I ever looked at. Spent his life in bric-à-brac shops, Hôtel Drouot, and all that. The only thing that kept me from wanting to kick Gwynne was that he knew wines."

"At least he was amiable, I've heard."

"Amiable! Who wants a man to be amiable?"

"It's a deadly fact, father, that you are so yourself."

"Nothing of the sort! I detest skim-milk. Nobody's worth living with who has n't got a dash of old Adam or Eve in 'em. The grudge I cherish against Gwynne is that he was one of the pioneers in this running-away-from-home-to-live-abroad business. And the best commentary I can make on that is to point you to a result. Look at his daughter, Sybil Davenant."

"Father dear," said Agatha, putting down her pen, and straightening her desk mechanically, "I think you are too severe on Sybil."

"They have been married hardly any time, and yet she has managed to warp that fine fellow away from his career."

Agatha's face was grave; her hand shook over her work.

"Indeed, daddy, that's too much to say."

"I know what I'm talking about. The whole bent of Sybil's life and thoughts is in the opposite direction from his; he adores her; and—you see the consequence."

"He is no weakling," cried Miss Carnifex, with spirit.

"No; it is the very strength of his love that's blinded him to the rest. Grantham himself told me, when he dined here the other day, and you women were in the drawing-room, that—this was his very expression—(Davenant has stopped short.)"

"It is a phase. He will pass out of it. He will never stop, except to get breath by the way."

"It is ridiculous, in the first place, to see

him dancing attendance on her at the kind of places she goes to. And what's more, they can't afford it. They must be living beyond his means. When it is known Sybil's aunt has died without leaving her a penny, people will see that the Davenants have been going on too fast. When they first came home, he consulted me about a little house that I advised him to buy and try to live in for the next dozen years. The next thing I heard was that they had rented a furnished house in a part where there are nothing but fancy prices. When we dined with them I could see that the whole scale is above what it ought to be. And while she is as lovely and sweet and loving to him as ever, he looks jaded. Yes, Agatha, you know it; I see in your face you think so, too. Peter Davenant has made a big mistake. And if you'll please remember, I told you what would follow that first meeting of theirs at the Granthams'."

"Daddy dear, if I'm going to wheel with you, I'd better dress now," said his daughter, hastening from the room.

"You did not allow me to get in my fine point about that marriage," went on her father, when, quite out of the Park, they were speeding together along the drive bordering the Hudson. "It is this. She finds a rival in his intense Americanism. For her sort, America is a place to endure with philosophy, then hasten away from. She expects her husband to tag after her, begad! But that Davenant won't do. He will stick to his work, keep his beliefs, but struggle against a perpetual current forcing him backward. And this, Miss Carnifex, is the kind of wife lots of sensible parents of your and my acquaintance are educating their daughters to be."

Agatha, in her heart painfully convinced, again turned the conversation. When they had gone as far as desirable, and turned, they met many other couples on wheels, enjoying the quiet of the morning hour. Among these they were saluted by Sybil Davenant and Mr. Willy Lang, who passed them rapidly, she in high spirits.

"There's another thing an old foggy does n't fancy," resumed Mr. Carnifex. "The idea of a man down in his office slaving all day, and his young wife careering around on a bicycle in company with another fellow!"

"Daddy, I thought you considered a bicycle the greatest moral agent of the times."

"With a nincompoop like that!"

"Last time you mentioned him he was an

addle-pated sponge," suggested Miss Carnifex, with a smile.

"He is both—a sponge and an addle-pate. And considering that her name has been coupled with his lately in a very offensive fashion—"

"Has it?"

"Yes; and I'm even told that a morning paper—bah! I'm sick of the subject."

"I knew there was a story afloat about Davenant having treated her brutally on their wedding journey, somewhere in Greece," said Agatha, flaming indignantly. "The most outrageous manufacture! But I never heard of this later invention. Father dear, don't you think if people would only leave young married couples alone, to work out their life problems, things would go far better? I am shocked—grieved by what you tell me. Somebody should—it is hardly my place—who is there, though, to warn that poor thing? I believe she has not an idea of it. She takes Lang as a pendant—the sort of hanger-on women in her set have, because it's the fashion."

"An edged-tool play, at best. Never mind, Agatha; if we can't help her, let us be selfish and enjoy this fine spring day. There's a view for you—the river and the Palisades. Gad! what an appetite I'll have for lunch!"

But Agatha, slow to arouse to interference with other people's affairs, had determined to see if there were anywhere room for her to speak or act in Sybil's aid. The same afternoon she set out late to walk to the Davenants' house, and was joined in the avenue by Ainslie.

"May I go with you a little way?" he said. "It is an age since I've got in to have a talk with you when there were not other men about."

"We can't succeed in entrapping so fine a gentleman to our lowly banquets, it appears."

"That's not fair. Both times you asked me I had promised some one three weeks ahead. But I'm beginning to swear off from the invitations. I'm tired of them, to begin with, and, secondly, I find they don't fit in with working hours next day."

"I hear golden opinions of you from my father," she said.

"He is flattering to a struggling kinsman, that's all. I'm really a duffer at business. But, having started in, I'm not going to drop out; and, strange to say, I'm beginning to have a glimmer of belief I can some time get ahead."

"That is well!" she exclaimed. "I am heartily glad to hear it."

"It was because you were (heartily) in favor of it that I first put my shoulder to the wheel, I think. There is nothing like a clear-eyed woman friend to help a fellow on his way. But I'm at a wretched disadvantage beside so many fellows who were trained up to it step by step. As a matter of fact, I am like a foreigner getting naturalized. But no more about myself. You won't come in here and look at the pictures?" pausing before the portal of a gallery of renown.

"No; I have just time to get to Sybil Davenant's. You may walk with me there, if you like. But if she is in, you must leave me at the door. I am anxious to catch her, if possible, alone."

"It is long since I've attempted that," he said, meeting her eye unconcernedly. "At first I kept away because it was dangerous to my peace of mind. Now I rarely find her without one man or another whom I don't like in attendance. Actually, I was once goose enough to believe Sybil Gwynne superior to that kind of thing; now I find she's like all the rest."

"You were her friend—you are still," said Agatha; "can't you do something to stem the tide of gossip that's rising around her?"

"I would be glad to settle whoever started that abominable lie, if that's what you mean."

"I do mean that. I hardly think her husband can be aware of it."

"If he is, what can he do? There's some enemy at work with her good name. To-day there was a hint, in print, that her old lover Cameron was coming back to New York, but would find his way (blocked.) Now, I believe Cameron has n't an idea of returning to New York. I hear, in fact, he's going to marry an Honorable Miss Somebody he's known all his life. But the idea will get abroad, and the originator's purpose will be served."

Agatha, whom a man-servant in groom's livery had invited to walk into Mrs. Davenant's front hall, felt a little timorous about her errand when about to meet its object.

She passed through a small entry, blocked with a table and chairs of carved Venetian wood, into a drawing-room crowded with furniture that seemed not only to have outgrown its quarters, but to be overdressed. Beneath the shade of a large, pink-shaded lamp, Sybil, wearing street attire, as if she had just come in, sat by a tea-table. The other inmate of the room was Mr. Willy Lang, who was just getting up to go.

"I was delighted to hear your name," said Sybil, affectionately taking her visitor by the

hand. «You are one of those of whom one never is allowed to have enough. Sit down in that chair; it's one of the few comfortable seats in the house. I hate rented furniture, don't you? But what are we paupers to do? If we ever get a house of our own, I shall have nothing to put in it but some of my mother's things that have lain for years in a storage warehouse. Black-satin chairs, and couches with red buttons, and (suites) of blue-flowered brocatelle with bullion fringe. Can't you see them? Sugar and cream? How well you look! I thought so when we passed you in the Drive to-day; and your dear old, crusty, clever, sweet-tempered father!—he is an evergreen!»

«It was because we met you that I came,» said Agatha, who did not lack for courage; «and what I saw when I got here gave me a better reason for making myself disagreeable.»

«Willy Lang? Why, he's a fireside animal in every house where he chooses to drop in. My dear Agatha Carnifex, you surely don't credit any of the absurdities you hear about me and himself?»

«You know, then, that people talk? In that case—pray pardon me; if you were my sister I'd say the same—is it wise for you to be seen with him twice in one day?»

Sybil could not be vexed; but she answered the hint of danger by a ringing laugh of amusement.

«Why, Lang is so good to bicycle with, I can't afford to lose him. And you, who know Peter, can think Lang dangerous?»

«I don't think so. The world is not so discriminating.»

«Then trust me. Just now, since Aunt Lewiston's death, we can go nowhere, and I need something to take me out of myself. Oh, Agatha, you do housekeeping! Is n't it simply awful, with these servants we have? I wonder if that man is listening behind the portières. One never knows, else, how they find out all our affairs. I have a tower of Babel in my little servants' hall: a Swedish cook, a French maid, an English butler, a Belgian footman, and a Finnish laundress! And I begin to believe I hate them all. The winter has been one wild confusion, shifting and changing them. They backbite each other so there is not a moment's peace. This morning my cook asked an hour's leave of absence to take a bicycle-lesson, that she might go out on the road with «the Stanley girls»—meaning Etta's servants! I wish you could see my cook—forty-five, fat, and blowzy. I believe my butler takes photo-

graphs, and the footman plays on a mandolin.»

«Did you hear of the lady whose cook told her the servants liked the new butler, because he gave them such interesting lectures about how they were all descended from Mr. Darwin?»

«I wish mine were,» said Sybil. «There would be some hope of law and order then. And the prices of things—the bills—the cheating of tradespeople! Agatha, I'm afraid I'm glad there is no place like home.»

«You naughty girl!» said her friend. «It's because you were taken unexpectedly. You knew nothing of our eccentricities of New York service. And, if I may say so, this little house must be overcrowded with people to neglect the work.»

«I suppose so; I have n't the least idea,» said Sybil, helplessly. «I began the way I thought things ought to be, and Peter knew less than I did. If it had n't been for a tremendously good fee that came to him directly we got back from our wedding journey, I believe we'd have starved. And I'm sure I do prodigies of housekeeping. I look under things, and sniff at places, and make out the nicest little menus with the cook. We have no carriage, and simply ruin ourselves in cabs to go out to dinner and the opera and balls.»

«Your husband goes to balls? The world is revolutionized!»

«He is an angel!» cried Sybil. «He even offers to go with me. And he stays out the cotillon like a lamb. Etta says he is a revelation of what may be done with unpromising material.»

«And he likes it?» said Agatha, after a pause.

«He does n't mind. Perhaps he would like better if we had a little more time to ourselves at home. But how can we, with dining out so much—the usual thing, you know—I've never done anything else. Certainly he's a great success; even Etta says so. Women rave over him. But I'm not at all jealous. I like him to be admired; and especially since Claribel Walton talked so patronizingly at first about Peter's not (knowing people.) I believe it was Claribel who launched us! I think, but for her, I'd have been content to fall out of society. I have that maid she had last year, —Françoise,—and I suspect the creature goes and boasts to Claribel of all our gay doings.»

This, alas! was not the wife Davenant had dreamed of winning, thought Agatha, with a real pang. Sybil's rattling speech, her

touch of recklessness, must come from some worry she did not choose to display.

She showed Agatha the house, no part of which revealed a spot that pointed to repose after a busy day. It was the perch of birds of passage; that was all.

"There 's something lacking, but I don't know what it is," commented Mrs. Davenant, frankly; "and Peter, not having had a home since he was a little boy on the plantation, can't tell, either."

"I know," thought Agatha, but did not speak.

While she was taking leave of Sybil, Mrs. Grantham was admitted into the hall.

As Agatha had before had occasion to observe, her friend Katrina had also suffered a change, hardly for the better. The long winter spent in engineering a *débutante* from one scene of gaiety to the other, the half-sleepless nights, the rushing days, had told upon Mrs. Grantham's pleasant, placid countenance. She could hardly give herself time to sit down on Sybil's little sofa under the pink-shaded lamp. Through continually darting in and out of the houses of her acquaintances in this way, she had come to abhor little sofas and pink-shaded lamps.

The present visit could not be styled one of condolence upon the death of Sybil's aunt. Katrina knew, as did every one, that the Davenants had little cause to mourn that event any more than to expect consolation of a substantial kind from it. She had heard also, from her husband, that Davenant's stand in his profession had begun to feel his relaxation of continuous interest in it, and that the young couple could not hope to maintain the liberal style of life in which they had begun. She had a sincere wish to be of service to Davenant's wife, but, like Agatha, hardly knew how to set about it. The sight of Miss Carnifex, already installed here before her, gave her a sense of encouragement.

"Don't go, Agatha," she pleaded. "Stop awhile with me, and I'll drop you at your door. I had expected to leave two more sets of cards to-day, but it 's impossible. I am going to treat myself instead to a glimpse of you two nice women."

"My husband is one of your most grateful admirers," said Sybil. "Whether he will thank you as much hereafter for leading him into this whirlpool called matrimony, I can't say. But we cherish that delightful set of Thackeray you sent us—and your dear father's silver dish, too, Agatha. Whenever I look at them I think there are some real people left in the world."

"You may consider yourself lucky that you escaped a diamond cross from papa," said Agatha. "In his day, that was a wedding-present to special favorites."

"Then Peter would have worn the cross, not I. I saw disapproval of me in the dear old gentleman's eye this morning when we passed you in the park. Dear Mrs. Grantham, Agatha has come here to scold me because—because—tell her why, Agatha."

"No one could scold you long; but Mrs. Grantham will tell you no wife as young as you are can afford to throw the glove in the face of opinion, no matter how sure of herself she is."

"Ah, no," said Katrina, sighing. "The world is very hard upon pretty young women who are brought before it for approval. I have even heard malicious criticisms upon my poor child, who, however, is going through her ordeal without the least thought of her judges. Often it seems to me not worth the trouble I've undergone to put her on exhibition, poor darling."

"Katty looks the picture of health and enjoyment," said Sybil.

"Yes; but her parents have had enough of it. Our home is demoralized. My husband and sons complain outspokenly. After all, the trouble is not altogether in the high pressure of the times and of our community. In the early days after my marriage people expected so much less; and young married couples were so much more—humdrum, I suppose we'd call it now. I remember, when we were rather poor, and I had my first home, with a tidy little maid in blue ribbons to open the door and wait on the table, how many happy evenings I spent in it, when my husband and I would sit under student-lamps, reading, and when now and again I'd listen to hear if one of my babies was stirring in the crib up-stairs. Often, in answer to that little helpless cry of one waking in the dark, have I sped, light-footed, to the nursery—often bent down and laid my cheek on baby's cheek, and soothed it to sleep again; and the pulse of that baby beating against mine has given me joy more exquisite than anything in life!"

SYBIL, going to her room after her friends had left, felt in a strangely softened mood. They were dining at home that evening, having withdrawn from an engagement out of respect for her aunt's memory. As she called Françoise to attend her in dressing, the woman emerged from the adjoining room with a flush upon her face.

«I was only putting away some shirts for monsieur,» she muttered, although no apology was called for.

«Put out something white, Françoise,—that little high frock of Indian cashmere,» said her mistress; «and then I sha'n't want you any more.»

She wished to be alone. As she sat before her mirror, combing her wavy golden locks and twisting them up in a loose knot behind, remembrance came to her of the joyous weeks she and Peter had spent away together following their marriage. She went over the many acts of his life since that she felt must have been inspired by pure unselfishness. When she heard his key in the hall door it was impossible for her to keep still and await his coming up the stairs. She ran to the top of the stairs, calling out happily, «Oh, Peter, I am so thankful you have come!»

Peter was too young a husband to resist this. Three steps at a time he bounded up to take her in his arms. Noticing that she had put on the gown he liked best, that her simple hair-dressing was after his favorite fashion, he was the more delighted. A cloud that he had brought up town and across his own threshold vanished from his brow.

«Sit here and talk awhile; you have time enough,» she said, drawing him down beside her upon a couch. «For the last half-hour I have felt as if you would never come. I've been thinking, Peter, of many, many things. And I'm going to be better to you, dearest. I'm going to make you happier than I have

done. When I remember all the distraction I've brought into your life—»

«What is the cause of this fit of introspection?» he said, when they had sat in silence for a little while, both her arms clasped about his neck, her cheek to his.

«Oh, Agatha, I suppose—and Mrs. Grant-ham—and my own conscience. I'm not strong enough for you, Peter. You should have chosen Agatha. All I can do is to be sorry when I've been very, very bad.»

«And have you now?»

«I'm not going to spoil this moment by resurrecting my offenses,» she exclaimed radiantly. «I only wish you'd give me some way of proving how good I'm going to be.»

Davenant went into his room to dress, feeling a sense of relief from oppression. For weeks past he had realized that they were drifting, with no prospect of safe anchorage. His ambitions, prospects, ideas, that immortal part of him which had hitherto lent a spring to his step, a sheen to the sunshine, a glory to the air, had been under a spell. His love for Sybil, although grown deeper and broader, seemed yet to enmesh him in silken cobwebs as strong as iron. The beginning of the second half of his first married year had not found him a happy man.

With the warmth of her tender penitential promises in his heart, he told himself that things would go better. They were young; he was strong; the right way would open. Nothing was irremediable, provided Sybil loved him and her hand was clasped in his.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

WITH THE DEAD.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

LIGHT shadows fall across her grave,
A sweet wind stirs the flowered grass;
The song-girt branches slowly wave,
The solemn moments softly pass.

The afternoon draws quiet breath,
At pause between the eve and morn;
And from the sacred place of death
The holy thoughts of life are born.

I fret not at the will of doom;
Her soul and mine are not apart.
Dear violets upon her tomb,
Ye blossom in my heart!

THE RIVER TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE.

BY JOHN SIDNEY WEBB.

WITH PICTURES REDRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE MOST PART TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.



ON behalf of the Alaska Commercial Company, which had been carrying mails free of charge for years, I applied to the Postmaster-General for the establishment of a postal route along the Yukon River; and as the department, preliminary to deciding the question, asked for information on the subject of population and other points, it was decided by the company to send me over the route. The trip included the whole coast of Alaska, where is to be found the grandest scenery in the world, including glaciers, mountains, volcanoes, peaks, cañons, and fiords, in bewildering profusion.

We arrived at the island of St. Michael, in Norton Sound, on June 26, 1897, and, much to our delight, were not hindered by the ice, which, however, lay in dangerous-looking fields to the westward. The year before, the first boat had bumped about until the 7th of July, hemmed in by the masses of ice which filled Norton Sound. St. Michael is a curious old Russian station, built in the days of the fur-trade of the patriarchal Russian-American Company, to the entire plant and wide-spread business of which the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco succeeded some thirty years ago. It is a clean, bright little town, a cheerful, bustling place, where one sees a painted house for the last time in the trip up the Yukon. Traces of the Russian occupation remain in the fort, the language, and the church, which still controls the natives. The houses of the post are built upon a hill and about the edge of a small bay, along the shore of which the Eskimos pitch their tents, and beach their kayaks and bidarkees, in picturesque confusion.

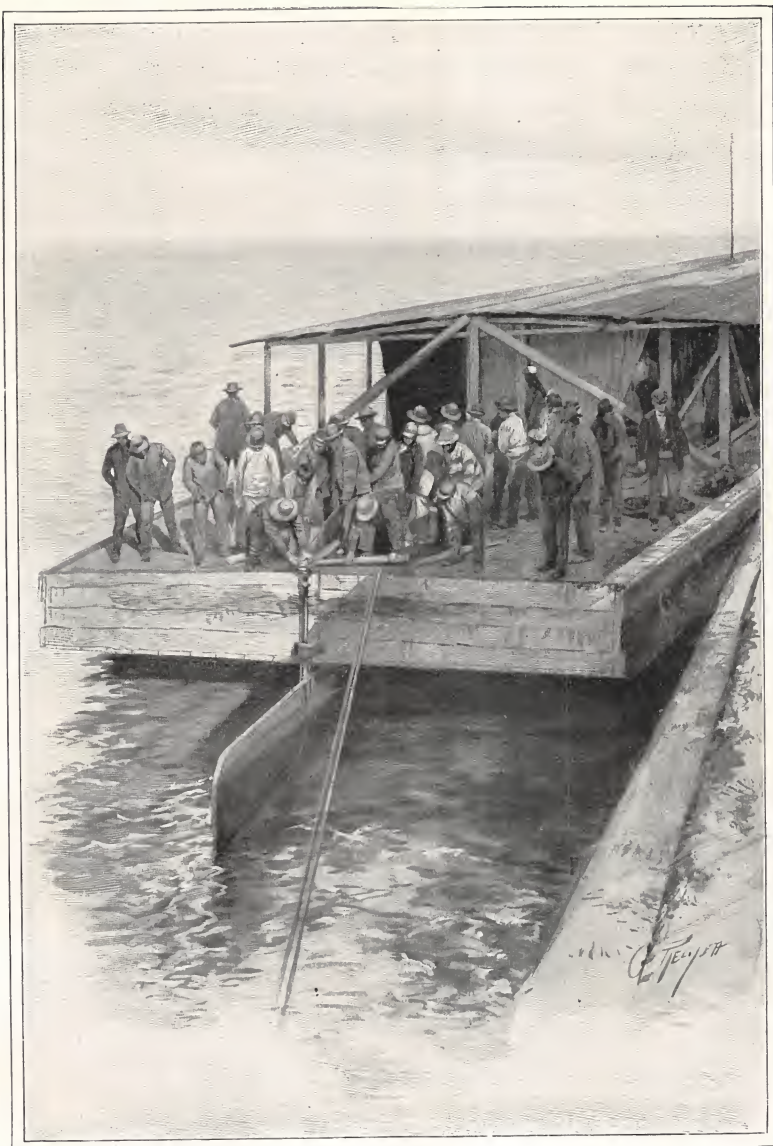
The natives are interesting to watch, and "sure-enough" Eskimos. They do all the labor in unloading the vessels, moving cargoes, and getting the goods in and out of the huge warehouses. Whenever a native has got the particular thing he came for, be it a tin can or a rifle, he quits work. Even under the stress of his extreme desire for tobacco or

tea, nothing can induce him to work more than every other day. The majority are packed in badly set up huts, surrounded by their dogs. An Eskimo has more dogs than a Virginia negro. They never bark, but howl, day and night, in a sad, disheartening way.

About St. Michael, and covering the country inland, is found a spongy, springy species of moss, notable chiefly as a habitation for mosquitos. The nearer you get to the arctic circle, the hungrier the mosquitos become; and when you cross the circle and reach Fort Yukon, these pests are to be reckoned by millions, and no one dares expose himself unless protected by nets and gloves.

The visitor at St. Michael is impressed by the number of the officers and employees of the company. It is hard to realize that such a large plant is needed to handle the business of three short months. The shortness of the season is one of the things which the companies now being formed all over the land for transportation and trading in the Yukon River region must take account of; for it is a most serious item in any calculation in regard to the cost of carrying on business. All the employees, officers, and mechanics must be engaged by the year, but for all practical purposes their active service lasts for only four months. The new companies will find themselves seriously hampered, also, by the inability of human nature, however strongly fortified by good resolutions, to resist the temptation to rush to the gold-fields, the crews leaving ships and boats to destruction, and enterprises stranded. This was an old story in the days of '49 in California, and has been repeated to some extent in Alaska during the past season.

For many years there was little else to be done at St. Michael but to gather in the furs, send out the few trade goods to the storehouses along the river, and transport the supplies for the various missions; but of late years the miners have been pouring into the country in larger numbers, usually coming in by way of the mountain trails from Dyea, and rarely resorting to the river route. In this way men crowded into the country without



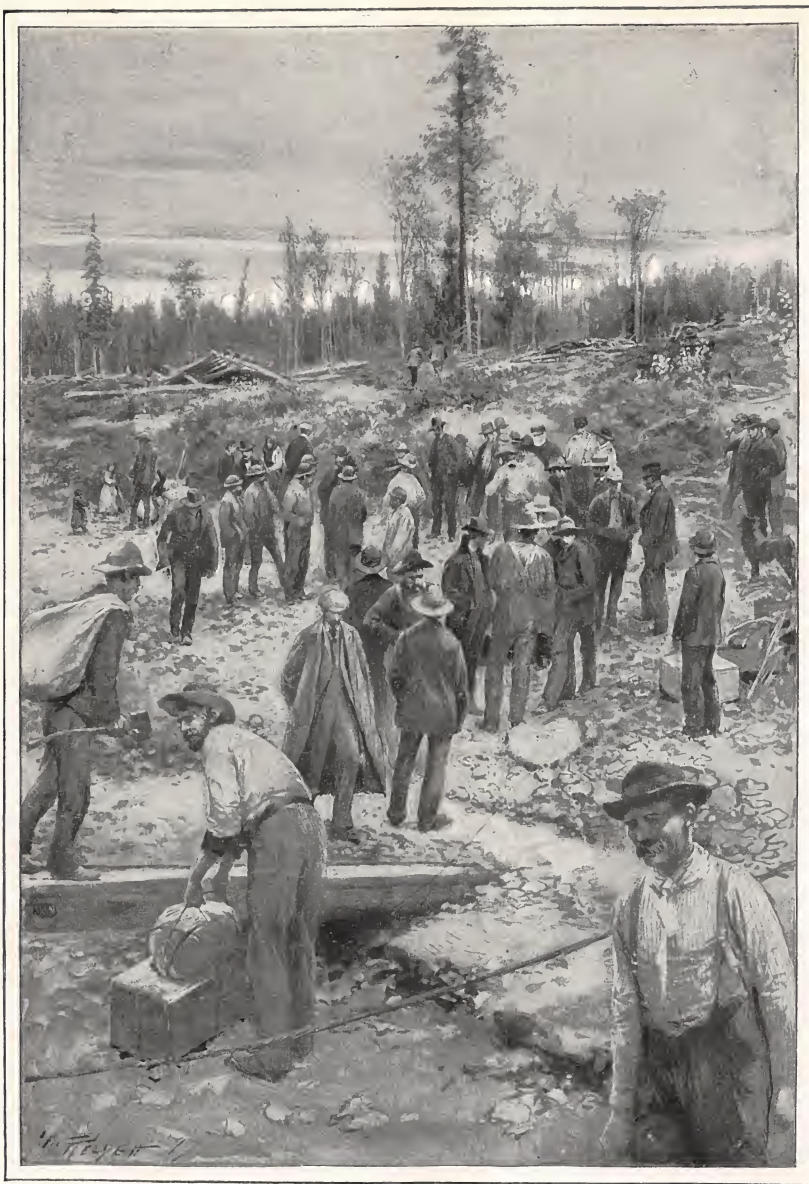
DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

THE RIVER BARGE THAT WAS PUSHED UP THE YUKON BY THE STEAMER *BELLA*.

their numbers being known to the companies. The first ocean steamer reaches St. Michael about the end of June or the middle of July, and awaits the return of the river boats, which have made one trip up after having wintered in the river, loaded with provisions, for the breaking up of the river ice takes place before the sea is open. It is too late then, after receiving the report of the steamers from up river, to build additional boats for that season; and even after the new North American Company was established, so rapid has been the rush of

miners that both companies have not been able to overstock the river markets.

This last year, hearing of the stampede to Dawson, the Alaska Commercial Company sent its steamer *Arctic* through the floating ice, and landed the first load of provisions at that now famous creek which the miners and all the world call Klondike. The result of this piece of enterprise was the loss of the steamer, which was wrecked by being closed in by the ice before reaching a safe winter berth. Following that disaster, the North American Company had its steamer



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

VIEW OF RAMPART CITY, WHERE THE MENOOK JOINS THE YUKON.

We are fast on a bar for twenty-odd days; and, owing to the fall of the water, its new steamer *Hamilton* was unable to get above Fort Yukon.

Between St. Michael and the mouth of the Yukon there is a stretch of sixty-odd miles of sea, a ticklish cruise for a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamer. Once the whole country was brought to the verge of famine on account of the wreck of the old *Arctic* while crossing this strip of sea. This was in 1889, a famous year in Yukon history, and it serves to show how well the men in that country

have stood by one another. As the result of the wreck no provisions could reach the men at Forty Mile and the other creeks. Indian runners were sent eighteen hundred miles up the river to warn the miners of the disaster, and to add that to insure their safety they must come out on the return voyage of the little steamer *New Racket*, then up the river. Word was passed along to every outlying creek, volunteers conveying the news; and such as chose to come in assembled to await the boat. Some remained behind from choice. One of these told me that for nine months he

lived on flapjacks alone; it was needless for him to add, «An' if ye've niver tried it, ye niver want to.» As this crowd came down the river, wherever provisions were found men

the possible exception of the *Hamilton*, which made but one trip last year, has been built with a view to accommodate passengers. Men took what they could get with cheer-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MINE SLUICES AT FORTY MILE, ON THE UPPER YUKON

were left behind of their own choice, and eighty-five of them wintered at St. Michael. This is an indication of what will happen this year. All will help one another to an extent little dreamed of in the East.

The boats on the river are built on the familiar stern-wheel, flat-bottomed model of the Mississippi, and sometimes push, trussed and harnessed in front, a barge loaded with provisions and merchandise of all kinds. Passengers upon the river boats heretofore have been persons prepared to rough it, or men who were coming out of the country, whose prior experience was such that the limited accommodations offered them seemed like luxuries. In fact, none of the boats, with

fulness; and I have seen a bishop of the Episcopal Church making what he called a comfortable bed—for he knows that country well—upon the floor of the barge, wrapped in his blanket, with his head upon his traveling-bag.

Alaska is a country of more square miles than square meals, and the legendary governor of North Carolina would have found little else but muddy Yukon water, assaying fifty per cent. solids to the liquid ton, in which to quench his celebrated thirst. «Do as you please,» is the motto. In civilization coats are worn for various reasons; «on the Yukon,» because it blows up cold, or rains. Napkins, table-cloths, sheets, and pillows do



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE STEAMER *BELLA* AND BARGE TAKING ON WOOD
ONE MILE BELOW FORT YUKON.

not "go" on the Yukon, or have not heretofore. Even the Klondike millionaire packs his blankets, and takes what he can get.

The mouth of the Yukon is about a hundred miles broad—that is, from one side to the other side; but there is nothing to suggest a river about it—nothing but small streams, sloughs, islands, innumerable and disconcerting. It is like being brought face to face with a hundred gates, only one of which opens the way which you are seeking, while the others lead to destruction. This is the difficulty in navigation at the starting-point, and the sort of thing encountered all the way to Circle City. It is touch and go, or touch and not go; and you may get through, or may stick on a bar and not budge an inch for many weary days or weeks. Eighteen hundred and fifty miles of river are before you on your way up to Dawson; and it takes about fifteen days, if you meet with no accidents—days of vast, wonderful, and ever-changing scenery; nights of silent grandeur, when you seem to be all alone, surrounded by an untrodden wilderness, silent, awesome, mysterious.

The crews of the vessels are composed of the river Indians from Nulato, Anvik, and the other stations along the stream, and, taken as a whole, are a fine-looking body of men, entirely ignorant of soap, and ready at all times to shirk. In fact, they seem to regard the whole journey as a huge joke,

the principal job imposed on them being to avoid work. The successful dodger tells his less fortunate comrade, in high glee, how it was that he was asleep while the other one was perhaps hard at work carrying wood or moving cargo. I have seen a crew of thirty natives melt away into a possible half-dozen at the moment the steamer was tied up to a bank upon which lay wood, piled cord upon cord. This wood, by the way, has to be cut and stacked in measured cords during the winter, at various convenient points along the bank.

The settlements along the Yukon are few and far between, for the most part, of the same elements. There are the company's store; the huts and tents of the natives; the crowd of howling dogs; salmon hanging in red strips, burnished with copper tinges in the sun; little tots of children; chattering women offering baskets, moccasins, and trinkets for sale; and here and there perhaps a squad of uniformed children, marking the work of some mission—good-looking, clean-looking children, but, whether Christianized or not, spoiled for living like natives again. The problem is, What is to become of them?

Along the banks are occasionally met the rude huts and tents of small parties of Indians come hither to cut wood for the boats or to fish; but, however simple the habita-



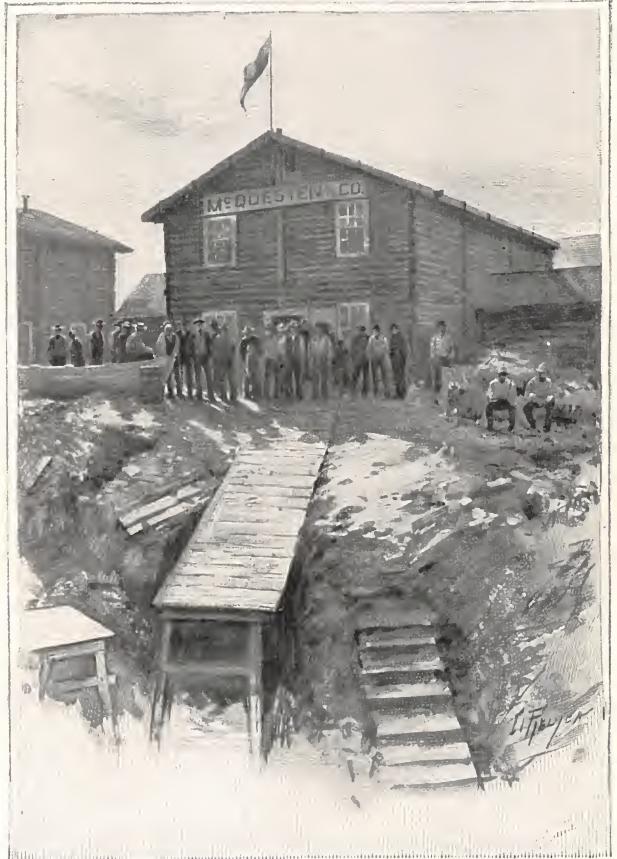
DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

JACK McQUESTEN. (SEE PAGE 683.)

tion, it must always have the cache, or storehouse, propped upon posts to keep the supplies out of reach of the dogs; for these dogs can bite through a tin can and almost climb a greased pole in search of food. The cache should have a place on the coat of arms of Alaska; it is universal. As you push up along this never-ending river, and pass Fort Yukon, you come to a stretch of over two hundred miles where the river spreads out over the surrounding flat country for twenty-five miles: four feet draft to a vessel is perilous; anything over that is fatal. In place of a river there is a lake of oozy mud and shifting sand. Innumerable islands surround you on all sides, cutting the water here and there into blind sloughs; the swift current turns and eddies about, the whole forming a perfect maze. The Indian pilots are at fault, and no channel has been found that "handles the water," as the river-men express it; but another year may lead to the discovery of a passage sufficiently safe to do away with this obstruction and furnish a channel to the deeper river beyond. There we spent seven weary days, and not until the draft of barge and steamer was reduced to about three feet did we get away. The water fell after we passed on, and since our time reports show that steamer after steamer got this far, only to stop, fast bound, unable to push over the mud, and utterly powerless to carry on its precious freight to the hungry souls beyond. On account of low water, the *Hamilton* unloaded her cargo at Fort Yukon and returned to St. Michael. Afterward the water rose sufficiently to allow the *Weare* and the *Bella* to get through to Dawson, according to advices from there dated October 15.

The first river bearing gold encountered on the way up the Yukon is the Kuikuk. This stream has been prospected for gold five hundred miles to the forks, and also along the forks for a short distance. As much as one hundred dollars a day has been made on the bars of the river by using a rocker, a hand-washer about the size of an ordinary cradle. The gold found was coarse gold, indicating that there must be creeks near by

in which gold in large quantities might be found, for the gold found in rivers is always very fine gold. Very little prospecting has been done on this river so far, and nothing whatever was done until within the last three years. Then the steamer *New Racket*, which was brought into the country originally by the Schiefelins, who founded Tombstone, Arizona, carried a party of miners up to the



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

JACK McQUESTEN'S STORE AT CIRCLE CITY.

forks. This year two men named Holly and Folger are in there, and several of the miners who have been in that country expect to hear of rich strikes. The Kuikuk River is shallow, with low water at its mouth, and for a long distance up the river is very similar to the Yukon and the Tanana. For the first hundred miles the river has low, swampy flats; but above and beyond this the mountains begin to approach the water, and gradually the banks grow more and more precipitous, and approach nearer and nearer to the river's edge, until at length you pass up a succession of cañons. This river is navigable for



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY'S STORE AT
DAWSON CITY, WHICH COST \$50,000 TO BUILD.

five hundred miles by steamboat, which makes it easy of access to prospectors; and as the forks run parallel with the Yukon, extending beyond Fort Hamlin, it brings this district within the gold belt, in which are contained the diggings at Forty Mile, Circle City, and Dawson. Up to the present time only one creek has been worked. At first only eight dollars a day were taken out; but the work was not done in the thorough manner now in use, and there is no telling what this region may produce. As yet there has been no systematic working or prospecting along the stream. It requires an expensive outfit to carry men to those diggings, and to keep them there without any other provisions or necessities than what they can carry with them; in fact, it is a dangerous task, and so far no one has attempted it. But old miners shake their heads, and say, «You'll hear from the Kuikuk yet.»

The next river is the Tanana, which enters the Yukon from the south; and it will be noticed from the map that it heads up directly into the territory of the gold diggings about Forty Mile, Circle City, and Dawson. This river is navigable for steamers for one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. The water is slack for the first two hundred miles, and after that it is very swift, with mountains on the left hand from the mouth up; on the right hand the mountains

are far off in the distance. The water is rough and swift, and the creeks entering it have glaciers at their sources. Colors of gold are found on all the creeks, but no prospects have yet been found to amount to anything; no holes have been sunk to bed-rock. Some of the creeks which enter the river on the left hand, heading up toward Forty Mile and Seventy Mile, seem to promise better results. It is curious to notice that toward Circle City, in the direction that we are now following, the creeks do not freeze in winter. The only hot springs ever found in that country are in a gulch near Circle City. One of the creeks leading into the Tanana from the Circle City district has open water about two thirds of the way up through the winter. This creek is full of ducks and geese, in spite of the temperature of 65° below zero.

The tributary that lies just below the Tanana is Menook Creek. The discovery of gold was made on this creek in August, 1896, by Menook, a Russian-American half-breed Indian; but at that time the excitement in regard to the mines at Circle City was on at its topmost rush, and later on came the excitement of the findings about the Klondike, in August, 1896. So the findings of Menook were neglected until last year, when a great many miners came down to the creek after putting in their summer's work, or the required work on the claims which they had staked out in other places. It was reported at St. Michael that a camp of about one



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A STREET IN DAWSON CITY.

hundred men would winter there this year, and the Alaska Commercial Company made preparations to supply them with food. But, according to the last reports, there will be five hundred or one thousand men there this winter. This stream is situated about one hundred miles below Fort Hamlin, on the river, and is, according to the prospects already discovered, full of rich and attractive opportunities for those who desire to work upon claims which cannot, of course, be expected to be as rich as some upon the Klondike. On bed-rock two and four dollars to the pan has been discovered, and nuggets worth ten and twelve dollars have been taken out. As we journeyed up the Yukon we got a fair idea of how Dawson, Circle City, and Forty Mile grew; for a town was in course of erection near the mouth of Menook Creek, called Rampart City. The log storehouse of the company was already built, and the men were burning away the brush to clear the ground for cabins, living in tents in the meantime. Judging of the future by the past, and by the recent finds reported here on Menook, Little Menook, and Hunter creeks, we may hear of Rampart City next year as this year we hear of Dawson. As we came down the river, one month later, some cabins were up, the tents had increased in numbers, and the town was started, needing only a saloon to give it an air of completeness. Many of the gold-hunters will get no farther this year, and will winter at this place.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

WIRE FERRY ACROSS THE KLONDIKE RIVER.

The next tributary is Beaver Creek, a stream which flows into the Yukon on the south bank. This creek has been the scene of one of the stampedes so familiar to those who know about a mining country; but the excitement proved to be vain, and passed away, and the miners returned to Forty Mile and to Circle City. These stampedes occur so often that old miners who have been through several of them are wary. This accounts for the fact that so many of the *Cheecharkas*, as the Indians term newcomers,—the Alaskan term for «tenderfoot,»—got in, as the phrase is, upon the strikes on the Klondike, because when the report was first brought to them the veterans thought of how often they had been deceived in days gone by, and turned a deaf ear, and would not believe the reported finds by George Cormack, or «Stick George,» or «Siwash George,» as he is known

up there, and so lost their chance of rich stakes. Several men have been up to the head of Beaver Creek, one hundred and fifty miles, but did not succeed in finding anything of importance; in fact, on every tributary of the Yukon, from the head of the Pelley River to the mouth of the Yukon, colors are found

have had in use a pump of the hydraulic kind, driven by a steam-engine, carried along by the steamboat *New Racket*, and have prospected industriously in every place which promised good results; but in no case have they found anything which paid for the outlay of money and the time spent on it.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MINING OPERATIONS AT "49 BELOW" ON BONANZA CREEK.

upon every bar; but these diggings are soon washed out. The bars are irregular in formation, anywhere from one to ten feet in width, and from two to forty or fifty feet in length. The gold is deposited in the top gravel, not more than one foot or a foot and a half in depth, and when this is washed out there is nothing left for the prospector to do but to pick up his traps, get into his boat, and hunt for another bar. It is just possible, of course, that in the bottom of the Yukon itself the pay-dirt may be reached by some of the many schemes that are now being formed for dredging or using some process for cleaning up the river. But old prospectors doubt very much the success of these efforts, because for some years past they

The next stream encountered is the Chandelar River, about thirty miles below the Porcupine River, and a little way below Birch Creek, on the north bank of the Yukon. Several parties have been up this creek, but not to its head, and very good-looking quartz has been found, but no pay placer ground, although colors show. The river has been prospected for the last two years without much result. As for the Porcupine River, which is large and stretches up toward the north, very little is known. Several parties have been up there in the endeavor to find gold, but no good results have been obtained. Nothing, in fact, is known of this river at all promising for prospectors. Seventy Mile, which is seventy

miles from Forty Mile, is a big creek of which the bars have been worked, and paid as high as from three to four ounces per day (seventeen dollars to the ounce) to the rocker, a very good pay indeed for bars. But on the creek itself only one bench claim has been worked, which paid but six dollars per day. The ditch, however, was not large enough, and there was not water enough there to ground-slucie in good shape. As yet no winter diggings have been struck. One creek below the cañon of Seventy Mile Creek had been worked last summer which paid twenty-five dollars to the man per day.

American Creek, which is fifty miles below Forty Mile, on the south bank of the Yukon, has twenty claims staked out, and very good ground has been struck. Claims, in fact, sold as high as three and four thousand dollars. Coarse gold is found, and some big prospects have been struck; but the ground is good only in spots, and the claims do not last as evenly as they do in other places. The claims are being worked, and as the creek is a large one, about thirty miles long, there is a great deal of ground that is not taken up or prospected. This is a good creek for winter digging; and as the grade is good and water plentiful, the summer work can be carried on very readily.

The best placer claims in Alaska found before Bonanza and El Dorado were at Circle City. This town was built up in a few months, and last August, at the date of the strike which has now been made famous by the reports from the Klondike, was a large, flourishing town of over a thousand inhabitants. It stands to-day almost deserted,—in fact, it may be said to be entirely deserted during the summer months,—on account of the enormous finds farther up the river on Bonanza and El Dorado creeks. The main creek in the diggings at Circle City is called Birch Creek, and the gold is found upon its branches. The diggings are located about sixty miles from Circle City, and are reached by a very difficult trail.

On Mastodon Creek, near Circle City, in the spring of 1893, a discovery was made, and the stampede began. Claims were taken up on Mammoth, Miller, Independence, Porcupine, Deadwood, Hoggum, and Harrison creeks. All of them were thriving. The claims were averaging from ten to forty dollars per day to the man, and over. Wages were reckoned at ten dollars per day, and some men were working as many as twenty men; but when the large stories were told of the Bonanza

and El Dorado, all hands and the cook dropped work and put out for the new diggings.

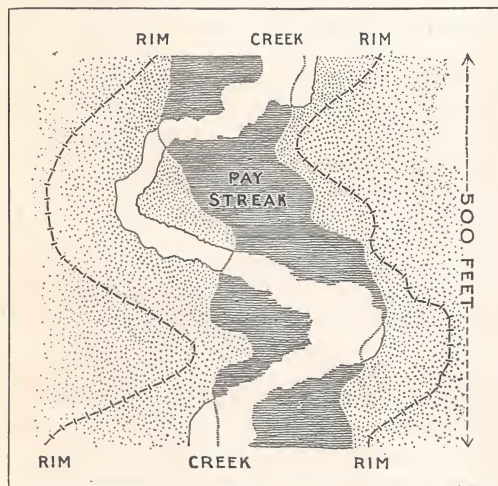
Circle City is close to the boundary between the British Northwest Territory and Alaska. As I have said, this was the boom town in August, 1896, and the mines about there, and also at Forty Mile, were paying well, and saloons and dance-halls, giving signs of mining prosperity, were wide open. The games of faro and stud poker never closed. If the whisky gave out, there was «Hoochanoo»—a deadly intoxicant distilled from black molasses or sawdust sugar, as the yellowest of the yellow is called, boiled in kerosene oil cans, and distilled on a rude worm. Here came such men as «Swiftwater Bill,» «Salt-water Jack,» «Big Dick,» «Squaw-tamer,» «Jimmy the Pirate,» «Big Aleck,» «Skookum Jim,» «Jimmy the Tough,» «Pete the Pig» and «Buckskin Miller,» «Nigger Jim,» and many others. There was also «Old Maiden,» who always packed forty or fifty pounds of newspapers along with him over the roughest country, «'ca'se they's handy ter refer ter whin ye gits inter a' argymint.» «Shoemaker Brown» was another frontier character. He sold his claim on Forty Mile for one hundred and twenty dollars and a Winchester rifle. The man who bought it washed out four ounces (sixty-eight dollars) in one day, and wanted to know why Brown sold such a claim as that for so little. «Oh,» said Brown, «they's gittin' too thick for me round here.» This was in 1887, and there were then only sixty-five men in the whole country.

The only society or order in this whole country is the Order of Yukon Pioneers, which was started in 1890, and is composed of men who had been in the country prior to 1887; but later the qualifications were extended to make eligible men who had come into the country as late as 1892. They have two lodges, one at Circle City and one at Forty Mile, and meetings are held every Thursday night. The society also has established a lodge at Dawson City, but the organization is not yet perfected. The total membership is about one hundred and forty-five. The badge or insignia is a pin with the device of a golden rule and wreath, and the letters «O. O. Y. P.» The society levies on its members for sick benefits, care of widows, and for the sending out of the country of any of the members who become broken down by the life, and is one of the most powerful influences for good order in the country.

It was a great night at Circle City when the gold watch and chain bearing the insignia

of the order was presented to Jack McQuesten, the president of the society. It had cost five hundred dollars; but no one knows what Jack's bar bill amounted to that night, at four bits (fifty-cents) a drink.

At Forty Mile a thousand men have been successful in making good wages; but the phenomenal strikes on Bonanza set men crazy, and good-paying claims were bartered



DRAWN BY C. S. VANDEVOORT, FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.

SAMPLE DIAGRAM OF THE PAY STREAK
UNDER A STREAM.

for anything to get to the new diggings. But Forty Mile and Circle City, although today deserted and dubbed silent cities, will return to their own again. The «stuff,» as the miners say, is there. It is «pay,» and big pay, and all the world cannot have a big-paying claim on El Dorado, and so the rush will turn to the next best thing. The best claims about Circle City and Forty Mile are far better than the poorest about Dawson; they rank second to El Dorado and Bonanza, which means that they are far above the average of placer mines elsewhere. Many will come back to these places for this winter,—back to the cabins and safely cached food which they had abandoned,—and Circle City and Forty Mile will boom again.

Owing perhaps to the isolation of the country, and to the class of men who have come in, up to the present moment the miners' relations with one another have been marked by the most rigid honesty and fair dealing; and this is all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that they represent an aggregation of almost every nationality and condition in life. The old-timers say that a man might leave his «grub» scattered along the trail to the mines for months and months,

and no one would touch it. In fact, a state of things exists to-day without parallel to those accustomed to the methods in vogue in the East; for the principal place of deposit for gold-dust is on a shelf behind the bars or counters, everywhere in the bar-rooms, where the precious metal lies in buckskin sacks, tied up, bearing the owner's name. No one thinks of disturbing them, and no losses have been sustained, so far as known. A sample of confidence and trust in one another was shown some years ago, when a cargo of goods was sent to Harper and Ladue, at Sixty Mile. The men were impatient for their outfits, and Harper told them to «sail in» and help themselves, and keep an account of what they took, and hand it in to him. There was a discrepancy of only six cans of condensed milk between the sum total of the taking of individuals and the entire amount of provisions called for by the manifest of the boat, and this might have been a mistake of the shipping-clerk.

Disputes, whether of contract or tort, miners' rights, claims, or what not, were, in the absence of any civil government, settled by miners' meetings. The aggrieved person called a miners' meeting, a chairman was appointed, and the grievance set forth. If the meeting saw fit to consider the question, it formed itself into a court by the appointment of a judge and a marshal, by the summoning of a jury, and by following out the forms of a court of law, so far as they knew them, and some of them were experienced men. The parties and their witnesses were heard, arguments were made, the jury were instructed, and departed to make up their verdict. This verdict was absolutely conclusive upon all the parties concerned; and in some instances judgments have been rendered for several thousands of dollars, which have always been paid. Whatever men learned in the law may think of such tribunals, the result undoubtedly has been that even-handed justice has been dealt out, without fear or favor, and a community liable to the most violent passions has been conducted without serious disturbances of the peace or infringement of the rights of others. No shooting scrape has occurred, except in a single instance, in which a man crazed with liquor, after a prolonged debauch, attempted to kill a saloon-keeper who refused any longer to sell him liquor. This disturber, after firing two shots, was killed by the saloon-keeper in self-defense. The latter was tried and promptly acquitted.

The «Father of the Country,» and a very

worthy one to bear that name, is known throughout the length and breadth of the mining district as Jack McQuesten, although his name happens to be Leroy Napoleon. McQuesten has been there for over twenty-five years, engaged in trading with the Indians for furs, and keeping a store either for himself or for the Alaska Commercial Company; and as such he has come in contact with almost every man who has been in that country. He has probably supported, outfitted, and grub-staked more men, and kept them through the long cold winters when they were down on their luck and unable to obtain supplies or help from any one else, than any person knows except himself and the company. Hundreds of men to-day own rich claims, and are reckoning up their thousands, when, if it had not been for a credit given them and goods allowed them by Jack McQuesten, they would still be toiling amid the mosquitos for a living. He has done all this from kindness of heart, without any selfish motive whatever; for if he had been exacting, or had demanded even the share which he would have been entitled to on a grub-stake agreement, he would probably be to-day one of the richest men in that country, which means a very rich man in any country.

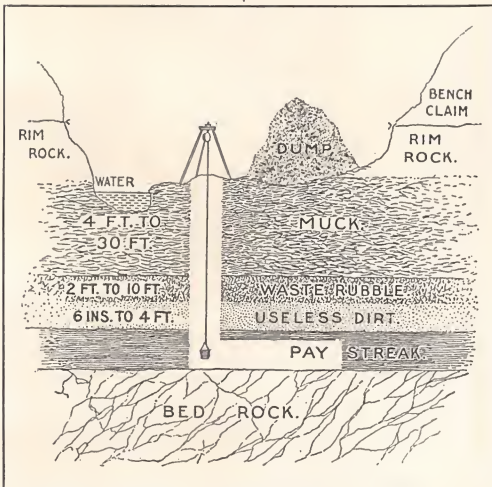
Above Circle City, and all the way along to Dawson, the mountains hem in the river

for a long time supposed to mark the line between Canada and the United States. The actual boundary was marked out by a joint survey of the United States and Canada, and the line is made very distinct by cutting away the trees for a space of six feet in width; on the river banks the line is indicated by monuments of rocks.

One thing you are almost sure to see on the river above Circle City is a moose. This animal, if frightened when it is near the water, immediately turns to the river to escape; and so when he is sighted on the banks, usually about daylight, the vigilant and sporty pilots begin to toot, the whistle making an irregular, squeaky, prolonged sound, and all hands jump out of bed, and yell, "Moose! Moose!" Every Indian has a Winchester, as also has every miner; and as the fool of a beast takes to the water, the magazines are loaded, and guns bristle all over the boat. Finally some one cannot hold in any longer, and pulls the trigger. Then sixty or seventy Winchesters pump lead into the poor beast, firing by platoon or at will, and stirring up the water about him to foam. Of course he is killed, and, owing to the scarcity of fresh meat, is eagerly converted into food.

On the morning of August 17, at about four o'clock, broad daylight, we came up to that collection of forty large log cabins and five hundred tents, sprawled at the foot of Moose-skin Mountain, named Dawson City. Helter-skelter, in a marsh, lies this collection of odds and ends of houses and habitations, the warehouses of the two companies cheek by jowl with cabins and tents. A row of bar-rooms called Front street; the side streets deep in mud; the river-bank a mass of miners' boats, Indian canoes, and logs; the screeching of the sawmill; the dismal, tuneless scraping of the violin of the dance-halls, still wide open; the dogs everywhere, fighting and snarling; the men either "whooping it up" or working with the greatest rapidity to unload the precious freight we had brought—all of this rustling and hustling made the scene more like the outside of a circus-tent, including the smell of the sawdust, than anything else in the world.

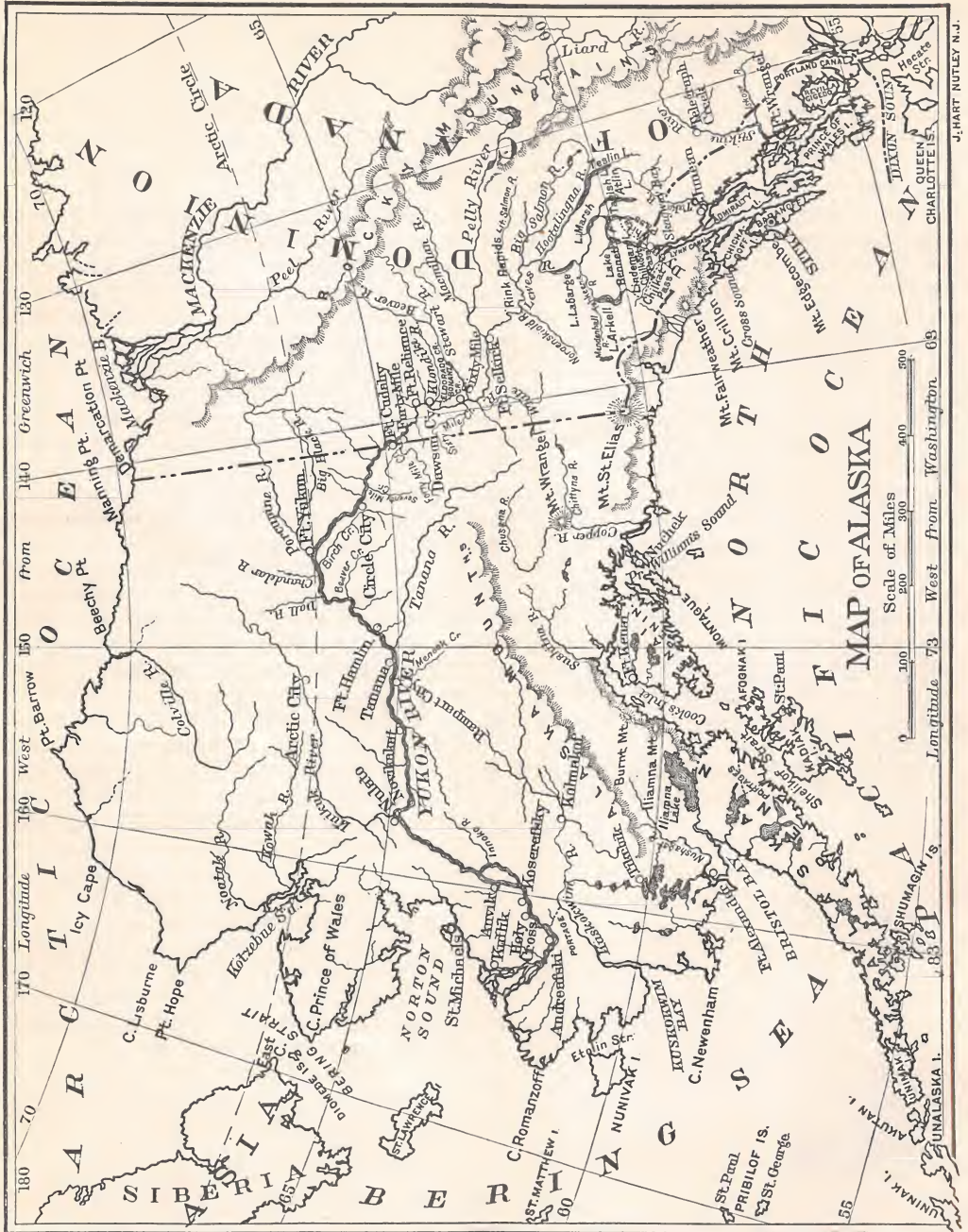
This, then, is the real El Dorado! One wonders where they all live. One wonders, in amazement, where they are all going to live through the awful winter that is approaching. Here is the true pinch of the situation. It is not a question of food; it is a question of shelter. There are no logs fit to make a cabin to be found on the river within thirty miles of Dawson City. To wait



DRAWN BY C. S. VANDEVOORT, FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.

DIAGRAM OF THE STRATA ABOVE THE PAY STREAK.

with high cliffs, and here and there the cliffs come to the water's edge, and the path of the river seems to be cut out of the solid rock, forming a deep cañon. One remarkable cliff is termed "Boundary Butte," and was



for winter means that it will be too late to build a cabin, because the moss which is used to fill the chinks between the logs by that time will be frozen solid, and be useless unless thawed out over a fire, a very wearisome job. The old-timers have got used to 70° below zero in tents; and even if the robe over them freezes solid, a match is smuggled from under the bedclothes, the fire somehow lighted

in the sheet-iron stove, and there they lie until the stove is red-hot before they dare emerge from under the skin rugs. But how are the newcomers to survive the cruel exposure—the lawyers, clerks, doctors, and mechanics?

Dawson City seems like a joke. Eighteen hundred and fifty miles from St. Michael Island—this is where they have gold, millions of gold, and nothing better than a muddy

swamp to live in; gold-dust and nuggets in profusion, and yet the negroes in the cabins of a Southern plantation live better than the richest man in the country. Our arrival at Dawson was at a very critical time. We had brought with us nearly four hundred tons of provisions, and this fact served to allay the anxious fears of many who were becoming panic-stricken at the idea that there would be a scarcity of food during the winter. No news had come to us by way of the ocean of later date than June 10, but newspapers had been received over the summit at Dawson of date as late as July 26; and so the report that crowds were swarming into the gold-fields had reached them, but was news to us. The town was thoroughly scared, and was over-run with men who had come down from the diggings, often twenty and twenty-five miles, to make sure of their outfits for the winter; and so determined were they to procure them that they sat themselves down calmly in line, like men waiting to buy seats at a first-night performance, determined to wait until the goods were put up and set aside in their names. An outfit for a miner means everything that he uses during the winter, and this, being reduced to its lowest terms, means bacon and beans. There are other things, of course, in tins and in gunny-sacks,—flour, sugar, salt, pickles, dried fruits, desiccated potatoes,—to suit the taste; but the work is done, and the gold is found and cleaned up, and miles and miles of the wilderness conquered, and cold weather and wintry winds withstood, on bacon and beans. It is the easiest food to pack, the quickest to prepare, and the most lasting and sustaining. The miner usually reckons on getting his outfit in November, because he can carry on a sledge, after the snow has set in, four times as much as he can pack on his back, and if he is fortunate enough to have dogs he can draw much more.

From Dawson the trail to the mines leads over a steep hill to the creek made so famous by its tributaries; for there is not a single mine on the principal stream, which in the miners' slang is called Klondike. And yet this stream does in reality bear a characteristic name given it by the Indians, which is utterly murdered by this pronunciation, now so common.

The Indians name the creeks throughout the country from some characteristic in connection with the stream itself; and as this one is so swift that in order to set their salmon-traps or -nets they were obliged to use a hammer to drive the stakes to anchor them,

the creek was named by them Hammer Creek, or, in their language, phonetically, *Troan-Dik*. The spelling Klondike means absolutely nothing, but has been accepted, so I learn, by the Board of Geographical Names of the United States. On going down the hill you come to the Klondike; and here there are two ferries, run by means of wire cable, and worked by hand. You are carried across this swift stream, and on the opposite bank you come to a little town formed about the ferry. You pay the ferryman, as you pay up there for everything you get, in gold-dust. Neither coin nor currency is known, but in all dealings the miner's pocket-book is his sack of buckskin containing the dust. This is handed over, scales are produced, and the dust to the required amount weighed out. Then the sack is tied up and handed back to the owner. Some strange things happen in the weighing of the dust. One man told me that he carefully weighed out his dust before starting out on a tour, and found he had sixty dollars. On his return, after purchasing eleven dollars' worth of various things, he was two dollars and forty cents short.

Gold-dust, with iron, quartz, or sand mixed in small proportion, passes at seventeen dollars for the ounce. A friend of mine once handed over his sack to pay for his breakfast at the Dawson restaurant, and the young woman in charge emptied some of his dust into the blower, as the receptacle on the scales is called, intending to weigh it, but she spilled it on the sawdust floor. "How unfortunate!" she said; then she deliberately weighed out the price of the meal from his sack a second time! On the next day the proprietor of the restaurant paid to the victim of this carelessness fifteen dollars in dust, assuring him that she had washed out the sawdust about the scales, and found this amount. The boot-blacks at Dawson make upward of two dollars every morning by washing out the sawdust from under the weighing-scales. In some places the salesman turns his back on you when he weighs out the price of anything, leaving you to guess how much he takes. But everything "goes" on the Yukon.

Across the ferry one encounters a notorious Alaska product known as "sour-dough" beer. I do not know how or of what they make it, but I have no wish to come across it again.

The trail, as it was called, was a miserable excuse for a path, leading over rough hummocks, up hills and over bogs, through sticky, oozy muck, by brambles and bushes, across creeks and corduroy paths. The charge for

packing is thirty cents a pound to No. 1 El Dorado, about fifteen miles from Dawson.

And here let me make a confession: I, with others, rode a horse. No one can imagine what a sensation this created along the creek. No one had ever indulged in such extravagance before. Though a man should wash out twenty thousand dollars in a day, he would be content to walk. But I rode at thirty cents per pound to El Dorado, and thirty cents to return, or 186 pounds for \$111.60. They did not, however, put me on the scales like a sack of gold-dust. Still, it was cheap, according to an Irishman coming over the summit, who remarked that he had had his goods packed over by Indians. «An' I got it chape,» said he. «How much did you pay?» some one inquired. «I don't know,» said he. «Then how do you know it was cheap?» «Oh, anything would be chape over that place!» he replied.

The famous Bonanza Creek and the more famous El Dorado Creek are very like ordinary, every-day creeks in appearance—a little less civilized, perhaps, than creeks to be met with in the East. There are men living in Alaska to-day who have hunted moose over these creeks dozens of times; but, as the old miners say, there were no surface indications to lead any one to suppose that gold might be found in them, so hundreds of miners passed by in their boats, going to Forty Mile and Circle City. The finding of such gold is always an accident, and the old hands are usually the last to realize the truth. «Stick George» Cormack and his squaw's relatives camped on the creek for dinner one day, and somehow got to digging, and washed out some gold. He went to Forty Mile and made claim for discovery, and soon the news spread like wild-fire.

Keeping the trail which leads along the hillside, you soon come upon the mines. Cabins are scattered here and there; and in trying to discover how far you have gone you call out, «What number is that?» «Fifty-two below,» is the reply. You puzzle a little at first over this, and are informed that the claims are numbered either above or below the point called «Discovery,» where gold was first found. But you soon learn to talk of «twenty above» and «fifty below» like an old-timer.

The claims succeed one another on Bonanza Creek at the rate of about ten claims to the mile, beginning somewhere in the nineties below, on Bonanza, and reaching up to Discovery, and then on for miles above. The numbers far below are not considered of

much account, and it is only the claims between the forties «below» and the forties «above» that are supposed to contain great wealth. On El Dorado Creek, which empties into Bonanza, there was no discovery claim, and the miners began at the mouth and staked straight up. Claims are staked, measured, and registered, the length allowed each claimant being five hundred feet along the bed of the stream. It is easy enough to settle the base and top lines of a claim, and not difficult to measure out the five hundred feet; but the side lines are troublesome. The side limits of a placer or creek claim begin where the side of a hill or rim rock leaves off. It is the edge of the hill or the beginning of the creek, or *vice versa*. This matter becomes important when a neighbor has a bench claim up the hill, his line beginning where the creek claim leaves off. The gold commissioner will have several knotty points between the bench claims and the creek claims to decide this year.

Sluicing for gold, the only method used, requires a good supply of water with a sufficient head or fall and conveniently near to the spot where the arduous and expensive preliminary work is done. The miner is at the mercy of the season. If the water comes down in sufficient quantities, he wins; but if, for some reason, the elements withhold the needed water, he loses the fruits of his winter labor.

The sluice-boxes are made of boards, machine or whip sawed, and roughly nailed up into troughs or boxes, and fitted together like stovepipes. Cleats are nailed into the last boxes, called «riffles,» or, in some instances, shallow auger-holes are bored into the bottom boards. The boxes are then set up in line on a gentle slope, and the pay-dirt is shoveled in at the top, and a stream of water, controlled by a dam, sluices over the dirt and gold. The weight of gold is so great that it falls, and the dirt and useless gravel washes off, the gold being caught upon the cleats or in the holes scattered about. In the last boxes quicksilver is put in to catch the very fine gold. When the gold is taken from the boxes it is called a «clean-up.»

On the day I was there (August 17), at No. 30 El Dorado twenty thousand dollars was «cleaned up» in twenty-four hours, with only one man shoveling in the dirt. Such wonderful results may mean, however, months of expensive work; but «when it comes, it comes quick,» as the saying is among the miners.

In the diagrams (see pages 682 and 683) I

have made an attempt to show how the "pay streak" runs through a claim, and the probable conditions underground. The paystreak, which is probably the bed of an old glacier that carried the gold down the gulch, pursues its own course, widening, deepening, or sweeping from left to right, totally regardless of the rim-rock and the present bed of the stream. In fact, in some places the pay streak goes clear out of the confines of the creek, and turns off under the hills, which have evidently been pushed bodily out over the old course of the stream, and dumped by some convulsion of nature across the path of the water, forcing it into a new channel. The bench claim, therefore, may cover a turn of the pay streak. A bench claim is one hundred feet square, whereas a placer or creek claim is bound by the present hillsides, and not by the banks of the prehistoric glacier.

The gold is deep down under hard, frozen muck, rubble, and useless dirt, and often nothing is found until just over bed-rock; and on some claims of El Dorado Creek four inches above bed-rock there is found a layer of clay, and between this clay and bed-rock are found nuggets and flakes of gold, packed so closely that, as they say, "you have to mix dirt with it to sluice it."

Sometimes the method of opening up a claim is like digging a cellar. An excavation is dug; but if this method is tried, and the claim is at all deep, the dirt has to be handled twice—that is, shoveled up to a scaffold, and thence into the sluice-boxes; an expensive and slow process.

A claim, when "opened up" and shoveling in is going on, is an active little community of about twenty persons—a cluster of cabins and tents, a cheerful, happy, working lot. The latch-string is hanging out, if the owner boasts a door, for doors and window-sashes are rare; and the proprietor will cheerfully share his bacon and beans, or anything else he may have.

In the summer-time the prospectors load their provisions and supplies into the boats, which they make after crossing the mountains in order to come down the river. They drop down the current to some place, load on their backs as much of their outfit as they can carry, and proceed into the unbroken wilderness, there forming a rough camp on the banks of the creek which they intend to prospect. They usually go in parties of two, three, or four, and divide up among themselves the burdens of the tools and camp outfit, in addition to the provisions. Their

time for prospecting is short, because of the difficulty of transporting provisions inland. Often five hundred miles intervene between two storehouses, and in order to get additional supplies of provisions they must either drop down the river to a storehouse, and pole back,—very laborious work with the swift current of the Yukon, which runs from three to eight miles an hour,—or pole up against the current, and drop back.

The prospector sinks a hole or shaft through the muck, useless gravel, and stone until he reaches the pay streak. There are instances where men have sunk over twenty feet in this way, and have discovered nothing to reward them—in fact, not having even penetrated through the muck. Whether they sink these holes in winter or summer, they must build fires on the surface, and thaw the ground as they go down.

A great deal of prospecting is done in winter, for the reason that men can transport so much more in the way of supplies upon their sledges, drawn either by the miners themselves or by their dogs, of which there is no great number to be had, and also because when the water is frozen there is no danger of its breaking in and filling up the prospect-hole. In winter-time they build a camp as substantial as possible, and, with supplies to last till warm weather, they have a longer time in which to sink down to bed-rock than the summer season affords.

When a gold-bearing creek is discovered, the man who makes the discovery is entitled to the usual five hundred feet, and an additional five hundred feet by the right of discovery. He proceeds to the nearest gold commissioner to record his discovery. Then the news spreads like wild-fire, and a stampede begins. A whole creek has been known to have been staked out in twenty-four hours.

By the Canadian mining regulations, each tributary of the Yukon, with its creeks, forms one mining district, and no one besides a discoverer may stake more than one claim in a district. According to the American regulations, a man may stake a claim on every creek. A great many miners, following the American rule, staked out claims last year upon the various creeks of the Klondike, such as Bonanza, El Dorado, Bear, Last Chance, Gold Bottom, and Too Much Gold, but were obliged by the gold commissioner to choose which claim they would keep, and abandon the others. The presence of the gold commissioner, who has the authority of a magistrate, has a very good influence, undoubtedly, in regulating mining claims; but

heretofore the system in vogue on American territory has worked very satisfactorily. It is done by the miners themselves, who form a mining district, appoint one of their number recorder; and all the records are kept and straightened out as they go along, any dispute being settled by a miners' meeting of the men present on the creek.

The same conditions confront the man who has located a claim as exist in the case of the prospector, except that the latter has already ascertained that there is gold upon his claim. In making his application he is obliged to swear that he found gold in the ground himself. He and his partners, by themselves or with others whom they hire, set to work to open up the claim by sinking shafts and burning drifts into the pay streak. This is done by building fires, which thaw the frozen ground about a foot in depth a day. This labor is very hard, and in cases where there is a heavy deposit of muck, rubble, or useless stone over the pay streak the cost of opening up a claim is very great. I know of one claim that is said to have been opened up as cheaply as any on El Dorado or Bonanza, and the owner told me that it cost him \$8750. In other instances men have spent \$15,000 and over before a cent has come out of the claim. This means that the expenses for cabins, tools, and supplies, for wages, wood, and burning, have amounted to that sum before anything has been taken out to repay the owners. For this reason it is the custom to hire men «on bed-rock,» as it is called. The owners of claims agree to pay the men wages at so much per day, but payment is postponed until bed-rock has been reached, and the gold actually gotten out of the claim.

Another method is to let «lays» on the claim; that is, an agreement is entered into between the claim-owner and the workman that the workman shall give the owner fifty per cent. of the amount of gold taken out by him. In some instances, last year, men working on lays received between ten and fifteen thousand dollars apiece for their winter's work.

The Canadian law requires that work shall be continuous on a claim, and any lapse of seventy-two hours works a forfeiture. The American miners agree that claims in their districts must be «represented,»—that is, worked during certain months of the year, —and if so represented may be left idle during the rest of the year without working a forfeiture or making them liable to be jumped.

It is largely due to this regulation of the Canadian law that «lays» are let upon claims, for the reason that the men working the ground prevent a lapse of the claim, while the owner may leave the country or go prospecting on other creeks. This method, however, is detrimental to the best interests of the claim-owners, because the men working on «lays» often turn their backs on dirt which would be considered handsome pay anywhere else, and put in all their time on the richest ground. In this way claims have been gutted, and in many instances the large returns upon claims reported mean, not that the claim is proportionately so rich, but that the best part of the claim has been exhausted, and that the rest has been left in such a condition that to work it further becomes an engineering problem.

The result of a winter's work is a pile or dump of «pay» gravel, placed alongside the shaft. It has been brought there by the process of burning or thawing, digging out, and carrying to the surface by means of a rude windlass, worked by hand, to await the coming of the water in the spring. Dams are built in the meantime, and sluice-boxes constructed, and all is made ready for the spring freshet. It is then that the largest clean-ups are made, and it will be on the first steamers next year that the largest quantity of gold will be brought out. A conservative estimate of the amount of gold brought out this year puts the total from this region at three million dollars; but unless the scarcity of provisions seriously interferes, the amount will reach ten times this sum next year. One serious drawback to be feared is a lack of candles, without which it is impossible to work in the shafts and drifts during the winter.

A large amount of speculation was carried on in 1896-97 by purchasing claims on the payment of a certain sum down, the remainder to be paid at a time agreed on, always subsequent to the time of the anticipated spring freshet. The men who bought these claims were usually experienced miners who had arrived in the district too late to locate or stake a claim, either because they had heard the cry of «Wolf!» so often that they turned a deaf ear to the reports of big strikes on the Klondike, or else they were far away from the scene, prospecting on their own account, and had heard of the strike only on coming to the storehouse for winter supplies.

The history of some of these claims is interesting. Number 31 El Dorado was bought



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

WATCHING THE DEPARTURE DOWN-STREAM OF THE BELLA AT DAWSON CITY, AUGUST 18, 1897.

by a man named Bell for \$85 in September, 1896. He sold the claim for \$31,000 to two men named Leake and Ashby, in March, 1897. They paid \$2000 cash, and the remainder was to be paid in August; but without waiting for the freshet to come and wash out the gold in the sluice-boxes, they went to work with a hand-rocker, and paid off the money in June. It is this claim for which it was said the agent of wealthy bankers in August offered \$125,000, and the offer was refused.

Number 13 El Dorado was bought on an agreement by a party of eight men to pay \$5000 down, and the remainder in August. They washed out \$45,000 in one month, and are now the owners of the claim. These and like stories are told of many other claims, and they are true stories, to the credit of our countrymen's grit and enterprise.

The «Napoleon of finance» of the region, and certainly the richest man there, is a brawny Scotchman known as «Big Aleck» Macdonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on his claim,—said to be \$90,000,—and invested every dollar of it in other claims in the manner I have indicated—part payment down, the remainder when the water came in the spring. Everyone about the camp

knew of Macdonald's speculations, and all were wondering whether he would become a bankrupt or a multimillionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances the clean-ups on the claims he had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that, as the story goes, the gold was paid over «before it was dry.» The death of two brothers to whom he owed \$40,000 on a claim is said to have been his financial salvation, because the time of payment of a debt to a decedent's estate is extended one year by law, the gold commissioner acting as judge of probate for the time being. Macdonald is probably owner of an interest in about twenty-odd claims, bought on his mining knowledge and his wonderful nerve. He paid enormous interest on the money he

borrowed, took tremendous risks, and finally won. In some instances during the winter of 1896-97 money was loaned at ten per cent. for ten days.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MINERS' RESORTS ON MAIN STREET, DAWSON CITY.



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

ARRIVAL AT FORTY MILE OF PROSPECTORS IN BOATS BUILT BY THEM AFTER CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS TO THE HEAD WATERS.

Claims are staked by the miners themselves, after a rough measurement of the ground; and of course when the survey is made accurately by the land-surveyor, «fractions,» as they are called, are discovered where men overmeasure their claims, and these fractions are immediately pounced upon by men who follow the surveyor about. In some cases the fractions are very large, varying from one at the mouth of El Dorado Creek of 420-odd feet to one 200 feet in size; and once a man insisted upon laying claim to a fraction which was measured off and found to be precisely nine inches in length! He is now known as «Fraction» White, or «Nine-inch Jim.» In one instance a man's whole winter's work, which was contained in the dump, was discovered to be outside his own lines; and if it had not been that he found a friend who consented to take up this fraction for him,—for he himself had exhausted his own rights in this district,—he would have lost a very large sum of money, for he washed out of that dump \$130,000.

As the creek is all laid out as accurately as city lots, it becomes very familiar to the men who are passing up and down the trail from day to day, and the knowledge of what is going on in one claim is known to all. Any statement that a man was offered half a million dollars for his claim on Bonanza or El Dorado is very likely to be untrue, unless

the number of the claim is given. Men who have been there know the value of these claims, just as a real-estate agent knows the value of lots in a city, and in the majority of cases can make a very accurate estimate of the amount of gold that has already been taken out of each claim.

I passed along by claim after claim, all in full working order; and sometimes we were recognized and called to a halt by the owner of a claim, and requested to come and see what he had struck. It was marvelous to watch the dirt being shoveled in and washed out, and see the gold caught on the cleats of the sluice-boxes. Sometimes they would give me a big iron pan,—the miner's pan,—holding about two shovelfuls, and ask me to pan it out. After the whirling motion was once caught, it was easy. Little by little, bits of gold began to appear in the whirling mass like flashes of light, and the worthless mud and stuff passed off, and then came the realization of the wish of Midas: it had turned to gold in my hands—gold in little flakes, gold in coarse lumps, gold in fine-sifting flour-like dust—yellow gold!

I spent a night at No. 1 El Dorado, which is just above the junction of the creek with Bonanza, and in the richest district there. What lies under the ground no one can tell. Within a stone's throw of us, Phisicator had taken out \$90,000 from perhaps

forty square feet of his claim. Above us Berry and his partners had washed out \$130,000 in one winter's work.

Americans have flattered themselves that Yankee industry has done it all; but the surnames met with show that all nations have had a share in the work, although undoubtedly Americans are ahead. Knutson, Olsen, Alstein, and Silene are on 36 and 37 El Dorado; Berry and Antone Stander now hold 4, 5, and 6 on El Dorado; John Zarnowsky holds No. 30 El Dorado; and «Targish Jim» No. 1 above on Bonanza. Aleck Macdonald, Tom O'Brien, and Frank Dinsmore are names that one constantly hears. All are straightforward and unassuming; and, take them all in all, better men are not to be found anywhere.

The way back to Dawson over the trail was not so easy, but I got there soon after the town had celebrated the first anniversary of its discovery, on August 17, 1896. The saloons were crowded. Such signs as, «This game never closes,» «\$25 and \$50 limit,» «Straights barred,» «Flush beats three of a kind,» indicated the drift of the miners' amusements. It is worth noting that in all of the stories about great fortunes made in this country, no one speaks of the man who «took out» \$90,000, and the only gold-mine he had was a saloon and dance-house.

We started down the river from Dawson in the afternoon, and carried with us over seventy miners. Some of them carried heavy sacks in traveling-grips, which they guarded very closely. In one instance four of them relieved one another in regular watches, day and night. These men had come in over the

Chilkoot Pass, and floated down in their boats to Dawson or Forty Mile, arriving in the spring. Some of them had been in the country for years, some only for months; but all had worked hard, suffered much, and were now bound for civilization, with varying fortunes, but with an intention of enjoying life.

The trip down the Yukon, with the swift current rushing the unloaded steamboat along, is in delightful contrast with the laborious journey up-stream. At many of the missions along the river, and at Forty Mile and Circle City, I saw gardens of turnips, radishes, and lettuce. The plowing is done with dog-teams, and the rich black soil, even in the short summer, yields wonderful results. Undoubtedly much can be done to improve the condition of the inhabitants by systematic cultivation of the soil.

Returning to St. Michael, we found the harbor crowded with ocean-steamers and a variety of craft of all sorts and conditions. Men and boys thronged the usually quiet streets. It was sad to contemplate this eager crowd of men from all classes of life, who had been deluded by false reports, entrapped by speculators, and hurried on in a mad rush for something they could never grasp, and were destined to die by inches in this far-away land. Old miners took them aside and sought to dissuade them, telling them of the dangers and hardships before them; but it was in vain. Some acknowledged that they were ashamed to go back; but most refused to believe the truth, and even retorted that the miners were trying to keep them out so that they could get it all themselves.



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

PLOWING WITH A DOG-TEAM.

THE RUSH TO THE KLONDIKE OVER THE MOUNTAIN PASSES.

BY EDWARD S. CURTIS.

PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE astonishing rush to the new gold-fields of Alaska and the Northwest Territory during the latter half of 1897 is a distinct feature in the chronicle of our national events. «Klondike» will stand upon the pages of our history with a prominence equal to, if not greater than, that given to

the days of «'49»; and this, too, despite the fact that the Alaskan movement was then only in its first stages. Last summer's dash to the new El Dorado was only the first breath of an oncoming storm the fury and extent of which cannot be overestimated.

In another sense, the rush of 1897 may be



THE CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS, DYEA TRAIL.



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS.

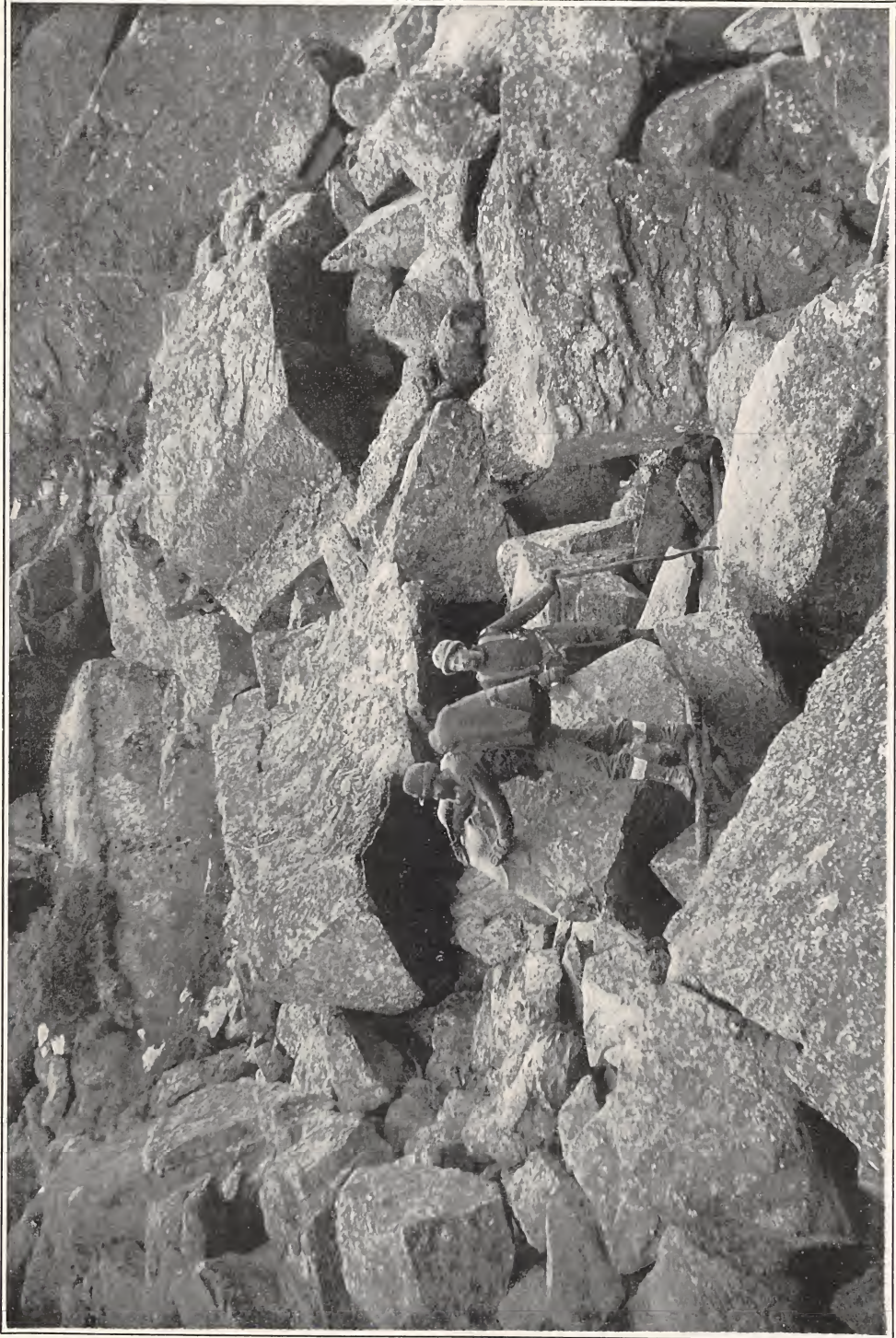
termed the first shock of a great battle which is now waging between invading Man and defending Nature. Lured from the paths of peaceful employment and routine labor by visions of sudden wealth, men rushed into the North unprepared by any certain knowledge of the country, and by the very nature of

their errand antagonistic to any form of organized enterprise. Not only did each man find Nature stern and repulsive, opposing his progress with all her forces, but the lack of transportation facilities soon turned each man into an open enemy to his neighbor.

At the present time, when the second rush



COMING DOWN WITH A LIFE-LINE AT "THE FORD," SKAGUAY TRAIL.



CROSSING A ROCK-SLIDE ON THE « CUT-OFF » TRAIL.



IN CAMP AT SUMMIT LAKE ON THE SKAGUAY TRAIL.

may soon be expected, it will be interesting to take a glance at the wreckage of the first onset.

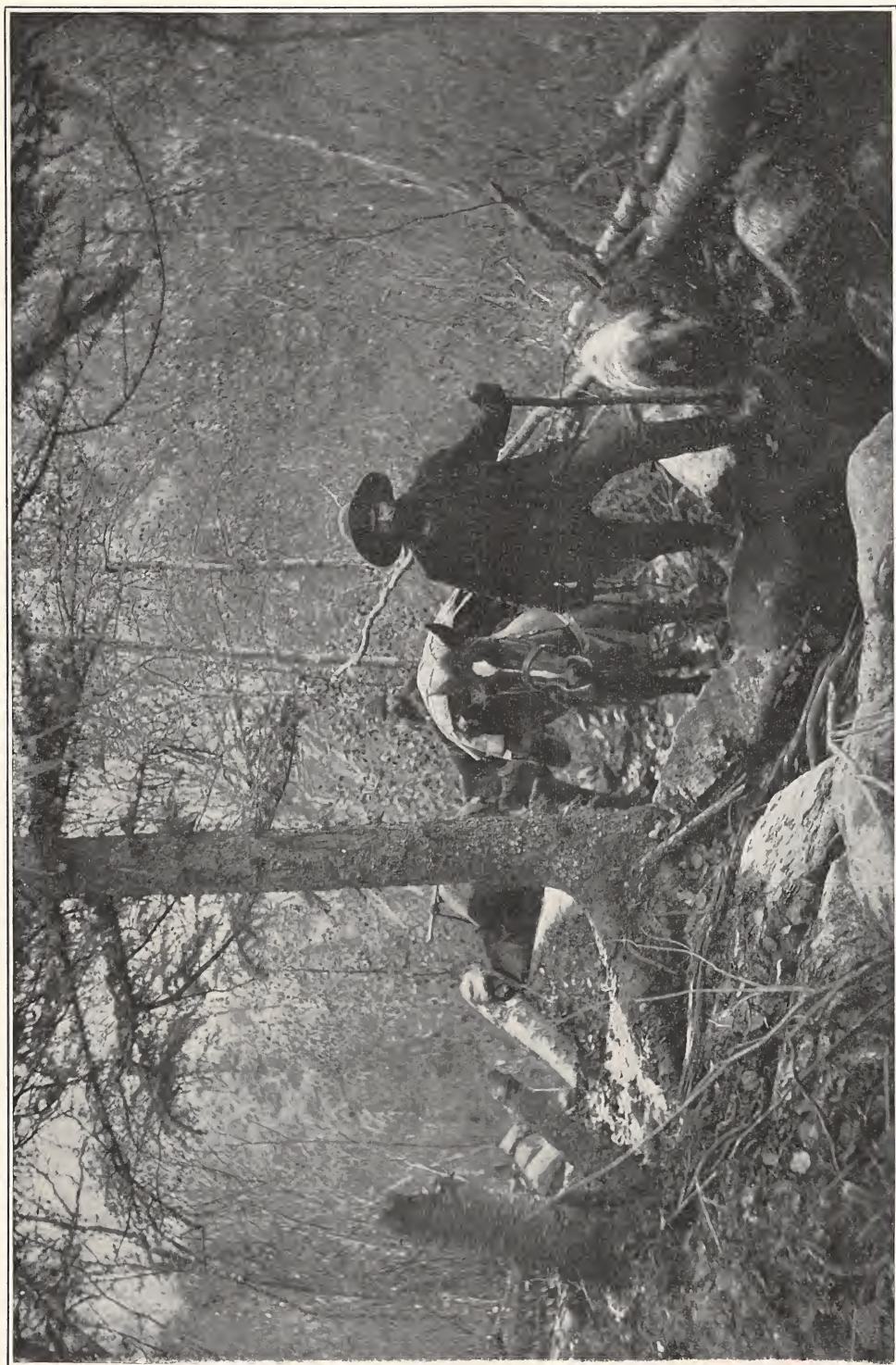
In general, it may be stated that during the rush of 1897 only two routes into the Klondike country were followed. One was called the outside, or all-water route; the other, the overland passage. The outside route was by ocean-steamer from the Pacific-coast cities to St. Michael, Alaska, whence river-boats conveyed the passenger and his outfit, without change, to Dawson City. The overland passage was by ocean-steamer to Skaguay or Dyea, whence the prospector crossed the mountains on foot to the chain of lakes which form the head waters of the Yukon River. Once at these lakes, individual

boats were built, and the long journey down the river began. Hence there was offered the odd picture of men seeking a middle point on a great river, some by ascending, and some by descending, the start being made, in both cases, at the sea-level. Those who ascended the river were first obliged to travel by sea nearly two thousand miles in the very direction in which the river is flowing, and all the way running nearly parallel to its flow, before reaching the river's mouth, thus traveling more than double the distance involved in the overland passage.

Neither of these routes was in any way adequate to the demands suddenly placed upon it. The outside route boasted only a few steamers. Every available craft was



DESERTED HORSES AT THE FOOT OF "THE SUMMIT," SKAGUAY TRAIL.



NEAR THE SUMMIT OF PORCUPINE HILL, SKAGUAY TRAIL.

pressed into service, and in all these, whether steamer or sailer, men, cattle, and freight were crammed in the most uncomfortable manner. More than that, when the river was gained, the river-steamers were too few to accommodate the crowds; and when new boats were constructed, low water and the late season caused delays which finally caught most of the prospectors *en route*, forcing them to camp for the winter where this last misfortune overtook them.

The scenes along the two trails constituting the overland passage were more soul-trying, and presented a desperate picture at the close of the first rush. Men who landed at Skaguay and Dyea thought the worst of their journey over. Both trails are easily passable for a few men at a time, the Skaguay trail, including the White Pass, being the more suitable for the passing of pack-trains. But the crush of men and animals on both these trails was terrific, and became the worst feature of the problem. A multitude of horses' hoofs cut the open parts of the trail into rivers of mire. Pack-trains returning empty from the lakes caused the ascending trains hours of delay. Horses, overloaded or worn out, fell in their tracks; and so warped had men become in their struggle to get over the summits toward the fairyland of Klondike that no friendly hand would be lent to help the owner raise the fallen animal.

But worse than these delays was the destruction of horses which resulted from the frightful condition of the trails. Many animals died from exhaustion; but by far the greater number were destroyed by falling among boulders, the heavy packs nearly always causing broken limbs. Men, starting with horses as a part of their capital, expected to sell them when their own passage was completed. A few succeeded; but the majority lost their horses, and either hired their goods packed over the trails, or were reduced to the necessity of carrying their outfits, bit by bit, on their own backs. It was then that the bitter, desperate, almost unendurable struggle began. The men overworked themselves, ate poorly prepared food, slept in wet clothing; and many there are who, in consequence of these privations, will never regain their full strength. Add to this the previous sacrifice of giving up paying positions at home, in many cases of leaving wife and children almost unprovided with property in order to secure an outfit, and the reader will appreciate the desperate men-

tal condition of the men who daily found resisting Nature becoming more formidable. On top of this place the utter disappointment of the thousands of men who failed to reach Dawson City, and who were obliged to camp where cold weather overtook them, and who are waiting for spring to release them from physical privation and a condition of mental torture produced by gloomy surroundings and unrealized hopes, and the picture of the impotency of the first onslaught upon the out-works of the new gold-fields becomes apparent.

But, gloomy as the picture may be, it is only the natural outcome of the conditions. Men who lift heavy packs over steep hills and rough trails must work slowly and steadily. There is no carrying Nature's forces by assault. Her resisting strength is immeasurable, and man can overcome it only by using brain as well as brawn. Men who contend hand to hand with Nature must protect their health and daily renew their strength; for Nature is just as strong at the end of a day's work as at the beginning.

The men now planning to force a way into Alaska and the Northwestern Territory are better prepared than were the men of '97, and they are planning their campaign with more care. Furthermore, organization has displaced anarchy, and the men of '98 will cross the trails over prepared roads, steel bridges, and steam tramways, where the men of '97 waded through mud, forded streams, and painfully toiled over the summits. And improved methods are visible also on the outside route. A greater fleet of steamers, with greater average tonnage, are to carry men to the Yukon. More river-boats will breast the swift current of this great river. New trails are being tested and new methods put into practice. The battle for wealth will become more desperate, more volunteers will rush to the front; but the signs of victory will be more frequent.

But not all who go will win, and the victors will purchase their triumph dearly. Those most successful in these new gold-fields have said that they would not enter the battle again if twice the stake hung upon the victory. The loss of life was small in the first rush, but Nature took almost the entire assaulting host as prisoners. When she released them, many there were who fell back, broken in purse, worn in body, and despondent in mind. These men made their way home, as best they could, out of the wreckage of the first Klondike rush.

GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

WITH A PICTURE BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

CHALMERS'S GOLD PIECE.



HERE goes a good chap," said the M. F. H., nodding toward Chalmers. The hunting Earl turned in the saddle, and looked. He was jogging alongside of the M. F. H., who was taking him into covert with the hounds. (This was only the proper courtesy to extend to so great a fox-hunter.) "He's back this morning from the Rockies," the M. F. H. added; "I'd like to have you know him."

"Beg pardon," observed the Earl, "but is n't he rather queerly turned out?"

The M. F. H., who was sounding his horn, laughed, and spoiled his note.

"Those *are* pretty awful riding-things. They belong to his groom."

"Not very well off—bankrupt or something?" suggested the Earl.

"Thunder, no!" exclaimed the M. F. H. "He's a terrible millionaire. You see, he got back a day sooner than he expected, and they had n't brought his things down from town. He did n't have time to borrow any breeches, and he was n't going to miss a run, so he put on the cords belonging to his man's new livery, and an old jacket. They are all running him about it, for he's usually rather smart. I dare say you've seen his yacht, the *Independence Day*, at Cannes. He prowls all over the place after big game, and he's one of the best men in America to hounds."

"Very interesting indeed," said the Earl. "I should like to meet him."

The M. F. H. looked back and tried to catch Chalmers's eye; but Chalmers was watching a young woman coming over a big panel of rails in a slashing way one does n't often see. It impressed him, and he rode over to Varick, who was dismounted tightening his girths, and asked him who the strange girl was.

"Did n't notice her," said Varick; "but there are several new ones here just now. There's a professional from some London riding-school, looking about for high jumpers. Colfax is trying to sell her Lorelei at a

low price and no guaranty. Then there's a Miss Crackenthorpe, a Philadelphia girl, stopping with the Galloways; and—" He stopped abruptly, and listened. Somebody was calling in the distance. It was indistinct at first; but then the breeze swelled lazily and brought a faint "Gone away! Gone away!" from a whip on the farther side of the covert. A moment later the pack picked up the hot scent, and set up a terrific yeow-yeowing.

"Hullo, they are off!" Varick exclaimed, and, mounting hastily, he galloped after the troop of excited men and horses.

AN hour later—they had lost that fox, and were after a second one—Chalmers emerged from a big wood-lot, and looked about him for signs of the hunt. There was no one in sight. It is not pleasant to find one's self a minority of one on the question of inferring a fox's ultimate line from his circlings in the impracticable underbrush—unless, of course, one happens to be *right*, and has hounds, fox, and everything to himself, in which case he has an exclusive smoking-room story for ever after. But Chalmers had neither quarry nor pack.

"Why, oh, why," he murmured plaintively, "do I never hit it right?" He strained his ears for the sound of the hounds; but there was only the rustle of the stray leaves that bobbed across the stubble on the wind. The region was unfamiliar and, in the desolate stillness of a November afternoon, unprepossessing.

"That wretched fox certainly has doubled back," he said to himself. "I'm out of it, and I'm afraid I'm lost, to boot." He felt hungry, and inspected a lone and crumpled sandwich; but he reflected that he would doubtless be hungrier later on, so he put it away. He was searching the dull horizon for the sun, from which to get his bearings, when he was startled by the crash of breaking rails. He glanced around, and saw a woman coming a most appalling cropper over the fence between him and the wood-lot. The horse

scrambled to his feet, trailing his rider head down, and broke into a gallop. The skirt of her habit was hooked over one of the pom-poms. It happened as swiftly and inevitably as actions form themselves in a bad dream. It sickened him. He wished to turn and run; but the instant the horse started he had started after it. There was no time to follow the runaway and pull him up, for at any moment the woman might swing under his hoofs, or be dashed against a stone. It came to Chalmers that the thing to do was to "cross." This was an experience that he had several times unintentionally provoked at polo. After his first thorough collision he came to before the match was over, and a famous No. 2, who was looking on, bent over his stretcher. "Next time when you see there has got to be a smash," he said, "don't let the other fellow hit you *behind* the saddle. It's just as well to let *him* have the spill." This means that a pony run down forward of the girths is not so likely to be thrown off his hind legs, and has a chance of collecting himself before he goes completely over. Chalmers remembered this. He had only fifty yards to ride, and he calculated his pace correctly. The bewildered horse which he was attempting to head off made no attempt to swerve, and they met fairly at right angles. Chalmers was aware of a dull jar, and of being in a heap with two horses. He wondered where the woman was. She had been thrown clear. As he got up he noticed that she was lying motionless. A drop of blood was gathering from a scratch on her cheek. He saw it hang an instant, and then trail down across her face. He was sure that she was dead. There was a numb feeling in his left shoulder, and mechanically he changed the bridle to his right hand. For a moment he stood dazed and silent. The woman's horse picked himself up and went off, and Chalmers still stood, wondering exactly what had happened. Then the woman sat up, and his senses came to him.

"Are you much hurt?" he gasped. His knees felt weak, and he leaned against his horse.

"No," said the girl; "I think I'm only shaken up."

Chalmers watched her anxiously. It was the girl he had noticed taking the fence before the run began. "Yes; it's the riding-mistress," he said to himself. It had just occurred to him that he had once met the Philadelphia girl whom Varick had mentioned, and that she was quite a different person. Besides, this girl spoke with a markedly

English intonation. She began to turn her head first one way and then the other, as if she were making sure it was really there.

"I'm afraid you've hurt your neck," he said. "Have you any pain—down your back?"

"No," she answered weakly; "but I can't get all those hoofs out of my eyes. It seems as if they were coming down smash! They're worse than I ever had before."

Chalmers had experienced the hoof phenomenon himself, and he knew that it made the first moments after a stunning cropper extremely bewildering.

"Lie down a minute," he suggested. She collapsed miserably into a heap, and began to cry softly. Chalmers turned his head away, and wondered what he ought to do. For a man of his age he had been confronted with some exceptionally trying situations, but with nothing upon this order. Besides, this was inwardly distressing. It would have been easier if she had sniffled and "taken on" hysterically; but she wept in the subdued manner of utter wretchedness. It was very pathetic.

"You poor little thing!" Chalmers murmured. That she was not little, but rather tall, with a classic type of face and a wonderful skin, back into which the pink was beginning to find its way, did not abate the strain upon his feelings. He let his eyes rest on her for a moment.

"It's inhuman to make a woman like that ride for her living," he muttered. "It's devilish!" His ideas about women in the hunting-field underwent a rapid revision, as is apt to be the case with men who have just seen their first bad side-saddle spill. "And it's only a question of time before she'll be killed. By Jove, she simply must n't!" Now this, Chalmers meant to be positive and final, for at that moment an idea struck him, which he hastily elaborated.

It was a simple solution of the matter. Chalmers had a sister whose fad was her hackney farm and her harness-horses. She drove four, and tandem, and all other possible ways; but she thought poorly of riding. Now she needed a confidential assistant (she had told Chalmers that), but a difficulty had confronted her in the prevailing sex of horse experts. This fixed it. He would wire Elizabeth; Elizabeth would wire Miss What's-her-name (he would find that out when he was properly presented) to New York, and the message would be repeated to Oakdale, as if Elizabeth did n't know she was there. Then, by an odd coincidence, Miss Chalmers

would turn out to be his sister, and the girl's risks of sudden death thenceforth would be limited to smashed vehicles and that class of accidents from which she would have almost the same chance of escape as a man. Presently the girl stopped crying, and Chalmers left off the works of his imagination with a smile. It was diverting to have matters arranged for a person whom one did not know. She lifted her head.

"Will you give me your flask?" she asked. "I'm still a bit faint."

All Chalmers's things were on their way from town, and he had not a flask with him.

"I'm very sorry," he began awkwardly.

She sat up, and looked him over from head to toe with a swift glance.

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted. "I did not think. I shall be quite well directly." She rose to her feet, leaving Chalmers somewhat mystified.

"Does your head trouble you?" he asked.

"No," she answered; "I really feel much better. But will you kindly explain to me how you came to be here? I thought I was jumping into an empty meadow. After we came down I felt the stubble across my face, and I knew I was being dragged. I was wondering how soon it would be before a stone would come along, when all of a sudden I was dumped here on the ground."

Chalmers briefly explained that he had lost the hounds, and happened to be standing at one side when she fell, and afterward stopped the horse. The girl thought a moment.

"But your horse was down on his knees?" she said inquiringly. "I remember that."

"Well," answered Chalmers, "there was a bit of a collision."

"I think I understand," she answered. "That was a very brave thing to do!" Her eyes turned from his face, and Chalmers was somehow impressed for a moment that he was clad in ill-fitting cord breeches. Then she repeated impulsively, "A *very* brave thing to do!" He felt the red coming into his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "The question is, How are we going to get home?" He looked after the runaway horse. It was already in the field beyond. They watched it take the fence and disappear over the brow of a hill.

"Well, he's gone," said Chalmers. He glanced at his own horse with the man's saddle, and then at the girl. Their eyes met, and he fancied by the corners of her mouth that she understood the situation.

"When I was a child," she said gravely, "I used to ride straddle always. I think we can manage it if you will shorten the stirrups."

As he stretched out his left hand the ache in his shoulder became a sharp twinge, and the hand dropped.

"What's wrong?" she asked anxiously. "Is your arm broken?"

"No," said Chalmers; "if it's anything, I guess it's only the collar-bone. It did not hurt, and I hardly realized it was cracked. No consequence, anyhow."

"It is of a great deal of consequence," she answered. "I am very, very sorry! Let me make a sling." She unbuckled the curb rein, and triced the arm up with the skill of experience as well as the woman's instinct for doing such things rightly.

"Grateful and comforting," he said to himself; "should be on every breakfast-table." Then he blushed at his own joke, and helped her up. Thus they set off in search of the turnpike, Chalmers leading the horse, and the lady riding astride. They got over a low fence, and through a gate across another field, and then they went into a piece of woods. From the other side of the woods a farm-house was visible, and presently, by winding through lanes and farm-yards, and by opening innumerable gates, they came out upon the highway.

"Well, this has been quite an adventure," said Chalmers. "I feel as if I were an *Idyl of the King*." Those chaps used to go grailing and things with solitary maidens, did not they?"

"Where did you hear about the *Idyls of the King*?" she demanded.

"Hear about them?" he said, somewhat taken aback. "Why, I guess I must have read them."

"It is true, then," she said, half to herself, and as if she were making a note of it. "Every one reads books in America. I like that about America very much. I'm in favor of popular education. You see, I'm a great radical, and all that sort of thing."

"That's good," said Chalmers. It struck him that she was the right sort to get on with the people on Elizabeth's farm.

"Have you been long in America?" he asked.

"About a month," she replied.

"What do you think of it?" He felt uncomfortable at sinking to this, but he wished to know what she did think.

"It's very big," she said, "and very different—oh, quite different! The people are very odd, and the customs are strange. Have you ever been in New York?"

He said, "Yes," and chuckled.

"Every one travels in America, I've been

told. In England they usually stop about the place where they were born. They rarely travel far, unless they emigrate, you know."

"But you have been in London?" he asked, with a straight face.

She smiled. "Of course; I am very much in London," she replied. Then she asked, "Do you live here all the year?"

"So she's going to quiz *me*," he thought. "Well, turn about is fair play. No," he answered aloud; "I am pretty much all the time in New York and other places." As he usually spent the winter poking his yacht into out-of-the-way parts of the earth, he thought that this was specific enough.

"Really?" said she. "And I suppose that most of the gentlemen who hunt here live in town—I mean in New York. Mr. Varick has a town house there, I believe."

Chalmers said that he had. He wondered, though, why she seemed to associate him with Varick. He wondered if she took him for Varick's brother-in-law, Freddy Blake, who was stopping with Varick. He had been taken for him before.

The conversation languished, and for a long time they proceeded at the slow, measured pace of the walking horse. It began to grow dark. Presently they came to a farm-house which he recognized. He knew that it was only three miles from the kennels, so felt encouraged. As they were passing the orchard a few old thaws dangled in the bare boughs which overhung the road. In the dusk they were scarcely discernible.

"Are those black spots apples?" she asked suddenly. "I've had no tea at all, and I'm famished."

"You poor child!" he thought. "I'm afraid they're frozen," he said. He hesitated. "I have a sandwich in my pocket, only it's a good deal mused."

The girl seemed embarrassed.

"No, really!" she exclaimed; "but I can't think of taking it. It's your last one, you know."

"But you must," he insisted. "It's lucky I happened to have it. At the last check your friend Mr. Varick divided his lunch with me." He handed her the small silver box. "He gave me the box, too, years ago. I've known him since he was a boy."

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "How very nice! Really, you are very good!" She examined the contents of the box rather gingerly, but proceeded to eat them.

"This is very good bacon," she remarked as she munched; "and they usually have such nasty bacon in America."

Chalmers laughed. "I shall have to warn Elizabeth to make an effort in the matter of bacon," he thought.

They trudged along for a while till suddenly the road curved and showed them the lights of the club-house glimmering half a mile ahead, and the village beyond.

"Where shall I take you?" he asked.

"I think," she replied, "that I will go to the club. My uncle will probably be there."

"Uncle!" Chalmers exclaimed inwardly. "Good gracious! Is she in tow of some horse-dealing relative?" It struck him that his arrangement might meet with some new difficulties. "Well," he thought, "I guess we can fix uncle, too. I have a farm myself."

The big lanterns on the gate-posts shed a cheerful light as they turned into the club driveway.

"It can't be much past six," he said. He noticed that she was fumbling for the invisible watch-pocket in her habit. "Just twenty minutes past," he added, holding his watch to the light. "We've made a very good pace—seven miles in two hours."

"I hope your arm has n't pained you much," she said.

"No; it has n't," he replied. They came under the porte-cochère, and stopped.

"I thank you very much for all that you have done," she said. "I shall tell my uncle and Mr. Varick about it." She slipped off with the support of his good arm, and extended her hand. The next moment Chalmers felt a coin in his palm.

"Oh, I say! I beg pardon!" he gasped. She paused on the steps, and faced him. He stood there speechless, with his arm outstretched toward her.

"Please take it," she said. "You must. Of course one can't pay another for saving her life; I can only thank you for that: but you have been to a great deal of trouble, too. English gold is good everywhere, is n't it? It's all I had with me. But my uncle will be very grateful to you. You must come and see him to-morrow. Please have your collar-bone carefully set. Good night."

She turned and went into the club. The situation burst on Chalmers. He slipped the gold piece into his pocket, and started for the stables. He stopped before he reached them, though. He was sitting, doubled over, on a bench by the roadway (it hurt his collar-bone less if he laughed doubled over) when a voice came out of the darkness:

"What's the matter there?" It was the M. F. H., on his way back from the kennels.

"Nothing," replied Chalmers, weakly—"nothing that I can tell you."

"Oh, is that you, Chalmers?" said the M. F. H. "I've been looking all over for you. Hurry up and make yourself presentable. You're dining with me at eight."

"I can't," Chalmers answered. "I've broken my collar-bone, and I hate to feed in company with one hand."

"It's too bad about your bone, but you've got to come. Your food shall be served to you all cut up, or you can have six courses of soup. But I don't see what's so mighty funny about a busted collar-bone."

"No," said Chalmers; "and you won't. Telephone right off for the doctor—will you?—or I shall be late." He rose and went on toward the stables. Suddenly the thing struck him in a new light.

"A sovereign," he mused, "must be quite a lot of money for a riding-mistress. I never thought about that. I wonder who her people were?"

THE M. F. H. met Chalmers as he came into the drawing-room.

"Hullo," said he; "all comfy? I want you to know the Earl of Reddesdale. He's been here only a week, but he's disbanded the Fence-Breakers, and he's brought his niece with him, besides. Those are two praiseworthy acts. Because you have foolishly got spilled somewhere, you are going to take her in to dinner.

Miss Hamilton," he added, "may I present Mr. Chalmers?"

The Hon. Miss Hamilton turned, and said she would be much pleased. Then she glanced at Chalmers, and her eyes dropped.

"I think," she said, "that I have had that pleasure—this afternoon. Mr. Chalmers brought me home." She touched the Earl's arm. "Uncle," she began, "this is—"

"How very remarkable!" ejaculated the Earl. "I thought a groom brought you back—one of Mr. Varick's men—"

"Oh, uncle!" the girl exclaimed.

When it was quiet enough for Chalmers to be heard, he announced that he had something to say. It seemed to him that the chaffing was a little trying for the girl, and he did a very noble thing. With certain reservations, he disclosed his hypothesis of the riding-school mistress, and drew the fire upon himself. He blushed a deeper red than the Hon. Miss Hamilton, but it was not so becoming, for his pink coat killed the effect.

"Well, you see," he added ingenuously, "I got back only this morning, and I never saw a woman ride like that who was n't a professional." Then dinner was announced.

"It was very generous of you to confess all that," she said, when they were seated.

"No," answered Chalmers; "it was only fair. My conscience would have troubled me if I had n't. But as I have no mama to consult about receiving presents from young ladies, I think I shall keep that sovereign."

THE BISHOP'S MISSIONARY MEETING.

MRS. GALLOWAY checked the horse to a walk, and peered into the darkness.

"I think this is our turn," she said, "and we are only half a mile from home."

"I must say, madam," observed the bishop, "that my spirit goes forth in thanksgiving. We have really had a most adventurous expedition."

For two hours the bishop had been ironing the loins of Mrs. Galloway's phaëton-horse with a hot flat-iron, a fatiguing occupation to which he was unused. It was nearly ten o'clock, and he had had no dinner. He was weary, and his soul craved the flesh-pots.

The bishop had driven forth, in Mrs. Galloway's care, to inspect the condition of the parish poor with a view to organizing a home-missionary movement. His rector at Oakdale seemed inadequate to the task; so the bishop, according to his custom, had decided to examine the field for himself. At

the cottage of Mrs. O'Rourke, eight miles from the Galloways', the horse, which had been left unblanketed, developed mysterious and alarming symptoms. His hind legs appeared to be paralyzed. The bishop led him under a shed, and the eldest of Mrs. O'Rourke's nine, who was twelve years old, diagnosed his trouble as a chill in the kidneys.

"Youse git a flat-iron from ma, and iron him with a newspaper where he's scrunchin' down. Linyimunt would be good, but I guess the flat'll fix him if you keep at it. I'd do it myself, only I ain't that big."

Cuthbert O'Rourke ("These O'Rourkes is all of thim Or'ngemin, and there's no Patricks," said the widow) superintended, and carried out the hot irons. The bishop ironed, and Mrs. Galloway lamented and apologized. A smaller O'Rourke was sent to the village with a message to be telephoned to Mr. Gal-

loway, instructing him not to wait dinner. Mrs. Galloway had invited a large company, which was to discuss the bishop's scheme and to subscribe money for carrying it out, so she naturally was exasperated. It was a quarter before six when the flat-iron treatment began; and at about eight o'clock Cuthbert assured the bishop, who was laboring by the light of a tin lantern, that the beast was well enough to travel. They started back at a slow trot, and what with the cold and the darkness, the pangs of hunger, and the apprehension of a return of the chill, the eight miles seemed excessively long. When they turned up the cross-road the bishop made an effort to confront the situation with Christian fortitude, and became almost cheerful.

«(After the toils and perils of war, grateful is the feast,» he observed. «This is a pagan sentiment, but one rooted in the sub-soil of our human natures.»

Mrs. Galloway was wondering what sort of feast would be forthcoming at that hour of the night, but she held her peace.

«It is truly noble of you, Mrs. Galloway,» the bishop continued, «to assemble these people for a discussion of our project. I think I shall be able to state the matter strongly, and I doubt not that we shall receive generous support. I have been keenly interested in this parish, as presenting the problem of Christianity versus the well-to-do—the problem how to awaken a sense of higher responsibilities in a community of amiable barbarians. Do not misunderstand me: I use the word with the interpretation and authority of Mr. Matthew Arnold. And bear in mind, madam, I appreciate the usefulness of honest sport, and the physical manliness it engenders. But that is not all of life; and, unfortunately, I have observed in our sport-loving rich an indifference, a colorless moral attitude, toward the serious things of existence, which is almost more difficult to combat than actual vice. As I have intimated, this parish stands as a peculiarly suggestive type, and it is highly gratifying to feel that the small efforts which I have put forth are slowly but surely bearing fruit—are slowly but surely producing an interest in spiritual things. A year ago, I dare say, such an occasion as this would hardly have been contemplated.»

«It really is gratifying,» said Mrs. Galloway; «but I am afraid you will have a very poor dinner. It must be nearly ten o'clock.»

«Well,» said the bishop, «(an egg and an olive,) partaken of in peace and with worthy discourse—that is a feast. Ah, here we are!»

he added, with a sigh of relief. They drove under the porte-cochère, and stopped. A peal of uproarious laughter and a sound of stamping feet burst from the house.

«They must be still in the dining-room,» said Mrs. Galloway. «Hold the horse, please, and I'll ring the stable bell. You could n't find it in the dark.»

Just then a loud voice within shouted:

«Hit him with the poker! Oh, harder! Make him feel it!»

Mrs. Galloway paused with her finger on the bell. The dining-room windows were open, but the heavy curtains were drawn. She could hear what was said, but could not see what was going on. There was a sound of dull whacks, and the noise of a scrimmage.

«Stop it! Don't, I say! Stop it! You're a brute!» This was in women's voices. Mrs. Galloway turned toward the bishop, speechless.

«Bless me!» said the bishop, anxiously; «this is very strange!»

She tiptoed toward the nearest window, and listened.

«Well, that's no go,» some one said. «Try jabbing him with a fruit-knife.»

«No; please don't!» cried a woman.

«Suppose he kicks?» said a man.

«If he's a gentleman, he won't kick in a lady's dining-room.» This time they recognized Varick's voice.

«Suppose he does!» exclaimed somebody else. «Let him kick! We can't keep him here all night. Mrs. Galloway and the bishop are likely to blow in any minute. I want you to remember that this is a missionary meeting.» There was another laugh.

«That was Charley,» whispered Mrs. Galloway. «Do you suppose they've caught a burglar?»

«It may be,» replied the bishop. «It's very strange.»

«I'll tell you,» said Varick's voice. «Try blindfolding him. Take a napkin.» There was a general giggling for a moment. «Now hit him gently with a bottle.»

«Come on here!» came in angry tones from Galloway. «You can't stop here forever. Get hold, you chaps, and push.»

There was a sudden scuffle, and a sound like the tramping of heavy boots.

«Catch the candles!» a woman screamed.

There was a deafening crash of glass and china, and a hubbub of screams and exclamations. A dead silence followed, and then Galloway's voice was heard, unnaturally calm:

"Well, the dinner-table's gone!"

Mrs. Galloway stood petrified. A groom appeared and took the horse.

"What is going on in there?" demanded the bishop. The man moved into the shadow.

"I dunno, sir," he replied in a queer voice. He got into the phaëton, and the bishop and his hostess walked softly along the veranda toward the door.

"I am afraid something terrible has happened," said Mrs. Galloway, tremulously. "Suppose they have killed him?" She drew back, and the bishop went in ahead. They passed down the hall to the dining-room. With a little scream, Mrs. Galloway clutched the door-jamb.

"Thank goodness! Thank goodness!" she murmured. "I thought it was a burglar. Some water, please—quick!" But the bishop gazed fixedly into the room.

"Some water for Mrs. Galloway!" he called huskily.

A horse with a napkin knotted about his neck was in the middle of the room, by the wreck of the dinner-table. Varick was standing up the candelabra on the floor, and re-lighting the bent candles. The others were watching Galloway, the women with their skirts wrapped about them, prepared for any new catastrophe. When Mrs. Galloway screamed, they turned and regarded her and the bishop.

"My dear," said her husband, "this is an unfortunate occurrence. We need not discuss it. As you did not come home, there was some talk between Colfax and myself, which ended in his betting me that I could n't ride Camelot through the house. Now he's in, and we can't get him out. He balked at the lights."

"I think," said Mrs. Galloway, "you had better send for the servants, and clean up this mess. Then I want you to hurry and get that horse out of the room. I told you the last time, when you brought Huron in here, that such things must stop."

"Oh, you've been practising this game, have you?" interrupted Colfax. "I don't think that was square. I'll leave it to the bishop."

"Only with Huron," said Galloway, "and he's sick. I've never had this one in."

"Charley Galloway," said his wife, "are you going to get that beast out of here or not?"

"Be reasonable, my dear," said Galloway. "I have been trying for half an hour to get him out. I tell you, he's balked."

"We might put a candle under him," sug-

gested Varick. "There is n't much left to smash."

"Put that candle down!" said his sister-in-law, Mrs. Innis. "This is n't your house or your horse."

"Yes; do put it down," said his wife.

"I don't see what there is to be done," Galloway observed, "except to let him stop here till he gets tired. The rest of us might as well go into the smoking-room."

"Take that horse out of here at once!" said Mrs. Galloway.

"My dear!" protested her husband.

"At once!" said Mrs. Galloway.

There was an uneasy silence.

"Mr. Galloway," said the bishop, with some hesitation, "my brougham horse sometimes balks, and I always give him sugar. Have you any sugar?"

Galloway smiled scornfully, but found the coffee-tray, and handed him the sugar-bowl. Galloway's smile said: "This is a harmless fancy which may divert my wife; but of course it is impossible to get that horse out of the house by any such nonsense." Varick's answering smile plainly implied: "Why, of course; preposterous, is n't it?"

"Now, my good beast," said the bishop, "here's some sugar." Camelot took two lumps with relish. The bishop patted his neck. "A nice horsey—a nice horsey," he said soothingly. "Here's some more. Come along now, and you shall get the rest of the bowlful." He chirruped softly, and the horse started. Holding the bowl in front of Camelot's muzzle, with stately deliberation the bishop led him through the hall, out upon the veranda, and down the steps. The company, hushed and at a respectful distance, followed, and halted on the veranda.

"Bishop Cunningham," said Mrs. Galloway, "I am very much indebted to you—very much indebted indeed. Mr. Galloway, will you be good enough to order us something to eat, and send for a groom to take this horse?" Mr. Galloway went into the house. "I am distressed, on your account, that this should have happened," she added to the bishop; "and, I admit, somewhat mortified on my own. I cannot help feeling that you must draw the line yourself against horses in the dining-room."

"Please do not speak of it," exclaimed the bishop, with a bow. "I beg of you to let the subject drop."

"You are so good!" murmured Mrs. Galloway. She gave a little choke; her nerves were beginning to assert themselves.

"What we all ought to do," said Varick,



«HOLDING THE BOWL IN FRONT OF CAMELOT'S MUZZLE.»

«is to give three cheers for the bishop, who is a horse-tamer and a brick, and leave this ruined home to its inmates.»

«Hold up!» interrupted Willie Colfax. «Cheers are all right, but I want to make a speech first.» He turned toward the bishop. «You see, sir, I have just won a hundred from Galloway because he could n't get that horse out. You *have* got him out, and, con-

sidering the matter on the general principles of a sweepstake, you ought to get the hundred. I don't suppose you want the money yourself, so I am starting your missionary subscription with it, and as much more added to fat up the pot. Now, the rest of you fellows, remember you are at a missionary meeting, and do the right thing.» And they all did.



ANDRÉE'S MESSENGER.

THE following, dated Stockholm, Dec. 2, 1897, from Herr Jonas Stadling, author of "Andrée's Flight into the Unknown," in the November CENTURY, and of the note on the message from Andrée in the January number, reaches us just as the present number is going to press:

AMONG the thirty carrier-pigeons sent along with Herr Andrée's balloon in its flight into the unknown, on July 11, were a few young ones born last summer in Norway. I entertained some doubts as to the advisability of sending these; but they were very lively and clever, and it was decided that they should be taken. It was with a painful feeling that, on that memorable morning, I took the lovely little creatures, which used to come of themselves and pick pease out of my hand, and put them into the small cages for their adventurous journey. Little did I think, when I carried the cages into the balloon-house and fastened them underneath the gigantic balloon, above the store-department, and put an extra handful of pease into the cage which contained the youngest pigeons, that a few months afterward I should see the body of one of them in Stockholm, the remains of the successful messenger to the civilized world from the three daring explorers, bringing the only true message up to that time from the awful voyage, although at the cost of its life. Yet so it happened.

When the pigeon sent from Andrée's balloon arrived in Stockholm, I recognized it at once as one of the above-mentioned young pigeons, the very tamest and liveliest of them all, and one which I often used to pet.

It may perhaps interest the readers of THE CENTURY to know some details about its capture, condensed from the report of the captain of the whaler *Alken*. On July 15, the *Alken* was on the border of the drift-ice, in 80° 44' north latitude, 20° 20' east longitude. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning the helmsman called out to the captain, who was sleeping in his cabin: "A strange bird has lighted on the gaff! You must come and shoot it, it looks so queer!"

The captain, who had been sleeping soundly, gave a rather rough reply; but the next moment his curiosity brought him to his feet and up on deck. The bird resembled a ptarmigan; but as it was sitting close behind a block, the captain could not shoot without risk of injuring the block. So he climbed up the rigging, with his rifle, and shot it, the strange bird falling forth-



ANDRÉE'S CARRIER-PIGEON (MOUNTED).

with into the sea. The captain commanded the man on the lookout, in a barrel fastened near the top of the mast, to come down and lower a boat, and fetch the bird. The man objected to taking so much trouble for a miserable little bird which probably was of no use.

So the captain went to bed again, and the bird was left in the water. Having sailed for some distance, following the ice, the *Alken* met with another whaler. On hearing the story of the strange bird, the captain of the second whaler exclaimed:

"Perhaps it is one of Andrée's carrier-pigeons."

The captain of the *Alken*, who did not know about Andrée's ascension, at once returned to the region where

the bird was shot, and sent out two boats for a careful search. After a while one of the boats returned, having been lucky enough to find "the strange bird," which indeed proved to be one of the carrier-pigeons, carrying the despatch¹ of which I have sent THE CENTURY a facsimile.

There can be no doubt whatever of the genuineness of the despatch. It is undoubtedly written in Andrée's hand, on the special paper which he took with him, and on which a line was printed; and I recognize the pigeon so completely that I can take my oath that it was among those taken with the balloon.

The bird had flown about one hundred and twenty miles from the balloon toward Stockholm, and some twenty-four miles north again, from the nearest land to the whaler, on the gaff of which it sat down, so utterly tired that it at once put its head under its wing until it was shot. It could, of course, have been easily caught alive, if the captain had known that it was a carrier-pigeon.

To any one having knowledge from observation of the dreary immensity of the polar regions, this remarkable message from Andrée and his companions, the result of the first experiment with carrier-pigeons in the service of polar exploration, must stand as a world record since Noah sent his pigeon from the ark.

¹ Translation of the message: "July 13th, 12:30 o'clock noon. Lat. 82° 2', long. 15° 5' east. Good speed eastward, 10° to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon-post. ANDRÉE."

MEXICAN SOCIETY IN MAXIMILIAN'S TIME, 1866.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

IN the spring of 1866 our small circle was pleasantly enlarged by the arrival of the Marquis de Massa. He was the younger son of the celebrated Régnier, Duc de Massa, the able lawyer whose work upon the Code Napoléon had led him to a dukedom under Napoleon the Great.

M. de Massa was endowed with more brilliancy than perseverance. He had not passed through St. Cyr to enter the army, and had devoted much of his youth to the systematic enjoyment of life. After some of his illusions and most of his money had gone, he did as many Frenchmen of good family had done before him—he enlisted in a crack cavalry regiment of the Imperial Guard, where, after a while, thanks to mighty protectors, he exchanged his worsted stripes for gold braid and the single epaulet. He had come to Mexico in search of an excuse for rapid promotion.

Similar cases were by no means infrequent then. Michel Ney, Duc d'Elchingen, the grandson of the great marshal, when I met him in Mexico, was sergeant or corporal in a regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, recognizable from his fellow-troopers only by his spotless linen. Shortly after this he was promoted to a sublieutenancy. His promotion was then rapid, and he did good service in the North; for although he was no reader of books and was somewhat heavy of understanding, he was as brave as his famous ancestor.¹

Count Clary, a cousin of Napoleon III, when I met him, had only recently emerged from his worsted chrysalis; and Albert Bazaine, the marshal's own nephew, was impatiently waiting to be raised from the depressing position of a *piou-piou*, when he might enjoy the full social benefits of his relationship to the commander-in-chief.

The position of these gentlemen in a capital where the army was, so to speak, under

arms, and where no civilian's dress was therefore allowed to a soldier, was ambiguous, and gave rise to amusing anomalies. For instance, they, of course, could not be admitted to official balls or entertainments where uniforms were *de rigueur*, as only officers were invited. They, however, paid calls, and thus mixed on neutral ground with their officers; and so these nondescript military larvæ managed to enjoy life until the day came when they might become official butterflies.

As for the Marquis de Massa, the day had long gone by when, driving in his own trap to the gate of the Paris barracks after a night spent out on leave through the leniency of General Fleury, he set to work to curry his own horse. His keen wit and happy repartee, his good-humored sarcasm, and, above all, the magnetism of a personality that scorned deceit and gave itself for no better or worse than it was, combined to make him a favorite among the devotees of pleasure whom Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie had gathered about them; and notwithstanding his empty pockets, his roofless château in Auvergne, and his sparsely braided sleeve, he was a habitué of the Austrian embassy and of the best salons in Paris, and made for himself a conspicuous place in the innermost circle of the court of Compiègne and the Tuileries. He had written a number of light plays for the amateur stage of Parisian society, and his dramatic efforts had been interpreted by players whose high-sounding names might be found on pages of history.

His first attempt was the «Cascades de Mouchy,» on December 9, 1863. The representation was given at the Château de Mouchy, to which «all Paris» traveled for the purpose. In the words of the «Figaro»: «It was a complete mobilization of Parisian society.» The Duc de Mouchy, a man of the old nobility, had recently married Princess Anna Murat;

¹ A brother officer wrote me during the Franco-Prussian war that at Rezonville in 1870, when brilliantly charging at the head of his men, Michel Ney, then a

colonel of dragoons, received three sabre-cuts over his head and face, and after killing five Prussians rolled under his wounded horse. He fortunately recovered.

and the actors as well as the audience represented the wit, talent, wealth, and power of the Second Empire.

In collaboration with Prince de Metternich, then Austrian ambassador at the court of the Tuileries, and an amateur musician of no mean order, he had written the libretto of a ballet, called «Le Roi d'Yvetot.» This was given on the professional stage, but met with little success, if exception is made of the «first night,» when again «all Paris» turned out to see the prince lead the orchestra, and to applaud the brilliant young author after the curtain fell.

In 1865 he wrote a *revue*, which was performed with great éclat before the court at Compiègne. In this really clever piece the principal occurrences of the year were touched upon and reviewed. The literary event of 1865 in France had been the publication of Napoleon's work «Les Commentaires de César,» and this the young courtier took as a title for his play. Once again all the wit and beauty of the court of Eugénie united to make the occasion a brilliant tribute to the imperial historian. The Comte and Comtesse de Pourtalès, the Marquis and Marquise de Gallifet, the

Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, the Princesse de Sagan, the Marquis de Caux (who afterward married Adelina Patti), the Princesse de Metternich,—indeed, the élite of cosmopolis,—appeared upon the stage, and in clever verse and epigrammatic song amusingly dealt with the gossip of the day.

M. de Massa's success was mainly due to the good-natured independence of his work. He told the truth to his audience, even though it might be composed of the great of the land. He chaffed the women upon their manners, and sometimes their morals, and the men upon their idleness and their evil ways. He showed up the speculative fever which, like an epidemic, had swept over the higher ranks of Parisian society under the Second Empire.¹ No weakness could be sure of escaping his satire. But in dealing with all this the scalpel of the cynic was concealed under the graceful touch of the man of the world. He did not assume the tone of a moralist or of a misanthrope. He was not even

an observing spectator, but a good-natured *enfant du siècle*, a sinner among sinners, for whom life was one long comedy.

After the return of the Corps Expédi-

Tout représente un certain capital.
Vous le voyez la fièvre est générale;
Tout est matière à spéculations . . .
Tout, en effet, excepté la morale
Qu'on n'a pas mise en actions.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTES DE OCA.

COUNT VON FÜNFKIRCHEN,
CAPTAIN AUSTRIAN CAVALRY, IMPERIAL GUARD.

¹ For instance, one stanza sung by M. de St. Maurice:

Tout les terrains, les canaux, les carrières,
Depuis le fer jusqu'au moindre métal,
Les champs, les eaux, les forêts, les bruyères —

tionnaire in 1867, when the great International Exposition was attracting to Paris the princes and celebrities of the world, «Les Commentaires de César» was, at the Emperor's request, repeated at the Tuileries before the crowned heads there assembled as his guests.

Notwithstanding the seething forces underlying the brilliant surface and threaten-

such as fate never bestowed upon Beaumarchais, Marivaux, or even Molière!

All aglow with the excitement of his social achievements, he came to Mexico in 1866 and immediately took his place in the military household of the commander-in-chief.

As soon as he felt sufficiently posted as to the local conditions of Mexico, he went to work, and the result was a vaudeville en-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.

MARQUIS DE GALLIFET.

ing the empire's very existence, the summer of 1867, as superficially seen in Paris, must be regarded as the very apex of Napoleon's career.

The exposition was the last and most gorgeous set piece of the many Napoleonic fireworks, the splendor of which flashed through history, and ended in the dark smoke of Sedan.

The performance at the Tuileries was one of the most select entertainments arranged at this time. The troop of aristocratic comedians was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and the popular author received an ovation from his audience of monarchs and princes

titled, «Messieurs les Voyageurs pour Mexico, en Voiture!»

The marshal's household supplied the principal stars of the improvised dramatic company, the leader of the orchestra, a young Belgian officer, and the prima donna, an «American girl from Paris,» as the Mexican papers had it, being brought in only as necessary adjuncts. Another important female part was taken by Albert Bazaine, who was turned into a superb soubrette.

The play was little more than a «skit,» and the plot—if the thin, sketchy incident that stood in its place may be called one—served only as an excuse for a continuous fu-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

GENERAL CASTELNAU.

sillade of local hits, often of a personal character. These not only kept the audience in a fever of merriment, but long afterward furnished Mexican official and social circles with topics for more or less friendly discussion. Some ill-feeling and not a few unpleasant comments were, of course, the result of the little venture; and most of those concerned paid for their fun in some way or other.

The performance took place at San Cosme, at the house of the Vicomtesse de Nouë. Maximilian, whose curiosity had been aroused, expressed a desire to have it repeated at the imperial palace; but having heard of certain unmerciful sallies made upon his financial decrees and other measures of his government, he did not attempt to disguise his displeasure. Of course the performance was not repeated.

Yet no harm was intended: but, calmly looking back upon the incident, one can see that the hits, if innocently meant, coming as they did from the marshal's household, were certainly lacking in discretion. Indeed, when one

considers the serious dissensions then existing between the quartier-général and the palace, it becomes clear that such jests must have had upon the court the effect of the banderillas which, in a bull-fight, by a refinement of cruelty, are stuck in the quivering flesh of the baited bull, doomed from the start, and teased to the bitter end.

Among the verses of an interminable topical song, one contained a reference to the newly organized regiment, the «Cazadores de Mejico,» the recruiting of which was then taxing to the utmost Maximilian's energies:

Parmi les corps que l'on vient d'établir
Les Cazadors sont de tous les plus braves;
Mais, c'est égal, au moment de choisir
J'aimerais mieux m'engager dans les Zouaves!

These lines afterward assumed a strangely prophetic importance. Six months later, during the siege of Querétaro, this same regiment of Cazadores, composed of Frenchmen, Germans, and Hungarians, with about one fourth of native Mexican soldiers, was

placed, with four twelve-pounders, under the command of Prince Salm-Salm. They were, according to their colonel, a wild, brawling set, constantly fighting among themselves, but ready enough to do their duty under fire.

It would seem that after a sortie during

the bit of satire upon these brave fellows, most of whom were now lying cold and stiff under the sky of Querétaro:

« Mais, c'est égal, au moment de choisir
J'aimerais mieux m'engager dans les Zouaves! »



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTES DE OCA.

BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

COLONEL TOURRE, THIRD ZOUAVES.

which they had specially distinguished themselves, the Emperor visited the lines, and paused to praise their bravery. Whether or not the sting contained in M. de Massa's words had impressed them upon his mind, it is, of course, impossible to tell; but in a stirring proclamation Maximilian called them the «Zouaves of Mexico,» a compliment which was received by the men with deafening shouts of enthusiasm. This account, as I read it after the final tragedy, awoke a memory; and I found myself unconsciously humming

Ah me, how closely the ridiculous here approached the sublime! How rapidly tragedy had followed upon comedy!

The first colonel of the Cazadores, Paolino Lamadrid, was in the audience that evening. He was kindly, obliging, and one of the few Mexican officers who were honestly friendly to the French. He entered into the spirit of the thing, understood the joke, and took no offense. He had lent for the occasion his Mexican dress, *sombrero*, *chapareras*, etc., for the character of a Mexicanized French colo-

nist who, after a series of Mexican adventures, had returned to France and to his family laden with Mexican millions.

Colonel Paolino Lamadrid did not live to stand by his sovereign in the last heroic hour of the empire. He was killed obscurely early in January, in an engagement at Cuernavaca. It is said that one of the early hallucinations of the unfortunate Empress, on her way to Rome, was that she saw Colonel Lamadrid lurking about, disguised as an organ-grinder.

But to return to this now historic entertainment. The general situation was summed up finally in a serio-comic manner in a song which, if it then brought down the house, afterward drew much severe criticism upon the thoughtless heads of author and performers:

Oui, cette terre
Hospitalière
Un jour sera, c'est
moi qui vous
le dis,

Pour tout le monde
L'arche féconde
Des gens de cœur
et des colons
hardis.

Que faut-il donc
pour cessernos
alarmes?

De bons soldats et de
bons généraux,
De bons préfets
et surtout des
gendarmes,

Des financiers et des gardes ruraux.

Refrain:

Allons courage,
Vite à l'ouvrage;
La France est là pour nous prêter secours.
Vieux incrédules,
Sots ridicules,
De nos travaux n'entravez pas le cours.

This song, in which France pledged itself to back Mexican enterprise in every venture,

may serve to show how ignorant all were at this time of the sudden determination taken by the Tuileries to set aside the agreement of July 30, 1866, and to put an immediate end to the intervention.

It was written by a member of the marshal's military household, and the refrain was

sung by a chorus of the marshal's officers, in the presence of the marshal himself, and of a large audience composed of French, Austrian, and Belgian officers, as well as of members of the imperial government, on September 26, 1866—*i. e.*, just at the time when General Castelnau, who landed at Vera Cruz on October 10, was starting on his mission, the object of which was to *force* the abdication of Maximilian, and to bring about the winding up of the empire and the *immediate* return of the army.

At this very time, it will be remembered, a contract was being entered upon by the French government with the house of Péreire, which was to furnish immediate home transportation for the French army.¹

The song was not meant to be the cruel jest which it

must have seemed to those about the Mexican Emperor who were better informed with regard to Napoleon's negotiations with the government of the United States. By those whose all was at stake it must have been taken for a wanton insult.

Indeed, society in Mexico was not just then in the right frame of mind to appreciate M. de Massa's witticisms. Even among his

¹ Bigelow, letter to Seward, October 12, 1866.



DRAWN BY I. R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUBERT & CO. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

COMTE DE BOMBELLES.

own friends they proved singularly infelicitous.

Before the performance gossip had been busy with it, and its source had partly been traced to Colonel Petit, a good enough friend, but who at the time happened to be chafing under the sting of a practical joke recently played upon him by some of his comrades, and in which M. de Massa had had a share.

During the recent campaign made by the marshal in the interior, with a view to the concentration of the army preparatory to its retreat, Colonel Petit, with his regiment, arrived at a small town, the authorities of which prepared to receive the French with due honor. Eager for fun, his comrades confidentially disclosed to the *alcalde* the fact that Colonel Petit was a great personage—indeed, no less than the son of the celebrated General Petit whom Napoleon, about to depart for Elba, and taking leave of his veterans, had singled out and embraced as the representative of the Grande Armée.

I do not remember whether the mischievous wags suggested to the *alcalde*, a pure Indian wearing *sombrero*, shirt, and white *calzoneras*, a repetition of the solemn scene of Fontainebleau, or whether the worthy Indian evolved the notion unaided: but the result was that poor Colonel Petit, much against his will, found himself forced into playing a parody of his father's part to the *alcalde's* Napoleon. In the presence of his men, amid the jeers and cheers of his amused comrades, he had to submit to the speech and public accolade of the worthy magistrate.

The perpetrators of this pleasantry did not soon allow him to forget it. It long remained a sore thing with him; and as he allowed his resentment to appear, an extra verse was on the day of the performance added, for his benefit, to the principal topical song:

À Mexico les cancans vont leur train,
On vous condamne avant de vous entendre,
C'est bien «petit» d'éreinter son prochain,
Bon entendeur saura bien nous comprendre.

As this was sung the audience laughingly turned toward him—a fact which did not tend to make him more amiably disposed, although he bowed gracefully enough, and pretended to enjoy the fun.

Altogether, the play, if more than a success as a performance, added nothing to the popularity of the quartier-général. It, however, created far more comment than its literary merit warranted—this, be it said,

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without seeking to detract from the author's credit, as he himself, looking back upon it later in his career, said that it read as though it had been «written on a drum.»

Sadowa had been fought and lost. It would have been difficult, however, to make out from their attitude whether or not the sympathies of the officers of the Corps Expéditionnaire were honestly with their Austrian allies. Strangely enough, the news had been received by them as though it involved no serious warning to France. The full significance of the new mode of warfare, of the needle-gun and other new implements of war, was obscured in their eyes by their naïve «jingoism.» The French officers in those days underrated all other nations; and even the superior armament and discipline of the Germans, as exhibited in that short campaign, failed to impress them as it should.

They sang:

L'Aiguille est un outil
Dont je ne suis en peine
Tant que j'aurai la mienne [the bayonet]
Au bout de mon fusil.
Vous qui chantez victoire,
Héros de Sadowa,
Rappelez-vous l'histoire
D'Auerstadt et d'Iéna, etc.

Alas! the time was drawing near when the cannon of Reichshofen was to change the merry tune of the French *chanson* into a dirge for many of those brave, light-hearted fellows, then so unmindful of the storm slowly gathering in the east.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

THE pomp and dignity of the court had vanished, and social life in the capital no longer centered about the imperial palace.

Even previous to the departure of the Empress, the Monday receptions had been discontinued, without their loss being seriously felt. At best they had never been other than dull, formal affairs. The ball-room was a large hall, always insufficiently lighted, and narrowed in the middle by the platform where stood the imperial throne under a canopy of velvet. Here, after their new guests had been officially presented in an adjoining hall, the Emperor and Empress seated themselves. Before supper they made a solemn tour of the ball-room. The dancing then ceased, and the crowd stood in chilled expectancy, and made way for them, each in turn receiving, as they passed, a smile, a nod, or some commonplace word of greeting.

Maximilian was happy in his remarks on such occasions. Naturally affable and kindly, like most princes trained to this sort of thing, his memory for names and faces was remarkable. We were presented at court on the first of the imperial fortnightly Mondays, and with us, of course, the larger number of the guests present; and yet, some weeks later, when making his tour of the ball-room, the Emperor stopped before us, and inquired about an absent member of the family, apparently placing us exactly. Many other instances of his memory and power of observation in such small matters were related by others.

He was tall, slight, and handsome, although the whole expression of his face revealed weakness and indecision. He looked, and was, a gentleman. His dignity was without hauteur. His manner was attractive; he had the faculty of making you feel at ease; and he possessed far more personal magnetism than did the Empress.

Hers was a strong, intelligent face, the lines of which were somewhat hard at times; and her determined expression impressed one with the feeling that she was the better equipped of the two intelligently to cope with the difficulties of practical life. It is probable that, had she been alone, she might have made a better attempt at solving the problems than did Maximilian; at least such was Marshal Bazaine's opinion, as expressed before me on one occasion, during her brief regency, when she had shown special firmness and clear judgment in dealing with certain complicated state affairs.

She, however, was reserved, somewhat lacking in tact and adaptability; and a certain haughtiness of manner, a dignity too conscious of itself, at first repelled many who were disposed to feel kindly toward her. It is more than likely that under this proud mien she concealed a suffering spirit, or, at least, the consciousness of a superiority that must efface itself. Who will ever know the travail of her proud heart and the prolonged strain under which her mind finally succumbed? For notwithstanding the prudence and decided ability with which she had conducted the difficult affairs of the realm during the Emperor's absence in 1864, it was hinted that on his return she was allowed little say in public affairs, and that her advice when given was seldom followed. After her departure even the semblance of a court disappeared.

On the other hand, the quartier-général had lost much of its animation since the

marshal's second marriage. His first union had been childless, and his delight in the joys and cares of a tardy paternity absorbed all the leisure left him by the military and other responsibilities of his position.

Indeed the growing ill-feeling existing in political circles was spreading rapidly, gradually destroying good-fellowship. A tragic incident resulting in the death of a brave French officer, Colonel Tourre (May, 1865), stirred French circles to their very depths.

One night a house was on fire. A lieutenant and some zouaves of the Third Regiment went in to save property. As the flames grew in intensity the colonel arrived on the scene, and realizing the danger of his men, rushed in to help and direct them. Shortly after he entered, the floor on which he stood gave way, and the unfortunate man was plunged into a fiery grave. The men managed to escape from the building, but the lieutenant and one zouave were horribly burned, and died in a few hours. The impression made upon society was profound. Every one turned out for the funeral. The marshal and his staff, on foot and bareheaded under the tropical sun, followed the remains, and did them as much honor as though the dead had been of the highest rank. It so happened, however, that the cortège, upon its passage, was insulted by some ruffians in the crowd, and the incident aroused more indignation and national feeling on both sides than the strictly limited nature of the incident warranted. One of the offenders, a student, was apprehended, and the clemency of Maximilian, who forthwith pardoned him, was regarded as a wanton and deliberate insult at French headquarters.

Society now scarcely deserved the name, and the sociability of the capital was confined to small groups of people who privately met for enjoyment in the most informal manner.

A number of officers had invited their wives to join them in Mexico, and among them were some charming and clever women, such as the Comtesse de Courcy, Vicomtesse de Nouë, and Mme. Magnan, who by throwing open their salons greatly contributed to the general enjoyment.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS SALM-SALM.

OTHER women of various nationalities formed a background to these, and added to the local interest. One of them afterward played a conspicuous part in the closing scene of the empire. Prince Salm-Salm and his hand-

some American wife came to Mexico in 1866. They found serious difficulty in gaining admittance into either the social or the political circles of the capital. The relations of Prussia with Austria were anything but cordial at the time; and soon after their arrival the war broke out which culminated at Sadowa. A Prussian subject, the prince was naturally looked upon with distrust by the Austrians, who showed him scant respect. He had brought letters from Baron Gerold, the Prussian minister at Washington; from Baron de Wydenbruck, the Austrian minister; and from the Marquis de Montholon: but these seemed unable to win for him even a hearing from the Emperor.

The French, on the other hand, had little sympathy for a German prince who, having hired his sword to the republic of the United States, had now come in search of a new allegiance, to offer his services to imperial Mexico's Austrian ruler.

When, six months after his arrival in Mexico, the most unremitting efforts on his part at last obtained for him a commission, and he was given (July, 1866) the rank of colonel in the auxiliary corps under General Neigre, he was treated with no special cordiality. He then applied to the minister of war for permission to pass into the Belgian corps. From this time he and his attractive wife obscurely followed the fortunes of Colonel Van der Smissen, whose personal regard they had won, until the withdrawal of the French and the Austro-Belgian armies, by clearing the stage for the last scene, brought them in full relief, under the search-light of history, by the side of the imperial victim.

At the time of which I now speak, the princess, as well as her husband, had donned the silver and gray of the Belgian regiment, and cheerfully shared the fatigues and dangers of camp life in war time—like a *soldadera*, contemptuously said her proud sisters in society; for this mode of existence naturally drew upon her the criticism of the more conventional of her sex in the Mexican colony. But for all that, she and her husband bravely stood by the Emperor to the bitter end, when older and more valued, though less courageous, friends had dropped away, and had left him, stripped of the imperial

purple, to struggle for existence, an adventurer among adventurers.

NEW COMPLICATIONS.

THE dénouement was drawing near. On October 10 General Castelnau landed in Vera Cruz, on a special mission from Napoleon III. He was accompanied by the Comte de St. Sauveur, his *officier d'ordonnance*, and by the Marquis de Gallifet.

His arrival created considerable excitement and some anxiety, not only at the palace, where Maximilian was expecting news from France much as a man awaits his sentence, but also at the quartier-général.

Information had come that the course taken by the marshal had not proved satisfactory to Napoleon. It was whispered that he had not shown sufficient zeal in the task required of him under the new policy; that his sovereign was seriously annoyed at what he conceived to be wilful procrastination in the withdrawal of the army; and that he was now sending his own aide-de-camp to cut the Gordian knot in the tangled skein of Mexican politics.¹

The marshal's popularity in his command was no longer what it had been. The intrigues carried on both in France and in Mexico, with the purpose of setting up General Douai in his place, had resulted in ill feeling that had been turned to account by the Mexican imperialists.

There were those in the army who did not fear to impute unworthy motives to the commander-in-chief's actions. His Mexican marriage had not added to his popularity among the French. It was hinted that his lenient dealings with the empire and with Maximilian were due to the fact that the handsome property at San Cosme must be left behind in the event of his return to France; and even worse calumnies, too ill founded to mention, were circulated with regard to the selfishness of his policy.

The fact that General Castelnau, who found himself intrusted with superior powers, extending, if necessary, even to the actual superseding of the commander-in-chief, was, from the military standpoint, the marshal's subordinate seemed likely to add considerably to the chance of new difficulties.

¹ During the winter of 1866, Napoleon had sent Baron Saillard upon a special mission to prepare Maximilian for the gradual withdrawal of the army, and to intimate to him that he must not depend upon a continuance of French support. The envoy, however, had failed to make upon the prince the impression it had been in-

tended he should make. Maximilian received him twice, resented his warnings, and his mission only added to the coldness then rapidly growing between the court and the marshal, to whose representations the young monarch attributed Napoleon's action.

Meanwhile the general seemed in no hurry to enter upon his thankless mission. Unmindful of the natural suspense of those who were awaiting him, he and his little party traveled leisurely. A martyr to the gout, he lingered on his way, no doubt making good use of his time as he went for the study of the situation which he was called upon to clear up. A fortnight thus elapsed before he approached the capital.

Serious events had taken place during his journey from the coast, which at first seemed somewhat to simplify the difficulties of his mission; and upon his arrival in the capital affairs had reached an acute crisis which cleverer men than himself and his colleagues, working in harmony, might perhaps have turned to favorable account for France.

On October 18, three days before General Castelnau reached the capital, a telegram, sent from Miramar via New York by the Comte de Bombelles, brought to Chapultepec the news of the illness of Empress Carlotta. This last blow fell with crushing weight upon the suffering Emperor. This was about the time when the return of the Empress was expected, and he had made his plans to travel toward the coast to meet her on her homeward journey. Some days earlier Colonel Kodolitch and his Austrian hussars had been summoned to the capital to form his body-guard. Maximilian now at once resolved to leave Chapultepec, and to retire to Orizaba.

PANIC.

As soon as this was known, an uneasy feeling spread over Mexico that the empire was at an end, and that Maximilian was leaving the city, never to return. The result was a panic. The new cabinet and other clerical leaders flocked to the castle to get some assurance as to the Emperor's intentions; but he was ill, and denied himself to all visitors, even to the Princess Iturbide, who, it is said,¹ resented the slight in violent language.²

The ministers, terror-stricken at the thought of being left alone to face a revolution, tendered their resignation in a body; and Señor Lares declared that if the Emperor

left the city there would no longer be a government.

Looking back upon the event, it would now seem that by threatening the ministers with summary measures if they did not reconsider their decision, Marshal Bazaine had lost his one opportunity to clear the tables for a new «deal,» and thus become master of the situation. But it is only fair to state that the conditions were bewildering. The concentration of the army had not been perfected, and scattered detachments were still at considerable distances. Rumors of Sicilian Vespers once more floated in the air. The exasperation of the clerical party against the French was now far more violent than that of the Liberals. Indeed, it seemed difficult to calculate the extent of the conflagration which a single spark might kindle. Moreover, no one then doubted Maximilian's resolve to abdicate. To-day, however, it would seem that by stemming the torrent at this time Marshal Bazaine defeated his own end. This may fairly be inferred from the part played by the priest Fischer in the transaction.

Father Fischer was an obscure adventurer of low degree, and of more than shady reputation, whose shrewdness and talent for intrigue had impressed themselves upon the weakened mind of the Emperor in the latter days of his reign. Utterly unscrupulous, with everything to gain for himself and his party, and with absolutely nothing to lose but a life which he took good care to save by avoiding danger, he insinuated himself into the confidence of Maximilian, and became the *Mephistopheles* of the last act in the Mexican drama. Having but recently risen to the confidential position he now occupied near the person of the Emperor, the latter's abdication was obviously against his interests. When the ministers threatened to resign, he is stated to have represented to them that their action was likely to precipitate the catastrophe which they sought to avoid; that by such a demonstration of their own helplessness they must only confirm the Emperor's resolve; and he persuaded them that if the Emperor were not allowed temporarily to retire to Orizaba he might without further delay return to Europe.

tant pecuniary considerations, the uncles, aunt, and father of the boy agreed that the Iturbide family, including the parents, should leave the country, and that Maximilian should become the guardian of the child, the aunt, Doña Josefa Iturbide, the masterful mind of the family, remaining as his governess. The consent of the mother was wrenched from her, and the contract was duly signed and executed.

¹ See Basch, «Maximilien au Mexique,» p. 56.

² In 1866, the imperial couple being childless, Maximilian bethought himself of establishing a dynasty. One of the Emperor's sons, Angel Iturbide, was married to an American woman, and his child, a mere infant, became the basis of a remarkable agreement which excited much comment at the time.

By the terms of this contract, and for certain impor-

It is claimed by Dr. Basch¹ that the priest's arguments had as much to do with bringing the ministers to resume their portfolios as the marshal's firmness. However this may be, the crisis was avoided. On October 2, Maximilian, Señor Arroyo, Father Fischer, Dr. Basch, and Councilor Hertzelt, under the escort of Colonel Kodolitch and his Austro-Hungarian regiment, started from Chapultepec at three o'clock in the morning. There was no doubt in any one's mind that his departure for Orizaba was the first relay in the Emperor's journey to the coast.

There is something profoundly pathetic in this chapter of his life. It forms a fitting introduction to the tragedy the threatening outline of which even then faintly appeared upon the horizon as a dreadful possibility.

The friends whose society had enlivened the earlier days of his reign in his adopted land were now scattered like straws at the first approach of the cyclone. The Empress had gone upon her hopeless mission, never to return; and the faithful Comte de Bombelles was with her to advise and protect. Court and political intrigues had loosened the bond that had united the Emperor to the great clerical leaders who had made the empire.

Whatever his dreams may have been, the reality was pitiful. The gilding thinly spread over the Mexican crown had worn off; the glitter had disappeared. The treasury was empty, courtiers were now few, and the successor of the Montezumas, the descendant of the Hapsburgs, the popular archduke, the Austrian admiral, was now reduced to the intimacy of a corrupt adventurer in priestly garb, who had stolen into his confidence upon the shortest acquaintance, and of his German physician, Dr. Basch, whom he had known only one month. These two, with his still faithful followers the Councilor Hertzelt and the naturalist Bilimek, were his only confidential advisers during the terrible crisis upon the issue of which depended life and fame.

A VISIT TO CHAPULTEPEC.

It so happened that, a day or two after the Emperor's departure, while passing Chapultepec on horseback, a friend invited us to enter the palace to look at the costly improvements made in the last two years by the Emperor. While there we were shown the private apartments. No one had as yet straightened out the place. A certain disorder still reigned, as though the imperial

inmate had just left. His clothes hung in open closets, and the condition of the rooms betokened a hasty departure, and formed a dramatic *mise en scène* for the opening of the last act of his life.

A coincidence brought General Castelnau and his party to Ayotla, on their way to the capital, as the Emperor and his escort stopped there for breakfast. Maximilian, however, refused to see the envoy. It is said that he even declined to see Captain Pierron, his own secretary, then traveling with the general.

At this time the unfortunate prince seemed utterly crushed under the repeated blows dealt him by fate. According to his physician, then his daily companion, his imagination showed him his own conduct as a noble effort to regenerate the country by the establishment of an empire resting upon the will of the nation. This effort had been frustrated «by the resistance of the Mexicans [!] and the vexations of the French.»

The journey was a dreary one. The Emperor most of the time remained silent. On the way he generally accepted the hospitality of priests.

A certain apprehension was felt as to his safety, and the road was well guarded, as it was feared that he might be kidnapped. That such fears were not wholly unfounded was proved by an incident which took place at Aculzingo. After a short halt, when the imperial party was about to proceed on its journey it was discovered with dismay that the eight white mules forming the Emperor's team had been stolen.

At Orizaba he received his last ovation; but these public demonstrations had lost their charm. He withdrew to the house of Señor Bringas, a violent reactionary, most inimical to the French. There he denied himself to every one. Of his military household he retained only two Mexican officers—Colonel Ormachea and Colonel Lamadrid. Later he retired to the hacienda of Jalapilla. While here even letters were not sure to reach him. His correspondence passed through interested hands, and was sifted under prying eyes, before being placed before him. No one was allowed to see him without the knowledge of the priest, who was rapidly obtaining over him an influence that was to lead him to his death. Those who approached him at this time reported him as completely under the influence, almost in the custody, of Father Fischer.

So complete was his mental collapse that it was said, and by some believed, that during their residence at Cuernavaca, prior to

¹ See Basch, *loc. cit.*, p. 64.

the departure of the Empress, a subtle poison known to the Indians of that region, and the action of which was through the brain, had been administered to the imperial couple.

The condition of the Empress, the prolonged fits of depression to which Maximilian was subject when he resolved to remove his residence to Orizaba, away from the presence of his hated allies, his extreme listlessness, which betrayed itself in the carelessness of his attire and in his lapses of etiquette and of memory, gave color to the report. But there was quite enough in the unfortunate prince's situation to account for the abnormal condition of his mind without having recourse to romantic fancies.

All this time the Austrian frigate *Elizbeth* was at anchor off Vera Cruz awaiting his pleasure, ready to take him back to Trieste, and part of his baggage was already on board.

His own countrymen looked upon the game as lost. The empire, which for some time had been caving in at the center, was now everywhere crumbling at the edges. Only the most unblushing personal interest could advise, and the most inconsistent folly consider, the retaining of a crown which, under circumstances even less inauspicious, he had only a short time before wisely resolved to surrender.

Unsuccessful in his attempt to govern with French financial and military support, how could he contemplate reigning alone, without allies, money, or credit? The mere thought seemed madness. After insisting upon a plebiscite to sanction his reign, how could he honorably remain now that the country in arms was everywhere falling away from his standard?

On November 6 the rumor of his abdication was circulated in New York; and the London «Post» and «Star» published it as a fact. But intrigue and folly prevailed.

It has been claimed that a communication from his former secretary, the Belgian Eloin,

now his agent abroad, had a decisive effect upon his final resolution. In this letter, since published by M. de Kératry, M. Eloin warned Maximilian against affording the French an easy way out of their difficulties by yielding to General Castelnau's wiles. He urged upon the Emperor the maintaining of the empire after the departure of the foreigners, a free appeal to the Mexican nation for the material means of sustaining himself, and, in case of failure, the return of the crown to the people who gave it. Thus, and thus alone, in the opinion of the secretary, could the Emperor return with credit to Europe, with an untarnished fame, and «play the part which belonged to him in every respect in the important events that could not fail to occur» in Austria.

The hints at the general dissatisfaction with the present order of things at home, at the discouragement of Emperor Francis Joseph, at the popularity of Maximilian both in his native country and in Venetia, show that, in the mind of his secretary at least, the possibilities of Maximilian's political career were by no means confined to the sovereignty of Mexico. In reading this remarkable letter, one's mind involuntarily turns to the family scene enacted at Miramar, when Maximilian, compelled by his brother to renounce his rights to the Austrian throne, clung to them with a tenacity that seriously loosened the close bond that hitherto had united the two men.

This letter also explains the insistence of Francis Joseph, through his ambassador Baron de Lago, when the possibility of his brother's return was discussed, that Maximilian, once upon Austrian soil, should drop the imperial title.¹ However this may be, from this time Maximilian's mind seemed made up. He determined to risk his all upon the promises of the clerical leaders.

¹ Compare «L'Empire de Maximilien», M. de Kératry, p. 220.

(To be concluded in the next number.)



SONGS OF AMERICAN BIRDS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIRDS MOUNTED BY WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT.



SUSPECT it requires a special gift of grace to enable one to hear the bird-songs; some new power must be added to the ear, or some obstruction removed. There are not only scales upon our eyes so that we do not see; there are scales upon our ears so that we do not hear. A city woman who had spent much of her time in the country once asked a well-known ornithologist to take her where she could hear the bluebird. «What, never heard the bluebird!» said he. «I have not,» said the woman. «Then you will never hear it,» said the bird-lover. That is, never hear it with that inward ear that gives beauty and meaning to the note. He could probably have taken her in a few minutes where she could have heard the call or warble of the bluebird; but it would have fallen upon unresponsive ears—upon ears that were not sensitized by love for the birds or associations with them. Bird-songs are not music, properly speaking, but only suggestions of music. A great many people whose attention would be quickly arrested by the same volume of sound made by a musical instrument or by any artificial means never hear them at all. The sound of a boy's penny whistle there in the grove or the meadow would separate itself more from the background of nature, and be a greater challenge to the ear, than is the strain of the thrush or the song of the sparrow. There is something elusive, indefinite, neutral, about bird-songs that makes them strike obliquely, as it were, upon the ear; and we are very apt to miss them. They are a part of nature, and nature lies about us, entirely occupied with her own affairs, and quite regardless of our presence. Hence it is with bird-songs as it is with so many other things in nature—they are what we make them; the ear that hears them must be half creative. I am always disturbed when persons not especially observant of birds ask me to take them where they can hear some particular bird the song of which they have become interested in through a description of it

in some book. As I listen with them I feel like apologizing for the bird: it has a bad cold, or has just heard some depressing news; it will not let itself out. The song seems so casual and minor when you make a dead set at it. I have taken persons to hear the hermit-thrush, and I have fancied that they were all the time saying to themselves, «Is that all?» But when one hears the bird in his walk, when the mind is attuned to simple things and is open and receptive, when expectation is not aroused and the song comes as a surprise out of the dusky silence of the woods, one feels that it merits all the fine things that can be said of it.

As music, what is the little ditty of the first song-sparrow in spring, or the warble of the first robin, or the call of the first meadow-lark or highhole? Nothing. If we have no associations with these sounds they will mean very little to us. Their merit as musical performances is very slight. It is as signs of joy and love in nature, as heralds of spring, and the spirit of the woods and fields made audible, that they appeal to us. The drumming of the woodpeckers and of the ruffed grouse give great pleasure to a countryman, though they have not the quality of real music. It is the same with the call of the migrating geese or the voice of any wild thing: our pleasure in them is entirely apart from any considerations of music. Why does the wild flower, as we chance upon it in the woods or bogs, give us more pleasure than the more elaborate flower of the garden or lawn? Because it is a greater surprise, offers a greater contrast with its surroundings, and suggests a spirit in wild nature that seems to take thought of itself and to aspire to beautiful forms.

The songs of caged birds are always disappointing, because then they have nothing but their musical qualities to recommend them to us. We have separated them from that which gives quality and meaning to their songs. One recalls Emerson's lines:

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;

He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

I have never yet seen a caged bird that I wanted,—at least, not on account of its song,—nor a wild flower that I desired to transfer to my garden. A caged skylark will sing its song sitting on a bit of turf in the bottom of the cage; but you want to stop your ears, it is so harsh and sibilant and penetrating. But up there against the morning sky, and above the wide expanse of fields, what delight we have in it! It is not the concord of sweet sounds: it is the soaring spirit of gladness and ecstasy raining down upon us from «heaven's gate.» Then, to the time and the place, if one could only add the association, or hear the bird through the vista of the years, the song touched with the magic of youthful memories! A number of years ago a friend in England sent me a score of skylarks in a cage. I gave them their liberty in a field near my place. They drifted away, and I never heard them or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city called upon me, and declared with visible excitement that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming; he knew it was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century or more before. What pleasure it gave him! How much more the song meant to him than it would have meant to me! For the moment he was on his native heath again. Then I told him about the larks I had liberated, and he seemed to enjoy it all over again with renewed appreciation. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a friend of mine was out there observing them; a lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along, and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot; a look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat, turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. «Ah,» my friend thought, «if I could only hear that song with his ears!» How it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills! The power of bird-songs over us is so much a matter of association. Hence it is that every traveler to other countries finds the feathered songsters of less merit

than those he left behind. The traveler does not hear the birds in the same receptive, uncritical frame of mind as does the native; they are not in the same way the voices of the place and the season. What music can there be in that long, piercing, far-heard note of the first meadow-lark in spring to any but a native, or in the «o-ka-lee» of the red-shouldered starling as he rests upon the willows in March? A stranger would probably recognize melody and a wild woodsy quality in the flutings of the veery thrush; but how much more they would mean to him after he had spent many successive Junes threading our Northern trout-streams and encamping on their banks! The veery will come early in the morning, and perch above your tent, and again at sundown, and blow his soft, reverberant note for minutes at a time. The strain repeats the echoes of the limpid stream in the halls and corridors of the leafy woods.

While in England in 1882, I rushed about two or three counties in late June and early July, bent on hearing the song of the nightingale, but missed it by a few days, and in some cases, as it seemed, only by a few hours. The nightingale seems to be wound up to go only so long, or till about the middle of June, and it is only by a rare chance that you hear one after that date. Then I came home to hear a nightingale in song in winter in a friend's house in the city. It was a curious let-down to my enthusiasm. A caged song in a city chamber in broad daylight, in lieu of the wild, free song in the gloaming of an English landscape! I closed my eyes, abstracted myself from my surroundings, and tried my best to fancy myself listening to the strain back there amid the scenes I had haunted about Hazelmere and Godalming, but with poor success, I suspect. The nightingale's song, like the lark's, wants vista, wants all the accessories of time and place. The song is not all in the singing, any more than the wit is all in the saying. It is in the occasion, the surroundings, the spirit of which it is the expression. My friend said that the bird did not fully let itself out. Its song was a brilliant medley of notes,—no theme that I could detect,—like the lark's song in this respect; all the notes of the field and forest appeared to be the gift of this bird, but what tone, what accent, like that of a great poet!

Nearly every May I am seized with an impulse to go back to the scenes of my youth, and hear the bobolinks in the home meadows once more. I am sure they sing there better than anywhere else. They probably drink

nothing but dew, and the dew distilled in those high pastoral regions has surprising virtues. It gives a clear, full, vibrant quality to the birds' voices that I have never heard elsewhere. The night of my arrival, I leave my southern window open, so that the meadow chorus may come pouring in before I am up in the morning. How it does transport me athwart the years, and make me a boy again, sheltered by the paternal wing! On one oc-

southern migrations; but within the last twenty years they have become regular summer residents in the hilly parts of many sections of New York and New England. They are genuine skylarks, and lack only the powers of song to make them as attractive as their famous cousins of Europe.

The larks are ground-birds when they perch, and sky-birds when they sing; from the turf to the clouds—nothing between.



CHICKADEES.

casion, the third morning after my arrival, a bobolink had appeared with a new note in his song. The note sounded like the word «baby» uttered with a peculiar, tender resonance; but it was clearly an interpolation; it did not belong there; it had no relation to the rest of the song. Yet the bird never failed to utter it with the same joy and confidence as the rest of his song. Maybe it was the beginning of a variation that may in time result in an entirely new bobolink song.

On my last spring visit to my native hills, my attention was attracted to another songster not seen or heard there in my youth—namely, the shore-lark, also called «horned lark» from the marked division of its crest. Flocks of these birds used to be seen in the Northern States in the late fall during their

Our shore-lark mounts upward on quivering wing in the true lark fashion, and, spread out against the sky at an altitude of two or three hundred feet, hovers and sings. The watcher and listener below holds him in his eye, but the ear catches only a faint, broken, half-inarticulate note now and then—mere splinters, as it were, of the song of the skylark. The song of the latter is continuous and is loud and humming; it is a fountain of jubilant song up there in the sky; but our shore-lark sings in snatches; at each repetition of its notes it dips forward and downward a few feet, and then rises again. One day I kept my eye upon one until it repeated its song one hundred and three times; then it closed its wings, and dropped toward the earth like a plummet, as does its European congener.

While I was watching the bird a bobolink flew over my head, between me and the lark, and poured out his voluble and copious strain. «What a contrast,» I thought, «between the spluttering, tongue-tied lark, and the free, liquid, and varied song of the bobolink!»

I heard of a curious fact in the life histories of these larks in the West. A Michigan woman once wrote me that her brother, who was an engineer on an express train that made daily trips between two Western cities, reported that many birds were struck by the engine every day, and killed—often as many

as thirty on a trip of sixty miles. Birds of many kinds were killed, but the most common was a bird that went in flocks, and the description of which answered to the shore-lark. Since then I have read in a Minnesota newspaper that many shore-larks are killed by railroad locomotives in that State. It was thought that the birds sat behind the rails to get out of the wind, and on starting up in front of the advancing train were struck down by the engine. The Michigan engineer referred to thought that the birds gathered upon the track to earth their wings, or else to



QUAIL.



WOODCOCK.

pick up the grain that leaks out of the wheat-trains, and sows the track from Dakota to the seaboard. Probably the wind which they might try to face in getting up is the prime cause of their being struck. One does not think of the locomotive as a bird-destroyer, though it is well known that many of the smaller animals often fall beneath it.

A very interesting feature of our bird-songs is the wing-song, or song of ecstasy. It is not the gift of many of our birds. Indeed, less than a dozen species are known to me as ever singing on the wing. It seems to spring from more intense excitement and self-abandonment than the ordinary song delivered from the perch. When the bird's joy reaches the point of rapture it is literally carried off its feet, and up it goes into the air, pouring out its song as a rocket pours its sparks. The skylark and the bobolink habitually do this, but a few others of our birds do it only on occasions. Last summer, up in

the Catskills, I added another name to my list of ecstatic singers—that of the vesper-sparrow. Several times I heard a new song in the air, and caught a glimpse of the bird as it dropped back to the earth. My attention would be attracted by a succession of hurried, chirping notes, followed by a brief burst of song, then by the vanishing form of the bird. One day I was lucky enough to see the bird as it was rising to its climax in the air, and identified it as the vesper-sparrow. The burst of song that crowned the upward flight of seventy-five or one hundred feet was brief; but it was brilliant and striking, and entirely unlike the leisurely chant of the bird while upon the ground. It suggested a lark, but was less buzzing or humming. The preliminary chirping notes, uttered faster and faster as the bird mounted in the air, were like the trail of sparks which a rocket emits before its grand burst of color at the top of its flight.

It is interesting to note that this bird is quite lark-like in its color and markings, having the two lateral white quills in the tail and the suggestion of a crest on its head. The solitary skylark that I discovered several years ago in a field near me was seen on several occasions paying his addresses to one of these birds, but the vesper-bird was shy, and eluded all his advances.

most screeching song of the oven-bird, as it perches on a limb a few feet from the ground, like the words, «preacher, preacher, preacher,» or «teacher, teacher, teacher,» uttered louder and louder, and repeated six or seven times, is also familiar to most ears; but its wild, ringing, rapturous burst of song in the air high above the tree-tops is not so well known. From a very prosy, tiresome,



HERMIT-THRUSH.

Probably the perch-songster among our ordinary birds that is most regularly seized with the fit of ecstasy that results in this lyric burst in the air is the oven-bird, or wood-accentor—the golden-crowned thrush of the old ornithologists. Every loiterer about the woods knows this pretty, speckled-breasted, olive-backed little bird, which walks along over the dry leaves a few yards from him, moving its head as it walks, like a miniature domestic fowl. Most birds are very stiff-necked, like the robin, and as they run or hop upon the ground carry the head as if it were riveted to the body. Not so the oven-bird, or the other birds that walk, as the cow-bunting or the quail or the crow. They move the head forward with the movement of the feet. The sharp, reiterated, al-

unmelodious singer, it is suddenly transformed for a brief moment into a lyric poet of great power. I have seen the bird when this skyward impulse first seized him. A marked excitement comes over him (I am tempted to say *her*, because the bird always suggests the feminine, and the two sexes are marked alike); he begins hurrying up through the trees from branch to branch, uttering a sharp, rapid chirp, till before the top is reached he can hold himself back no longer, when he starts into the air, and fifty or more feet above the tree-tops breaks out into a ringing, ecstatic song. You hardly have time to turn your head and find him with your eye before he has delivered himself, and with folded wings is pitching down toward the earth again. The bird does this many times

a day during early June, but oftenest at twilight. The song in quality and general cast is like that of its congener, the water-accentor, which, however, I believe is never delivered on the wing. From its habit of

they never seem to have suspected the identity of the singer.

Other birds that sing on the wing are the meadow-lark, goldfinch, purple finch, indigo-bird, Maryland yellowthroat, and woodcock.



ROBIN.

singing at twilight, and from the swift, darting motions of the bird, I am inclined to think that in it we have solved the mystery of Thoreau's "night-warbler," that puzzled and eluded him for years. Emerson told him he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. The older ornithologists must have heard this song many times, but

The flight-song of the woodcock I have never heard, but it is described as being very pleasing, delivered in the twilight of early spring. The meadow-lark sings in a level flight, half hovering in the air, giving voice to a rapid medley of lark-like notes. The goldfinch also sings in a level flight, beating the air slowly with its wings broadly open, and pouring out its jubilant, ecstatic



BROWN THRASHER.

strain. I think it indulges in this wing-song only in the early season. After the mother bird has begun sitting, the male circles about within ear-shot of her, in that curious undulating flight, uttering his «per-chic-o-pee, per-chic-o-pee,» while the female calls back to him in the tenderest tones, «Yes, lovie; I hear you.» The indigo-bird and the purple finch, when their happiness becomes too full and buoyant for them longer to control, launch into the air, and sing briefly, ecstatically, in a tremulous, hovering flight. The air-song of these birds does not differ essentially from the song delivered from the perch, except that it betrays more excitement, and hence is a more complete lyrical rapture.

The purple finch is our finest songster among the finches. Its strain is so soft and melodious, and touched with such a childlike gaiety and plaintiveness, that I think it might even sound well in a cage inside a room, if it would only sing with the same joyous abandonment, which, of course, it would not do.

It is not generally known that individual birds of the same species show different degrees of musical ability. This is often noticed in caged birds, among which the principle of variation seems more active; but an attentive observer notes the same fact in wild birds. Occasionally he hears one that in powers of song surpasses all its fellows. I have heard a sparrow, oriole, and wood-thrush, each

of which had a song of its own that far exceeded any other. I stood one day by a trout-stream, and suspended my fishing for several minutes to watch a song-sparrow that was singing on a dry limb before me. He had five distinct songs, each as markedly different from the others as any human songs, which he repeated one after the other. He may have had a sixth or a seventh, but he bethought himself of some business in the next field, and flew away before he had exhausted his repertory. I once had a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson, who said he had read some account I had written of the song of the English blackbird. He said I might as well talk of the song of man; that every blackbird had its own song; and then he told me of a remarkable singer he used to hear somewhere amid the Scottish hills. But his singer was, of course, an exception; twenty-four blackbirds out of every twenty-five probably sing the same song, with no appreciable variations: but the twenty-fifth may show extraordinary powers. I told Stevenson that his famous singer had probably been

to school to some nightingale on the Continent or in southern England. I might have told him of the robin I once heard here that sang with great spirit and accuracy the song of the brown thrasher. It had probably heard it and learned it while very young. In the Trossachs, in Scotland, I followed a song-thrush about for a long time, attracted by its peculiar song. It repeated over and over again three or four notes of a well-known air, which it might have caught from some shepherd-boy whistling to his flock or to his cow.

The songless birds—why has nature denied them this gift? But they nearly all have some musical call or impulse that serves them very well. The quail has his whistle, the woodpecker his drum, the pewee his plaintive cry, the chickadee his exquisitely sweet call, the highhole his long, repeated "wick, wick, wick," which is one of the most welcome sounds of spring, the jay his musical gurgle, the hawk his scream, the crow his sturdy caw. Only one of our pretty birds of the orchard is reduced to an all but inaudible note, and that is the cedar-bird.



BLUEBIRD.

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,
Author of «Hugh Wynne,» «Characteristics,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



«'T IS A GARGOYLE COME DOWN FROM THE ROOF OF ST. JACQUES.»

VIII.—*In which François discovers the mercantile value of laughter and the Crab takes toll of the jugglers—with the sad history of Despard, the partner.*

LATE in the evenings, in the room they shared, the practice of the early morning was resumed, and, above all, Pierre was overjoyed to see what tricks of feature were within François's control. He had, in fact, some of the art of the actor, and was the master of such surprises of expression as were irresistibly comic. By and by the fame of his wonderful visage spread, and very often

the young nobles, with their white cockades, came to see, or great ladies would pause to have their palms read. When palmistry was to be used, the booth was closed with black curtains, between which was seen only this long face, with the flaring ears and laughing eyes. Presently a huge hand came out below, the rest of the figure remaining unseen. Then, in the quaintest language, François related wonderful things yet to be, his large mouth opening so as to divide the merry face as with a gulf.

It was a time eager for the new, and this astonishing mask had a huge success. The

booth grew rich, and raised its prices, so that soon these two pirates of the cité sat in wonder over their gains, and Pierre began to store up a few louis for a bad day, and for the future of the little maid at Sèvres, where two or three of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart had found a new home, and taken again the charge of some of their scattered flock.

François was fast learning the art of the conjurer; but at times, sad to say, he yearned for a chance to apply his newly acquired dexterity in ways which were more perilous. He liked change, and had the pleasure in risk which is common to daring men. Indeed, he was at times so restless as to require the urgent counsels of Pierre to keep him tranquil. Once or twice he must needs insist on a holiday, and went away with Toto for two days. They came back dirty and happy, but to Pierre's relief. This uneasy partner was now essential, and more and more Jacobin and royalist crowded about the booth to get a laugh out of the sight of the face which, appearing through the curtain with hair brushed up and long brown beard combed down, suddenly grew as broad as it had been long. The laugh into which it broke was so cheery, so catching, so causeless, that all who saw fell into fits of merriment such as were not common in those days of danger and anxiety.

Then the partner appeared in front of the booth. So many wished the man who laughed to read their palms that Pierre declared it must be for the highest bidder. A gay auction took place; and the winner heard his fate slyly whispered by the voice of many tones, or it might be that it was loudly read for the benefit of the crowd, and, amid cries and jeers, the victim retired with promise of a wife with a negative dowry in some un-existent section of Paris. Or again, it was an elderly dame who consulted the voice of fate. She was to have three husbands, and die young. Then another broad hand came forth, and on it the black poodle upright, with a handkerchief to his eyes, and his tail adorned with crape. It was witty, innocent, and amusing, and delighted this Paris, which was becoming suspicious, cruel, and grimly devilish.

Very soon the business in which laughter was sold for what it would bring in laughter, and for what men were willing to pay for an honest grin, began to have incidents which more than satisfied François's taste for adventure and greatly troubled Pierre. The little room of the two conjurers had flowers in the window, and a bird-cage. These were François's luxuries. Pierre did

not care for them. He had begun to read books about the rights of man, and bits of «The Friend of the People,» by Marat. When François first knew him he liked to gossip gravely of what went on, as to the changing fashions, or as to the new «baptism» of the streets, but of the serious aspect of the tumbling monarchy was not inclined to speak. At times, too, he let it be seen that he was well educated; but beyond this, François still learned nothing of his past. One evening François, gaily whistling, and with Toto after him, turned the knob of their chamber door. There was some resistance. He called, «Pierre!» and the door yielded. He went in. Two candles were burning on their little dining-table. Facing him, in a chair, sat the Crab, Quatre Pattes, bent forward as to the spine, the head tilted up to get sight of Pierre, who was leaning against the wall back of the door. Her eyes, a dusky red, were wide open to enlarge the view which the bend of her back limited. The beak between them was purple. Her mouth, grim and lipless, was set in deep, radiating wrinkles, and the toothless gums were moving as if she were chewing. Her two wrists rested on the curved handles of her short canes, and her outstretched hands, lean, eager, and deformed, were moving like the claws of some ravenous creature of the jungle.

François looked from her to his partner, Despard. He was standing as if flattened, his eyes upon the woman, his palms, outspread, set hard on the wall behind him, a pitiful image of alarm and hatred.

«Mon Dieu!» cried François, «what is all this? What does this she-devil want?»

«Want! I want money, vagabond thief! I saw thee in the booth yesterday. We are honest, are we? And I know him, too. Him!» and she pointed at Pierre, who murmured:

«Kill her! Take her away!»

François laughed. «Out of this, hag!» and he laughed again.

«I know that man,» she cried. «Sacré, but he is scared, the coward! I remind him of old times. He must pay—pay, or I will fetch the police. He knows me. Out with the money! Empty your pockets!»

François shouted: «What, Mother Puzzle-bones, dost thou think to scare an old dog of the cité? Art fit to be mother-in-law of Satan. Out with thee! Out of this, I say! Here is to buy flesh to cover thy rattlebone carcass.» He threw two francs before her.

The Crab stood up, and beat with her sticks on the table. «No francs! It is gold I will have—red louis, or I will set the police

on thee, and on the fat fool yonder. I will find that girl of his. She must be fit to sell by this time. A beauty was her mother.»

«Kill her! Kill her!» said Pierre, wrath in his words, fear in their tremor. Of a sudden he seized a stool, and, mad with some memory of wrong, leaped forward. The Crab faced him with courage, as François tore away the stool, and pushed him back. «No murder here. Keep quiet, idiot! And as to thee, thou gutter Crab, out of this!»

Upon this, Toto set up a dismal howl, and made at the old woman. A rousing whack from her stick sent him howling under the bed, where he sat pensive. Then she turned on François.

«Look here,» she said, «thou hast some sense. That ass has none. Let us talk. Thou canst give me money or let it alone. You both know me. A word to the police, and up goes the little show.»

«Very likely.»

«Then make a bargain. Pay me, and I hold my tongue. No use to call me names.»

«Well, let us have peace, and talk,» said François. This threat of the Crab as to the officers of the law might not be vain; she was quite too well informed; and there was Pierre, white and furious. François foresaw tragedy; comedy was more to his taste.

«What wilt thou have, Quatre Pattes? We are poor. Why threaten thy old lodger?» He was eager to get her away, in order to understand matters. Too much was dark. Pierre said no more, but stood staring, angry and yet afraid.

«A louis a week,» cried the Crab.

«Nonsense! These good geese would soon die of starvation, and then no more golden eggs. Here are ten francs. Each week thou shalt have five.»

«*Nom de Dieu!*» groaned Pierre; «and to kill her were so easy!»

«Not for thee, coward!» shouted the Crab, knocking her sticks together for emphasis.

«Kill her!» said Pierre, faintly.

«Nonsense!» said François. «Come to the booth for it, Crab; not here, mind you, not here—not a sou here.»

«Adieu, my jolly bankers,» cried the hag. «For the day this will do; then we shall see.» With this, the sticks rattled on the tiled floor, and she pattered out of the door, which François shut after her.

«Behold us, netted like larks!» he said, and broke into a laugh.

«It is not a thing to laugh at,» said Pierre, the sweat rolling down his face.

«No; perhaps not. Let us take counsel.

But what troubled thee? Shall a crippled old woman ruin two strong men?»

Pierre groaned, and let his face fall on his palms, making no reply.

«What is it, my friend?»

«I cannot tell thee now. It were useless; it would not help. But God has made the little one safe—safe. One of these days I may have the courage to tell thee.»

His natural reticence and some too dreadful past combined to keep him silent. François was puzzled. He knew the man to be a coward; but his timidity, followed by this sudden outbreak of murderous fury, was to him inexplicable; nor did he comprehend it fully until later events revealed to him, as he looked back at this scene, the nature of the morbid changes which his partner's character had already begun to feel. «What does it all mean?» he demanded.

«Ask me no more,» said Despard. «Not now—not now. She cannot hurt me or mine. It is hate, not fear, I have. But thou? Why didst thou pay?»

«For good enough reasons,» said François; «but I can take care of myself.» He was by no means sure of this. Nevertheless, he laughed as usual, and said, «Let us have supper; I cannot think when I am empty.»

No more was said. They ate in silence, and then Pierre turned to his «*L'Ami du Peuple*,» and François to a pipe and to his thoughts. Must he give up the booth, and wander? He knew the Crab well enough to fear her. The price of her silence would rise, and to deny her would bring about disaster. He began to wish he had been honest. It was too late now; but France was large, and, after all, he could laugh at his own embarrassment. There was time to think; he had bought that.

They spoke no further of the Crab; but from this time Pierre became depressed and suspicious at every knock on the door. Quatre Pattes came to the booth with her usual eagerness, and if she chanced to be full of bad brandy, and too noisy and unappeasable, François paid her something out of his own share of their growing profits. Had he been alone, he might have done otherwise; but Pierre was timid, watchful, and talked sadly of the little one at Sèvres. How should he manage if the show came to an end? It had not been worth much until François joined him. Before that he had been starving himself to keep the child in careful hands. He became increasingly melancholy, and this especially in the early mornings. He was apt to say at night, «A day is gone, and nothing has happened.»

François was courageous and mocked a little at the jade Fortune. «What could happen?» And yet this shrinking little man, fat, doleful, and full of fears, sat heavily upon him; and there, too, was this child. *Peste!* The children he had known at the asylum were senseless, greedy little cattle, all of one make. Perhaps this girl at Sévres was no better.

IX.—*In which François tells the fortune of the Marquis de St. Luce and of Robespierre, and has his own fortune told, and of how Despard saw a man of whom he was afraid.*

FRANÇOIS was to be further amazed by Pierre Despard. To the last of his life, François remembered that day. A cool October had stripped the king's chestnut-trees of their glory as clean as the king himself was soon to be shorn. The leaves were rustling at evening across the Place Louis XV, and covering the water of the canals. Here, of late, the tent-booth had been set up for the benefit of the better society, which still wore the white cockade of the Bourbons. A merry group of the actors of the Comédie was waiting to see François, the maker of faces. There were Chenard of the Opéra Comique; Fleury and Saint-Prix, whose gaiety no prison in after days could lessen, and no fear of death abate. «Behold, there is the great Talma,» said Pierre, peeping out; «and the aristos are many to-day. Art ready, François?»

François was delighted. The great Talma here, and actually to see him—François! He had of late been acquiring stage ambitions, and taking great pains to improve the natural advantages of a face quite matchless in Paris.

Despard peeped in again. «Yes, François; they talk of thee, and there are many in the crowd. They gather to see Talma. There are Jacobins and thy friends the aristocrats. Make thou haste. Art ready?»

«Yes, yes,» said François. He felt it to be a great, an unusual occasion. He had a bright idea. He struck with a stick three times on the floor of the booth, the traditional signal at the Théâtre Français for the curtain to rise. A roar of applause outside rewarded his shrewd sense of what was due to this audience.

«*Tiens!* That is good,» said La Rive. The slit in the curtain opened, and, framed in the black drapery, appeared a face which seemed to have come out of the canvas of Holbein. It was solemn, and yet grotesque, strong of feature, the face, beard, and hair white with powder; the eyes were shut.

«*Mon Dieu,*» said Talma, «what a mask!

'T is stern as fate.» The crowd stayed motionless and silent.

«Look! look!» said Fleury. «'T is a study. To smile with closed eyes. Didst thou ever see a man smile in sleep, Talma?» It was pretty and odd. Little curves of mirthful change crawled downward from the eyes over the large, grave features; the ears moved; the eyes opened; and a storm of liberal laughter broke up the quiet lines of cheek and mouth.

«Bravo! bravo!» cried Talma and the other actors, while the crowd burst into a roar of applause and responsive mirth.

«Angels of fun,» cried Saint-Prix, «what a face! 'T is a gargoyle come down from the roof of St. Jacques de la Boucherie. Does it go back of nights? I wonder what next will he do?»

«*Tiens!* Wait,» said La Rive. The white face seen above in the slit of the black curtain became suddenly serious, with moveless eyes looking past the audience as if into futurity. Below appeared two large hands, scrupulously clean, while the man's figure remained hidden. There was something impressive in this artful pose.

«Fortunes, fortunes, *messieurs et dames!*» cried Pierre. «Who will have his hand read? *Avancez—come!*»

A shrill voice on the outskirts of the crowd cried, «Read Louis Capet's!» The white cockades turned to look. «It were easy to read,» said a tall Jacobin. A gentleman in the black garments of the unprogressive noblesse turned: «Your card, citizen, or monsieur, as you like.» The crowd was scarcely stirred by this politely managed difference. It was the year of duels.

Two lads pushed forward their tutor, an abbé, as was plain to see, although few clerics still ventured to wear their old costume. He laughed awkwardly, and timidly laid a fat, well-fed hand on that of François. The grave face of the reader of palms fell forward to see the fateful lines. For a moment François was silent; then the voice which came from his stolid visage was monotonously solemn, and the words dropped from it one by one, as if they were the mechanical product of some machine without interest in the results of its own action. One long, lean forefinger traversed the abbé's palm, and paused. «An easy life thou hast had. A woman has troubled it.» The two pupils were delighted; the crowd laughed. «The line of life is broken—broken»—François's hands went through the pantomime of the snapping of a thread—«like that.» The abbé drew back, and could not be persuaded

to hear further. Again there was a pause. A grisette came forward smiling, and was sent away charmed with the gifts a pleasant future held in store. Pierre exhorted for a time in vain. Presently the crowd made way. A slight man in breeches and silk stockings came forward; he was otherwise dressed in the extreme of the fashion still favored by the court party, but wore no cockade, and carried two watches, the heavy seals of which François greatly desired to appropriate. His uneasy eyes were covered with spectacles, and around them his sallow complexion deepened to a dusky, dull green. Altogether this was a singular and not a pleasant face, or so, at least, thought the palm-reader, a part of whose cunning was to study the expressions of those who asked his skill. The man who laid his hand on François's looked up at the motionless visage of the ex-thief. François said, «Is it for the citizen alone to hear, or for all?»

«For me—for me.»

François's voice fell to a low whisper.

«Let the past go,» said the listener; «what of the future?»

«It is dark. The lines are many. They are—citizen, thou wilt be a ruler, powerful, dreaded. Thou wilt have admiration, fame, and at last the hatred of man.»

«I—I—what nonsense! Then?»—and he waited,—«then? What then? What comes after?»

«I will tell thee»; and François whispered.

«No more—no more; enough of such foolishness!» He was clearly enough disturbed by what he had heard. «You must think men fools.»

«Fate is always a fool, citizen; but the fools all win, soon or late.»

«That, at least, is true, Master Palmister.» Then a pair of sinister eyes, set deep behind spectacles, sought those of François. «Thou hast a strange face, Master Palm-reader. Dost thou believe what thou dost make believe to read on men's palms?»

«Sometimes.»

«Now—now?—this time?»

«Yes; I believe.»

«I shall not forget thee.»

François felt something like a chill between his shoulders. The Jacobin stepped aside after depositing an ample fee in the basket which Toto presented.

There was a murmur in the crowd. Several persons looked with curious eyes after the retreating man, and the conjurer heard some one say: «*Tiens! C'est drôle.* It is Robespierre.» His was at this time not

more than a well-known name. For a minute no one else came forward. François saw Pierre slip hastily into the tent; he knew not why. A gentleman came up gaily. He was dressed splendidly, with no regard for the leveling tastes of the day.

«The deuce!» he said quickly; «you are my thief!»

«*De grâce, monsieur!*» exclaimed François; «you will get me into trouble.»

«Not I. Happy to meet you. I am myself fond of palmistry. Come, read me my hand.»

François bent over the palm. He began aloud: «Ah, here have been many loves.» Then his voice fell. «Monsieur is a good swordsman.»

«So-so,» said the gentleman.

«Monsieur has been unfortunate in his duels.»

«*Mon Dieu!* Yes; I always kill people.»

«Monsieur has one remorse.»

«*Sapristi!* Thou art clever, and I lucky to have but one. Go on; 't is vastly amusing. Shall I live to be old? My people do.»

«Monsieur will have troubles, but he will live to be old—very old.»

«Will he, indeed? I hardly like that. If I were you, I would tell more agreeable fortunes. To outlive the joys of life, to be left a stranded wreck, whilst the world goes by gay and busy—pshaw! I like not that. You do it well. Let me read your own palm. I have a taste for this art.»

François was at once interested. The gentleman's strong left hand took that of the thief, and with a wandering forefinger he ran over the lines of the palm. He let it fall, and looked downward at his own hand. «It is strange that we shall meet again, and in an hour of danger. You will be fortunate, and I shall not. You will have—»

«*Tenez, monsieur—stop!*» cried François; «I will hear no more»; and he drew his hands within the tent-folds.

«*Dame!* and you are really a believer in it all, my good thief? Belief is out of fashion. I hope you did tell that cursed Jacobin he would go to a place he does n't believe in, but which is a little like France to-day. Come and see me if ever you are in trouble and this trade comes to an end. I like men who can laugh. 'T is a pretty talent, and rather gone out just now. I am the Marquis de St. Luce—or was. Come and laugh for me, and tell me your story.» He let fall a gold louis in Toto's basket, and elbowed his way through the crowd, with «Pardon, monsieur,» to white cockades, and scant courtesy to the Jacobins and the *demi-*

constitutionnels, who were readily known by their costumes.

As the marquis ceased to speak, François heard a singular noise in the tent back of him. He withdrew his head to see the cause, and a moment later, reappearing, said he must be excused, because his friend was ill. The crowd broke up. Within the tent lay Pierre on the ground, in a fit. François, greatly alarmed and utterly at a loss, threw water in his face, and waited. In a few moments it was over, and the man, flushed and breathing deeply, lay with red froth on his lips, as if in a deep sleep. He was no longer convulsed; but what further to do the partner knew not, and sat beside him, not more competent to deal with this novel situation than was Toto, who walked about, and scratched his nose, and gave it up. An hour went by with Pierre's head resting on François's lap.

At last Despard opened his eyes. "Take him away," he said. The man was delirious.

"Who?"

"Take him away. Will he kill me? He killed her." A half-hour he wandered in mind, while François bathed his flushed face. Then he drew a deep breath, and said: "What is this? Where am I?"

François replied: "Thou hast had a fit."

"A fit? Yes; I have them—not often. I remember now. Has he gone, that devil?—that marquis?"

"Who? St. Luce? Was it he that troubled thee?"

"Yes; he."

"But what then?"

By and by Pierre sat up. Seeing him to be quite himself, but staring about as if in fear, François said:

"Come, now; I must have the whole story. What the mischief has this fine gentleman done to thee? I am out of patience with thy tiresome mysteries. I know him; we have met before. Perhaps I can help thee."

"Thou?"

Pierre lay back on the floor, and covered his face.

"My God!" he cried, "why wilt thou force me to talk of it? Oh, to hate, and to be afraid!" He started up. "I am afraid."

"If I hated a man," said François, "*sacré bleu!* I could twist his neck."

"If I could! if I could! I am not like thee. I am—am a coward. That's the truth."

"*Dame!* that is curious." He regarded the fat little man with attentive eyes. "Suppose we have it all out, and get done with it."

"Done with it?"

"Yes; done with it! Hast thou often had these fits before?"

"Yes; and then I am better for a while."

"Tell me all about this man. I will take care of thee."

"No; God did not: thou canst not."

"Then we must separate. I am tired of thy nonsense, and I do not care a rap how soon this business ends, what with your cursed melancholy and that jade Quatre Pattes. Now, out with it!"

Thus urged, the man told his story. "Thou wilt not despise me?" he said, looking up at François.

"Not I. Go on!"

Thus urged, Despard reluctantly told his story.

"My father was of the lesser noblesse, but we had been ruined folks away in Normandy for half a century, only a bit of farm and vineyard left to us. My mother was of the bourgeoisie, foolish and pretty. She died young, and I was left the only child. My father, a querulous man, treated me ill. I had no courage, he said. It was true. As I grew up, I was timid like a girl, and fearful of quarrels. When I was about twenty years old I had a trouble with a brother of this marquis. He struck me with his whip because of something I said. My father learned that I had excused myself, and was wild with rage. It was my bourgeois mother, he said; we had lost all but honor, and now that too was gone. He died not long after, and I, with a few hundred francs, was driven out to care for myself. The marquis had a mortgage on the farm. I went to a village near by, and lived awhile as I could until I was down to my last sou. I worked like a peasant in the fields; I was the servant at an inn. At last a mountebank company attracted me, and in despair I went with them to take care of the horses which served them in their performances. By and by I learned sleight of hand, and fared better. At last I married a girl who danced in our company. She was pretty,—oh, more than pretty,—and clever, too. When we came again to our town, a notary offered me a petty clerk's place, and I was well contented to settle down. My wife was too eager for the society of the bourgeoisie, and they would have none of that of the dancing-girl. Then, unhappily, this marquis saw my wife, and how I know not, but his fine clothes and cunning were too much for one who was eager for a society she could not have. I was busy, and often absent collecting small debts. No one warned me. I was satisfied, and even put by a little money.

«There was a woman in the village, Mme. Quintette, a dressmaker, a shameless creature of bad life. She might have been then some fifty years old. 'T is now twelve years ago. At her house the marquis met my wife. One day my Renée was gone, and this Quintette with her. It is she who is this Quatre Pattes.»

«The deuce!» cried François. «Now I see.»

«A law went by. Thou wouldst have killed the man. I could not. I am a coward, François—a coward! God made me so; I can't help it. One day a child was brought to my door, with a note. *Mon Dieu*, such a note! The dying mother in the hospital with her last money paid a good sister to take the child to me—to me, of all men! And would I pardon her? François, it was that devil's babe and hers. Would I forgive her, and keep it? Wouldst thou have kept it?»

«No,» said François; «not I.»

«I did! I did! It was like her, all but the eyes. I grew to love it. Then there was an accident, a fall, and the little maid is crippled for life. It seemed horrible then, but now I thank God, because she is safe from the baseness of men. I wanted to die, but now I must live; she has no other friend.»

François sat still, pitiful, and deep in thought. At last he said: «Why were you so terribly afraid of that woman? She could do no worse than ruin our business.»

«I—hast thou ever been afraid thou wouldst murder some one? I was. I would have done it in a minute hadst not thou come in.»

«*Sac à papier!* Afraid of thyself! How queer! Thou wert afraid of thyself?»

«Yes; I am—I was—I am often afraid of myself.»

«Let us forget it.»

«I cannot. What can I do?»

«Do? Nothing.»

«But that man—»

«Well, thou art helpless. I should not be. Forget. Thy chance may come.» He was at an end of his wisdom. He pitied this weak-hearted coward who so frankly avowed his defect.

«We will speak of it no more, Pierre, or not now. But what brought you to Paris? Let us have it all, and get done with it.»

«My poor little humpback was hardly six years old when she came to me, crying, to know why the village children would not play with her. She was a humpback and a bastard. What was (bastard)? I have always fled from trouble. One day I took the child and what little I had, and was away to Paris.

God knows how it hurt me to hear every evening how she had been mocked and tormented; one is so foolishly tender. In this great city I sought work, and starved. And when at last she was fading before my eyes, I stole—my God, I stole!»

«*Dame!* Thou art particular. Must a man starve?»

«When I got money out of a full purse I took, I set up our little business, and then I found thee. And this is all. I dare say I shall feel better to have told some one. I did not want to steal. I did not steal after I began with the booth, unless I was in need, oh, sorely in need. It was so on that fortunate day when I was saved by thee. In thy place I should have kept the old fishwife's purse.»

«And let me swing?»

«Yes—perhaps; I don't know. I—it is well for me thou wert not a coward.»

«*Sacristie!* It appears that not to be a coward has its uses. Now *bon jour* and adieu to the whole of this business. Let the miserable past go. 'T is bad company, and not amusing. Have no fear; I will take care of thee. Come, let us go home.»

«Thou wilt look about a little before we go?»

«Toto, he is mad, this man.»

«I sometimes think I am. At night, in my dreams, I have him by the throat, and he laughs, and I cannot hold him. I wake up, and curse in the darkness because I cannot kill him. And I know then it is a debt never to be paid—never.»

François had had enough of the small man's griefs. Contempt and pity were strangely mingled as he listened to his story.

«I shall let thee talk no more,» he said. «But *mille tonnerres!* I cannot help thee to go mad. Let us go and wander in the country to-morrow, thou and I and Toto. It will comfort thee. But no more of this; I will not stand it.»

The advice was wholesome, and, as usual, Pierre accepted the orders of his more sturdily-minded friend.

X.—*How failing profits and difference in politics cause Pierre and François to abandon business.*

ALTHOUGH the marquis was not again upon the scene, as the months went by Despard became by degrees more gloomy. At night, in place of the gay little café, he went out to the club of the Jacobins, and fed full of its wild declamations against the émigrés and the aristocrats. It amused François,

who saw no further ahead than other men. Despard came home loaded with gazettes and pamphlets, and on these he fed his excitement long after his partner was asleep.

When, as time went by, Pierre's vagaries increased, François found in them less subject for mirth. The fat little man sat up later and later at night. At times he read; at others he walked about muttering, or moving his lips without uttering a sound. What disturbed François most was that the poodle now and then showed fear of Pierre, and would no longer obey him as he had been used to do.

Meanwhile, as Pierre still attended sedulously to business, François could find no fault. He himself had become devoted to his art of palm-reading. He bought at the stalls old books, Latin and French, which treated of the subject, and tried to keep up the name his odd ways had made so profitable. Deceit was a part of his working capital; but deceit and credulity are apt to go together, as a great man has well said. Not for many louis would the conjurer have let any one read again the lines of his own hand. When Despard began to teach him the little he himself knew of palmistry, it had caused interest, and after a while a half-belief. This grew as he saw the evident disturbance to which the use of his art gave rise in certain of those who at first appeared to look upon it as an idle jest. The imaginative have need to be wary, and this man was imaginative, and had the usual notions of the gambler and thief as to omens and luck. I have said he had no definite working conscience. I have also said that he possessed an inborn kindness of heart; he had a long memory for benefits, and a short one for injuries. His courage was of fine quality: not even Quatre Pattes could terrify him.

The politics of the time were becoming month by month more troublous to such as kept their heads steady in the amazing tumble of what for centuries had been on top, and the rise of that which had been as long underneath. The increasing interest of Pierre in all that went on surprised François, and sometimes, as I have said, amused him. He could not comprehend why he should care whether the king ruled or the Assembly. This mighty drama was nothing to him. He paid no taxes; he toiled not, nor spun, except nets of deceit; and whether commerce died and the plow stood idle in the furrow was to him of no moment. Meanwhile, before the eyes of a waiting; wonder-

ing world historic fate was shuffling the cards as neither war nor misrule had shifted them for many a day. Knave and king, spade and club, were now up, now down. Every one was in a new place. The old surnames were replaced by classical appellations. Streets, palaces, and cities were rebaptized with prenominal republican adjectives. Burgundy, Anjou, Navarre, and the other ancient provinces, knew no more their great names heroically famous.

All men were to be equal; all men were free to be what they could. But the freedom of natural or acquired inequality was not to be recognized. There were new laws without end. The Jacobin added a social creed. All men must *tutoyer*. «Your Majesty» was no more to be used. Because the gentles said «thou» and «thee» to one another and to an inferior, all men must «thou» as a sign that all are on a level.

A bit of paper was to be five francs—and take care of thy head if thou shouldst venture to doubt its value. As to all else, men accepted the numberless and bewildering decrees of the Assembly; but the laws of commerce no ruler can break. These are despotic, changeless, and as old as the act of barter between man and man. The assignats fell in value until two hundred francs would scarce buy a dinner. There, too, was a new navy and a new army, with confusing theories of equal rights for sailor, soldier, and captain.

A noble desire arose everywhere to exercise the new functions. What joy to cast a ballot, to act the part of officials, to play at soldiering! All the cross dogs in France are unchained and the muzzles off; and some are bloodhounds. What luxury to be judge, jury, and hangman, like the noble of long ago!

Even childhood caught the temper of the time. It played at being officer and prisoner, built and tore down bastiles, and at last won attention and a law all to itself when some young ruffians hung one of their number in good earnest for an aristocrat.

However indifferent was François at this time, the shifting drama amused him as some monstrous burlesque might have done. Its tragedies were as yet occasional, and he was by nature too gay to be long or deeply impressed. There were none he loved in peril, and how to take care of François his life had taught him full well.

«*Allons si gaiement!*» he cried, in the tongue of his old quarter; and kept a wondering, anxious eye on Pierre.

(To be continued.)

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

RICHARD WILSON (1713-1782), THE FOUNDER OF LANDSCAPE-PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

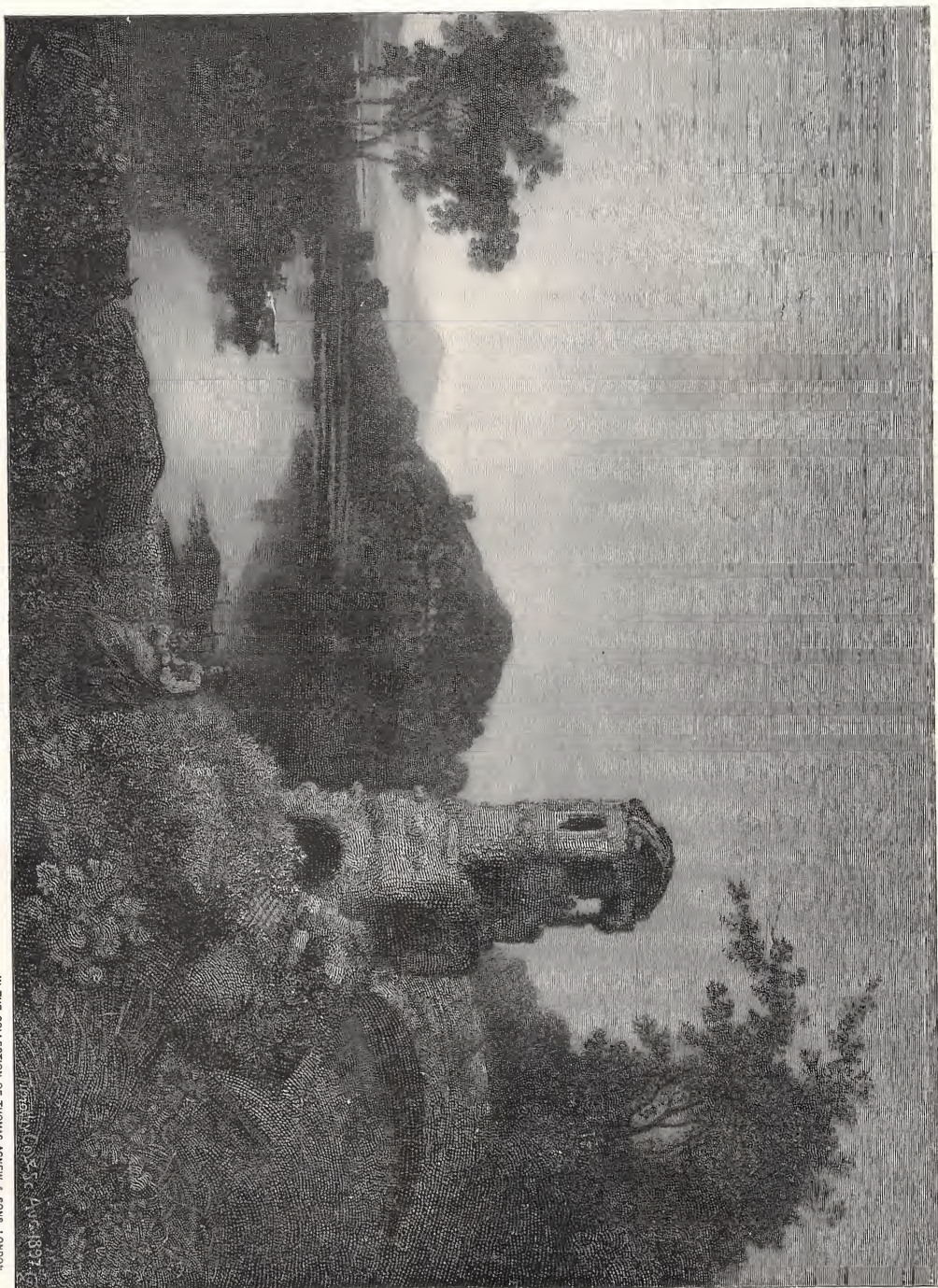
BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

UNFORTUNATELY for the landscape-painter in eighteenth-century England, the people of the time neither knew nor cared very much about out-of-doors nature. Gibbon said he visited the country to see his friends, not the trees; and Johnson thought a man tired of London was tired of life. The poets of the time—Pope, Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith—considered landscape a very good stage property in literature, and had a warmed-over Homeric affection for it, but they possessed very little first-hand knowledge of it. In painting the landscape interest was almost nothing. The connoisseurs talked about Claude with affected enthusiasm, but they would not look at Gainsborough's Suffolk woodlands; and Richard Wilson, the first landscape-painter in England, exhibited his pictures year after year, and yet lived and died neglected.

On the Continent the taste was not very different. There was a dinner-plate and fire-screen landscape extant, which served the purpose of boudoir decoration; and of course there was admiration for Claude and Poussin, for they were popularly supposed to better nature itself. Italy was still the great academy of the arts, and all the painters of Europe who could afford it flocked there to study art at its source. Wilson, like the rest, was smitten with the Roman fever, and he too went off to Italy. Originally he had come from Montgomeryshire, where he was born August 1, 1713. A relative, Sir George Wynne, had discovered his inclination toward painting, and had brought him up to London to study under a portrait-painter named Thomas Wright. Wilson was with Wright six years, learning the ancient art of "face-painting." After some practice on his own account he at thirty-six started for Rome. At Venice he met Zuccarelli, who was then enjoying great popularity as a painter of sugar-coated landscapes. The great man advised the little man to stop "face-painting" and to take up landscape. Vernet, the French landscapist, whom Wilson met in Rome, advised him in the same strain. The advice was accepted, and Wilson soon became famous.

For six years he remained in Italy, painting the Italian view, and receiving much applause from his fellow-artists. In 1755 he returned to England. He was favorably received, for his fame had preceded him, and at first he was moderately successful. His "Niobe," exhibited in 1760, gave him rank; but he found out soon enough that pictures of landscape were not in demand, and, notwithstanding he was an original member of the Royal Academy, his canvases would not sell. It is said that his personality was against him—that he had not courtesy or consideration, and made enemies where he should have made friends; but the truth is, his subject was against him. Gainsborough's landscape was no more of a success than Wilson's. Neither of them was valued or understood. Gainsborough could afford to paint his landscapes for pleasure, since he was deriving a handsome profit from portraits; but poor Wilson, relying upon landscape alone, soon began to feel the pinch of poverty. Year by year his living kept slipping away from him. As he sank lower and became poorer, he seemed to shrink away from his fellows like some wounded animal. At last he crept into a small place on Tottenham Court Road, where he lived no one knows exactly how. In his later years all that kept him from starvation was a pittance that he received as librarian of the Royal Academy. When nearly gone from age and want, a small estate came to him by the death of a brother. He went out to the Welsh country to live, and there, amid landscape and flowers, though too old to work, he seemed content. But this lasted for only about a year. In May, 1782, death released him from "the apathy of cognoscenti, the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public," to quote Fuseli.

As frequently happens in art history, Wilson's death drew attention to his art, and the "tasteless public" began to dig up his memory and put it upon a pedestal for worship. In 1814 some seventy of his canvases were exhibited at the British Institution, and people began talking about "the giant Wilson," "the great master," and "the



ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

RICHARD WILSON'S «CICERO'S VILLA.»

IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS AGNEW & SONS, LONDON.

English Claude.» His friend Peter Pindar, in doggerel verse, had predicted as much forty years before. To-day Wilson's landscapes, though they do not meet with the «immortal praises» which were predicted for them, are nevertheless much sought after, and the painter himself is ranked as the founder of landscape-painting in England.

Yet it was not precisely English landscape that Wilson painted. To be sure, he portrayed the mountains of Wales, and some of the rivers of England, with the subjects directly before him; and he painted Niagara, and the Acropolis at Athens, without ever seeing either of them. But all his pictures had the golden sky and the silver light of Italy, and all of them were fashioned after the classic manner of Claude. Wilson had learned his lesson in Rome, and he never entirely forgot it. His landscape is easily described, for the point of view, the composition, and the general treatment vary but slightly. It usually consisted of an outlook through a framed foreground of trees upon placid waters, dusky groves, classic ruins, and crumbling monuments. In the foreground there were small figures under stately trees and beside broken columns; in the background there were distant hills, a yellow sky, and a glow of twilight glory. In sentiment it was reminiscent of the deathless past, and had a tinge of sadness about it. Not only the trees and groves harked back to Arcadia and the Garden of the Hesperides, but the broken fragments of Roman temple and Tivolian villa, bleaching in the sun, tenantless save to the cranny-ing wind, their very ruins perishing from the face of the earth, were all eloquent of classic heroes and their deeds. It was a note of sentiment to conjure with, but it had been sounded before. The subject and the sentiment were picture materials that Wilson had gathered up at Rome. Then, too, the dark arabesque of trees in the foreground, the sunny middle distance, the bright sky at the back, were less of a novelty than a variation. Wilson did not show his originality in these features so much as in his distribution of light and air, and in his body of color. He had seen and studied light for himself; and

while it always had a silvery glow to him, it had also breadth, universal diffusion, penetration. At times its brilliancy was forced by the dark-shadowed foreground, but its reality was not lessened thereby. Just so with his atmosphere. It was permeating, enveloping both near and far, not scumbled about the distant hills and wholly absent in the foreground, as one sees in only too many Claudes. In color he cultivated something of the conventional mahogany in his trees and rocks; but he harmonized it very cleverly with his golden skies and reflecting waters. He handled it with a regard for its unity, and, moreover, made something charming out of it as sentiment.

There were other features in which Wilson was a nature-student, irrespective of what Rome taught, as one may discover by studying his trees, clouds, waterfalls, flying mist, and river-banks; but his distinctive originality lay in his light, air, and color. One sees these qualities better, perhaps, in his less pretentious canvases, such as the small «On the River Wye,» his Welsh mountain scenes, and the little pictures now hanging in the Foundling Asylum in London. There is in the Glasgow gallery a «Convent Twilight» by Wilson that is really startling in its beauty of color and light. It is wholly unlike his usual subjects, and suggests what unencouraged possibilities the painter had within him.

His classic compositions, such as the «Niobe» and the «Cicero's Villa,» seem to have less spontaneity about them. They were the only kinds of landscapes standing a ghost of a chance of selling in his day, and they sometimes have an air of being tortured into grandeur for exhibition purposes. Still, even in his most conventional pictures Wilson is usually interesting. It was not to be supposed that he could abandon every tradition, strike off for himself, and produce something entirely new. Even Gainsborough did not do that. All that either of them could do was to improve upon an established formula. This Wilson did. The first one to paint landscape in England, he was accounted the best of his time, and that is about the most that can be said for any painter.





ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

RICHARD WILSON'S «ON THE RIVER WYE.»

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

EIN NIX-NUTZ.


BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,

Author of «Madame Butterfly,» «Miss Cherry-Blossom,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. S. REINHART.

I.

«AIN'T IT IT?»

T began with those thick-waisted Dunkard women who took his ruddy face between their palms and called him «'n liefer, kleaner nix-nutz» (a darling little good-for-nothing)—felicitous terms then, but unfortunate ever after. For, once fixed upon a Pennsylvania German, the impeachment clings to him and blights him to his dying day—unless he demonstrates his thrift. If these kindly old wives had known that his birthday had fallen in the dark of the moon and the sign of the Scorpion, they would perhaps have mitigated a little their fatuous raptures. But it was only natural to presume, in the absence of knowledge, that such a fine boy had been born with a faultless horoscope. So, when later they learned that it was otherwise, they pitied the babe, and they pitied the mother so constantly, to her very face, that when the doctor one day told her the end was near, she smiled contentedly, and that night died.

To the baby it made no difference. When the same sad-eyed women came, making on his little breast the mysterious sign which it was hoped might charm away the evil to which he had been born, he seemed to kick up his heels.

And this frivolous attitude of the baby was an added horror.

Their open despondency was a constant irritation to Granny Bivenour, the accoucheuse.

«It's none of *you*' business. He don' belong to *you*' church, anyhow. Git along wiss *yous*!» And she would shake her fist at them in a defiant, masculine fashion as they hurried away from her.

Alas! even she, when the Dunkard women were gone, would lock the doors and begin to perform certain weird rites. After regarding him fixedly till her face took on a look of clairvoyance, she would begin a muffled incantation, keeping time with solemn passes down his body and outward toward all the places where evil spirits might find exit:

«In a great green forest
I see three wells,
Cold and clear.
The first is called COURAGE.
The second is called GOODNESS.
The third is called STRENGTH.

† † †

«So—oh—oh—

Trotter-head, I forbid thee this HOUSE.
Trotter-head, I forbid thee this CRADLE.
Trotter-head, I forbid thee this BODY.

Breathe not upon it.
Breathe not into it.
Breathe not within it.
Breathe in hell!

† † †

«Until thou ascendest every hill,
Until thou crossest every water,
Until thou countest every blade of grass,
Thou shalt not come hither.»

† † †¹

These were doughty adjurations, and would accomplish their beneficent purpose if it were possible of accomplishment; and upon that the accoucheuse rested.

Though, instead of learning, the good midwife brought to her patients only this simple magic, she brought also a wonderful skill; and these two had long ago grown into an indistinguishable mixture of helpfulness. It was common fame that by arts known only to her she could hasten or retard the event for a more benignant horoscope—a thing the cunning midwife never denied.

But she did read the stars and study the calendar to reinforce her experience as she waited to be called to this pretty young mother; and when it was all of no avail, she could have wept—she did weep. So, when the Dunkard women blamed her for not delaying the accouchement until the moon had passed out of the Scorpion, she broke her professional reserve for once and hotly retorted that

¹ Three crosses occur at the end of each of the mystical formulæ; they signify the unspoken invocation of the Trinity; without them the «*Brauch*» is worthless. The magical number is three: one for each of the persons in the Trinity.

Tressler Kitzmiller had chosen his own birthday. From this awful pronouncement there was no appeal: a baby was held competent to do this, and there was no known magic against it.

Notwithstanding this, the old midwife took fierce care that Tress should learn nothing of the sad circumstances of his birth; but when she died careless tongues were loosed, and he learned it all. Then the frank, boyish

so they perforce turned away from him until he had only his father for friend.

Among the faded idlers at the store this gay old man was a notable figure. They were shy, bearded Dunkards; he—

«Now you fellers *air* somesing, an' you' church iss some goot to yous—tells yous how to cut you' coats an' britches, an' how to comb you' hair. Mine? *Oach!* I ain't nossing but chust a Met'odist. T'ey don' keer an' if you



«WHO TOOK HIS RUDDY FACE BETWEEN THEIR PALMS.»

light began to go out of his face, and in its stead to come a furtive shrinking that was sad enough; for he was ruddy and wholesome to look upon. But to the old wives this was only the final proof of his unhappy condition.

This they diligently pressed upon their husbands at certain intervals; and these, though they had no triumph to celebrate in the sad event, could not stop the wearing iteration nor, finally, help agreeing meekly to the apparent facts. But it was ill luck to befriend one who had been thus misbegotten,

got on a stoffe-pipe an' swaller-tail efery day in t'e week.» And he delighted to exhibit these articles of apparel, which he habitually wore. «D' yous know 'at t'at 's why I can't sink hard off of my Tress for being a nixy—account his bringing up in t'e Met'odist Church? Yit it 's funny 'at you fellers take it so hard, w'ich don't own him.»

It seemed that they preferred to suffer the impeachment rather than defend it, and the Vermont school-teacher interposed a question:

«What *is* a—a nix-nutz, Mr. Kitzmiller?»

«Sam—aha, ha, ha!—you 'd stop a dog-fight wiss a question! Ast t'ese fellers, Sam; it's a kind o' family secert wiss me.»

The school-teacher turned inquiringly to them; and with kindly regard for the presence of Tress's father, they tried to enlighten him. They succeeded but indifferently; he was unsatisfied.

«Mr. Kitz—» he began.

«Got back to old Kitz ag'in, hah? Well—a nix-nutz, Sam? I don' know neit'er chust *exsac'ly* w'at it iss—anyhow, by t'e dictionary. Er—don' *you* know, Sam, nossing 'bout it? Oh, you don't, hah? You wass raised a Yankee—not? U-hu, u-hu! Funny, ain't it, 'at a feller ken talk words efery day 'at he don' know t'e meaning of? Well, it's not *in* no dictionary, I expect; t'at's t'e trouble—oanless mebby a Dutch one. You ain't got no Dutch dictionary, I expect, Sam? No. Nor none of *yous*, neit'er? No. Well, t'en, we got to git along wiss chust t'e head—and sings. Well, I nefer sought much about it, Sam—*w'at* it iss; but of course I know w'at it *iss*. Why, dog it! eferybody knows t'at—don' t'ey now, chentlemen—don' t'ey?»

Some one hastily gave him an affirmative.

«Well, t'en, why in sunder did n't yous tell Sam!» cried he, in specious fury, «'stid o' sending him to me, w'ich got a nixy in t'e house? 'T ain't nice of yous—no, it ain't. I tell yous to you' faces, an' you ain't got t'e dare to take it up!»

He squared off at the nearest of them, who promptly retreated among his fellows.

«Come on! I'll take yous all six toget'er, or one at a time. Ha, ha, ha! Git out wiss such a pack of noodles! Sam,» he whispered, «t'ey don' know—nossing. Don't you go home a-believing 'at becauss a feller's a Dunkard he's smart. Parting you' hair in t'e middle's got nossing to do wiss smartness. T'ey as dumb, be gosh! as a muley cow! Yas; I won't take it back. *Sam*, t'ey don' fight—t'e church wont let 'em—t'at's why I dared 'em. Well—now you listen, an' I'll tell you w'at it iss. T'ese dogged noodles—say, yere, don't I know w'at a nix-nutz iss?»

They reluctantly answered that he did; and then, as he eyed them fiercely, they added that of course he did—of course.

«Well, talk quick when a body asts yous a sing. Well—er—lem me see: a nix-nutz iss—well, dog it, a nix-nutz iss—iss—a feller t'at's goot for nossing—a—a—*useful*; an'—an'—well, t'at's right so far, ain't it, noodles?»

Some one admitted that it was.

«U-hu,» he retorted ungraciously; «yous could n't 'a' said ot'erways wissout trouble.» He stopped to threaten them. «Yas; goot for nossing usefule—an'—an' goot for—for eferysing else! Aha, ha, ha! T'at's it *exsac'ly*! Now ain't it *it*, chentlemen?»

They gave him a frank and generous assent. His definition had hit the rather difficult mark.

«Well, t'en, why don't you stir you'selves? Letting a man wait yere a whole half 'a' hour! Now I tell you, Sam,»—he turned to the schoolmaster as the only one worthy of his desperate confidence,—«my Tress is a nix-nutz; t'at's why t'ese fellers air so backwards. 'Feard t'ey 'll git in trouble wiss me.» He turned, and shook his fist at them. «You dogged cowyards, you! Yas; t'at's t'e whole sing in a shell-bark—*yas*. Tress he's what you teacher fellers call a—a opject-lesson—not? Chust like he wass cut out an' printed—like t'e newspapers has nowadays, be goshens! A—you know my Tress, Sam? T'e boy 'at looks like he wass cut out for a girl by mistake—long hair, an' baby eyes, an' so on? Yas—he's come to you two winters a'ready. Well, now, he's what t'ese long-haired fellers call, in t'eir nigger Dutch, goot-for-nossing. Aha, ha, ha! Why, he's wort' t'e whole pack of 'em—not?»

The school-teacher diplomatically waived the proffered contention, and said that it seemed very strange to him that such a handsome and well-behaved boy should have such an odious reputation.

«Yas, Sam; t'at's t'e way a feller's feelings gits away wiss his facts onct in a while. You'd rat'er not haf Tress a nixy—of course—of course. But he chust *iss* a nixy—out an' out. Can't make no furrow no straighter 'n a mule's hind laeg, if he wass to be shot. Now stop a minute, an' sink of a feller 'at can't make no furrow no straighter 'n a mule's hind laeg! You 'fe noticed a mule's hind laeg a many a time, I expect, Sam, ain't you? You got mules up you' way? U-hu; well, it's right crooked, ain't it? Can't hitch up ole Peter, nuther, wissout a-gitting Peter mad enough to chaw his head off—t'e crupper round his neck—t'e hames upside down—t'e blinds turned backwards, an' so on—no, he can't. Oach! T'e *cows* knows 'at he's no goot, an' kick him all ofer t'e barn-yard—slam t'eir tails in his face, spill his milk, sling him full of dirt, an' haf yit ot'er fun wiss him too numerous to mention. An' *calfes*!—oho, ho, ho! Sam, it's no way in t'e world to tell a nixy like chust wiss a small, little, insignifikent cow-calf. *Oach*! It's no mis-

take *ken* be made if you chust hiss 'em on calves. Why, I expect no angel could git along wiss a calf, an' stay goot friends. Well, Sam, he can't lead a calf no o'terways but hind part foremost! *Chentlemen*, yous all know what t'at iss—leading calves?»

happy—account I 'm so dumb. No man ken be happy an' smart at t'e same time. Now, you smart, Sam; but you ain't happy. No. You always hungry for somesing *else*, Sam. Er—what I wass talking 'bout?—oh, calves! Don' know enough to lead a calf t'e right



THE DEFINITION OF «EIN NIX-NUTZ.»

They said that they did know what it was to lead calves.

«Oh, you do, do yous? Well, now, how many of *yous* ken lead a calf any o'terways but hind part foremost, hah?»

The savage old fellow winked to the school-teacher in great glee.

«A whole pack of nixies, if t'ey chust knowed it, Sam. W're ignorance iss pliss, it 's foolishness to go to school.»

The young man kindly gave him the correct phrase.

«Yas; sank. T'at 's t'e reason I 'm so

way! Now it iss a way, Sam, an' I'll tell you; so 'at if you efer haf a calf to lead,—you *might* own a calf some day,—chust turn round an' go t'e o'ter way—aha, ha, ha! No; but honest, Sam, it 's a reg'ler circus wiss Tress—a-trying to do sings he can't, no-how you ken fix it. *Ouch!* He always tries hard,—t'at 's t'e way wiss a nixy,—but it ain't in him. Funny, Sam, ain't it—how t'ey air haexed an' witchcrafted?»

The school-teacher agreed that it was all very difficult to him, but said that perhaps Tress was cut out for something bookish; he



«(BECAUSS—BECAUSS YOU DID N'T AST ME.)»

had noticed, he explained, how easy his lessons came to him.

«Oach! yas, books—expecial poetry books. Why, I ketched him onct a-*writing* poetry—aha, ha, ha! Yas, Sam; I expect you right; he ought to be a chustice of t'e peace. T'e on'y sing to make out a nixy iss a kind a

chentleman. But t'e defil of it iss 'at he don' want to be anysing but a music-teacher. Now, Sam, you know you'self 'at efen a nixy 's too goot to make a music-teacher out—don't you, now?»

But the younger man said it was a beautiful vocation for such as were fitted for it,

as all the Germanic races were, and instanced the singers of an earlier day.

This unexpectedly interested Tress's father.

"If our Tress 'd git to be such a music-feller, we 'd haf to call him somesing 'at grows round yere, hah? How 'd (T'e Cat-Bird of t'e Conowago,) or (T'e York County Pennsylvany Titsy) strike yous, boyss?"

His audience agreed that either would do.

"But—he ain't no bird; an' no matter how much you call him a bird, you can't make no one believe it, durn yous."

That was true, they admitted as readily—that was true.

"Well—white was black a minute ago!"

He regarded them for a moment with aggravated reproach, then turned to the school-master again.

"He can't sing no more 'n a tree-frog. I meant fiddling. He makes me sick wiss his dogged ole (Lauterbach) all day—sick to dance, aha, ha, ha!"

Here he swayed from side to side a moment, then broke into the old-fashioned waltz to the tune of his own whistle.

"Gosh! it limpers up my ole laegs like a jay-bird w'enefer I hear t'at chune—an' he ken saw it off as goot as any nigger. Yit t'at chust profes 'at he 's a nixy: seems like efery one of 'em 's born wiss a fiddle. A—well, Sam, when you write you' dictionary, remember 'at a nix-nutz iss goot for nossing usefule, an' goot for eferysing else. An'—Sam, put my Tress's pictur' in, an' write under, (Ein Nix-Nutz)—aha, ha, ha! Ja—

"Im Lauterbach hav' ich mei' strum' ferlore—

"Well—so farrywell, boyss; farrywell!"

A few more bars of the waltz floated back to them, and the breezy old fellow was out of sight and hearing.

II.

THE BAD FIDDLE OF THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

OF course Tress had a fiddle, as every other good-for-nothing has had. And it was this maligned instrument which brought him and Betsy Liebhart together, and then brought about the momentous social performance of "seeing her home."

Betsy had vainly "noticed" Tress since, as a very small boy with whitish hair and rollicking ways, he had taken captive her infant fancy. And though he responded but indifferently to such wooing as a little girl can make, she remained none the less his captive. Long afterward, when she heard of

what had taken place at his birth, she wished to put her arms about his neck and tell him—tell him—alas! she had become the most bashful of maidens then; and there was, it seemed, no intuition by which Tress might learn of this something that she wished so desperately to communicate, though it shone in her eyes whenever he was near. So he continued, not indifferent,—who could be indifferent to so dear a thing as little Betsy?—but only unenlightened, until a certain autumnal corn-husking came on.

This was still more than a tradition in the Happy Valley where Tress and Betsy lived, and there were to be kissing-games, music and dancing, billing and cooing, and any other amusement that might go with such gay work and such a half-light.

So presently, when the barn floor was cleared and the revels had begun, they brought Tress out of the shadows where he lurked, and set him high on the pile of yellow corn, and to his dreaming fiddle the dance went on. Betsy declined all invitations to dance, that she might stand in a dim nook and fix her eyes upon Tress, hoping that after a while, when the games began, he might seek her out. But he did not, and it grew very lonely.

"Betsy, you ain't had you' eyes offn him t'e whole efening."

It was her best friend and gossip, Polly Engelwein.

"Yes—I know, Polly," and Betsy's eyes were very moist; she did not think of making her liking for Tress a secret. "Eferybody knows it, I expect, but chust him."

Polly only laughed. She was fresh from the dance.

"Ain't he handsome, Polly?" she said. "Polly, you nefer seen no one so handsome, I expect?" for Polly was worldly wise—in reputation.

"Betsy, it ain't eferybody 'at likes such yellor hair. I don't," she said emphatically, glancing at a hovering rustic whose hair was dark.

"But I do. Oh—if I chust *had* such!"

Polly fell upon her and forced her to a seat.

"Aha, ha, ha!" she screamed, "yourn iss yellorer *yit*!"

"Too yellor," sighed Betsy.

"(As sure as grass grows in this field,)" Polly chanted with the fiddle, "it ain't."

"Oh, nobody efer tole me that afore. Polly," she burst out in infantile confidence, "we wass kind of related when we wass little—an'—an'—slep' toget'er in t'e trundle-bed

—an'—an' use' to kiss each ot'er—good-night!» She hid her blushing face in Polly's bosom. «I—I wish he 'd—kiss me *now*.»

«Betsy!» said Polly, severely.

Betsy raised her chidden face. It was a dainty mask now: there might be tears or laughter back of it. Polly pushed the clustered hair away from the forehead, and for a moment studied it fondly.

«Betsy, you a nice girl,—I don't know as I efer see a nicer one if you look right in t'e eyes,—an' you deserfe a better beau than—»

«There ain't none, Polly.»

«Oach! Git out! It 's full of 'em. I ken git you a dozend here to-night. I—I got my eye on one now!» she whispered abandonedly.

«No, Polly; no,» said Betsy, stealing a glance at Tress in turn.

«Chust go on! Next you 'll be so deep in lofe wiss Tress Kitzmiller you ken nefer git out.»

«I—I 'm that way now, I expect,» said Betsy.

«I 'm su'prised at you, Betsy—yes, an' ashamed!»

«Ashamed!» repeated Betsy. «I 'm glad.» It was sheer bravado.

«You know well enough he 's nix-nutzich.»

«Yes—an' I don't keer!» she flashed.

Then, as if this were too fearful a defiance even for one as love-lorn as she, she added repentantly:

«Polly, I 'm his only friend; an'—an'—Polly—I—I 'm afraid I *lofe* him.»

Polly's eyes grew moist; that was another thing, a self-confessed certainty.

«Well, I 'm sorry I said anysing.»

She was at that moment claimed for the dance by the hovering rustic, but she would not leave the pitiful little figure comfortless.

«Mebby being lofed 'll cure him, Betsy,» she whispered, as she was whirled off. «I—I 'fe heerd so.»

And thus for once at least did Polly justify her stimulating name—Angel-Wine!

With this brave cheer in her simple heart, Betsy turned again to Tress's music. Inevitably her eyes sought his face, and now she glowed upon him in a way that even doubting Tress could not wholly mistake; and by some happy chance he looked down upon her. She blushed an instant at his detection of her, but then her face grew all the brighter—which was very bright indeed. And so, when it came to going home, and Tress somehow found her hovering at hand and still inviting him with that wistful smile, he very gently took his place at her side.

Betsy looked tremblingly backward to see

if her heart had at last told her aright,—for these shy gallants always approach from the rear,—and seeing that it had, she straightway surrendered herself with a joy all too apparent. But Tress was utterly bereft of the few words of ceremony which every rustic lays up for such an occasion. He knew that girls were taught to shun him; yet here was the prettiest one in all the township preferring him, sighing happily, looking up in a way to distract him.

But he did manage to say that it was a nice evening, at which Betsy only blushed. Then, that he might not misinterpret her silence, she hastened to take his arm, for that was the customary way of letting one know that one's company was acceptable; and that he might know just how acceptable his was, she drew it close under her fluttering heart, and ever closer and closer as they walked.

Tress had never before seen any one home in this formal way, so he said apologetically:

«Betsy, if I don't know how to behafe, you ken tell me so, an' I 'll go—'way.» And he gulped aridly upon the last word.

«Yes,» said Betsy, breathlessly; but she tightened her hold on his arm.

Tress tried manfully to break the silence which followed:

«I like moonlight nights; don't you?»

«It 's t'e ivver gehnde',»¹ Betsy suggested with subtle irrelevance.

«Yes,» said Tress, gladly; «mebby sings 'll make a change now.»

Betsy pressed his arm fervently. Everything was to date from this night for her.

Tress plunged perspiringly into another silence.

«You did n't hafe no nice time to-night, Betsy?»

«I *nefer* had no nicer time!»

«But—you did n't dance?»

«No.»

«An'—an'»—his voice faltered a little—«you did n't play no games?»

«No.»

«Nor—nor git kissed?»

It took Betsy a long time to muster sufficient courage for her answer. It seemed criminal not to be kissed at a husking. She understood that a strong defense was necessary.

«N-no—account the music. I liked it so—an' I—I—» And even then one must both have seen her face and heard her voice to guess at the meaning of this.

¹ The moon in its ascent of the constellation Cancer, a fortunate time for any undertaking.

But even in that disjected phrase each had a prodigious something to think of: she that all the evening he had «noticed» her, projecting thence a beautiful, unobtrusive surveillance through the years in which she had thought him indifferent; he to wonder with addled head whether she had not danced because she wished to enjoy his music the more, or, at last, in the cruel doubt of everything good that came to him, whether it was not fine enough to dance to, and her pretty little unfinished phrase all irony—irony, indeed, from Betsy! But he had heard only her palpitating little voice when he should also have seen her face.

He made his adieu bravely and cheerily.

«Well—so goot night, Betsy. Schlafe' sie wohl.»

«Well—so goot night, Tress. Tress—bring you' fiddle if—if you come to see me—any—time.»

Tress walked home in the middle of the road, pondering this cunning invitation; and when at last he thought he understood it, he struck gaily into his favorite «Lauterbach.» And Betsy, at her window, heard it, and crept guiltily and happily to bed.

It was therefore a very painful surprise for Betsy, when next they met, to find Tress shying off from her as if he repented everything that had happened on that walk home. It was the question of what she had meant about his music. When it took its worst phase he would avoid her; when it took its best he would go to her with his fiddle, as she had desired. But he was dishearteningly uncertain.

That this might end, Betsy determined, one sleepless night in bed, that she would bravely let him know she loved him.

«My hair iss yellere 'n hisn,» she said in the morning, as she looked in the glass, and flung it upward in a shining spray. Then she tossed her head in a way quite foreign to her. «He's got to say he likes me. Yit—no, no, no!» That seemed odiously aggressive. «I know what: I'll make myself chust as pooty as efer I ken; an' if I git a chance—»

She did make herself pretty in a very simple and charming way—with a ribbon in her hair and a dainty white apron at her waist.

And the opportunity came. While they sat on the broad porch, in the moonlight, among the hollyhocks, Tress took courage to continue the conversation they had begun nearly two years before:

«It wass a nice night, wass n't it, Betsy?»
She knew just what night he meant.

«The nicest one I efer seen,» she answered softly, moving toward him.

«'Most as moonlight as to-night.»

«Oh, more! I could see right in you' eyes.»

«Now, Betsy! Honest?»

She nodded saucily, and moved a little closer.

«Could n't you see in mine?»

«You would n't 'a' let me.»

«You did n't ast—you did n't—*try*—»

«Lem me now?»

She turned up her face. She was quite close to him now, but he moved a little nearer—a fraction of an inch, perhaps.

«Blue!—oh, like the sky!»

Tress had her face between his hands, and was trembling violently.

«Betsy—I—I'd like to—kiss you!»

She said not a word. And she could get no closer.

«Betsy—»

She puckered her lips—and the damage was done. No one could have misunderstood or withstood that.

Afterward he was as brave as a lion.

«Betsy?» he whispered.

«What?» she whispered back.

«I could feel you' heart beat!»

«Oh!» Betsy covered her face.

Tress's courage grew to bravado; she was quite off guard, and he slipped his arm around her waist, looking away while he did it.

To his surprise, he was not repulsed; instead, her head drooped very slowly toward him till it rested on his shoulder.

«Oh, Betsy!»

«Oh, Tress!»

That was all for a long time. Tress had never dreamed of such ecstasy. Betsy had her heart's desire.

«Betsy, I'll nefer forgit *that* night,» said he.

«I'll nefer forgit *this* one,» said she.

Tress got back to his problem presently.

«You said you liked the music that night.»

«Yes.»

«Yit you did n't dance—nor play no games—nor git kissed?»

«No.»

«For why, Betsy—for why, liebst'?»

«Oh!»—she threw up her face, full of tears and joy at once,—«becauss—becauss *you* did n't ast me—an'—an' I—I did n't *want* to be ast—nor kissed—by no one else.»

Then she escaped and ran into the house.

Tress tried to sing on his way home that night, and it was not entirely in vain.

«It's funny, I nefer knowed she was so pooty tell I looked in her face to-night. I

use 'n't to like no such taffy hair—account I got such a lot of it myself, I expect. But it's nice on her—most like angels' I 'fe seen painted.»

This was his only hyperbole.

«Mebby it's the moonlight?»

This reflection lasted a mile. Then he gallantly decided that the moon had nothing to do with it.

«Some day I 'm a-go'n' to marry her! Yessir!»

This lasted all the way home and well into the next day, when he intimated it to his father, dealing rather with the state of Betsy's affection than his own.

«Ha, ha, ha!» roared the old man. «Tress, she's in lofe wiss you; she wants to marry you, I bet a cow. An' she 'll do it if you don't look out. A' innocent feller like you, Tress, don't stand no chance whatefer. Women air always up to some gosh-hanged defilishness, exspecially if t'ey got yellor hair. I know 'em like t'e dictionary! Oh, I ain't as big a fool as I look. Why—you' mammy, Tress—she was c-razy after me, an' red-headed yit! I chust married her to git red a breach-of-promise suit. *Yas!* You look skeered 'bout t'at, Tress? So! Well, it's a little bit a lie. She would n't 'a' sued me; she knowed I was n't wort' no fip'ny-bit wiss-out my clothes. For why you look at me in t'at funny kind a way? You would n't sink it of me, account I ain't pooty *now*, hah? So! Well, when I look in t'e glass I got to acknowledge 'at I ain't. But when I set up wiss you' mammy I was a' o'ter-guess kind a looking feller: mostly clothes an' musk—brass coat an' blue buttons on, wiss a swaller-tail on behint, an' a large ruffle out in front; stoffe-pipe on one end of me, an' calf-skin boots on t'e o'ter—use' to screech so 'at people sought it wass pig-sticking time. Poor mammy! she died when you wass born—t'ey skeered her to deat'.»

Tress knew what he meant. He took off his old straw hat, and toyed with it irresolutely; and when he at last put his thought into words, hope and fear were pathetically mingled.

«I—expect you would n't like it if me an'—Betsy—wass to git—married—some time?»

«Married!» his father shouted. «Oho, ho, ho! Oh—you joking, Tress—not?»

Then, as he saw how Tress's face fell, something inexpressibly gentle came into his own.

«Er—wass you r'a'ly sinking 'bout gitting married, Tress—Tressy?» he asked softly.

«Yes, sir, we—wass.»

«I did n't know it, Tressy; I did n't know it, else I would n't 'a' spoke so. It's a ser'ous sing. You—you ain't *talked* nossing 'bout it yit, I expect?»

His voice was kind and pitiful, and there was a queer effect of moisture at his eyes.

«No, not—yit.»

«I 'm glad. I 'm afeard it won't do, Tress.»

Tress shrank guiltily together. They were in the field, and the old man was seated on his plow. He drew Tress between his knees, and caressingly pushed his hair back.

«No, no, Tress; put it out you' head. Anyhow, you chust a little boy yit. I promised t'e mammy. I 'll keep you wissout a cent to pay, Tress, as long as you life; an' when I die, which won't be so long no more,—not so long,—you git what's left of t'e ole farm. But we must stay toget'er, Tress; you all I got, an' I all you got.»

Tress was silent, and the old man, thinking the worst of his task over, went on more lightly:

«Tress—you could n't make no lifing, an' Betsy's a orphen wiss nossing to expect. You would n't let her airn you' keep?»

Yet this was the cunningest argument he could have used; for Tress could not endure the thought of eating his bread in the sweat of a woman's brow. Still he added in a palliative way:

«It's anot'er reason, but—»

«I know it,» said Tress, briefly. «I got enough reasons.»

«Er—who tole you?»

«Eferybody!»

«T'ey ought n't 'a' tole you. Yit—if you know—Some *must* be born nix-nutzich; it's a kind of accommodation to t'e ole boy an' t'e haexerei.¹ We wass sorry—eferybody wass—it hit you. But I ken keep you, if you don't bring a wife an' a whole pack of little nixies along. A little farm wiss a big mor-gige on top won't stand it. Put it out you' head, Tress; you chust a little boy, anyhow—not so?»

It was all very gentle, but very decided. Both understood that.

«I expect so. I 'm sorry I said anysing about it,» Tress murmured.

As he went chokingly away, the old man's voice followed him with its last cruel blow—crueler than he knew; crueler than he meant.

«Anyhow, Tress, no nixy ought to git married, account it's ketching—t'e wife an' childern 'd git it sure as a gun. An' t'at 'd be bad—mighty bad a-always gitting blamed

¹ The devil and the witches.

for it. Oach! I know how it iss wiss women—all right at first, an' t'ey 'd go srough fire for you. But t'at wears off after while; an' t'en!—why, t'ey ken blame you wiss chust t'e eyes!»

And this was the end of Tress's first dream. It had been very sweet, but—the end had come. He avoided hapless little Betsy from that day forth.

It was not easy to meet day by day her plaintive, questioning eyes; but in time it became a heroism with him. He tried to make his final renunciation of her appear in his gentle face when they met; but it only made her nostrils quiver the more, and her breath to come in quicker gasps, for Tress's face did not speak his mind.

But suffering made the lonely little girl brave; and one day she timidly laid her hand on his arm as he was about to pass her. As he turned almost fiercely toward her, she had the sudden fear of a blow, and quickly withdrew her hand. But there was that in her lovely eyes which unmade Tress's resolution. He stopped, and Betsy touched his arm again.

«What I done, Tress—oh, what I done?»

But then, with her dainty, suffering face upraised to his, he remembered those last words of his father, and turned from her and away as if a lash fell at each step. Betsy faltered toward him, and then on aimlessly up the hill; while he hurried home, and made wild errands to the barn, the corn-crib, and the cider-presses—he could not remember for what. Finally he crouched behind the board fence of the yard, and saw Betsy go by; and this, he knew, was his purpose. She had her handkerchief to her eyes, and was sobbing. Once, as if she was aware that he was there, she looked up. It was a glance that made Tress hold his breath, and when she was gone he stole from his place with a heart hardened against the world that had put such a cruel necessity upon him.

His father was coming into the yard, and they met at the gate. He too had seen Betsy crying, and now he saw with a vague intelligence Tress's set face.

«Why, Tress,» he said gently, «iss it as bad as t'at?»

«Yes!» answered Tress, savagely, turning his back upon him.

«Oh, gosh a'mighty!»

He twisted and untwisted his gnarled fingers without moving from the spot. Finally he went into the stall of the cow Juke, of whom he sometimes took counsel.

«Juke,» he said, «what shell I do? Tress an' me 's had a fuss. We never had no fuss afore. I dunno what to do.»

The old cow turned and licked his hand.

«You right, Juke,» he said very humbly, interpreting the caress according to his mood. «I 'll go an' ast his parton. I done wrong—if he is chust a boy.»

He did this, and Tress received it with a calm, manful indifference that staggered him. And afterward not a day passed but he made some humble, clumsy attempt to establish their former intimacy. It was useless. Tress was firm in maintaining some secret status he had fixed which disestablished their old camaraderie and changed him from boy to man.

III.

THE TAKING OFF (AND ON AGAIN) OF BETSY.

So three years went by. Betsy had faded slowly out of sight—almost of memory—of all but Tress; and he only knew, vaguely, at last, that she could not leave her bed, and that the end might come at any moment. To his furtive inquiries the people answered that she had the opp-nehme,¹ while the doctor said only a little less understandingly that it was anemia. But Betsy, when she was told, smiled at both these diagnoses in a wan, angelic way—they were so far wrong!

«I know what 's the matter wiss me,» she said, with another smile; «an' if—if Tress wants to know—» Her wistfuleyes completed the thought.

So one day they brought him, like a culprit, to her bedside.

It was a beautiful day of the new spring, and through the opened window there came the faint perfume of wild violets from the meadow beyond. She lay there in the tall white bed, in the low-ceiled room, comparable with nothing Tress's fancy held but those angels he had seen painted. The sweet morning sun was in her face, and her great blue eyes were turned toward the door. And when he came, lo! she did not revile him; she smiled upon him as on that evening at the barn. Then, without fear, she put out her wasted little hand and drew him to the bed. She was quite gay.

«They made me pooty for you, Tress,» she said fondly, pointing to the ribbon which was woven into her hair, and the puffed sleeves of her night-dress.

Tress was silent with a kind of terror, and she fondled his hand, fitting her own small

¹ Literally, «the taking off.»

one within it presently, and letting it remain there.

"Tress," she whispered softly, as she nestled to him, "*you* know what 's the matter wiss me, don't you?"

"Yes; you—sick," he answered huskily.

She looked up with a bright smile. He was distractedly smoothing the counterpane; his face was wet with tears.

"Oh, Tress," she said archly, "can't you guess better 'n t'at?"

There was something in his throat; he shook his head.

"Poor Tress! poor Tress! You crying for me? T'en I must tell you—yes."

But she did not immediately. Instead she looked at him a long while with that strange, arch smile on her face, inviting a question. Then she drew him down till his cheek touched her own.

"Tress, my heart 's broke," she said quite simply.

As if she had accused him, he let his head droop forward, and groaned.

"Oh!" she said with soft remorse, "does it hurt you? I don't want to—I don't want to, Tress. Chust—I—I'm *go'n* to die, Tress, an' I wanted to tell you—I wanted to tell you myself. I sought it would be nice for you to sink 'bout ef—afterwerds. I could tell you *anyising*—now." She paused an instant, while a pretty flush came to her pale face. Then she went on in whispers: "Ain't it anyising—you 'd like—to—ast me—Tress—before—" But he was shrinking away from her. "Oh, forgife me, Tress! I could n't help it! Oh, forgife me—forgife me—Tress—*darling!*"

The daring word was in her eyes as well as on her lips begging for that which he could give, and he alone. Something within him answered—something quite beyond his control. He wrapped her strongly in his arms, and swept her face with gusty kisses.

"My God! I lofe you—you know I lofe you!—better 'n heafen!"

Betsy panted wildly in his arms.

"Chust—account—account I 'm *go'n* to die, Tress?"

Though he hurt her, she crept closer to him, and her voice was wondrous.

"Tress, is it pity—chust pity?"

"No; it is lofe," he said fiercely. "It has been all my life—all my life; chust—" he beat the air with one hand, as if driving some obtrusive thing back—"you *shell* marry me!"

"Oh, Tress!" she said. "If you lofe me—I don't want to die. Hold me fast, so I lfe—Tress!"

"Die! You got to help me to show 'em 'at I ain't—that. You got to!"

"Oh, Tress! if it 's all so—if you 'll always be this a-way to me—I will; I think I ken."

IV.

A KIND OF STUFF CALLED LOVE.

TIMOLIAN ALTHOFF lived somewhere within the edge of the Barrens, a wild stretch of alternate hill and swamp-land yielding grudgingly only chincapins and blackberries. Out of these he made a scant summer living, leaving the winter's necessities a mystery to all but those who believed it possible for him to hibernate; and there were such. Besides, Althoff lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the mystics who now and then came to inhabit the Barrens, and to them such a thing as food was believed to be a mere bagatelle. From the first fall of snow to the last thaw his place at the store was vacant. Then, pale, emaciated, ragged, and slinking, he would appear, and renew his intercourse, with a grisly air of having been there yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, in some invisible, attenuated way. But no one had ever questioned Althoff of his doings, except in the most indirect way. To do so would have been to invite a peculiar species of disaster.

As for Althoff himself, when he appeared at the store in the spring he was unquestionably human, for he was always ravenously hungry—and thirsty. Yet there was a settled conviction there that the Schwartz-Frau had obtained power from the devil to change her hireling from body to spirit, and from spirit to body again, at will.

It was somewhere in the interior of the Barrens that this chief of the mystics held her empire. Sometimes—usually in winter, when the winds were high—there was said to be with her an innumerable company of her uncanny subjects; then there was wild revelry there, and even the most devoted patrons of the black art gave the place a wide berth. Then the Schwartz-Frau was understood to relax her unholy care of the neighborhood for these Walpurgis orgies, and the only thing that stood between the people and the riotous witches was this beggarly, clay-faced Timolian Althoff, whom she had disembodied and made her vice-regent.

But the winds would cease, the haexerei return to the upper air, Althoff to the store, and by these one might know that the mystic was again in control of the sources of

good and evil, and ready to serve all who might seek her.

And though no one had yet been found to confess that he had been there, a well-indicated path led from the public road to the mystic's cabin. This secrecy was partly due to the fact that the rarest time to seek the Schwartz-Frau was in the dark of the moon, when the black unner-gehnde¹ held control. No known necessity was dire enough to induce any one to travel this path when the sun shone or the moon was prying under the trees; if the rain fell and the thunder roared and the lightnings flashed, all the better.

They came to her for all things; but oftenest to weave, of the mysterious things of earth and heaven and hell, the «Brauch.»²

By this they hoped to accomplish and prevent everything that is worth accomplishing and preventing, reaching from life to death, from riches to poverty, from health to sickness; and, finally, to command that cunning beggar, Love.

On the 20th of April, 18—, as the company at the store was discussing the great risk the store-keeper ran in whitewashing his stove so early in the season, Timolian Althoff entered.

The loafers, as was their wont, gave him a diplomatic if rather ironical welcome.

«Well, Timolius, out you' hole onct more?»

«Thawed out a'ready, Timolius?»

«Airly, ain't it?»

«Te Black Woman onchain you a'ready?»

«Got soul an' body toget'er ag'in?»

«Ain't some ot'er feller by mistake, hah?»

«Timolius, how you tore you' britches so?»

Timolian went straight to the cracker-drawer, and gave them no attention till some one proposed a drink of apple-jack. Then he looked anxiously up. It had been suggested by young Harman, the justice's son, who was not a Dunkard, and toward whom Althoff edged his way. They joined in a generous libation, and Althoff returned to the cracker-drawer smiling his intense satisfaction, but saying nothing till the apple-jack had done its perfect work. Then he looked round upon the company with a brilliant and incautious eye.

«Huh! what yous know 'pout t'e ole black defil?»

Young Harman winked to them for a clear field.

«Nossing, Timolius; nossing,» he answered encouragingly.

¹ The moon in its descent of the constellation Cancer, a time of evil influence.

² A spell or charm worked by incantation.

«Well, I do,» and the berry-picker leered at him.

Harman cunningly asked him to have more apple-jack.

«I nefer knowed it to go to t'e spot so.» Althoff smiled joyously, and Harman agreed with him.

«You ain't no Dunkard, air you? I won't tell no damn Dunkard nossing.»

But it had to be recalled to him.

«Oach, yas! Say, who d' you sink goes t'ere reg'ler now?»

The young justice said insidiously that he did not know.

Althoff had again forgotten him for the irresistible cracker-drawer. This new eccentricity of memory was most aggravating. Harman was already looking toward the end of the counter where the demijohn was hidden when the proprietor peremptorily pushed the cracker-drawer shut with his foot. Althoff in pained and indignant silence reeled out of the store.

The loafers eyed one another in dismay.

Young Harman started for the door.

«I'll break his neck off if he don't tell,» he threatened ominously.

But they would not permit this wanton homicide. Besides, if he was what they suspected him of being, his neck could not be broken off, and it would be very dangerous to try, they argued.

«I'm a-go'n' to find out,» insisted Harman. He went to the door and shouted in his great voice:

«Yere!»

Then he retreated to a safe place behind the counter.

A moment afterward Althoff, trembling in every limb, put his head in at the door.

«Tress Kitzmiller!» he announced, and vanished.

«Chust what I sought,» said Harman, triumphantly. «He's got power of t'e Black Woman and haexed her.»

Presently some one ventured a halting question:

«Haexed who?»

«Her!» said Harman.

«You don' r'a'ly sink he's witchcrafted—nobody?»

«Yas; Betsy Liebhart! An' he wants to brauch t'e nix-nutzich away so's she'll marry him.»

«It can't be done! No, sir; not oanless God A'mighty works a miracle.» It was a sad-eyed loungee—theretofore unheard—who spoke.

«Can't, can't it?» asked a dogged-looking newcomer. «You durn young foo-el! that's

all you know. Anysing ken be done. She don' need no God A'mighty to work her kind o' miracles. She wants t'e o'ter feller—you hear? Blood an' t'e defil ken do 'most anysing.» He made a mysterious motion of cutting crosses on his breast, and spoke with reckless conviction.

«Oh, you been t'ere too?» said Harman, with a half shudder.

«I been t'ere,» answered the other, grimly. «Mebby you *notice* t'e lightening struck Bill Blinsinger's barn, hah?»

«'Sh-h-h!» whispered the young man, listening.

«T'e defil! I ain't afeard of nossing no more. I *seen* him pull hair out between the horns of his bull an' feed it to mine. Well, I ain't got no bull no more, but he's got to build a new barn! He tried to spell-bind me, but I carry words ag'in' it. Tried to shoot me, an' t'e black she-defil witchcrafted his gun—tied one his bullet-patches on a willer-limb an' hung it in a rifle so his gun shakes t'at a-way all t'e time—oh!—»

«'Sh-h-h-h!»

Harman pointed anxiously to the door, where Tress's father was entering.

«Goshens! you fellers look as solemn as a pa'cel of possums up a gum-tree of a cold winter's night, an' a feller down below wiss a gun yit. Anybody dead, hah?»

They were silent with the guilty sense of having contributed to some intrigue of the young justice involving him. The old man looked at them quizzically a moment, then a perceptible twinkle came to his eye.

«Goshens! what faces yous got on! You ken measure 'em by t'e yard. T'e barber in town 'd charge yous fifteen cents apiece to shafe 'em, an' lose money on t'e job. Now *would* n't yous look funny if you 'd all git shafed onct—if t'e church 'd *make* yous? Aha, ha, ha! Y-you 'd nefer know each o'ter in t'e world—nefer! An' you' britches iss bow-leggeder'n efer!—like t'ey wass cut wiss a circ'ler saw. Boyss, you been in some mitschief anoter—what iss it? Secert, hah?» Well, I'll tell yous anoter, you keep 'em so goot—a funny one. *Somesing's* got to be done to shorten you' countenances. You'll tramp on you' chin-whiskers after w'ile—*yas*. Well, sence it ain't no chance for a funeral, what do yous say to a—*a* wedding, hah?» and now he suddenly faced about and addressed the young justice.

A wedding would be just the thing, the others said innocently.

«Well, how many of yous ready to git married?»

This required only a smile of deprecation.

«Somebody's chust *got* to, an' if none of yous air ready I'll make my Tress. I'm chust sick for—a little—» He broke into his favorite waltz. «Say, boyss; come ofer to t'e house to-morrer at about half-a-past eight A. M., an' see what 'll happen. An' if any of yous sees ole preacher Kellermann, ketch a holt an' bring him along. Tell him 'at if eferysing turns out right he 'll git a nice shoat wiss a pink ribbon round his neck—t'e shoat's neck. If he wants to know what 's up, tell him it's somesing like a funeral going on—chust wissout no corpse—aha, ha, ha! Look a-yere! Come ofer anyhow; an' if Tress does git away from us we 'll haf some cider, an' when it ain't no preachers about no more a little apple-jack. Cider for t'e fellers wiss t'e bow-legged britches, an' apple-jack for t'e fellers 'at don' wear no suspenders, Harman. Well, don' fergit; come you'selves, an' infite eferybody 'at trinks eiter cider or apple-jack. I trink bose. An'—say, chust keep a' eye on Tress, so 's *he* don' git away.»

He went hurriedly to the door, as if to go; then, apparently upon a sudden thought, returned, and seated himself with great deliberation. He let his eyes rest upon each, as if he would seriously read their thoughts. Then he spoke with a great assumption of regret:

«A—boyss, it chust seems by t'e size of you' faces 'at you excusing me of yoking my nix-nutzich Tress wiss t'e likeliest girl in t'e State of Pennsylvany. Well, it ain't so; I ain't guilty; I tried to stop it, but she's as stubborn as seferal mules. An' she's chust as goot as new, an' her mind seems stronger'n it efer wass, exspecial on t'e subject of my Tress. She says Tress done it all. Wonderful! I like to know what for kind a medictine he gev' her t'at time he went to see her? You fellers don' know neit'er, I expect?»

They confessed that they did not.

«No; so I sought. Yous efer heerd 'bout a kind a stuff t'ey call—*lofe*? You git it at t'e 'pot'ecary shop, I sink—'bout fife cents a bottle; looks kind a white like warter, an' grows on a tree in t'e woods. No? Well, it's a new sing, I expect, an' you ain't come acrosst it yit. My—my—my, but it's powerful! It ain't our fault; it's hern. Mebby she's yit oander t'e influence of t'e medictine. An' Tress—I got to confess 'at he's resigned to his fate. But mebby some of yous 'd be willing to safe him by marrying Betsy? Yit t'e worst of it iss 'at she won't *haf* none of yous—I ast her; an' it must be two to such a contract; ain't so, Harman?»

Harman's knowledge of the law having been appealed to, he gave a hostile assent to this.

«Yas; so I sought, so I sought. *Oach!* I tole her right in her face 'at I could n't see what she wanted wiss no such nixy like my Tress—an' when she could git a nice feller I knowed of chust c-razy after her. Well, she laughed right back in *my* face. It made me mad, so it did; an' I saays right out, says I: (You dogged little lunatic, it *ain't* no nicer feller 'n Harbach Harman; an'—»

The young man strode out, promising him something unpleasant if he would kindly follow him and waive the difference in their ages. The gentle Dunkards now remembered that Harman had long been a troublesome suitor for the hand of little Betsy.

«Now I done it ag'in, I expect. Well, I can't help it if t'e bird in t'e bush sets right down on t'e rolling stone, an' won't git away; ken I, boyss? No. Well, come ofer an' make merry wiss t'e fattened calves:

«Wir lieb' nix weib wein un' g'pang
Der bleib' 'n norr sei' lebenslang.

Come one, come all. Anyhow, I expect Harman won't come now. Ai, ai, ai! It's good I'm a' ole man, else I'd be licked a'ready.» He went sorrowfully out.

V.

«THE MADONNA OF THE WASH-TUB.»

BETSY was at the wash-tub, and that was a sight worth one's while. With her sleeves rolled up from her pretty pink-and-white arms, disclosing at the top the soft whiteness of some mysterious undergarment, an old, soft kerchief of yellow confining her wilful hair, her skirts tucked up—away above her trim ankles, she never looked prettier than just this way, dipping into the cloud of white suds, holding a piece of clothing up to the light, bending and straightening with exquisite and unconscious grace. Then, too, she sang at her work:

A little ship was on the sea—
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
And all was calm and bright—

keeping time on the wash-board.

With little Betsy one would not have thought to call the work menial; one would have had, rather, a conviction that there may be something charming about the homeliest labor. Of course Betsy had her moments of aberration, when she would take the pins out of her skirts, and tuck under

her belt a starched handkerchief, and so be uncomfortably «dressed up.» But she was always glad to get back to the tub, or to her baking or her butter-making—as you would have been, had you been there to see her. And at these again, I promise you there is nothing daintier in Dresden ware.

And now there was a reason for her blooming roundness that made her doubly attractive to those who had the good fortune to know it; but, unhappily, even Betsy had her caprices, and Tress was not of these.

One may not tell exactly why it was that she dropped a certain small garment back into the tub at his sudden approach, and then gave a little gasp, and put her hand up to her heart in that way, and, after all, laughed long and merrily, then ended by blushing like a rose—one may not tell. But Tress knew that she looked all the lovelier for it, and he called her something that brought the happy tears to her eyes. Still she bent over her tub. Quite by accident she brought up one of his shirts.

«Tress, what *air* these, anyhow?»

She pointed out three crossesrudely shaped in blood on the bosom.

«Oach!» he answered, with all the indefinable evidences of guilt. «Lem me see—chust scratches, I expect.»

«But, Tress,» persisted Betsy, without a particle of suspicion, «I 'fe washed 'em out so often lately.»

«Yes; that's when I wass a-cutting down t'e wild blackberry-bushes.»

To Betsy's surprise, he kissed her and hastened away, instead of lingering till he was driven off. She turned to her work as if it had all been a feint.

«I nefer saw no one so—so—*dumb!*»

VI.

A LEOPARD WITHOUT HIS SPOTS.

PERHAPS Tress's father can best tell how the boy won a fame for thrift that was above reproach. At all events, he will do him greater honor in the telling than anybody else possibly could; for he will, as is his wont, deal in hyperbole, and magnify him altogether. But this will be pardoned because of the innocent love between them, once more without a shadow. And, then, he has a confession to make, a sad thing for an old man.

«Confidential, boyss, it's t'e doggedest sing I efer seen—yas! Why, I said onct 'at he could n't drife no furrow no straighter 'n a mule's hind laeg—my Tressy.»

They courteously feigned a lack of recollection concerning so vile an accusation.

"Oach! git out, now! Yous recomember well enough; chust yous don' want to let on. Don' be so *durn* nice to me!"

The gentle Dunkards then remembered what he wished.

"Yas. Oach! don' mind me! You see pooty soon how little account *I* am. I 'm a-go'n' to do chustice to my Tress an' if t'e heafens fall down on top of me. So—confidential—boyss, he ken beat *me* a-drifing furrows now—u-hu!—all holler! What you sink? Yous all know what *t'at* means—a-beating *me* a-drifing furrows! An' t'e cows 'at use' to fool him all round t'e yard—like I tole yous—t'ey almost take off t'eir hats to him as he passes by now. An' ole Peter, 'at use' to hate 'im so—t'ey chust go about to-get'er like bro'ters, arm in arm. *Calfes!* Gosh! yous mind what I said 'bout calfes? Well, he chust make so wiss his finger, an' t'ey foller him, 'most like t'e Scriptur' an' t'e sheeps. Oach! yas; I know it 's hard to believe, but it 's all *so*. I ain't afeard to cross my breast about it."

He went cautiously to the door and looked up and down the road; then, taking the brick away, he carefully closed it, and tried the latch.

"An', boyss, yere 's t'e funniest sing yit—hush! somebody coming? No. I don' want efery outsider to hear it. Mebby I'd better not tell yous; but chustice must be done, like I said. Well, we git about fife bushels more to t'e acre 'n we use' to, an' better wheat yit, account a fertilizer Tress invented. Yassir! Eferysing he takes a holt of goes chust like it was greased. Why—hush! hush pertic'ler, boyss—"

He put his hand to his mouth, and delivered his secret in a huge whisper:

"T'e dogged mor'gige iss half gone! Aha, ha, ha! What you sink ag'in? *Half*, mind yous! Well, well, well! I knowed you 'd be extonished. Oh! t'e maddest man in t'e whole United States, t'e last sree years, iss ole Zigler. Dog if he ain't got dyspepsy, an' epilepsy, an' nerfous distraction, an' I don' know what *yit*, chust account of Tress a-keeping his bile stirred up constant an' all t'e time a-running ofer in his bread-basket, pestering him wiss t'e back interest on t'e mor'gige. Aha, ha, ha! He—he—"

The old man rolled on the counter in the ecstasy of some joke.

"—he—hush!—he expected to git t'e ole farm an'—an'—*retire*, boyss—*retire!* Aha, ha, ha!—*retire!*—away from business—kind

a country place, you know. He—he tole me so a largenumber of times. Oh, gosh a'mighty! t'at 's a great joke on—say, boyss, who 's t'e joke on t'is time? Me?"

They said with emphasis that it was not.

"Right for onet, boyss—exsac'ly right. You improfing slowly. Well, I got to confess 'at I sought he 'd *retire* to t'e ole place myself—yas, I did; I 'm go'n' to be honest wiss yous. I 'd my mind all made up, an' efen looked around at t'e poorhouse a little for a warm room. But chust t'en along comes Betsy an' Tress, an' make me stay at home an' work—don't efen want to let me loaf at t'e store no more! Doggone it!"

But they could not be got to commiserate him.

"Could n't fool yous t'at time, chentlemen, could I? Yas; you improfing—sl-owly. So efery six mont's Tress he loads up t'e money-bag an' t'e horse-pistol, an' hitches up ole Peter, an' goes to town, an' comes back in t'e efening wiss—chust t'e horse-pistol loaded. T'at 's a little sad—eferysing empty but chust t'e ole horse-pistol, an' nossing much about t'e house to eat but salt pork for a while. Anyhow, ole Zigler 'll die yit of t'e jimjams afore he *retires*—aha, ha, ha! Betsy!—she 's a reg'ler kenally, boyss. She keeps t'e books!—*books!* What you sink? Like a store or a benk!"

But he had grown strangely tremulous and abstracted as he went on. It was as if he were approaching something shameful. For some moments he held a silence that was almost pensive, an unwonted and pathetic humor for him. Then the gaiety that nothing could quench flooded his face and sounded in his fine old voice. To regret a thing that was irretrievable was to him a folly; to live beyond the present was to cross bridges he might never reach; to be always in good humor with himself and all the world, that was bliss. And if this be not the best of philosophy, it had made him the happiest, if the most shiftless, of men. And happiness—that is what men strive for, even if it come with shiftlessness.

"Well, boyss, I—I got to—go," he continued, with less of roguery; "yit I got to confess a sing—a pertic'ler sing—*afore* I go. Hush!—hush exspecial! Yit I 'm a foo-el! It don' matter; t'e whole world 'll haf to hear it some time; chustice must be done. But, boyss, I hate to say it—I hate to say it."

His old fingers trembled as he fumbled in childish irresolution at the buttons of his jacket; then he threw his head back and looked bravely up.

«Boyss, it's been a mistake all round. I—I been imposing on yous for sixty-five year t'e sird of next Jenewerry coming. Well, it's no use to fool wiss t'e sing. Listen! My Tress ain't no nix-nutz what-efer! I—me—Elijah P. Kitzmiller, am t'e nix-nutz! U-hu!»

He straightened up, and slapped himself accusingly on the breast.

«Yas; I'm t'e man. I knowed you'd be su'prised; I wass su'prised myself, an' sorry, when I first found it out. I expect you sorry, too. Mebbby some of yous—like me—a little?»

They assured him, with some diffident shuffling of feet and hands, that they did.

«So. Yas; I'll go fu't'er, an' say I nefer wass so su'prised in all my life—no, nor so sorry, neit'er. Lifing round amongs' yous for sixty-five year t'e sird of next Jenewerry, an' nefer finding it out—like a whitewashed sepulcher or a leopard wissout his spots on. T'at's t'e worst fun about it—'at I did n't *know* it. A—did you fellers efer notice anysing? Oh, gosh, boyss! mebbby yous knowed it all t'e time, an' chust been a-letting me make a foo-el off of myself, laughing behint my back! Boyss, boyss, t'at wass n't nice of yous to a' ole man 'at nefer harmed a hair of you' heads—no, it wass n't! You ought 'a' tole me—you ought 'a' tole me!»

The young school-teacher came in.

«Sam, t'e definition wass all right, but you'll haf to change t'e pictur'; I'll git mine took for you. So, farrywell, boyss; farrywell!»

He waved his hand heavily as he went out, and the gentle idlers do not know to this day whether he chuckled or sobbed.

VII.

WELL—WAS NOT HER NAME LOVE-HEART?

BUT Tress was ill,—it could no longer be concealed,—and steadily growing worse; and, strangely enough, he seemed to grow more cheerful as he grew more ill. For a while his own spirit reassured Betsy; but there had come such a mysterious and unhalting progress to his distemper that she began to fear—then, as her fear grew, to be certain, as young wives will—that he was going to die.

She came quietly and climbed into his lap one night before the candles were lighted. This was not an unusual thing, to be sure; but it had an experimental effect now because she was going to tell him her great secret. That would make him care to live, as the

gift of his love had made her care to live, she thought happily. Then, too, on this particular night he was very gay, and the way to his heart quite open.

«Tress,» she began, searching him softly, «you ain't—sorry?»

«Sorry, liebst'? For what?» he asked guardedly.

«Oh! don't you suspicion—nossing?»

«Well, yes—yes, I do,» he ventured blindly.

«Oh!»—she was stricken with dire confusion, and hid her face in his coat—«you been fooling me?»

He let her believe by his owl-like silence that he had.

«It ain't fair,» she murmured. «But—you got to tell first.»

«Why,—lem me see,—'at that yeller calf's go'n' to be a—muley?» he guessed whimsically, giving way to her. She laughed joyously.

«Tress, you like me as much as you did—that night?»

«What night?» he asked, with ostentatious forgetfulness.

«Oh, Tress! don't you know no more?» she reproached him.

«No; I don't sink I do, Betsy»; but he pinched her cheek. «I *lofed* you that night.»

«Tress, why you so—so—*nice* to me?»

«Why you so foolish?»

«I ain't foolish, Tress. Chust I sought mebbby you did n't like me no more—account—account—darling!» She had her arms very tight about his neck, and was sobbing.

«Why, Betsy, what's the matter—say?»

«Tress, I got a secret!»

He waited for her to go on. There was a distinct guilt in his unquestioning silence.

«Tress, you ain't got no secret from *me*, haf you?» Betsy asked fearsomely. «Tress!»

Tress hesitated, and finally said, with an air of defeat: «Well—you got to know some time—»

He put her down, and lighted a candle. There was something so solemn and deliberate about the act that she began to tremble. He bared his breast. It was livid with scars, and there was yet discernible near his heart, in bloody characters, the result of his last visit to the mystic of the Barrens:

I
N I R
I
DULLIX—† †— IX UX
I
N I R
I

Betsy had darkly heard of this terrible rubric to charm away an evil birthright. Her eyes questioned him in horror.

"Them wass the bloody crosses you seen. Don' be frightened, Betsy; it's done now. God, but it was awful! I—I got pooty weak on it, did n't I? I sink I'll git ofer it; but"—with a futile attempt at bravado—"if you wake up some morning, an' find me—well, dead—" the word was very hard in the presence of witching little Betsy—"dead—why, you 'll know 'at the breed's stopped, an' there won't be any more nix-nutzes of the name of Kitzmiller!"

As he went on, the whiteness of Betsy's face changed slowly to red; she drew closer, like a nestling chick; she looked down for very abasement. Presently she whispered, halting at every word:

"Oh—Tress—it's—too—too—late!"

And Tress? After his consternation he turned up her face and solemnly read it.

"An' you—glad!" he grieved.

She nodded guiltily.

"After all my suffering!"

"Ah! How ken I help it!" she pleaded, with irrepressible rapture. "An', Tress,"—she put her pink forefinger below that last ugly wound,—"*ain't it chust a little spark of gladness down here under the Black Woman's foolishness? Ain't it, Tress?*"

There *was* a spark there, and the glow of her sweet young motherhood kindled it. She put her hand softly up to his cheek.

"If it ain't, I'm sorry for *you*, Tress, but not for anysing else. I ain't afeard. I wass n't afeard of *you* when efery one else was."

Tress was still holding the candle aloft, and its soft yellow light fell upon her upturned face. She was very beautiful to him in that rapt moment, full of some wondrous charm that he seemed to have never felt before. A subtle intelligence passed between them, and she panted closer to him.

"Oh, Tress! would n't you like to be called—" She drew him down, and whispered it. "Me!—I *dream* about it! Chust after while, in a little squeaky voice!" She pushed him off in tender roguery.

An honest tear rolled down Tress's cheek, quickly answered by others on Betsy's. They laughed together joyously at their folly.

"Betsy, you sink me a fool, don't you?"

"N-no; chust foolish."

She was tugging to get his face down to hers again.

"Look out for the candle!" cried Tress, shakily.

"Candle! What do I keer for—candles!" she breathed in her fierce delight. "Lem me, Tress; please lem me!"

He let her have her way with him, and the spark she had kindled burst into flame.

"They'll be like you—the little nix-nutzes. I want 'em to be. You so—so—" He had no adjective at hand exalted enough for her. Then he thought of her own. "Darling!"

It was the first time he had ever used the daring word, and Betsy caught her breath.

"Tress! You sure, Tress? Don' call me *such* nice names except you sure?" She turned her head archly aside, an odd and charming attitude for her. "Tress, you—*sure?*"

"You little witch, you make it sure!"

"Witch yit! Tress—but you—*splendid* to-night!"

One arm had found its way around him. With the other she was tenderly exploring his scarred breast. Her head was tucked under his arm.

"You got somesing to take them away?" he asked shamefacedly.

She seemed to reflect. Then, with a little laugh, she darted into an inner room, returning instantly with a great ribbon-bound box. Tress looked his astonishment; he thought she had gone for a box of ointment. Betsy put up her hand threateningly.

"Hush! Shut you' eyes an'—guess!"

If he had suspected what the box contained he could not have guessed wider of the mark.

"Oh, you ken nefer guess! Tress, you awful—dumb! Look!" She flung off the lid.

The box was full of very small and very dainty garments.

"But—" Tress began.

"Chust a little joke on you! They won't heal you—I got somesing for that. But they 'll make you forgit. Me!—I forgot eferysing else—but chust you. Tress, here's two little socks wiss tassels on an' blue ribbons in! An' here's a little—"

Tress gathered Betsy and all her dainty work in his arms.

"Oh, Tress," she cooed, "at first—chust right at first, mind you—I wass *afraid*. You wass n't glad—like me. Only—chust—right—at—first."

AT TWILIGHT.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

WAS it so long? It seems so brief a while
Since this still hour between the day and dark
Was lightened by a little fellow's smile;
Since we were wont to mark
The sunset's crimson dim to gold, to gray,
Content to know that, though he loved to roam
Care-free among the comrades of his play,
Twilight would lead him home.

A year ago! The well-remembered hail
Of happy-hearted children on the green
We hear to-night, and see the sunset pale,
The distant hills between:
But when the busy feet shall homeward turn,
When little wearied heads shall seek for rest,
Where shall you find the weight for which you yearn,
Ah, tender mother-breast?

Dear lips, that in the twilight hushed and dim
Lulled him with murmured fantasies of song;
Dear slender arms, that safely sheltered him,
The empty years are long!
The night's caressing wind moves babbling on,
And all the whispered gossip of the fir
Is busy with his name who now is gone—
My little lad and hers!

But if we so, with eager eyes and glad,
Looked forward to his coming in the gloom;
If so our hearts leaped out to meet the lad
Whose smile lit all the room,—
Shall there not be a Presence waiting thus
To still the bitter craving of the quest?
Shall there not be a welcome, too, for us
When we go home to rest?

Yes, God be thanked for this: the ashen-gowned
Sweet presence of the twilight, and, afar,
The strong, enduring hills, in beauty crowned
With one white, steadfast star!
A year ago? What, love, to us are years?
The selfsame twilight, cool and calm and dim,
That led him home to us, despite our fears,
Shall lead us home to him!



A MAN WITHOUT A PAST.

BY JOHN D. RUFF.



PANTON, though it rather posed as a center of aristocratic dignity, was enjoying its genuine sensation as though it were the most vulgar little town on the map.

The strange young man did not get well. When found by the police, in the early morning, lying just off the sidewalk leading up from the railroad-station, he was breathing, and apparently without wounds or hurt, but unconscious; and though he had since regained his consciousness, and could eat and walk and talk, his memory was gone. He did not know his name, where he had come from, the nature of the accident which had befallen him, or the smallest prior event. When he was first found and carried to the Good Samaritan Hospital, Dr. Burns, the head physician, finding that he was neither drunk nor drugged, had his head shaved, and discovered a bruised place on the scalp, just over the pterion, round, and about the size of a silver dollar. A few tiny beads of blood which appeared on this spot must have been forced through the skin by pressure, as there was no puncture or rupture through which they could have come.

He slowly regained consciousness, and his power of memorizing began to reassert itself; but his memory of all past events, his former condition, and his relations and experience with the world in which he found himself, apparently remained a blank. He rapidly learned to talk, and his physical health appeared normal and unusually good. Some things he learned so fast that it appeared to be merely a reawakening or recognition of what he had known before. His material knowledge—of days, events, and physical facts—was only of things which he had learned after the accident. It was amusing to note how his inability to tell thwarted all attempts to determine what manner of man he was or had been, or what might have been his station in life. He was apparently between twenty-five and thirty years of age, a rather handsome fellow, with a good, strong face, no signs of dissipation in the skin or eyes, fairly smooth, soft hands, but without a scar or distinguishing mark

anywhere. His clothes were good, though not foppish, but without a name anywhere; and not a scrap of paper or a cent of money had been found on his person. From his rapid mastery of language, and the facility with which he learned the meaning and use of unusual words, it was thought that his education had been good. As Dr. Burns expressed it, his mind seemed to have the training of an adult brain, without any of the experiences.

Of course the mystery was intensified and kept alive by the constant visits of detectives and newspaper men, followed by physicians and brain specialists from all over the country, and one or two experts in hypnotism. Most of the physicians said that they would have believed the case impossible; and some added that therefore it was impossible, and the man was a fraud. Dr. Burns, though young and enthusiastic, declined to commit himself on this point, even to his wife; but to her it was evident that he hoped his already celebrated case was genuine.

When it appeared that the man would learn his past life only by the slow recognition of it as he came upon it little by little, a social rivalry sprang up for his possession as soon as he was allowed to come out of the hospital, and of course the Marshes easily carried off the prize. Mrs. Marsh and her daughter Minnie, a quiet, graceful girl of twenty, were as frankly curious as anybody; George Marsh, the only son, who ran down frequently for little visits from his haunts in the city, and who found Pantan after dinner just a little dull, was interested; and even Colonel Marsh, too high-bred for curiosity, conceived it not incompatible with his position as a director of the hospital to have the celebrated sick man to dinner.

By the time that event came around, some six weeks after the accident, the sick man's education, by omnivorous reading, had gone a long way forward, and he appeared resplendent in the proper clothes, and looking as though he was used to wearing them and attending dinner-parties all his life. Another guest at the dinner was a Miss Bolton, who was in Pantan from the city, on a long sum-

mer visit to Mrs. Burns; and it was she whom the sick man took out to dinner. She was a very pretty girl, and also a very rich one, with that certain indestructible air of high breeding which gives to its fortunate possessor unquestioned license to do as he or she pleases, without exciting the comment or criticism that would be sure to fall upon mortals less fortunately endowed.

"Though I have, of course, heard all about you," began Miss Bolton, "it seems impossible that it should be true, and that anybody in this old nineteenth-century world should have achieved fame in such an entirely new direction. A man of your age entirely without a past goes quite beyond the imagination. No doubt the cynics would tell you you ought to be the happiest man on earth."

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the sick man. "Dr. Burns tells me that every feeling—and I suppose he includes happiness—goes by comparison; and being, as you say, entirely without a past, I am without comparisons. I am like a precocious child, interested and curious about everything, and learning everything. Nevertheless, barring a few problems of a practical and prosaic nature, I think I am happy. My whole life, so far as I know it, has been made up of just such things as this,"—indicating the dinner and the company,— "and if I have any higher—or lower—aspirations, I presume I have only to gratify them. And yet"—with a slight sigh—"who knows but that the cynics are right? I may be a criminal, or a runaway husband, or some style of man that you and all my friends here would never care to have to do with."

"How marvelous!" exclaimed the girl, with amused interest. "But I think that is impossible. Do you suppose you are married?"

"My wife does not seem to miss me, if I am. But I think not, and the doctor agrees with me. When Mrs. Burns asked him the same question, he said that marriage was one experience which no man could forget. Besides, I do not feel married."

"Then you were not serious in fearing you might be a runaway husband?"

"Well, it would have its funny side, and," with a keen glance at the somewhat pompous figure at the head of the table, "the joke would be as much on our host and all of you as on me; but I meant it in all seriousness. Indeed, I am afraid I believe the cynics are right. Sometimes the awful possibilities of what I might have been—what I may be—make me quite gloomy."

"I would not let that trouble me much, if I were you," she said. "Doesn't the consciousness of what your tastes are make you feel satisfied that you are not as bad as that?"

"Ah, that's it! Taste is something the doctor denies me. He says that while abilities, appetites, and passions may be inherited, taste is largely a matter of education; and though some of the philosophers I have been reading do not agree with him, I am inclined to think he is right. If so, all my tastes have been formed in the last six weeks, so that virtually I have n't any. All that I have read has simply been undertaken with the idea of learning as much and as rapidly as I can, so that, while I have read with absorbing interest, I have neither formed nor discovered any tastes."

"But the books you read—don't you like some and dislike others?"

"I like them all—that is, I like to read them all. I approve of some and disapprove of others, and occasionally what the doctor recommends I find absurd and impossible."

"Judged by what standards?"

"Ah, there it is again! You see, it's a very serious business. I have no standards, no experiences; and yet I do judge books, and even people, as I've just explained."

"I see. Not thwarted by inherited and instilled conventionalities, you are able abstractly to determine between right and wrong, the true and the false. That's a delightful idea, and makes one understand why people so often wish they could unlearn things. Perhaps you are to be congratulated on having no standards."

"I don't know," he said in a discouraged way. "That sounds queer, and I hope you are not laughing at me. Really, the whole thing is a serious matter, and to-night it seems more serious than ever."

"Laughing! No; indeed I was not. Come, don't be so down-hearted! I'm sure it will all come out right; and I, for one, think you are quite—quite—"

"Quite the proper thing?"

"Well, yes," she said, with a laugh and a slight blush; "and"—laughing again—"I was almost on the point of telling you not to cry. How old are you?"

"Four weeks," he replied.

"Oh, of course; I might have known before I asked."

"How old are you?"

She smiled, and answered simply, "Nineteen."

"How pleasurable!" said he.

"Sir!" and she looked at him quickly.

His eyes were resting on her neck, where the tendrils of her bright red hair were curling before being gathered into a brilliant, burnished knot above; but he turned upon hers an untroubled, if a slightly regretful and preoccupied, gaze. Remembering what he had said of his lack of standards and tastes, she met his gaze with one which was meant to be freezing, as he quietly continued:

"How satisfactory to be nineteen—to be sure of that and all the rest; to be beautiful, wealthy, and accomplished; to know—there, you are offended! Now tell me why."

"Well, then, I'll tell you—since Dr. Burns insists that we must all assist in your education—that it is hardly conventional to ask a woman her age."

"Yes, the books have told me that; but you asked me my age."

"And, in the second place, if you must pay compliments, they should not be so absurdly broad and clumsy."

"Compliments?" he said, apparently puzzled. "Why do you suppose they are compliments? Is it not true that you are beautiful, and do you not know it? Come, now that you have given me the lesson, enlighten me further."

"I positively decline to. I perceive the doctor overestimates your need of education, and I am not sure that you are not taking undue advantage of your supposed lack of it."

"You say many hard things in a very few words; you are still angry."

"Yes, I believe I am; though"—smiling, in spite of herself, at his evident dejection—"I confess I do not know why."

"Well, then, I apologize; but I do it simply to regain your good will, and not because your lesson has made me aware of any wrong-doing."

"What an apology!" she exclaimed, smiling again.

"It is an honest one, though it may be unconventional."

"Well, then, I forgive you."

"Will you shake hands on it? That's conventional enough."

"Why, dear me, yes! There"; and she laughed as she held out her hand.

In the open summer life which followed the Marsh dinner-party, the people who comprised that set saw much of one another; and the sick man, with the consent of the doctor and the assistance of Mrs. Burns, was completely part of it. George Marsh advanced the theory that he would most quickly find his place in

the world by being allowed to choose his own level; and with this idea led him, as far as the doctor would permit, into every highway—to say nothing of the byways—that Panton had to offer. He did not show much fondness for George's society, however, and was quite tractable in remaining wholly within the Marsh set. He at once attached himself to Miss Bolton with the simplicity of a trusting child, becoming her knight-errant, shawl-bearer, and faithful follower; while she, by reason of a certain sympathy and interest, and a desire to help him, acted as his guide, philosopher, and friend, and, when needed, his special champion. And it was needed. She had many admirers whose jealous ire was raised at the sick man's monopoly of her, and her acquiescence in it; and it did not take long, naturally, for people to assert, with various degrees of amusement, rage, or irony, that the sick man had fallen in love with her as completely and unerringly as though guided by the experiences of a long and vividly remembered past. While carefully avoiding any approach to a discussion of this subject with him, with others she steadfastly maintained the absurdity of the idea; and she did it in a way that those of her admirers, or, their backers, who might have dared to point out the folly and injustice of anything like encouragement of such an affair were silenced. Whenever the idea came to her that her unfortunate friend might be a fraud, as some of the others now intimated, and that he was attempting a flirtation with her, she put it aside, never thinking of her money, as a humiliating proof of her own vanity and disloyalty. Yet at times she felt somewhat helpless, and when in their tête-à-têtes the conversation took the half-tender turn which at will he seemed able to give it, she was surprised, and not a little disconcerted, to find how his honesty, directness, and unconventionality interfered with and thwarted her ability to fence. Convinced that this was nature and not art on his part, it filled her with a sense of his power and force, and in addition to a desire to help him, she found an undeniable attraction in his personality. At the same time, she had frequently recurring fears that if he did love her, his unsophistication and his simplicity might, at any least-expected moment, lead to a catastrophe or an unbearable situation. But as these fears dwindled without realization, her confidence in him and in herself increased. She found that with him she too could be unconventional, simple, and direct, and she enjoyed it.

The sick man himself seemed somewhat troubled in this time, and the watchful but purely scientific eye of Dr. Burns took note of a change. The doctor believed the sick man was in love, because his infallible wife had told him so, and he took due notice of the fact in its bearing on the case; but it was nothing more to him than that. From the time the sick man had first recovered consciousness, soon after he was found, his physical health had been perfect, and he had seemed willing to renew his acquaintance with the world just as rapidly or just as leisurely as Dr. Burns saw fit. But now all this was changed. His speech was at times slower, more halting than ever; he had lapses of moody absent-mindedness; and he was in feverish haste to be up and off, to find out all possible as soon as possible. He conceived the idea, from reading the papers, that he was well acquainted with New York, and his desire to go there increased daily. To this Dr. Burns objected, because his health began to show evidences of failure.

The Marshes were now rather in favor of the sick man's departure for New York, the South Sea Islands, or such other place as he might select. For some time they had hoped that George might find in Miss Bolton and her money all that there was to make life worth living reputably. George, whose pale blond hair was rather thin on top, had certainly shown a livelier interest in the proposed experiment than in others which had been brought to his attention; and now that Miss Bolton was so absurdly wrapped up in the sick man, his interest amounted to something positive. Of course the Marshes knew—anything else would have been absurd—that Miss Bolton was only assisting in the sick man's education; but nevertheless, seeing George sufficiently stirred up, they approved of the sick man's desire to go off and find out, as George put it, whether he was all right or not.

And despite the fact that he was without funds, and the doctor, who might have supplied him, was openly opposed to it, the sick man continued to assert his desire and, finally, his intention to go. It was Miss Bolton in particular, as having great influence with him, whom the doctor had especially charged with the rather unwelcome task of "talking him" out of this feeling.

"Why," said the invalid, one evening, as the two were walking home from the tennis-grounds in the late dusk, "it is preposterous to keep me here for an indefinite time, when

I am in perfect health, and when I might solve the problem of my identity in a few days by going to New York."

"Yes," replied the girl; "that is one view to take of it; but, on the other hand, the doctor, whom we certainly all believe in, says that while you are perfectly sane, and have been for weeks, any unforeseen event might bring a sudden change, with serious results—results of madness, or even death. I do not wonder he cannot consent to it. None of us can. Quite aside from the interest we feel in your case, the matter has become personal. We all like you for yourself, and it is too much to ask, when you are doing so well, and must inevitably come upon your past easily and without harm, that we should turn you adrift to take chances and risks that we know nothing of."

"You say you all like me for myself," he replied; "but how much—or rather how little—do you like me? You like most of your casual acquaintances; and, indeed, even those whom you do not like you would not cast adrift to run against madness or death. But do you like me no better than this? Don't you like me well enough to see my trouble—to have me take the risk, whatever it may be? Do you like me only as a curious toy instead of a human being? Is your liking so slight an affair that you are content to take me as I am, and while I last, without sharing at least some of my desire to end suspense, and to know to a certainty who and what I am? Do you not like me well enough to want to know whether I am worthy of your liking?"

"Yes," she replied gently; "we even like you that well; but perhaps we already feel that you are worthy, and Dr. Burns, who alone knows the risks, says that—"

"Ah, Dr. Burns! I knew it was for the doctor you were talking. He only likes me, good and kind as he is, as he likes all his hard cases. But you, who have been my teacher and close friend—I am sure you like me well enough to have me go; now don't you?"

"Yes, perhaps I do; but, as I was going to say when you interrupted me, Dr. Burns, whom I also like and respect, is one of the greatest physicians in the country, and when he says you ought not to go, certainly it should have some weight."

"Tell me, Miss Bolton, have you promised the doctor to try to dissuade me from going?"

"Yes; I suppose it amounts to a promise of that, although he told me that unless he gave you money you could not go; and be-

sides," she added rather weakly, "I really think the doctor knows best."

"Perhaps I could get the money from George Marsh; he is willing enough to have me go."

"It is quite a trip to New York; perhaps Mr. Marsh might not find it convenient. Besides, if, as you say, he regards you as an impostor, he would think he was being swindled, and that he would never consent to."

"Oh, yes; he might even consent to that in this case. But undoubtedly," he added as an afterthought, "the loan of the money would be on condition that I never came back."

"Would you take the money from him?"

"I don't know; certainly not on those terms. But I do want to go. Perhaps I could go without money."

"You would be arrested and stopped."

"What for?"

"Vagrancy, I believe the doctor said."

"What! Is the doctor afraid I will run away, and has he actually been talking it over with you?"

"No; only in my presence, my hasty pupil. And now, let me take a lesson from your directness, and ask you a few questions. You have evidently been turning over in your mind every possible way of going to New York, with or without the doctor's permission. Would you go without my permission, or without even letting me know—me, your teacher and close friend?"

"No," he said with simple confidence; "you would give me your permission."

"But suppose, when you told me you were going, I felt bound to tell the doctor?"

"He could not stop me. But, Miss Bolton, have you promised that much?"

"No; I have not. I was not asked to. But," she added resolutely, "perhaps I would feel it my duty."

There was a sudden and uneasy pause. Despite his ardor and wilfulness, the sick man had at times been talking in a half-fearful, half-absent-minded way, as though his thought had been running ahead of his speech to some idea which he fain would have shunned. Now he seemed much agitated between an impulse to speak and an effort to keep silent. But at last, with many halts and pauses, in an apparent attempt to control his feelings and to find just the exact words, he said:

"Alas! Miss Bolton, what am I finding out? I seem not to have realized till now how far apart we are in this situation. I am disappointed, outraged—in some strange way de-

frauded. I know that you believe that I am not an impostor, that you feel a keen sympathy and pity for me, that you are trying to help me; but none of that is now enough. Alone, it is worse than nothing. It is something to be—to be spurned, repudiated. How do you dare to call yourself my friend, without desiring, at all risk, to know what I am? For until it is known, my seeming equality with your other friends, my right to your friendship, is all a kindly pretense, a bit of benevolent sham. Why should you so fool me? Neither of us has ever told the other a lie,—at least, I have thought not,—but now it seems that you have at least allowed me to believe one—a most monstrous and—humiliating one. I find out now that your only enjoyment in all this has been the satisfaction of witnessing an experiment, of helping your friend Dr. Burns to the clearing up of a wonderful mystery, the determination of a celebrated case. All of our pleasant relations, our keen enjoyment of each other, has been, on my part only, a fact, on your part a play—the pretense with which you would indulge a spoiled child or a fretful invalid. There, I must not hurt your feelings. I have doubtless fooled myself. But oh, the strange, helpless anger at having been cheated! the humiliation—all new to me (it must be wounded vanity; but no! it is not)—of finding that a friend you imagined never existed; that the appreciation you have felt to have inspired in one who—in a kindred soul, is nowhere save in your own vain imaginings! and the bitterness and rage of not knowing whether you have cheated yourself or by this false idea been cheated! There, if I have hurt you, forgive me. I dare say you are innocent in the matter—I see how it might be; but a great light has suddenly gone out, and I find myself lost and alone."

During this disjointed, almost incoherent speech, Miss Bolton's eyes had filled with tears.

"No, no!" she cried. "You are meanly suspicious. You have no right, no reason, for such doubts. I am your friend first and before anything else, and your troubles are mine. Have I not shown it and proved it? Tell me how I can still further prove it."

"Lend me the money to go to New York," he said eagerly. "If I find myself and my past, I will pay you back, if I have to dig with my hands."

"Yes," she said sadly; "you do doubt me meanly. That last shows it." She was silent for a moment, strangely subdued, and wondering why she was not angry. "If I give

you this money, will it not be simply to prove that you have wronged me?"

"To be as subtle as you are, if you give it to me for that it will prove that I have not wronged you. I ask it on the supposition that I have, and that you want me to go."

"But will it be right?" Again she pondered, and as they neared the Burns's residence she involuntarily clutched his arm and slackened the pace, as though he might be about to go that instant. "You put me in a hard place," she continued. "You have made me feel guilty where I am innocent. You doubt yourself, too, even more than you do me. Somewhere in your heart, with or without reason, you have a haunting fear that you are not what you would like to be. Such a fear, alone and without help, might drive you crazy; and you put upon me the fearful responsibility of letting you go."

"No; not that last," he said. "Go I must, and now more than ever—if not with money, then without it."

"How much would it take?" she asked.

"I figure that I ought not to start with less than a hundred and fifty dollars."

"That would be a good deal to get quietly and without letting people know. Well, I am going on a coaching-party with the Benvilles to-morrow. Day after to-morrow, in the evening, I will give you my answer."

"And will you try to think out your decision alone, without consulting anybody else?"

"Yes; I will promise that, too." And he left her at the door, and returned alone to the hospital.

GEORGE MARSH came down from the city especially for the Benville coaching-party. He was to do the driving, with Miss Bolton beside him; and as the "indeterminate freak," as he styled the sick man, was not to be of the party, he had determined, if the girl's mood was as propitious as the occasion, to begin his long-delayed love-making. He knew nothing of his chances as yet, for he had so far paid her no special attention, nor given her the opportunity for those preliminary advances in which the new-fashioned girl is supposed to go half-way or better. But that was not part of his plan, for he knew that in such matters she was, or probably would be, very old-fashioned. He intended that his indifference should now waken into a slowly compelled interest, which, once aroused, should deepen more quickly into admiration and appreciation. But neither the occasion nor the girl's mood proved propitious. The

horses were fractious, the harness was defective, and, the whole affair proving something of a bore, the party voted for an early return instead of a farm-house supper at the Benville dairy farm, and a drive home in the late moonlight, as had been originally planned.

Thus it happened that when the sick man, who lived at the hospital, went around to Dr. Burns's house after dinner, he found they had come back. George Marsh had dined with the Burnses, and was still there. Miss Bolton sat just within the dimly lighted parlor, at a window opening on the porch, idly thinking. George and the doctor and Mrs. Burns were outside on the porch, the clambering vines of which sheltered them from the brilliant rays of the full moon. George was occasionally strumming on a guitar which lay across his knees, and they were doing very little talking. The sick man took a seat on the porch, back in the deep shadow of the vines, where he could see Miss Bolton, but was too far away to talk to her. Just as he was comfortably seated, a cab, which had come up the quiet street at a rapid pace, stopped at the gate, and a woman got out, followed by a man. The woman, who advanced up the walk first, was apparently young and of good figure, well dressed. This was all that could be seen before Dr. Burns, used to such calls, met them half-way down the walk, and asked what was the matter.

"Nobody sick," said the woman, briskly and assuringly. "We are just looking for Dr. Burns. Does he live here?"

"Yes, madam," answered the doctor; "I am Dr. Burns."

"Oh, you are Dr. Burns himself, are you?" she said, giving him a keen glance, and continuing: "Well, is Mr. Kelly still with you?"

"Mr. Kelly?" said the doctor, somewhat puzzled at the hurried manner of the woman. "I don't remember the name particularly. Who—"

"Him the papers call (the sick man.)"

The doctor, seldom at a loss, suppressed an exclamation of surprise, and hearing from the porch the strumming of the guitar, lowered his voice as he answered: "He is still in Pantan. Do you know him, or anything about him?"

"Yes; if it's him, I do," said the woman. "He is my husband."

After only an instant's pause, the doctor said: "This is news indeed, madam. Just step this way, and I will send for him." He led the way up the walk and across the porch into the parlor, the bright light falling successively on his face, the woman's, and that

of her companion. Once in the parlor, the doctor turned on all the lights. Then he stepped to the window where Miss Bolton was sitting, and beckoned the sick man in. The latter came at once, while involuntarily George Marsh and Mrs. Burns rose and went to the window. The doctor stepped back without saying more, and fixed his eyes on the sick man as, with a questioning look on his face, he came through the parlor door and into the room.

The moment the woman saw him, she exclaimed: «It's him! It's Gus! Gus!» She put out her hand in an appealing way, and it could be seen that she was trembling.

The sick man gazed at her a long moment, and a short one at the big, heavy-featured man just behind her. «I!» he said, putting his hand on his breast, and he turned a little pale.

«Yes, Gus! Gus!» cried the woman. «Don't you know me?»

Again he gave her a long glance with knitted brows, and finally said: «I don't know you. I cannot remember that I ever saw you. Who is it?» he asked, turning in a dazed way to the doctor, who was still closely watching him.

«Who is it?» cried the woman. «Great God, Gus! I am your wife. Don't you know me, or are you still mad?»

Now the sick man's eyes rested on the floor, with brows still knitted, and a gaze so intent that at last the doctor made a step forward to rouse him, just as he raised his eyes. «No; I cannot,» he said. «I do not know her.»

«I am his wife,» cried the woman. «He is crazy or lying. I am his wife,» she repeated, turning to the doctor. «He left me three months ago, because he got mad, and I have not seen nor heard of him since. It struck me all of a sudden, the other day, that a newspaper picture of the 'sick man' looked like him, and I have traveled night and day since; and now I have found him, and he is either crazy or a cold-hearted villain.» She broke down and sobbed, but rallied immediately. «But I can prove I am his wife—prove it by lots of people. My brother here will say so, and see—here is his picture.» And from her bosom she snatched a locket, and held a miniature up to the doctor.

The doctor took his eyes off the sick man long enough to take the miniature and examine it. It was an oil-painting on ivory. «Yes,» he said; «it is his picture.» Then, seeing the sick man still dazed, and about to relapse into another of those long and fear-

ful mental struggles, he said: «Well, madam, it ought, as you say, to be perfectly easy to prove all you claim; but this man is ill now, and probably crazy, and the best thing to do is to leave him quiet for to-night. I will keep him safe, and you and your brother shall have free access to him in the morning.»

«Yes, Mary,» said the man, evidently relieved; «that is best. We will telegraph, and by to-morrow night we will have plenty of proof.» He took the sobbing woman by the arm, and they went out. The doctor followed them to the gate, giving them instructions when and where to find him at the hospital in the morning, and they were gone almost as suddenly as they had come.

Miss Bolton, who had remained seated by the window through it all, now jumped up and hurried after the doctor. She found him at the gate, looking thoughtfully after the vanishing cab. «Doctor,» she said, «it is not true, is it?»

The doctor's occasional tantalizing reticence seemed to return to him as he answered slowly, turning up the walk: «If it is, your pupil is the smartest rascal in the world.»

«Why, doctor,» exclaimed the girl, «do you doubt him?»

«Perhaps I doubt him no more than you did when you ran out here to question me. But what I think is of small moment now. It is a matter which can be settled beyond all manner of doubt, and that speedily. The woman's brother says he can get scores of witnesses here by to-morrow night, if necessary. Where is the sick man now?»

«I left him in the parlor,» she said. Then, going ahead of the doctor, she hurried through the open door and up the stairway. On the porch the others would have stopped the doctor with questions and exclamations; but, still reticent, he moved on to the parlor. The sick man, standing where they had left him, dazed and haggard, turned eagerly to the doctor.

«How can this be? You say that everything I see or hear or read since my accident, I recognize at once if I knew it before; but I cannot remember this woman. Surely there must be some mistake.»

Seeing his suffering, the doctor said soothingly: «It undoubtedly is a mistake. I know plenty of even stranger cases of mistaken identity. But now, as your physician, I order bed. The whole thing can be cleared up in the morning. Come, say good-night, and we will go to the hospital.»

Here Miss Bolton, who had just returned

from up-stairs, came forward with the sick man's hat. She extended her hand, and said, «Good-night,» with a bright smile of sympathy and confidence into his still dazed and questioning face, and at the same time raised the hat in such a way as to cover their clasped hands. To all it seemed as though the leave-taking was unnecessarily lingering, and as near to being in bad taste as was possible with Miss Bolton.

When the doctor returned from the hospital, George Marsh had left; and ignoring the evident desire of the women to speculate upon and discuss the strange turn affairs had taken, he at once suggested that it was time to go to bed. Alone with his wife in their room, he was still uncommunicative, and the last thing he heard her say, as she turned over in disgust, was: «Well, good-night, then. I really believe, Henry, that you consider yourself beaten. You think at last that your sick man is a sham, and you hate to acknowledge that you are wrong and the city doctors are right.»

THE next morning the sick man was gone.

It took an hour to discover that there were absolutely no traces of him where traces might have been expected. Of course they began telegraphing, and of course they soon heard of him. He had gone as far as the city, and there had been arrested and, for a brief hour, held on the charge of insanity. But the justice before whom he had been taken had read all about him, and, on his own statement that he was simply trying to find himself, and had left Pantan without breaking any pledge or parole, released him. This so disgusted the detective who had located him that he relaxed his vigilance long enough to go to luncheon; and during that time the sick man disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him.

The Pantan people read all this in the evening papers, along with much more that was beautifully descriptive, as they came down from the city. The doctor was disappointed and nonplussed to the point of irritability, and declared that when next they got hold of the sick man he would instruct them to hold him on a charge of bigamy, larceny, vagrancy, or anything else. He was still reticent about the events of the evening before, and was not roused even when his wife's manner indicated to everybody that his professional reputation was now at stake, and that he refused, just at present, to jeopardize himself further. The sick man's wife and her stolid brother took

the flight much more easily than was expected. Their story was a short and unpleasant one, to the effect that the sick man was Gus Kelly, a variety actor with a most uneven temper. Three months before, he had quarreled violently with her because she had gone out riding with a gentleman friend, and had left her. George Marsh, who had interviewed the woman several times, said, with a satisfaction he could not conceal, that he had been inclined the evening before to think she was a fraud, but now it was evident that the sick man was a fraud of a vulgar, though unusually clever, kind. The colonel, who remembered that the absentee had dined at his table, expressed the hope that they might never see him again. «When it is all thoroughly exploited,» he added testily, «the papers will ridicule us unmercifully.»

Noon of the next day brought Miss Bolton a letter addressed in a handwriting which she recognized at once as the sick man's.

«It's all right,» said the letter, which was dated from the city. «I have found myself completely, and there are no gaps which cannot be filled up. When I was released after the trial, and got away from the crowd, about noon yesterday, I turned into one of the side streets, and was going into a restaurant when I heard a voice, which I recognized at once as coming from the long ago, saying: (Why, Alford! The deuce! I thought you were in Australia!) It was an old friend named Irving, who happened by the merest chance to be in the city. When I told him my story, he took me at once to a room in a hotel, where I have been ever since, and am now, while the sleuth-hounds of the law are walking the city and gnashing their teeth.

«To make a long story short, I am John Alford, a civil engineer—when last heard of, in the employ of Skagen and Epenstein, railroad contractors and mining men of New York. A few days before my accident, I left New York to go to San Francisco, there to take boat for Australia. I am not quite clear as to my mission in Australia, except that it was work of a confidential nature, and as few people as possible were to know of my going. I would have had nothing to do in San Francisco, except to take my passage, and my firm has no other idea than that I am now in Australia. What induced me to stop off at Pantan, or what happened to me there, will perhaps never be known.

«Irving, though a New-Yorker, is, unlike myself, well known here, and is rapidly getting things in such condition that I can go abroad without being arrested; and when

this is accomplished, I will come down to Panton to give you back those beautiful jewels and the money you slipped into my hand night before last. Then I suppose I must hurry on to New York, as it may not yet be too late for my Australian trip. Irving, by the way, knows George Marsh, and thinks, from my description, that he also knows the woman who claimed me as her husband. He gives her a rather unpleasant character. If it is the woman he thinks, he says she and George are old friends, and he feels sure that George devised the whole scheme. If this is true, I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to George."

Miss Bolton, elated over the vindication of her pupil, took this letter to Mrs. Burns; and that lady, after receiving an explanation of the jewel transaction, and being properly shocked thereat, announced to everybody that Mr. Alford would be down that night or the next day. The papers which came down from the city that evening set forth with much detail that the sick man turned out to be a young mining and civil engineer who had already scored some notable successes in his profession; and about the time the papers arrived, Mrs. Kelly and her large brother quietly disappeared.

But Mr. Alford did not come down that evening, or the next, or the next week. He wrote, instead, to say that he had decided to go to New York at once to see Skagen and Epenstein. After a week's silence he telegraphed from New York that he would leave that day for Panton; but the next day he sent another telegram, saying he had been unavoidably detained. This was followed by another week of silence. By this time the pressure of Mrs. Burns's indignation at him became so great that the jewel story leaked out, and the doctor was compelled to renounce a large part of his hospital duties, and devote his entire attention to keeping it from the newspapers, via the servants.

Finally, when everybody had about concluded that he would never come back, and had felt secretly sorry for the impulsive Miss Bolton and her jewels; when George Marsh had said the sick man was a scamp, after all, and had given up a suddenly announced six-weeks' business trip to the South; when Colonel Marsh, with feelings now indescribably mixed, had feebly expressed the hope that he had not entertained a thief at his table,—when all this had happened,—the sick man arrived. They saw at once that he looked older and haggard and ill, and there was an air of listlessness about him, in

marked contrast to the intensity and ardor they remembered. He said he had been busy every minute of his absence, and had only now come to say good-by, after thanking all his Panton friends for their many kindnesses, as in a very little while he must once more attempt the Australian trip. Indeed, he might go on in a day or two, without returning to New York. The incidents of his flight were discussed, and also the method; but though given several opportunities, he said nothing of the jewels until the day after his arrival, when, in the morning, he called on Miss Bolton.

He turned pale to the lips when he found her alone. "Miss Bolton," he said, without sitting down, "here are your jewels and money. I can never thank you or repay you for letting me have them. Without them I could never have found myself."

"You are ill," she cried, jumping up quickly, shocked at his pallor. "Here, sit down. Shall I call some one?"

"No, thank you; I'm well enough," he replied, sinking into the seat with a sickly smile which belied his words. "Perhaps I've been working and traveling too hard."

"I hope that is all, and that you will soon be rested."

"Thank you."

"We have been learning while you were gone what a distinguished patient we have had, and we are all quite proud of you—and of ourselves."

"Yes?" he said interrogatively. "Colonel Marsh is satisfied, is he?"

"Oh, quite," she replied, amazed at his listlessness, and at the difficulty of keeping up a conversation which she felt must be kept up. "I suppose you found lots of friends in New York."

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "I hardly know what one wants with so many."

"And I see from the papers that your occasional terrors at finding out who you were, were all groundless."

"Yes; I suppose so. I'm none of the reprehensible things we feared I might be. My people are all respectable; there are no more than the usual number of poor or otherwise unpleasant relatives; and my profession is one which I like."

"Still you are not happy," she said, smiling, and trying to give a lighter turn to his evident cynicism, but sorry the instant after that she had made an opening for what she felt might be coming.

"Still I am not happy," he repeated, smiling wearily back at her.

She gave up the attempt for a moment, wondering what to say next.

"You find me much changed, do you not?" he asked. "So much, in fact, that you feel you do not know me so well?"

"Yes; we all noticed the change. You have, at last, the air of a man who is constantly aware of his past, and all of it; but with such a record as you seem to have made, I do not see why it should oppress you as it appears to."

He took a long breath, and leaned forward in his chair. "The trouble is this," he said. "I have come back to tell you, and I will—"

"But are you sure, Mr. Alford, that there is any trouble? May it not be simply fatigue from hard work—a case for Dr. Burns? He will be home for luncheon, and of course you will stay. Mrs. Burns will be down in a moment."

"No; it is no longer Dr. Burns's case. I beseech you to let me tell you, even though I make it worse. When I left here I loved you,—if you need to be told,—and, in my happy ignorance, it seemed the simplest thing in the world that if I went away and found myself to be all right, I had only to come back and say so. But when I did get away, I saw how different it all was—how completely in the dark I was. Before it seemed only natural and right that we should be the kind of friends I felt we were, and only once, for a moment, did I have a glimpse of the possibility that your feeling was not mine. During that moment I accused you of pretense. Now I see that it was nothing of the kind; but, alas! I also see that your divine charity and patience, your gentle goodness, may have meant nothing so great as the friendship I believed in.

When I first left I began to realize this, and it made me afraid to come back. The longer I stayed away, the harder it became to return; and I am not here at last because I am less afraid, but because I had to come. That is the trouble, and it gets clearer and bigger all the time."

"But that is really no trouble at all," she said with airy lightness, and an attempt to appear greatly relieved. "We were friends—real friends, before. Can we not be the same now?"

"Friends!" he exclaimed, with all his old ardent impatience. "Can we be friends if you do not feel the same as I? Or do you mean that, loving you, and not knowing your feeling for me, I am to begin a flirtation—what George Marsh would call a 'campaign'—to try to win you? How could we be friends—how could there be friendship—while that was going on? Besides, have we not gone too far? Can a friendship be begun over again, or can it be suspended for one or the other to catch up? No, no. If you can find it possible, let us be real friends—lovers. If not, then tell me so, and let me begin, as best I may, to try to make you love me."

She looked down at the package of jewels she still held, and from which she was tearing little pieces of paper, with something like a pout. "You are the same obstinate, head-strong fellow you were before you left us. I had meant to make you pay dearly, when you came back, for all your petulance and overbearing and—and browbeating; but now your absurd argument seems to be—of course it is absurd, Mr. Alford—as far as there is an argument—that I have compromised myself, after a fashion, and so I must—so we must simply go on and on, and that you—that I—"

And George Marsh went South, after all.

COLONIAL.

BY R. E. LEE GIBSON.

THE old house, many-gabled, far withdrawn
 From the broad highway, and despoiled with age,
 Torn by the summer's wrath, the winter's rage,
 Still stands austere upon the spacious lawn.
 In other days, the couriers here at dawn
 Rode like the wind, by word or written page
 Announcing tidings from Burgoyne or Gage,
 Or with Cornwallis how the day had gone.
 Time, like a Tory, loyal to the crown,
 As loath to leave, seems fondly here to cling;
 It were no marvel though a ghost strode down
 Among the cedars, where the wild birds sing,
 In buckled shoon, cocked hat, and velvet gown,
 Firm in the faith that George the Third is king.

WOMEN COMPOSERS.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

ONLY yesterday it was being said how strange it was that women could not write music. To-day, their compositions make up a surprisingly large portion of the total publication. The worst of these not even gallantry could approve; it need not be invoked for the best. Yet, even if women had not recently produced good work in certain individual instances, the comparison of their former absence from the field with their present zeal there should serve both for an explanation of previous failures and a hope for future success.

The mistake of those who dogmatized upon woman's inability to compose was the old fallacy, What has not been done cannot be done.

Now, music was the latest of the arts to be evolved into anything approaching maturity. The modern world does not hope to surpass the Iliad, the «Antigone,» or the Parthenon; nor does it hope to surpass the achievements of the Father of Music: but between the ripening of a Phidias and a Bach stretch epochs of art and the long twilight of the middle ages. The music that had run along with these other arts, *hand passibus æquis*, was childishly limited in resources.

It has, then, taken men whole centuries to learn music. They do not yet seem able to write it well in isolated communities without the benefits of association with old and new masters, and a chance for the publishing of ambitious work to a competent audience. America, through pilgrimages to Europe, is only now giving hope of a national school of music.

Women have been, as a sex, just such an isolated community. While it may be said that they have never been positively debarred from effort, it is only the present century, with its wonderful impulse to public activity, that has given them the positive encouragement necessary.

Women wrote at music long ago. The last

century and the earlier part of this saw a few composers who aroused a certain curious interest in their own little day; and their work is probably no more completely forgotten than that of most of their highly accepted male contemporaries.¹ But these were only individuals, and they did not indicate any general movement; nor had they the support of such a movement.

It is commonly believed that woman is more emotional than man. At the first glance it would seem, then, that she should take the foremost place in music, which is more entirely the voicing of emotion than any of the other arts. But the evolution of music has made it so complex that it demands, first, a special aptitude for invention, which has been rare among women; then, a sort of histrionic ability to study one's own feelings objectively, which is not so rare a feminine trait; third, the architect's aptitude for high elaboration of details within close bounds of consistency; fourth, the skill of a chess-player, or a strategist, for a definite and direct, yet veiled, plan of movement; and, finally, a long, hard training in the manipulation of the materials at hand. And it seems almost vital for the existence of composers, that they should have a dense musical atmosphere.

It is not necessary to say that woman has been enslaved, to excuse her for her little writing of good music; but it is only fair to confess that she has had little encouragement in developing any innate ability into the erudition and technic necessary to great composition. Fanny Mendelssohn, who wrote graceful music, was ashamed to publish it under her own name, and it was absorbed into her brother's renown.

Rubinstein did not hesitate to say that the sex had written no good music at all, and could not write it. He sneered especially at its failure to write one good love-song or to express mother-love in one true lullaby. But Rubinstein's creed is not necessarily gospel;

¹ Among them could be named De Baur (born at Stuttgart in 1776), Louise Bertin (born in 1805 at Roches, composer of three operas publicly presented), Caccia (born at Rome in 1759), Mme. Dussek (born at Edinburgh in 1775, and wife of the famous virtuoso), Carlotta Ferrari (born at Lodi in 1837, composer of several

works publicly produced), Mme. Gail-Garré (born at Paris in 1775, composer of four operas publicly produced, as well as a collaborator with Boieldieu), La Roche (who lived in the last century), and Reise (born at Berlin in 1796, and greatly praised by the historian Fétis).

for instance, he was blind to the greatness of Wagner. He died, too, at the very dawn of what I believe is to be a great epoch of composition by women.

Music belongs to woman at least as much as to man. Her sentiments are more the marrow of her being than is the case with man; her love is more nearly the total of her

last obstacle in the way of her devoting her life to her chosen ambition. She has always exerted a vast influence upon the music made by men. She is now awake to the possibility of influencing the world through her own music.

A prominent publisher tells me that where, some years ago, only about one tenth of the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENQUE.
MLLE. CÉCILE CHAMINADE.

interest; her sorrow is intenser and more helpless; her tact and delicacy are finer; the pursuit of grace and beauty, and the fancy for subtleties and nuances, play a more vital part in her life than in that of man. The present awakening of interest, one might almost say excitement, among all woman-kind both in the arts and industries, and the general interest of the whole world in the work of woman, have removed almost the

manuscripts submitted were by women, now their manuscripts outnumber those of the men two to one. While this ratio will not hold in published compositions, the rivalry is close even there. Women are writing all sorts of music. A few of them have already written in the largest forms, producing work of excellent quality and still better promise. It is in the smaller forms, however,—in instrumental solos and short songs,—that they



MLLE. AUGUSTA HOLMÈS.

have naturally found their first success. So good has their work been here that honesty compels the admission that hardly any living men are putting forth music of finer quality, deeper sincerity, truer individuality, and more adequate courage than the best of the women composers. Besides these, there is a number of minor composers writing occasional works of the purest quality; and in art quality is everything.

As to nationality, one finds best represented the three countries that are now working along the best lines of modern music: Germany, of course (whose Clara Schumann wrote much that was worthy of serious consideration), France, and America; for America, whatever its musical past, is surely winning its right to the place in this triumvirate of modern music. Its tendencies are toward the best things. Italy has recently had a flurry of new life, and of growth away from the debilitating mawkish-

ness into which it had drifted, but has not yet produced a notable woman composer. The other Continental countries seem even more torpid; and though Englishwomen have written much, they have not got beyond the prevailing cheapness of the English school, except perhaps in certain of the compositions of Mrs. Marie Davies and Miss Maud Valerie White.

THE most prominent woman composer, and on many accounts deservedly so, is Mlle. Cécile Chaminade. Many musical people who were familiar with the compositions of «C. Chaminade» have been surprised to learn that music of such ability belongs to a woman.

Mlle. Chaminade was born in Paris, of a seafaring family. She still lives within easy reach of the city, and her works show how thoroughly Parisian she is by birth and breeding. She displayed the precocity usual to those that achieve much in music. At

the age of eight she composed a few religious pieces which won praise from Bizet. He predicted a future for her, and advised her parents to put her to serious work, promising to oversee her studies himself. Her first masters were Le Couppey, Savard, and Marsick; finally Benjamin Godard taught her composition. Mlle. Chaminade has written, in the large forms: «Les Amazones,» a lyric symphony with chorus, which was given at Antwerp; «La Sévillane,» an unpublished comic opera in one act; a number of successful suites and various other pieces for orchestra; two trios for piano, violin, and violoncello; a ballet, «Callirrhoë,» which was presented with great success at Marseilles in 1888, and at Lyons in 1891; and a fine *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra, which was played by the composer, under the auspices of Lamoureux. A persistent figure in the piano, at first unaccompanied, but gradually enmeshed in the whole orchestra, is a curious feature of the work. The scoring is not complex.

Mlle. Chaminade is a virtuoso as well as a composer. The highest praises of her are heard from abroad; and America is to have an opportunity of judging for itself. The qualities of facility, brilliance, force, and felicity can be read in her compositions to a degree that must be reflected in her performance. She is a modern of the moderns, and above all a Parisian. Her identity is shown nowhere more plainly than in what she writes in the rococo forms. Thus, while she occasionally works in clear old harmonies that one of the Bachs might have used, there are other bits that could come only from the Paris of to-day. Her toccata has about the general emptiness of this form, which is as repetitive and thin as a bagpipe, maugre what Browning claims to have found within that «toccata of Galuppi's.»

She is better at home in the more romantic forms. Her «Arabesque, Op. 61,» is one of the finest examples of her melodic facility. An early «Barcarolle, Op. 7,» is inconsequential; but her «Sérénade» expresses a



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS SAUVAGE.
MME. DE GRANDVAL.

tender and yearning timidity. Some of Chopin's colors and touches appear in her «Valse Caprice,» though the spirit is quite dissimilar.

The influence of Chopin is seen more plainly in the scherzo which is the first of six concert studies grouped in Opus 35. Its lusciousness goes near to justifying that old pope who called the key of C «lascivious,» though we think it the palest of all keys. This scherzo is Chopinesque, too, in its lack

and tender, as any one should know who has ever seen a woman in anger or great grief, or, failing that, has ever heard of her achievements in history. The fourth of these concert studies is an unusual example of a rage of grief that is yet a womanly outcry: not hysterical, but fierce, and ending in terrific bitterness.

Mlle. Chaminade's «Impromptu,» with its constant use of pedal-point, shows a schol-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES L. LEWIS.
FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE.

of humor; for though Beethoven and a few others made of the scherzo a work of great comicality, Chopin was quite lacking in this spirit.

The second of the concert studies is called «Autumn,» and is full of the autumnal mood. Beginning with a somewhat slow song, it arrives at the necessary «concert» brilliance in an outburst of passionate regret. It ends, uncharacteristically enough, in rich simplicity.

Music, to be womanly, need not be delicate

arly excess, as does her «Étude Symphonique,» where incommensurate rhythms are wrought beyond the point of moderation. In throwing three notes against four, and five against three, and the like effects, there is a tantalizing fascination; but after this is carried to a certain distance, fascination exists only for the composer, and not for the distraught hearer. Perhaps the most perfect examples are Schumann's «Eusebius»—but this is only one page long—and Chopin's Fifth Valse, delicious by the simplicity and

brevity of its use of these effects. In this elaborate étude Mlle. Chaminade has carried the tangle too far. The good features of her rhythms, however, here as everywhere, are their spontaneity and originality.

Besides certain shows of virtuosity, Mlle. Chaminade has written several graphic character studies of fauns and clowns. Her «Flatterer» («La Lisonjera») has had wide popularity; but in spite of its dangerously

strongly discordant, unprepared secondary sevenths over a raucous pedal-note. Now, after a tentative preparation, there is an outbreak of sprightliness that melts into seductive entreaty, and turns strenuous, until the main dance-motif is caught upward most fascinatingly from a downward rush. A sort of woodland scene intervenes, as if a rout of nymphs surrounded the *première danseuse*; then the same fantastic cry, in



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELMER CHICKERING.
MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

instantaneous catchiness, it expresses just the sentiment of flattery in all its shades, from pleading to deprecation.

In many respects Mlle. Chaminade's greatest achievement for the pianoforte is the group of half a dozen «Airs de Ballet,» No. 1 being easily the first in value as in precedence. It is not an empty dance-tune, but such a drama as Carmencita enacts. It begins with an *entrada*, a cymbal-like jangle of chords over one long, deep horn-tone. These chords (formally, chords of the eleventh, with the third omitted) have the effect of

chords of the eleventh, announces a wild repetition of the main ballet. Throughout are daring harmonic and melodic *tours de force*. This is Mlle. Chaminade's best piano work surely, and is to me the finest thing of its sort ever written. A rapid and amorous «Scarf Dance,» with a coquettish interlude, is one of the most spontaneous of her works, and deserves its great popularity.

Successful as she is in her piano pieces, it is hardly safe to credit them with more than a remarkable ability and invention; but of certain of her songs I do not hesitate to say

that they breathe the very fire of genius, and deserve a place among the greatest lyrics. Mlle. Chaminade's accompaniments are not usually independent of the song, though they are given a unity of their own; nor are they often contramelodic. They are gorgeous streams of harmony. Some of them have an impressionistic richness equal to a sun-thrilled poppy-field of Monet's. Their high scale of color is emphasized now and then by striking dissonances that are not mere foils to the concords, but have a meaning of their own. Mlle. Chaminade finds a charm even in those discords that are so pro-

of naïve gaiety, and «L'Anneau d'Argent,» which is as exquisitely tender as Schumann's «Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh'» Its refrain, «Oh, the little silver ring that once you gave to me!» is fairly haunting. A few songs I find rather dull and trivial; but Mlle. Chaminade rarely speaks without something to say. About the only instance in which she has condescended to *floritura* is «L'Été.» «Sur la Plage» is a song of the sea-shore, with some big modulations that give it power without bathos. I am tempted to call it virile; but Mlle. Chaminade does not need to ape masculinity to acquire strength.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLLINGER & ROCKEY.

MRS. MARY KNIGHT WOOD.

nounced that their beats are strongly felt, and at these places writes down *vibrato*, or even *vibrato dolce*.

A success characteristic of her abilities and passion is her setting of «Le Noël des Oiseaux.» In this dainty lyric Armand Sylvestre prays kind Heaven to send even the wee birds a pleasant Christmas. The theme is so frail that adding music would ordinarily wreck it in namby-pamby; but Mlle. Chaminade has given it an accompaniment, with neat touches of ecclesiasticism and a climax that save it. Two songs in folk-tone show a winning simplicity—«Collette,» a moment

«L'Idéal» shows the courage of this ambitious woman in its very failure, which is due to the attempt upon a problem too abstract for music.

Mlle. Chaminade is constantly hunting novel effects, and even in her least inspired work one is likely to find some trace of her inventiveness and courage. Though her songs have a very discernible individuality, they are really managed with much versatility. Her sentiment ranges from bizarre studies in foreign color, like «Sombbrero,» a dashing thing with a good use of raw consecutive fifths, through songs like the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. MARSHALL.

MISS MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG.

«Chant d'Amour,» which has the repose of Jensen, to works like «Trahison,» which has the fire of Schumann's «Ich grolle nicht.»

Two choruses for women's voices are noteworthy also, particularly the «Angelus,» which has an unusual development of pedal-point effects, now for a clangor of church-bells in the accompaniment, and now for a chanting monotone of the contraltos under the hymning of the other voices.

Three of her finest songs are a «Madrigal,» «Si j'étais Jardinier des Cieux,» and a «Ritournelle.» The accompaniments of the latter two songs are exquisite, and the «Ritournelle» has one indescribable effect of dropping a half-tone, that gives Coppée's lyric a thrill of beauty. A review of the work she has accomplished already in her brief career justifies the exclamation of Ambrose Thomas: «This is not a woman that writes music: this is a composer!»

Another Frenchwoman who has written well is Mme. la Vicomtesse de Grandval. Her

music has not caught America as has Mlle. Chaminade's, but she is very highly thought of in Paris. Beginning her musical studies under the rather shallow composer of «Martha,» she was reformed under Saint-Saëns. She has had half a dozen operatic works produced, beginning in 1859. The chief of these is «Mazeppa,» which scored a genuine success. Her religious writings are also important, including an oratorio and many masses.

Mlle. Augusta Holmès is of Irish origin, and has gained much attention in Paris. She was a pupil of César Franck. Eugène de Solenière, who has written a curious little pamphlet, «La Femme Compositeur,» says of Mlle. Holmès: «Her music is a cry of war or a song of love. There reigns in it a constant opposition of *ff.* and *pp.*» She has written several politico-musical compositions, like «Ireland,» «Ludus pro Patria,» and «Poland.» Another noteworthy work of hers is «La Montagne Noire,» which

stirred up much discussion. Mlle. Holmès has been an ardent Wagnerian, and a radical generally. Her songs do not show these qualities particularly, being rather studious of rhythmic effects and nuances, that sometimes show what might be called a touch of blarney. «En Chemin» is an example of her high-keyed harmonies, though it seems

written some excellent songs and a comic opera.

Germany is well represented by the compositions of Fräulein Adele aus der Ohe. Her preëminence as a pianist has left her little time for composition; but the quality of what she has done is very high. When she was a pupil of Liszt, he grew so much in-



MRS. CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS.

to me a pity that women write so many songs supposed to be sung by a man to a woman. Artificiality is inevitable in such works, and yet they really make up a majority of feminine compositions. Some of Mlle. Holmès's songs are almost spoiled by repetition after repetition without the slightest variance. This effect is justified in her weird «Fleur de Neige.» Possibly her best song is «L'Amour,» a superb lyric, with an accompaniment that is complicated but progressive and highly interesting.

None of the other numerous women composers of Paris need be mentioned, except Mme. Gabrielle Ferrari, who has

interested in her improvisation that he requested her to make a volume of preludes and dedicate them to him. Upon their completion, he wrote her a complimentary acceptance of the dedication. The preludes have not yet been published.

Fräulein aus der Ohe's compositions possess the substantial and vigorous qualities of her playing. Her most important work is a «Suite for Pianoforte, Op. 2.» It has made a deep impression upon severe critics, and is indeed a real achievement. Written in the old style, it is remarkable for catching the very spirit of that music. It is not a mere happy imitation, but an expression so spon-

taneous and personal that Bach himself might have been proud of it. Here is pure music that is at the same time full of life. Even better than the sturdy gaiety of the «Bourrée,» the stateliness of the «Sara-bande,» or the crystalline cheeriness of the «Menuet» is the «Gavotte,» contrasting as it does the hauteur of the principal movement with the sprightliness of the «Musette.»

Another important work is an «Étude de Concert,» highly praised by Tschaikowski. It is an ideal bravura study, because its great technical difficulties do not seem to be dragged in for their own sake, but rather to be caught up and swept along in one tempestuous idea. It is also published in a simplified edition. These are the chief of Fräulein aus der Ohe's published works for the piano; but I have had the honor of hearing her play from the manuscript several others, notably a fiery «Polonaise» that promises to be one of her best works; and two melodies, one in F that is very fluent and ends deliciously, and one in G of deeper import. There is a soothing «Berceuse,» and a «Bauerntanz» which is rather programmatic; it opens somewhat like that other peasant festival, Grieg's «Wedding March,» with a thumping of stout fifths; a rollicking, boisterous dance ensues, followed by a moment of regretful farewell; then with a dash it is all over.

Fräulein aus der Ohe has published settings to several American lyrics. Four songs make up the first group: «A Birthday Song,» with a beautiful figure repeated in the accompaniment, and a fluty bird-lyric. The third has a somberness of treatment that gives its love-message a religious fervor; its postlude is happily given to a voice that seems to answer the song. The last is «Thistle-down,» and, save for a dramatic moment, it has all the airiness of its subject. Of her other published songs the best is possibly a deeply tragic setting of the poem, «Silent, Silent Are the Unreturning.» Another has a rich glow, but an irrelevant and uncharacteristic postlude in arpeggios. There is a conventional cradle-song, and one lyric in a woodland mood with bugle effects and a striking vocal skip of a tenth. «Winds to the Silent Morn» is also strenuous and vigorous. A dainty humoresque from the Servian is «I Begged a Kiss of a Little Maid.» Two specially good lyrics are a serenade, «I Grieve to See These Tears,» which has a bitter pathos and a wailing refrain, the guitar idea being developed freely in the accompaniment; and Chamisso's «Die Waise,» in which the plaint of an orphan is wrought up to a wild climax.

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Two other German women are mentioned as writers in the larger forms: Ingeborg von Bronsart and Cornélie van Oosterzee. Two symphonic poems by the latter were thought worthy of performance by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Nikisch. They are based on two of Tennyson's «Idyls of the King,» and describe «Elaine's Dream and Death» and «Geraint's Bridal Ride.»

It gratifies one's patriotism to feel that American women can stand unabashed before the world in their compositions. This is not surprising, since woman has been encouraged here, as nowhere else, to work out her own salvation. Aside from opera, however, in which many Frenchwomen have dabbled, but in which American women and men can see no hope of production, our representatives have been as serious and ambitious in the larger forms as the women of any other part of the world.

The most ambitious is certainly Mrs. H. A. Beach. Her «Jubilate for the Dedication of the Women's Building at the Columbian Exposition» is indeed a sort of clarion note of triumph—the cry of a Balboa discovering an ocean of opportunity. The work has undoubtedly too little contrasting quietude, and it is a trifle long; but after examining it, it seems impossible to oppose anything but bigotry to the acknowledgment that women can write great music.

Mrs. Beach (Amy Marcy Cheney) was born in New Hampshire. Her descent is American back to colonial times. She composed as early as the age of four, and with the exception of a preliminary course in harmony, has herself to credit for her thorough knowledge of musical theory. She translated the works of Berlioz and Gevaert for her own instruction in instrumentation. Mrs. Beach is a pianist also, having given public performances since the age of sixteen, and having played with the Boston Symphony and Thomas orchestras.

Much erudition in resource is shown by Mrs. Beach's «Mass in E flat major.» Other orchestral works are a scena and aria, «Eilende Wolken,» from Schiller's «Maria Stuart,» sung at a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and a ballade for chorus and orchestra, «The Minstrel and the King,» both of which show ambition rather than inspiration. The most recent of Mrs. Beach's larger works is her «Gaelic Symphony,» which was played with distinction by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This work is in manuscript, and I have not had the privilege of seeing or hearing it; but all accounts agree in im-

puting to it Mrs. Beach's characteristic largeness of plan.

Among her works for the piano, two of the largest are «A Cadenza for Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto» and a «Valse Caprice,» both of which are remarkable chiefly for gymnastics. In a group of four «Sketches for the Piano,» Mrs. Beach shows a praiseworthy desire to investigate for herself harmonic possibilities, and brings many strange, new tone-colors out of her alembic.

Mrs. Beach's songs show the same variation in quality; thus, she has made the fatal mistake of turning «Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon» into elaborate form. Other works, like her «Ecstasy,» are of the popular order; but she displays genuine ability in certain songs, like her setting of W. E. Henley's «Dark Is the Night,» a thrillingly powerful work; the same poet's «Western Wind,» all delicacy and cheer; and the delicious «Blackbird.» Fourteen of these songs have been grouped into a «Cyclus.»

Another Boston woman worthy of the highest consideration is Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang. She is the daughter of B. J. Lang, Esq., and is American by birth and training. Two of her three concert overtures have been performed by the Thomas and Boston Symphony orchestras. The latter organization also performed her concert aria for soprano and orchestra, «Armida.» It was accounted a work of much breadth, dramatic feeling, and modernity of orchestration. Miss Lang has also in manuscript a similar aria, a cantata, and two rhapsodies for the piano.

The touch of the fantastic that makes her song «Ghosts» a thing so delicately eerie makes a success also of her setting of Edward Lear's curious nonsense, «The Jumbles,» which is arranged for male chorus with the accompaniment of two pianos.

Some of Miss Lang's frailer songs show the qualities many people expect in womanliness more than the works of any of these other writers. The passionate delicacy of «A Maiden and a Butterfly» and «Eros» is such as none but a woman could achieve properly; but equally womanly are the pathos of the «Spinning Song,» the largeness of the «Grief of Love,» the dreaminess of «Oh, What Comes Over the Sea?» and the dramatic fire of «Betrayed» and «Nameless Pain.» Her «Lament» I consider one of the greatest of songs, and proof positive of woman's high capabilities for composition. Miss Lang has a harmonic individuality, too, and finds out new effects that have little sense of effort after strangeness.

Personally, I see in Miss Lang's compositions such a depth of psychology that I place the general quality of her work above that of any other woman composer. It is devoid of meretriciousness and of any suspicion of seeking after virility; it is so sincere, so true to the underlying thought, that it seems to me to have an unusual chance of interesting attention and stirring emotions increasingly with the years.

Of somewhat similar refinement are the fluent lyrics of Mrs. Mary Knight Wood of New York city. They show a bigness in little and a fondness for unexpected harmonies that do not disturb the coherence of her songs. They possess also a marked spontaneity. An example of an unexpected note is the brave E flat in her «Serenade.» Her popular «Ashes of Roses» also has a superb harmonic structure. Among other songs, one, with an effective obbligato for the violoncello, deserves special praise.

Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers deserves a prominent place among our composers; for, though she was born in England, this is her home by adoption. Mrs. Rogers is the daughter of John Barnett, «the father of English opera.» She was admitted at the Leipsic Conservatory three years before the minimum age prescribed in the rules. Her teachers included Moscheles, Plaidy, Richter, and von Bülow. Singing was her first career, and only after activity and success in opera in Italy and England and in America did she take up composition, her first publication being in her thirty-eighth year. She makes her home in Boston, where she is a vocal teacher, one of the fruits of her work being a book published here and in England, and devoted to «The Philosophy of Singing.»

Mrs. Rogers's compositions are characterized by a preference for a low scale of color. This is very effective in songs of a gloomy nature, like her «Come Not When I Am Dead» and «Nothing»; but in the setting of such poetry as Swinburne's «A Match» it is hardly competent. The hymnal structure that mars many of her love lyrics is quite forgotten in two sacred songs, of which «The Voice That Sang Alone» introduces in the accompaniment a Bach chorale.

The harmonic dunness of much of her music is compensated for by lively thematic movement. She has a nimble wit, too, as is shown by her «Rhapsody» and «Confession» and by a scherzo for the piano. On occasion her music can don rich colors and wear them well. Such successes are her very original

rhapsody «Before the Blossom,» the ecstatic song «The Rose and the Lily,» and «Clover Blossoms.»

Mrs. Rogers is also the author of an album of six songs after poems by the Brownings. In the first, Mrs. Browning's translation of Heine's «Aus Meinen Grossen Schmerzen,» she has challenged comparison with one of Robert Franz's greatest *Lieder*. She has, however, made an entirely different approach to the song. Robert Browning's lyrics have been so rarely put to music, that few comparisons are forced. «Apparitions» is well varied in emotion. «Ah, Love, but a Day» is a perfect expression of womanly anxiety. «The Year 's at the Spring» is optimistic.

Two songs with violin obligato are characteristic of Mrs. Rogers's command of resources, particularly the «Aubade.»

America can claim some share in the achievements of that distinguished South American pianist, Mme. Teresa Carreño, who has written several elaborate and important compositions.

Mrs. Bicknell Young (born Elisa Mazzucato) represents Italy in America. Her father was the Chevalier Alberto Mazzucato, both the director of the Conservatory and the conductor at La Scala in Milan. Mrs. Young's compositions include a local comic opera, produced with success in Omaha and Salt Lake City; a one-act romantic work, «The Maid and the Reaper,» for two characters and invisible chorus, produced at Chicago; a romantic French song, «Le Roi Don Juan,» with orchestral accompaniment; and various short works for voice and piano. Among these is a finely wrought staccato étude, dedicated to William H. Sherwood, Esq., and played by him in his concerts.

There are no Italian women of note except perhaps Virginie Mariani and Giselda delle

Grazie, both of whom have had operas produced.

At Chicago is also Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, who was born at St. Louis and studied chiefly under Dr. Louis Maas. «Six Rose Songs» have been gathered into an album. More unusual is a group of children's songs, «For Little Folks.» Besides a cradle-song and the song «Fireflies,» there are several stories told with great musical humor.

Another American composer is Mrs. Clara A. Korn, who is a teacher of harmony in the National Conservatory of Music in New York. Six of her piano pieces have been published; they are ambitious and scholarly.

It is impossible to mention all that have done certain things with true art; but one should note the lyrics of Miss Patty Stair, the concert-pieces of Mme. Julie Rive-King, the religious work of Miss Fanny M. Spencer, and the songs of Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, Miss Georgina Schuyler, Miss Helen Hood, Miss Harriet P. Sawyer, Miss Gertrude Griswold, and Miss Constance Maud. There are other women who have done occasional bits of music of unimpeachable art; but I have catalogued the most prominent. They make up a group which need not ask praise from chivalry alone, but can challenge criticism.

The survey of the field of present activity in music throughout the world enlarges the claims of women to consideration. For, now that Brahms is dead and Grieg has almost ceased to write, there are not many men to be justly preferred above the best of these. To deny that the most capable of these women write better music than the average male composer would surely be beyond even the most conservative. Once it is granted that certain women can compose better than the average man, I do not see how it is logically possible to deny the sex musical capability.

THE WANDERERS.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THE ocean, storming on the rocks,
 Shepherds not there his wild, wet flocks;
 The soaring æther nowhere finds
 An eyrie for the wingèd winds;
 Nor has yon glittering sky a charm
 To hive in heaven the starry swarm;
 And so thy wandering thoughts, my heart,
 No home shall find; let them depart!

FRATERNALISM VS. PATERNALISM IN GOVERNMENT.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.



WE hear the word «paternalism» used often enough, but generally with a meaning attached which is both historically and philosophically incorrect.

As currently used, it carries with it a certain element of demagogism—upper-class demagogism, because generally used in the interest of the few as opposed to that of the many. It gives no reason for the practice or opinion attacked, but supplies the lack of argument with an epithet of opprobrium.

If it is proposed to add to the function of government in any manner,—as, for example, with us, the purchase of our telegraph lines and their subsequent management by the Federal government,—we are sure to hear the word paternalism employed. The word paternalism seems sometimes to be used to designate any governmental activity, but more frequently to designate any increase in governmental activity. The people of England do not as a rule call the ownership and operation of a postal telegraph by the government paternalism, but many Englishmen would call the government ownership and management of the railway lines paternalism. On the other hand, if one goes to Germany at present, one finds few Germans who call the state railways paternal in character. The truth is, however, paternalism has no reference to the quantity of governmental functions, but rather, if I may use the expression, to the quality of these functions. It has no reference to the extent of governmental activity, but to the character of governmental authority. Paternalism means the theory of those who claim that sovereignty is paternal in origin and paternal in character. Sovereignty, it is claimed by adherents of this theory, is patriarchal, because it grew up out of patriarchal arrangements, and preserves its original nature. The authority of a sovereign, it is held by advocates of paternalism, is like that of a father.

The theory of paternalism was prominently advocated in England in the seventeenth century, in the time of the Stuarts. Charles I was a pronounced adherent, and one of its

leading exponents was Sir Robert Filmer, who wrote a little book in its defense called «Patriarcha; or, the Natural Power of Kings.» It was this work which called out the treatises on government by Locke and Algernon Sidney. Henry Morley, in his edition of «Locke on Government,» including Filmer's work, thus sums up Filmer's theory: «There never was a time, said Filmer, when men were equal. When there were only two in the world, one was the master. When children were born, Adam was master over them. Authority was founded by God himself in fatherhood. Out of fatherhood came royalty; the patriarch was king.» The following are the titles of the chapters into which the «Patriarcha» is divided, and they show clearly the real nature of Filmer's doctrine:

«I. The first kings were fathers of families.

«II. It is unnatural for the people to govern or choose governors.

«III. Positive laws do not infringe the natural and fatherly power of kings.»

Filmer argues against equality, and declares that it was by desire for liberty that Adam fell. That the multitude may correct or depose their princes is called a «damnable conclusion.» Filmer refers with evident approval to the saying, The King of Spain is king of men, «because of his subjects' willing obedience; the King of France is king of asses, because of their infinite taxes and impositions; but the King of England is said to be king of devils, because of his subjects' often insurrections against and depositions of their princes.» Now I regard this as a perversion of the true theory of the state. The people constitute the state; and the state, like the church, has divine rights: but these rights, as the venerable Hooker long ago taught, are vested in the people. Kings and priests as individuals are of the social body, and their superior rights are superior or excellent opportunities for service. Their rights are derived from God through the social body. Neither kings nor priests may govern like God, or even like fathers of families. The state is strictly coöperative in character. It is a coöperative community, and this is true without regard to the extent of the functions of the state. We may have a paternal theory of the state, and at the same time advocate

very limited functions of the state; or we may advocate very extensive functions of the state, going even to the extreme of socialism, and yet adhere to the coöperative theory of the state—the commonwealth theory, as it may be called.

There are, as a matter of fact, two kinds of socialism—paternal and fraternal; but the popular socialism of the day is altogether fraternal in character. I am inclined to urge, as an objection against it, that it has too little respect for the theory of paternalism; for it rejects leadership and guidance from superior classes. The German government has waged war against social democracy precisely on this account. It is not so much socialism as democracy to which objection is raised by the ruling classes in Germany. The International Workingmen's Association, under the guidance of Karl Marx, adopted resolutions at its first meeting in London, September, 1864, which began as follows: «In consideration that the emancipation of the laboring classes must be accomplished by the laboring classes.» This little clause means a great deal: it means the entire rejection of paternalism. It is likewise true of American socialism, as advocated by the Socialistic Labor Party, that it entirely rejects paternalism, and implies a separation of class from class, and a rejection of the assistance of superior classes.

While the coöperative theory of government is the correct one for modern times, it ought to include a certain element of paternalism. Democracies, above all other forms of government, require the leadership of wise and strong men. Moreover, there are classes in every modern community composed of those who are virtually children, and who require paternal and fostering care, the aim of which should be the highest development of which they are capable. We may instance the negroes, who are for the most part grown-up children, and should be treated as such. How any one who believes in the fatherhood of God and in paternalism in the family is able to sneer at paternalism and reject every element of it in government as a bad thing, I am unable to conceive. I must confess that I am too much of a conservative in my views and sentiments to do this.

The course of modern national development has been away from paternalism and in the direction of the extended functions of the state. The two movements have proceeded *pari passu*. Paternalism was connected with the feudalism of the middle ages, and in its highest development was a natural

outgrowth of feudalism. Feudalism regarded sovereignty as a private right, and like a father the overlord protected his subordinates settled on his estates. These subordinates surrendered themselves to his protection, and gave up a large portion of their freedom. Out of the institutions of feudalism and its hierarchy of classes grew the conception of freedom merely as negative. Not to be restrained by the state was freedom; but in modern times, as has been well pointed out, freedom implies participation in the activity of the state. During the period of feudalism, however, the functions of the state were comparatively limited. The revenues of government were relatively small, and the chief departments of state activity at the present time did not then exist. The administration of justice was largely private. Public boards of health did not exist, nor even regular paid police and fire departments. Streets were not lighted at public expense, nor were they cleaned by public authority; but each one cleaned the street in front of his own door, if it was cleaned at all, which was not usually the case. Education was only to a very limited extent, as compared with modern times, a public function.

As a matter of fact, those who would like to return to European absolutism urge as an objection against modern constitutional government that it is far more expensive than the older, absolutistic governments which it has replaced. Very naturally so. It is not more extravagant, nor is it more corrupt. What parliamentary government does not shine in both respects when compared with France under the Bourbons, or England under the Stuarts? The greater expensiveness of free governments means simply that democratic governments engage in more numerous and larger activities. It is a commonplace of finance that free, democratically governed nations bear burdens which would produce revolutions in a despotism. Why? Because in the one case the people feel that they are acting, and in the other case that some one else is acting for them, in a paternal capacity.

We often enough hear self-help opposed to the activity of government; but in what does self-help consist? In doing everything directly for one's self? Then I ought to bake my own bread, make my own boots, build my own house, etc.; and all this is contrary to the fundamental principles of industrial civilization. Self-help consists in having things done. Do we practise self-help when we let private corporations do

things for us? What do those people mean who speak about self-help in gas business, railways, etc.? Shall each one build his own gas-works, construct his own railways, etc.? This is folly. Self-help can only mean to have things done by our agents under our general control, as in the case of government enterprises under a system of representative government.

We see, then, that those people who speak of governmental activity as paternalism have an altogether un-American idea of the state. They are behind the times, for they have transported into our day ideas appropriate to the reign of Charles I.

There is a great deal of paternalism in the United States, and it is found in the industrial field. It is a paternalism of private corporations performing public functions, because it is claimed that the people are not intelligent and moral enough to perform them directly through their own agents. Arguments used in favor of this paternalism are precisely similar to arguments used in favor of the old political paternalism—namely, the need of intelligence and integrity superior to that of the mass of the people. Like the old political paternalism, it is irresponsible and rejects all claims to control in the interests of the public as an invasion of sacred rights. Like the old political paternalism, those who represent this modern industrial paternalism enjoy large revenues, and they let others labor and fight and die for them. They support their own private armed troops exactly as did the old feudal lords, and the basis of both claims is divine private rights. The modern feudal lord and his claims remind me of what one of the most distinguished jurists of modern times—Professor von Ihering—says of those who prate most loudly about the sacred rights of property—namely, that to them too often nothing else is sacred.

As instances of industrial paternalism I would mention our railways, telegraphs, telephones, street-car lines, elevated railways, gas-works in most cities, water-works in some. I have in mind, for example, the desire of New York for rapid transit. New-Yorkers for years pleaded with private individuals, entreating them to give the city rapid transit; but for a long time it scarcely occurred to them to do anything for themselves.

The higher education in many of our States may be instanced as an example of paternalism of a somewhat different kind. The people, as such, too often fail to think

it their duty to make contribution for this; but they constitute themselves beggars and besiege every man of property to make gifts.

Paternalism of a private character—as opposed, I mean, to governmental paternalism—has made alarming progress among us in recent years. The paternalism to which I refer is a paternalism of the rich, and it is a paternalism which they should resist. Inequalities of the most injurious character are by many held justifiable, because it is claimed that we need the very rich to plan, organize, and carry on all important enterprises. Where would our railways be, it is asked, if we did not have among us men who count their money by the million? There is scarcely a town in the land where the people are not waiting for a rich man to start some enterprise. Business, churches, schools, all wait upon the movements of the rich. The idea of self-help dwindles. People fold their hands and wait.

Outside of the industrial field there is fortunately some evidence of a tendency of wealthy philanthropists to resist the paternalism which others would force on them. Notable examples may be found in the gifts of Mr. Enoch Pratt to Baltimore and of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to Allegheny City and to Pittsburg. The latter were generous gifts for library buildings, made on condition that the libraries should be supported either partly or entirely by taxation. Mr. Carnegie, in other words, said: I will help you, provided you will help yourselves; and, fortunately, he emphasized this condition in these words: «I am clearly of the opinion that it is only by the city maintaining its public libraries, as it maintains its public schools, that every citizen can be made to feel that he is a joint proprietor of them, and that the public library is for the public as a whole, and not for any portion thereof; and I am equally clear that unless a community is willing to maintain public libraries at the public cost, very little good can be obtained from them.»

I am strongly of the opinion that there should be a similar coöperation of public and private effort in maintaining all institutions of learning, including universities; and I believe that this coöperation will secure the best results. I cannot help regretting, for example, that Mr. Johns Hopkins did not offer his millions to the State of Maryland for the establishment of a university on condition that the university should be regarded as the university of the State, should be the crown of the educational system of the State, and should receive an annual grant from the

public treasury equal, say, to four per cent. on the value of his endowment, in addition to the income of the endowment itself. This could have been effected in such a manner as to avoid injurious political influences, as the experience of several Western States amply demonstrates. What would have been the results of such an arrangement? His university would have a more ample income, and could spend a portion of this in direct efforts to improve the educational system of the State. The people of the State would feel a greater interest in it, because, being supported in part out of taxes, it would belong to them more than it does; and a closer connection with the public life of the State would help to purify politics and elevate the tone of the public service.

The rôle which we assign the state as a coöperative institution will depend upon our wishes and ideals. If we desire medieval paternalism or a plutocracy, we must assign it very limited functions, leaving all great enterprises, all large and noble institutions of learning, all the interests of art and culture, to the care of the few, and training the people to look to them for aid in every concern of importance. If, however, we aim to secure the highest practicable development of all faculties of all, we must advocate, not that exclusive state action which we call socialism, but far-reaching functions of government, Federal, State, and municipal, attempting to separate wisely the duties of individuals, and of free and voluntary associations of individuals, from the duties of the people organized as state. There is no self-help for the masses like state action—using state in its broad generic sense as inclusive of all subdivisions of the state. The state is a suitable field for the coöperation of ordinary men with ordinary means. It gathers up small sums, and uses the large aggregate for undertakings which otherwise would be beyond the reach of any save the rich. It is thus that in some countries railways have been built by the people and are now owned by the people, the artisan, the mechanic, and the peasant being all part owners because they are citizens. A state may be mentioned in Germany—Württemberg—where the railways were admirably constructed under the supervision of a man who required for his services less than two thousand dollars per annum—perhaps equivalent to twice, possibly thrice, that sum with us now. The greatest universities of the world are likewise state institutions. Scholars look now to Berlin as the leading university

of the world, and all the endowments which it has received from rich people amount to less than one million dollars, the income of which is used chiefly for special purposes like prizes, scholarships, fellowships, etc., and not for the regular expenses of the institution, which are defrayed by taxation. In the United States the State universities have recently grown more rapidly than the private foundations.

I do not say that it is altogether wrong for us to ask people of means to assist in carrying on and developing our educational institutions, and I am sure it is praiseworthy in wealthy Americans to give so generously as some of them do; but I do say, without hesitation, that we as a people should be more self-reliant and practise to a greater degree self-help in all spheres of social life, the higher education included, for that, like every other grade of education, is a matter of public concern and not a class interest. Nor must we overlook other facts in this connection. Private paternalism in education and elsewhere has a dangerous tendency toward plutocracy. Sometimes, even if not so often as one might think, support by the wealthy few is made virtually conditional on management in the interest of these few. More than once have I heard the opinion expressed that the most fortunate thing which could happen to an institution would be the death of a wealthy benefactor whose authoritative interference was felt to be burdensome.

On the other hand, the fact must not be overlooked that private support of art, literature, learning, places the burden of sustaining and carrying forward our civilization upon a few people comparatively. When we examine into the number of givers in cities like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, we find that it is a small one indeed in proportion to the number of wealthy people, and we are reminded of the saying, «Many are called, but few are chosen.» There is in each great community a small list of givers, and that is all. If the names of contributors to public institutions are asked, the same names are repeated again and again; and once outside of the little circle, givers are rare. This is not morally justifiable. It was not part of the design for which private property was instituted that the great bulk of it should be used for selfish enjoyment.

Another consideration is brought to mind by the mention of art. Art, essentially public in nature, as a matter of fact never has flourished when exclusively dependent on

private support. The atmosphere of private wealth is antagonistic to its growth.

We may insist upon public support of public institutions, and at the same time afford full scope for the largest amount of private philanthropy. Private parties can do what, as a matter of fact, states cannot at present be persuaded to do, even if it is their proper function. We must, as practical men, take into account the existing situation. Private persons can also go ahead of public opinion and lead it, ever placing high ideals before us. The loftiest conceptions of civilization must ever first dawn in a few minds, and the truest excellence frequently requires vigorous support of strong arms, and that for a long time, before it can secure anything like general recognition.

Perhaps it is now plain to my readers why selfishness must demand very limited functions of the state, and why we must insist upon extended functions of the state. What is the ethical idea of the state? We may say fraternalism. The state, and the state alone, stands for all of us. All other institutions are more or less exclusive, and stand for part of us—for some of us, not for all of us. As the state advances, as it becomes more ideal in its constitution and in its administration, as its fraternal, ethical essence becomes purer, its functions must ever grow wider and wider. So-called self-help—that is, individual self-help—in protection of person and property, comes to be regarded as barbarism. Private enterprise in war, like Wallenstein's in the Thirty Years' War, is, thank God, abolished; and education, art, the care of the weak and dependent, and the nobler departments of social life, become to an increasing extent public in character. First the individual bears the burden; then perhaps the association of individuals; then, in the middle ages, the church; then, since the Reformation, the state, the greatest of all coöperative institutions,—that is, the people in their organic capacity,—takes up the work of civilization.

Yet the state can never absorb all our industrial and social life. Society is greater than the state, and must include a sphere for the individual and for private associations of individuals. By a harmonious development of all sorts of activities will scope be afforded for a richly diversified civilization and for the best expansion of true individuality. We shall thus have the Aristotelian variety in unity.

The educational value of public ownership

and management may be contrasted with the lack of general educational value of corporate undertakings. Austin, Texas, serves as an example. A few years since the first part of a campaign in that city for the establishment of city water-works and an electric-light plant was educational. It began in an economic society of some thirty members, which met from time to time to discuss economics; and during the entire campaign there was an active discussion of the relative merits of public and private undertakings, and an examination of underlying economic and social principles was made by many citizens. This is the kind of political activity which carries with it the popular education which has been so much lauded in republican and representative government; whereas ordinary municipal campaigns are merely personal, and leave behind only bitterness and dissension. Public undertakings carry with them instruction in economics and politics, whereas fools can grant a franchise to private corporations and let them exploit the people. Turkey, corrupt, degraded, ignorant, turns over even her lighthouses on the sea-coast to a private corporation.

Harm results from the use of the epithet «paternalism.» It keeps us from those works of magnitude which would be a real blessing, but does not prevent a thousand and one petty acts of interference.

We may, indeed, go further and say that in keeping us from works of magnitude it necessitates countless laws and petty acts of interference, and in preventing action at the right time it necessitates action at a later period when it is more difficult to accomplish the desired end. It keeps us from applying the ounce of prevention, and as a consequence we are perpetually trying to make up for past neglect by the use of a pound of cure. It would be—so timid souls, frightened by the cry «paternalism,» tell us—illegitimate to expend a few hundred dollars in efforts to reform «Margaret, the mother of criminals,» but we spend a million and a quarter on her pauper and criminal posterity.

Mr. Charles Booth, in his book «Labour and Life of the People,» shows that past neglect now necessitates a certain amount of what he calls socialism. The old individualism, he tells us, has broken down, and he adds these words: «Thorough interference on the part of the state with the lives of a small fraction of the population would tend to make it possible ultimately to dispense with any socialistic interference in the lives of all the rest.»

GENERAL GRANT'S DES MOINES SPEECH.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF A REMARKABLE UTTERANCE.

BY JAMES S. CLARKSON.



REFERENCE to General Grant's «famous Des Moines letter,» in General Horace Porter's oration at the dedication of the Grant monument, leads me to think that the public would willingly read of the circumstances of that remarkable utterance.

The declaration of General Grant's political faith at Des Moines was not in a letter, but in a speech. In fact, it was in this speech, made on Iowa soil, that the great soldier began to find that he could talk on his feet. The occasion was on September 29, 1875, at the principal evening meeting of the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. The place was Moore's Opera-House. General Sherman presided, and Generals Sheridan, Logan, Dodge, Howard, Pope, and other distinguished Union generals, were present on the stage. This little speech, which, like Lincoln's short speech at Gettysburg, contained so much living wisdom and enduring merit, has its own little history, part of it known probably only to me.

I was then editor of a newspaper and postmaster at Des Moines; and President Grant, in the three or four days he was in that city, used to come to the post-office to hide from the crowds of people that followed him everywhere, and to get a little rest, and to smoke. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the day this speech was delivered, he drove up suddenly to the post-office, and came direct to my room, in some way having escaped the attention of the crowds on the streets. He said: «Take me inside the post-office, where we can be out of sight, where I can get a chance to smoke, and where we can have a quiet talk.» We went inside the post-office, where there was an old-fashioned circular mailing-case, about ten feet high and thirty broad, shutting out the view from every one, and took seats on two stools; and I opened a box of cigars, and he began to smoke. He was in the chatty and reminiscent mood into which, when with one person, he so often fell. He began by talking of his boyhood, of his experiences and

hardships in the army on the Pacific coast, of his life in Missouri and his attempts at farming, and of a project he had formed with some friends to try to secure some hard-wood forests in South America, thinking it a good investment. Then he passed on to talk of education, schools, and oratory, and how unkind it seemed to be that one man had the natural gift to tell what he knew, and another could not. He said: «Now I have never had, at any time in my life, any difficulty in writing out my ideas or thoughts easily and quickly. But when I get up on my feet to speak, everything I know seems to go down into my boots.» Then a queer smile came over his face, and he began to reach down into the deep pockets of a large overcoat, or linen duster, that he had on, and to take out six or seven sheets of note-paper, on which I could see traces of writing. He held them toward me, and said: «I wish you would read these. Every time I attend these army reunions, the boys are always asking me to speak, and I never do it. This time I am going to fool them. I have had in my mind for two or three years some things I wanted to say to the American people on the public-school question. It was my intention to put them in my last annual message to Congress, but I forgot or overlooked it in some way; and it occurred to me to-day, when the subject returned to my mind, called back by the public schools I saw while riding about Des Moines, that Iowa was a good and fitting place in which to give these utterances out to the public. So a while ago I hunted up some paper in my room at Judge Cole's,» — where he and his family were guests, — «and jotted them down; and I wish you would look them over and criticize them, and make any suggestions freely.»

I accepted the opportunity to read, but not to criticize. For, as an editor, I had closely watched and carefully studied General Grant's peculiarly lucid and sententious style of expression in all that he wrote, and therefore knew in advance that, in all probability, these few ideas jotted down hastily at

Judge Cole's were likely to be memorable. As I read them, the peculiar strength of analysis in estimation of the growing importance of the public school to the republic, and the wisdom of the prophecy in warning the American people as to the perils menacing the school, and the dominant note of freedom in all things good and possible in American life sounding through it all, impressed me greatly, and I laid the straggling and crumpled little sheets together, folded them up, put them back in his hands, and said: "I have not the ability to criticize a line, a word, or breath of that speech; and I do not believe the man lives who would have the impudence even to attempt to do it." I added: "In my opinion, Mr. President, this will prove to the people of the future republic the greatest and most useful of all your utterances. It is an actual gift, not alone to the American people, but to all the world; and as a citizen of Iowa, I am proud that the name of this State is to be associated with such a great message to all the people who love liberty." He replied, as simply and quietly as though the greatness of it had become common to his thoughts: "It is a subject on which I feel deeply, and it is time public thought and public conscience were both more thoroughly aroused regarding it." Then some little changes of his own occurred to his mind, and he unfolded the little package, hunted out the sheet on which he wished to make the changes, and started to do it. Evidently he found he did not have room, and, reaching down into his pockets again, fished out another sheet of paper, not written upon at all, turned to the mailing-desk, and rapidly rewrote the whole page. He read it to me, folded up the pages once more, put them in his pocket, and said, "Now that is ready for the boys to-night and the people to-morrow."

As he was in such a delightful mood, I ventured to ask him: "Why is it, General Grant, that editors, and especially literary critics and magazine people, and indeed the public generally, refuse to believe that you were the author of your own papers in the war, and in civil life since?"

He took the cigar from his lips, and, with more animation than he had shown before, said: "It is the irony of history that all men get credit for a great deal to which they are not entitled, and as invariably are refused credit, often by their own friends even, for many things perhaps the best of all in their achievements. Now," he went on, with increasing feeling, "there was a vast deal of

credit given to me, and for many things that belonged to other men, or at least not to me. I have had papers, books, and histories written about me by the dozen, the most of them kind, much of the eulogy fulsome and overdone in praise; but so far all writers have denied to me, or failed to give me, credit for two things that I do deserve: first, that the greatest credit I was entitled to receive fairly was for my work in organizing, first the Western, and next the entire Union army." He stopped awhile, then added: "After it was so organized, and made up of such material as it was, it was not in fate for it to be defeated or conquered. Then, as to the second thing," he went on to say, "you have touched upon that—the unwillingness of the American people, and of my friends as well as the general public, to believe that I have always written my own papers. In the war, they said at first it was Rawlins who wrote them; then it was some one else—Halleck, I think; then Stanton, then others"—and he went on to name two or three other people. "But," he said with much spirit, "if the people had only thought of it, or taken the trouble to take all my papers—war despatches, letters, messages, etc.—and compare them as a whole with the writings of these other men, they would have seen at once that, while Rawlins had one style, Stanton another, and the other men still others, one style, good or bad, had run through my papers from first to last. No," he added in a reflective manner, "I cannot speak on my feet" (that was before his trip around the world, when, as in Glasgow or Edinburgh, he found his tongue, and ever after stood in the highest places with the ready grace of worthy speech); "but I have always been able to write down anything that came into my mind, and to express myself clearly."¹ Happily, he lived to see the people of his own country, and of all countries, willing to admit that he was the author of his own papers. For before he died the whole world learned to know the style in which he always spoke or wrote—a style that never had in it a false note or a clouded or double meaning, that took hold of every reader with its own masterful strength of wisdom and sincerity and kindly counsel, and that gave itself to the world in epigrams and proverbs to be treasured up for the good of men and the counsel of governments for all time.

At the meeting that evening, General

¹ The report of this conversation is from notes that I made of it, as I was then in the trained editorial habit, within an hour after it occurred.

Comrades

It always affords me
much gratification to meet
my old Comrades, in arms
of 10-14 years ago, and to live
over again the trials and hard-
ships of those days, ^{hardships} in the
^{imposed} for the
preservation & perpetuation
of our free ^{institutions} ~~government~~. We
believed then, and believe now
that we had a government
worth fighting for, and if
need be dying for. How many

Grant went upon the stage arm in arm with General Sherman. As usual, Sherman, as the presiding officer, called upon Grant for a speech; and, to the surprise of Sherman and nearly everybody else, Grant at once arose and started to the front of the stage, beginning to hunt in his pockets for his speech. He was as shy and embarrassed as a school-boy: but as his comrades and the great audience cheered him tumultuously, he started to unfold the manuscript to read it.

His hands trembled, and he dropped the scattered sheets on the stage. General Sherman and the secretaries helped to gather them up; and then he read them to the three thousand people present, half of whom found difficulty, even in the stillness of an unusual time, to hear all that he said. The newspapers carried it all over the globe the next day, and it attracted attention and commanded admiration throughout the world. Following is the text of the

speech, here copied from a facsimile of the original manuscript, as given in Professor Leonard F. Parker's monograph on «Higher Education in Iowa,» published by the National Bureau of Education in 1893:

COMRADES: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms of ten to fourteen years ago, and to live over again the trials and hardships of those days—hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then, and believe now, that we had a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifice be ever green in our memory. Let not the results of their sacrifice be destroyed. The Union and free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for these sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took [in] the great struggle. It is to be hoped that like trials will never befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials, and hardships of the camp and the battle-field, on whichever side he may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us, then, begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the perpetuity of free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partizan politics; but it is a fair subject for the deliberation of soldiers to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as by our nation [qy.: as a nation]. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing-line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our national existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers, one hundred years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiment, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage

free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that either the State or nation, or both combined, shall support institutions of learning sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family circle, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and state forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battles which created us «the Army of the Tennessee» will not have been fought in vain.

This is part of the true story of how General Grant, in 1875, «summed up his political faith» in his famous Des Moines speech. Indeed, Des Moines was honored during that session by two remarkably great speeches. For the evening after the meeting where Grant spoke, the citizens of Des Moines gave to the distinguished visitors a banquet at the Savery House, where, in responding to a toast offhand, General Sherman replied with kindling spirit and sweeping power to the criticisms of the plans of his march to the sea—a speech that was clearly impromptu, and gathered force terrifically as it went. It swept the audience with its gathering strength, and made the reporters forget their work, with the result that no report of the real speech was ever made. I can remember distinctly how, taking up one critic and his statement after another, he met them all with his own strong and complete refutation; and then, with the fire of righteous wrath blazing in his eyes, he turned about to look General Grant directly in the face, and with marvelous energy closed substantially in these words: «I want to meet these critics, and to answer them here now, and for all time, while in the presence of the only witnesses who, of all men, know all the facts, and who can and will contradict me if I have not told the truth.» There was applause, and a silence which seemed long, and that no one present will ever forget, as Sherman stood looking in Grant's face until the latter deliberately and impressively bent his head in approval of his great lieutenant's emphatic asseverations. Then Sherman, turning once more to his audience, and seeming to raise himself to a still more commanding stature, swept his left arm over in the direction of one corner of the table, as if to indicate that some of the critics might be sitting there, and ended with this one sentence, uttered in a tone of mingled contempt and victory: «Any man can march to the sea now.»

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Numbers.

IF Matthew Arnold had delayed his first visit to America, his preachment to us Americans on the subject of «Numbers» would have been less needed. As our country gets to be more and more numerous in its integral parts; as everything in it multiplies at such an astonishing ratio that in many directions the multiplicity has the menace of infinity, we less and less need the warning voice of the prophet to keep us from being infatuated by either numbers or size. It was some time ago that Americans became less boastful concerning mere extent; and the orator who argues greatness from length of rivers, or spread of territory, or aggregations of population, is apt to awaken the sense of humor rather than the sentiment of sublimity. It seems long ago that it was oratorically demonstrable that, because the Mississippi and its affluents were so many thousand miles long, therefore the American republic was etc., etc., etc., as compared with such and such republics and empires, ancient or modern. Nowadays the orator, to be effective, must put forth an entirely different argument. One of the most telling after-dinner speeches listened to lately was that of a young Philadelphian who spoke at a public banquet in New York on the eve of its expansion into the so-called greater city, and who, amid hearty applause, deprecated the confounding of size with true «greatness» casually remarked upon the better appreciation of New York's tall buildings by the citizens of Philadelphia, who at that distance could see them in more favorable perspective, and openly hinted at a comparison between the so-called greatness of the metropolis with, as to size, the less «great» historical cities of Athens and Jerusalem.

As time goes on, and the directories and the censuses wax bigger and bigger, it is seen that an increase in numerosity produces changes not only in degree, but in kind. It is not only that the mails and the tenement-houses and the means of transit become congested, but there seems to be through this physical increase, at times, also a spiritual congestion; a change seems to be taking place in all sorts of things that one might think not necessarily affected. An increase in the number of Chinamen in China might not have the same effect as an increase in the number of Americans in America, because the Chinamen would maintain a certain monotony of thought and custom for centuries. But increase the number of Yankees, for instance, each one of whom goes to work to contrive and invent, to criticize, to make over—i. e., re-form—all creation, and the change in physical, mental, and moral conditions will go on at an enormous ratio. Each Chinaman counts, say, one one-

thousandth as compared with one Yankee; for the latter sets to work at once to make a new world.

The consequence is that changes which might take hundreds or thousands of years to manifest themselves in other races and in other conditions proceed here before our very eyes, sometimes creating not only serious apprehension, but alarm, on the part of the thoughtful.

There are changes in the streets, and under the streets, and above the streets. Steel construction turns highways into cañons, and produces mountain-ranges along the line of greatest social pressure. The telephone reduces travel, and the trolley and the flying trains, again, increase it. Electricity is being developed to such an extent that even specialists can hardly keep up with the record of development and discovery. Mere numbers are affecting college life and the social life of cities in unexpected ways. The religious life of the people, as related to association, is affected by innumerable societies, local, national, and international. New social machinery is demanded by the new conditions relating to our amusements, our charities, and our government. Our politics are more complex, and require more attention for their understanding and practical manipulation. The rotary press and the cheap «process» produce a profusion in the literary and pictorial «output» which has a tendency to befog the intellect and lower the standards of taste.

The multitudinousness of modern life is increased by the facility of intercommunication and the universality of the newspaper. Any given community not only has to endure its own noise, but, to some extent, that of all the world. When any one wishes to be heard, for the sake of his message or of his business, he must not only make more noise than his neighbor, but more noise than his neighbor's neighbor. Even the peanut-stand nowadays is advertised by its own steam-whistle. Some Western town, by the way, lately tried to suppress the peanut-man's steam-whistle by local ordinance. This is a good sign, for objection to noise is an evidence of civilization.

In these times of many things, more and more is the need felt of a choice of a few things. The lesson for the day should be the lesson of discrimination. Though the outer ear be dinned upon, it is important that the inner ear should preserve its delicacy, so that the still, small voice may be heard. Longevity has increased, but not in proportion to the increase in the number of things human beings are asked nowadays to consider and to do. Never was there more need of the spirit of criticism and selection, when so many ideas, so much to read, so many causes, so many geniuses, so many prophets, so many and so much of everything, press upon the mind of man.

The «Mystery» of General Grant.

A READER who had followed with analytical interest General Horace Porter's revelation of the every-day thought and action of his commander, in «Campaigning with Grant,» on reaching the end, said with a tinge of disappointment: «While he brings us much nearer to the man, he does not solve the mystery of Grant's success as a soldier.»

Nor does any other writer solve the mystery; least of all General Grant himself, for the reason that his «Memoirs» are in themselves the most direct proof of honesty and simplicity of character, and of intellectual power, or, in other words, of those qualities which, in the line of human action, work wonders without theatrical effect, and leave no impress on the results differing from a logical situation produced by natural agencies. To the reader looking for a mystery, in giving unconscious proof of unusual abilities General Grant seems to evade a disclosure of the methods by which he organized victory. Like the cunning quack with a sovereign remedy, he seems to withhold the recipe.

During the progress of the Civil War no mystery was imputed to General Grant: he appeared to his comrades in arms, and to the people, as a resolute man of common abilities and impulses, and, as some thought, far too common. The mystery, then, so far as there was any, was divided between those who at least recognized his achievements, and those who saw in his generalship nothing but brute force, guided by careless luck. With the former the mystery was that other generals, with more impressive manners, did not have equal success; and with the latter it was a mystery why General Grant was allowed by the powers in Washington to keep on blundering into success, from Fort Donelson and the fierce struggle at Shiloh to the daredevil triumph at Vicksburg. Thereafter most of his detractors became resigned to his leadership, on the theory that he was being taken care of by his staff, and that he had the knack, peculiar to mediocrity, of winning from the supreme authority a coöperation which had been withheld from others on account of jealousy.

It was only after the war, when the recognition of heroic deeds produced a demand for a leading soldier-hero, that men began to pad General Grant's figure with mystery in order to make him appear, to their eyes, of the stature of a true Ulysses. That he was the logical candidate for the position no one could deny; and no opinion in support of his fitness was more conclusive than that of the most picturesque hero of the war, who was distinctly the alternative choice for the first place in the national pantheon. And when General Grant was formally installed, the imputed mystery reconciled to his fame even those who could not, or would not, see his natural greatness.

His fate in this regard has not been different from that of other men of action who have done great deeds without personal display, and in subordination to a higher authority. They have had to wait for time to dissolve their own envelop of reserve, and for history to vindicate their common humanity. Even then something of mystery will seem to encompass them, as the garment in which men prefer to dress their demigods. When, as in General Grant's case, there is no mystery about a man's acts, or the results they achieved, it is necessary

to go back beyond the line of possible demonstration, and impute a mystery to the personal agency. But when, as in Shakspeare's case, the acts are really a mystery, because unknown, and the resultant works a miracle of superiority, then there are minds so perverse as to reject the idea of mystery in the agency, and to seize upon a palpable prodigy like Bacon as the only possible solution of a work of genius.

But some other ground than human fancy must be found for General Sherman's espousal of the theory of mystery as to General Grant. In fact, he stated it so strongly as to make it quite possible that the vogue the theory has acquired is due, in some measure, to his authority. For it may be assumed that the views he expressed in a letter to a friend,¹ fourteen years after the war (dated November 18, 1879), were deliberate conclusions, after much speculation on a subject always near to his thoughts, and in line with what had been his usual attitude toward the character of his friend and chief. Speaking of General Grant's demeanor while being fêted in San Francisco, General Sherman says:

«He is a strange character. Nothing like it is portrayed by Plutarch or the many who have striven to portray the great men of ancient or modern times. I knew him as a cadet at West Point, as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, as a citizen of St. Louis, and as a growing general all through a bloody civil war. Yet to me he is a mystery, and I believe he is a mystery to himself.»

The explanation of Sherman's estimate of Grant's character, as containing something inscrutable, we will venture to say may be found in contrast. Sherman was too great a man to have any illusions in regard to himself, and he knew from the comparisons of soldierly intercourse that in knowledge and self-reliance he was not inferior to the quiet man in whom the sense of danger was no bar to the boldest enterprise. Contrasts in their characters began there, and continued along the lines of intellectual habit and temperament. In yielding the full measure of confidence to Grant as his worthy and official chief, Sherman, with his dread of the political mind working in the dark, may well have marveled at Grant's easy mastery of the politicians, and, with his hotspur nature, have regarded as incomprehensible Grant's power of resolving the personal obstacles and disappointments of official life in his mighty reticence. In the crisis of battle and in the focus of honors, he had beheld in Grant the same modest, imperturbable spirit, and from him the ascription of mystery to his comrade's character was merely a graceful way of testifying to his own belief in Grant's superior authority.

General Schofield, in his book, which has just come from the press, entitled «Forty-six Years in the Army,» refers to Sherman's statement that he could not understand Grant, and doubted if Grant understood himself, and adds:

«A very distinguished statesman, whose name I need not mention, said to me that, in his opinion, there was nothing special in Grant to understand. Others have varied widely in their estimates of that extraordinary character. Yet I believe its most extraordinary quality was its extreme simplicity—so extreme that many have entirely overlooked it in their search for some deeply hidden secret to account for so great a character, unmindful of the general fact that simplicity is one of the most prominent attributes of greatness.»

¹ See THE CENTURY for April, 1897.

The near view of Grant while performing the greatest task of his career as a soldier, given to us by General Horace Porter, harmonizes with the estimate of General Schofield, which is reinforced by Colonel William C. Church's «Ulysses S. Grant,» in the Heroes of the Nations series. Indeed, Colonel Church uses effectively the authoritative data of recent years, such as the evidence of Lincoln's perfect understanding of Grant's abilities, as revealed in Nicolay and Hay's «Abraham Lincoln,» to portray a consistent military character of which great things were predicted from the earliest period of the Mexican War, and from which he easily shows that success flowed, in almost every military enterprise intrusted to him, because Grant, «as a soldier, . . . met all the conditions of his time, and rose superior to them. It was not (luck,) it was energy, zeal, and singleness of purpose, directed by exceptional military capacity, that explain his success.»

A writer in the «Revue des Deux Mondes,» who devotes ten pages to a review of General Porter's memoirs, is appreciative of the interest attaching to the Civil War, which impresses him as resembling the rude combats of antiquity rather than a contest between modern European nations. So far from finding anything mysterious in the character of General Grant, he deprecates the author's effort to include him among the great captains of the world, and even can find nothing in General Porter's recital «which gives the impression of a captain of genius.» On the contrary, to this French writer General Grant's deeds and virtues mark him for «a good citizen» rather than a great soldier. Foreign heroes who chance to call at the French Valhalla are apt to find the place already overcrowded; but it will not touch American susceptibilities to know that General Grant has been turned away on the ground that he belongs properly to a new line of soldiers, who were first of all good citizens. In fact, it is that view of his personality which appeals most forcibly to the American people, and which speaks from the face of the tomb they have erected as a sign of their belief in his greatness; for on it is written all there is of mystery in his character as a soldier. It is his own simple message: «Let us have peace.»

Playing to the Galleries.

No doubt there are in Congress sincere opponents of reform in the civil service, but to lookers-on in Washington who are familiar with the real conviction of the average senator or representative, half distracted by the scramble for office, the attacks upon the merit system during the present session take on the aspect of a farce. In some cases the wink of the legislator, as he rises to speak, can almost be heard. The listener pricks up his ears and rubs his eyes. Can that be the honorable gentleman from — who is pleading so tearfully for the liberties of the people—he who is compelled to resort to subterfuge and locked doors to defend his privacy against the invasion of the clamorous office-seeker?

Not only do legislators confess, in moments of private candor, to the relief which they would have in the abolition of congressional patronage, but most of them are committed publicly to the abandonment of the system. To interpret the platforms of the chief political parties from the point of view of common honesty, it would seem that no stronger pledge could be framed in

words than that which each has given that the merit system shall be maintained and extended. Members of the party out of power are not absolved from its promises to the people; while those who are nominally responsible for the conduct of the government are doubly committed to civil-service reform by the arraignment and promise of this resolution in the Republican national platform of 1888:

«The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884, and continue to adhere to the Democratic party, have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom, of purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under the Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system, already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.»

The pledge of the Republican platform of 1896, written when the classified service was substantially as at present, was unmistakable:

«The civil-service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it; and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable.»

Unless national politics is to take on the aspect of bunco-steering on a colossal scale, these reiterated pledges must be kept.

If it is asked why legislators, distinguished ordinarily by the strictest exaction of party fealty,—a common but not very enduring form of distinction,—are willing to play fast and loose with the people on this question, going so far in their violence as to make vulgar attacks upon the personal character of a man like Mr. Schurz, or to declare that they would be satisfied with «any old thing» (*sic*) in place of the merit system, the answer must be looked for, not on the floor of the House, but in the galleries to which the cheap comedians are playing. In these galleries are gathered from congressional districts of many States a horde of office-seekers of the professional type, who pay the civil service its highest compliment when they confess it is an obstacle to their voracious desire for office. These malcontents, who are not willing to try for the public service on their merits, must be placated from the floor of the House. Each is a possible center of discord for some timid congressman, and altogether they seem for the moment to stand for the American people. Their applause is always ready for the declaration that there is a screw loose in the Constitution when any system can prevent the payment of personal or political pledges to incompetents out of the public crib. The twenty men to each office who, as we write, are in Washington, impeding currency reform and other pressing public business, will thus be able to tell the «home folks» that «our member» made a beau-

tiful speech, and «poured hot shot into the law»; while their place at the capital will be taken by a new set of constituents, who will continue to make life a burden for the congressman, who, on his part, is secretly cursing the day he ever consented to accept a nomination. To this farce which goes on in the name of Liberty and «the people» no American satirist has ever done justice.

The insignificance of the professional spoilsman as an element of our national life is cogently set forth in an editorial article in the «Indianapolis News» of December 22, 1897, from which the following extracts are made:

«The spoils system is a cunning device of a class that would retain to itself the administration of public affairs. One might as well argue, from the chronic jurymen that hang around court-houses, that the people are interested in being drawn on juries, as to argue from the clamor of spoilsmen that it is the people who want the offices. The people—the great mass of the seventy millions in this country—do not want offices, and they have no time for them. They are pursuing life, liberty, and happiness in their own way. . . . But there is a little coterie of men in every city, in every town, in every hamlet almost, that hang around the post-office, or the county court-house, or whatever center of public activity, who seek to make of politics the means of living. . . . These folk are always to the front. They are out on the curbstone, making a noise. Merely passing along the street, you might think, to use the common phrase, that the «whole town» is talking; whereas the whole town is in shops and stores and offices and factories, engaged in the business of life, while a mere handful of people are in the highways and byways, making a noise. . . . Put this question to a test, let a vote be taken, and the spoilsmen would see that they would not amount to a chip on the tide, to a leaf in the gale. They are simply as nothing, either in numbers or influence, compared with the great mass of the people who are attending to the business of life, and who want their public affairs administered as they administer their private affairs—honestly, thoroughly, efficiently, and because of fitness and not favoritism. We challenge the spoilsmen to any test they want to make. They are not merely not a majority of the people: they are an insignificant moiety of the minority.»

This pressure for public support is an instance of the inverted view of the function of government which survives among us, and which, if it be encouraged by narrowing the scope of the merit system, will place a tremendous strain upon Republican institutions at a time when they are already laden with a hundred burdens. The merit system is in the interest of the whole people; for, unlike the spoils system, it cannot be used by a faction to defeat the will of the people. Civil-service reform has never been a party question in the nation, for it stands for the interest of Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist, Free-drinker, Single-taxer, Laborer, Revenue-reformer, and Protectionist

alike. It is a protest against playing the game of politics with loaded dice, furnished by the people against themselves.

The Century's Prizes for College Graduates.

THREE months remain in which the graduates who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at any college or university in the United States during the commencement season of 1897 may submit manuscripts in competition for the three prizes of \$250 each, offered by this magazine. These prizes, which will be renewed to similar graduates of 1898, 1899, and 1900, are (1) for the best metrical writing, of not fewer than fifty lines; (2) for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words; (3) and for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

Each manuscript, type-written, must be received at the office of THE CENTURY not later than June 1; must be marked outside and inside, «For the College Competition»; and must be signed by a pen-name which must also be written on the outside of a sealed envelop containing the name and address of the author. This envelop will not be opened until the prizes have been awarded.

As the object of the competition would be in part defeated by an award in any class, in case no manuscript of the class should be thought worthy of public attention, the editor reserves the right to withhold the award in such a case, and also the right to print the manuscripts receiving prizes, without further payments. But three months after the appearance of the prize manuscripts in the magazine, the copyright will be surrendered to the successful competitors.

Manuscripts for the first competition were received before the beginning of the new year; and the letters of inquiry from all parts of the Union indicate a very general interest among the graduates of 1897. Inasmuch as the chief motive in limiting the competition to graduates was to avoid any interference with regular college work, the editor wishes to place emphasis on the condition that each manuscript offered in competition for a prize *must be the product of literary work done after graduation*. Essays, poems, and stories prepared during the college course, as a part of the college work, or as contributions to college publications and to the activity of the literary societies, will not be considered. The sole object of the competition is to encourage literary activity among students immediately after leaving college, with the view of assisting those having such ambition to test their capacity for literary work.

A circular explaining the objects and conditions of the competition may be had on inclosing a stamp to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.





OPEN LETTERS

Women's Work for Women and Children.

THE State of Massachusetts now has by legislation given to women a place on each board of trustees of the State charitable and reformatory institutions and on the Prison Commission. Women also have served on the State Board of Lunacy and Charity since 1880, by appointments of successive governors, though there is no statute which makes this obligatory. How have women gained these privileges, or, rather, have been allowed to perform these responsible duties? It has been said by ardent woman suffragists that «a sop» has been thrown to them in this way, as a partial compensation for their deprivation of the ballot.

Such, however, is not the case. It is a curious and interesting object-lesson to review the past, and to learn how women have been gradually introduced into the offices formerly held by men alone. The Prison Commission was established in 1870. To the legislature of that year a memorial was presented by two private charitable corporations who had been for some years engaged in the attempted reformation of discharged female prisoners. It was signed by a large number of prominent men and women concurring with the petitioners, and asked for a separate prison for women, and for a reformatory discipline in existing prisons. At the hearings before the Prison Committee of the legislature, there were various speeches on the subject. Men of high standing advocated the measure, and a few women found courage to tell the story of their experiences, and to give reasons for their request.

In answer to this petition, the legislature of that year established a Prison Commission. It consisted of three men and a secretary, the latter alone to receive compensation, and an «advisory board» of three women, who had no power whatever but the right to inspect prisons.

The prison for women was not provided; but the persons interested in its establishment continued to work for it, and at every legislature came forward to ask for it. At the suggestion of Mary Carpenter, the English philanthropist, when in Boston in 1873, a «Woman's League» was formed, which extended all over the State, and which sent in large petitions from men and women of high standing for a reformatory prison for women, under the management of women. Such a prison was built and opened in 1877, and has been in successful operation ever since.

Now this is an important thing to notice: these women who carried their measure at last, in spite of most discouraging obstacles, had no *political power*, and no personal end to gain.

They were perfectly acquainted with the matter in hand, and knew exactly what was needed for the class of persons which they desired to benefit. Their plans were founded on their own experiences in private charitable organizations. They could prove by the result of

years of labor in these that there was good reason to expect success in the prison management of women by their own sex, and also that the work of reform should begin in prison. Long after the first hearings before the Prison Committee of the legislature, a well-known politician, chairman of the committee, said to a political friend: «I remember, when those ladies first came before us, and pleaded earnestly for something to be done for outcast women, I whispered to B—— [a member of the committee], and I said, «I tell you, B——, there ain't any *politics* in all this.»»

In 1887 certain women who were dissatisfied with the working of the State almshouse and the State primary school—the latter an institution for children especially, and for training them to self-support—quietly induced two benevolent members of the legislature to introduce a bill for the appointment of a board of three women visitors to those institutions, which was enacted. They asked for no power except the right freely to inspect them, and to make an annual report to the legislature. This board merely plowed the ground; but so thorough was the plowing, and so evident was their capacity to manage charitable work, that in 1879, when the legislature reconstructed the charity laws of the State, they put two women trustees on each board of control of the State almshouse, State workhouse, State primary and reform schools, and also on the Prison Commission, giving them equal powers with their male associates. In 1884 the State Board of Lunacy and Charity recommended, in their annual report, that two women trustees should be added to each board of control of the State lunatic hospitals, and a woman physician to the medical staff of each. This was enacted by the legislature of that year, and the result has been satisfactory.

Before women had attained to their present standing on State boards, Miss Elizabeth Putnam of Boston, who had been for years working among neglected girls, had seen the value, as many others elsewhere have done, of personal friendly relations with individuals among them. She felt that the employment of paid male agents to place and visit the minor wards of the State was not the best method for *girls and young children*. She proposed to the official at the head of that department of the State board that he should avail himself of the services of women in this important work.

After several conferences with him, a plan was formed, which was carried out, and has been in operation ever since. Miss Putnam, with the assistance of two or three others, found in every county of Massachusetts certain women who were willing to perform the required service. There has now been since 1878 a corps of «auxiliary visitors», as they are termed, at present eighty-one in number. Some of these are living in other States adjoining Massachusetts, where homes are found for dependent children. They have no legal status, and no pay; but their traveling expenses necessary to the per-

formance of their duties are reimbursed quarterly from a State appropriation. They are simply private individuals acting as advisers to the State official at the head of that department. Boys over ten years old are still placed and visited by paid male agents; but girls of all classes, except the very young children who are boarded in families at State expense, come under the care of the voluntary and unpaid women visitors. The result has been excellent. Whenever Mr. Wrightington receives an application for a child to adopt, or a girl to assist in domestic work, he sends it to the visitor for that district. She visits the family, and ascertains whether the home is a suitable one. Her decision is final. She reports her reasons for disapproval, if any, to Mr. Wrightington—of course in strict confidence. She is required to find out not only whether the members of the family are of good character and able to support a child, but whether they are such persons as will train her to virtue and usefulness, and make her reasonably happy.

When the girl is placed, the visitor must see her as often as is necessary, report at least quarterly upon her condition and treatment, oftener if there is anything peculiar in the case. As some of these girls have been sentenced for petty offenses, are immoral, ill-tempered, and perverse, great patience is necessary in guiding and influencing them. Some require several changes of place before the right one is found. Volumes could be filled with the interesting details of the work. There are tragic episodes, and very funny ones. Of course the visitors are not equally zealous or efficient, but they have been, on the whole, excellent.

The Massachusetts reform schools for boys and girls are under one board of trustees, and the legislature of 1895 gave to this board increased powers. They now can find homes in suitable families for the inmates of the reform schools, and visit them personally or by agents. The two women trustees have devoted (unpaid) nearly their whole time to this new work, with excellent results.

The State primary school for children at Monson formerly contained about four hundred inmates. This institution has been abolished, owing to the boarding-out system having become general; and the Board of Lunacy and Charity now employ several paid women agents in addition to the auxiliary visitors to carry on this additional work caused by the closing of the school.

It is often said, in regard to the security of investments, that "everything depends on their management." There are in the world born leaders, of clear sight and organizing ability in business undertakings. So it is with benevolent labors. We have only to look at the noble work achieved by Charles L. Brace for destitute children in New York to see what one man can accomplish. Mrs. Lowell's long life of charitable work, and that of Miss Louise Schuyler, in the same city, also show what leading spirits, faithful and unwearied, have done for humanity. In Mr. Brace's most interesting biography, just published, we find him forty-five years ago lamenting the supineness and selfish ease of the majority of persons at that date, and pointing out the great field untilled, where noxious weeds were daily springing up to poison society in the future. Mrs. Nassau Senior's report to Parliament, in or about 1870, on the condition of workhouse children, led to the boarding-out system for young children in England. This has been

copied in Massachusetts. Beginning in 1870 with the placing in families of foundlings and deserted infants, under medical supervision by the Board of Lunacy and Charity, with great saving of life from this method, it has been extended to older children in charge of that board. Not only are children far better in every way reared in domestic life than in the best-managed institution, but they become useful and self-supporting at an earlier age.

It is sad to read the long columns of our metropolitan journals which describe the doings of women,—hospitality perverted into ostentatious display, wholesome recreation sunk into a life of pleasure-seeking, women's clubs uttering a great deal of frothy nonsense and mutual admiration,—and to contrast this with the depths below of misery, vice, and ignorance—a turbid stream beneath these bubbles on the surface of society.

There is an army of women of leisure in this country who have the ability to transform our wretched slums into abodes of comparative peace and comfort, had they the unselfish spirit of Octavia Hill in England, and Mr. Brace, Mrs. Lowell, and others in this country. It is a curious fact, however, that women of leisure have not been the only or chief workers for the unfortunate and degraded classes. Mothers of families, some of them of narrow means and many cares, have done much service—the more efficient because the care of a family is an excellent training-school. Mothers of children, if they are true mothers, should best understand the needs of all children.

To sum up: The flood of immigration has brought to us an army of homeless, ignorant, neglected children. The experience of the most successful workers among them has proved that removal from large cities, and introduction into rural domestic life, is the true way to make them good citizens and virtuous men and women. Also that institution life for children should be only a temporary makeshift, because it cripples their faculties, besides exposing them to the contaminating influences of the more vicious ones. That personal, friendly influence, especially of women, is necessary to them as individuals; and that personal knowledge and visitation of children placed out in families is essential to their safety and protection from ill-usage. That the legislation necessary to the improvement of public charitable methods can be influenced by women without the ballot better than with it, as it comes through the efforts of non-partisans who have no personal ends to gain.

Clara Temple Leonard.

Rest and Exercise, and Pulmonary Consumption.

FROM rather an extended study of the subject of pulmonary consumption, I feel quite sure that very few opinions are more widely diffused than the one that sufferers from this disease must have an abundance of physical exercise before they can get well. So tenaciously is this notion held that consumptives persist in being up and in walking about until the last vestige of their strength is gone, and they are compelled to exemplify the pathetic but truthful saying that "a consumptive never goes to bed of his own free will unless it is to die." No one will, I think, be rash enough to assert that exercise has no place in the treatment of

this disease; for the least thoughtful attention to this matter will make it evident that the harm which comes from it is due to its indiscriminate employment—due to its application when rest should take its place; and it is in the hope of being able to say something which will make clear the indications for the use of each of these two important measures in the management of this disease that these lines are written.

At the very outset I wish to state that the idea of exercise in pulmonary consumption is based on a wrong foundation. It assumes that because exercise gives strength when taken in health, it must do the same thing in disease. A moment's reflection will teach us, however, that health and the disease which we are here considering are two widely different conditions. One represents the fullness of energy and vigor, and the other an exhausted state of the resources of life. The wasting, the general weakness, the shortness of breath which is out of all proportion to the amount of affected lung area, the slight evening fever, the loss of appetite, all indicate that from the very beginning of his disease the consumptive suffers more from constitutional debility than from local pulmonary disorder. In financial language, the healthy man is like a plethoric bank, while the consumptive is like a financial institution verging on bankruptcy. Following this argument, I would say there is no axiom better established than that money makes money if it is put to proper use, and hence he who has moneyed capital always has the chance of increasing his capital. But the banker whose capital is reduced to a minimum, and whose income does not equal the amount of his expenses, must, in order to escape being pushed against the wall, either increase his income or diminish his expenses. If he does both he will get out of his straitened condition more quickly than if he does one alone.

Accepting the dictum, then, that the consumptive is on the verge of physiological bankruptcy, what is the most reasonable course to pursue in order to restore his broken health? Is he to go on and take an abundance of physical exercise like his healthy neighbor? Shall he walk, ride horseback, row, hunt, mount his bicycle and fly through the country, or climb the mountains? Has he anything in common with his more fortunate and robust companion who by exercising draws on his reserve strength and so increases his physiological capital? Is there anything which would warrant him in doing this? No; for most of his reserve strength is gone, as has already been said; and if any of this energy is now devoted to physical exercise, it will make a serious drain on that which should be applied to the maintenance of other bodily functions, like digestion, breathing, circulation, etc., and in consequence these functions suffer, and the patient complains of an inability to eat, difficulty of breathing, of a weakened heart, etc. If he wants to save himself from physiological insolvency he must follow the same line of conduct as that which is pursued by the banker who wishes to escape financial insolvency. He must economize the forces of his body by reducing his expenses, and, if possible, by increasing his physiological income by means of more food. How this may be best accomplished is an important question.

May we not learn a serviceable lesson from Nature

herself in this respect? What promptings does she give him who exhausts his strength in daily toil? Does she tell him to continue his work and sap his forces still further, or does she admonish him to lie down and seek restoration in quietness and in sleep? What does she do when one is smitten with a debilitating malady like typhoid fever? Does she not compel him to seek a lying-down position—a position in which his muscles and his nerves are enabled to obtain the best possible rest? And why should not similar treatment apply to the consumptive? He is in the same situation in so far as the drain on his vital resources is concerned. With him it is a real living warfare between the strength of his body and the strength of his disease. The line which divides these two states is neither hard nor fast, but shifts its position in accordance with the ebb and flow of his bodily strength. When he is weak the disease advances, or gains ground; and when he is strong it is less aggressive, or goes back. The first duty of the physician is, therefore, to fortify and to invigorate the consumptive's condition, and to place him in that position in which he will have the best advantage to battle against his disease; and the foremost remedy in accomplishing this purpose is well-regulated *rest*. By placing the consumptive on his back, all that strength is economized which is otherwise wasted in walking, standing, and sitting; and when we realize that about one fifth of the energy of the body is devoted to these purposes, it does not require a very wild flight of the imagination to perceive that this means a marked cutting down of his expenditures. Practically this is followed by immediate beneficial results; for that part of his physiological capital which was previously diverted to the support of voluntary muscular motion is now distributed to the maintenance of the other and more essential functions. The digestion improves, the heart is less excitable, the breathing becomes easier, the cough and expectoration diminish, and altogether there is an air of vigor about the patient which was absent before. On observing this improvement, one is at a loss to know the reason for the existence of the general opinion that the salvation of the phthisical depends on plenty of exercise. Before I fully appreciated the great value of rest in the treatment of consumption, it was frequently a source of bitter disappointment to me to see patients whom I considered well enough to leave bed, walk about, and do work, almost invariably have a relapse when they did so. Although it was a puzzle to me then, it is clear to me now why it could not have been otherwise. They were allowed to leave their beds prematurely.

Rest bears its best fruit in the treatment of consumption only when it is applied systematically and persistently. It will not do to allow the patient to act for himself in this matter. He must be placed under the care and supervision of either a physician or a well-trained nurse. The following instance pointedly illustrates the difference between the results which are obtained when rest is applied in a loose and in a methodic manner. Some years ago, when I began to employ rest, I had a patient under my care who lived a long distance from me, and whom I was able to see only at long intervals. At the very beginning of the treatment I placed him on a diet of the most nourishing character, gave him what I thought was appropriate

drug medication, and ordered him to keep quiet, without any very specific directions as to how it should be carried out. He obeyed me strictly as to the food and medicine, and mapped out a general course of rest which he believed was proper in his case; that is, he sat up most of the day, walked up and down stairs and on the piazza and lawn, and occasionally took a short stroll on the street. This course was continued for about five months, at the end of which time I saw him again, and found that he was no better—in fact, not so well; for he had lost in weight, had a poor appetite, and about the same degree of fever as before, and there was no improvement in the local condition of his lungs. I now placed him under the care of a good nurse, and ordered him to bed, and to remain there day and night until I saw him again, but made no other change in the previous treatment. At the end of two months he was permitted to sit up an hour each day for the following two weeks, after which he was gradually accustomed to being up all day. In consequence of this change from exercise to rest, he began to improve at once, and in four months after the enforced rest treatment had been begun he had gained seventeen pounds in weight. When we consider that this patient made all this improvement with the existence of a good-sized cavity in the upper part of his right lung, it is a striking demonstration of what absolute rest did for him. He was soon engaged in his former occupation, to which he has become gradually readapted, and with the exception of not being allowed to do heavy lifting or violent exercise, he is now, and has been for the last five years, able to perform all the duties of his business.

After a consumptive has progressed far enough to be up and lead a more active life, how should he conduct himself so as to avoid a relapse? How is he to resume a vocation? These are to him most serious problems. To solve them he must bear in mind the principle which has secured his recovery thus far—he must economize his strength. He must avoid becoming tired, and forego physical strain. He may become fatigued provided this is readily put to one side by rest and food; but when he exhausts himself to such a degree that he feels weary and out of sorts from morning until evening, and fails to be refreshed by food or sleep, it is evidence that his body is wasting its resources faster than they are accumulated, and that he should call a halt, and rest. He should also shun the straining which comes from lifting, running, jumping, etc., so as not to throw too great a burden on the weakened blood-vessels of the lung, and avoid the risk of hemorrhage from this source.

Thomas J. Mays, M. D.

Fraudulent Mexican Antiquities.

SINCE the opening of the railroads of Mexico, which have so shortened the time and facilitated the visiting of the country, many thousands of Americans annually visit this land of never-ceasing surprises, perhaps the most wonderful of which are its antiquities and their histories. Naturally, when so many well-to-do people visit a country, they desire to bring back mementos of their trip, and the demand must be supplied in some way. Nowhere has the native better succeeded than in Mexico, where the manufacture of antiquities to supply the

traveler, the collector, the museum, etc., has been carried on for many years. The ever-increasing demand is more than met by the enterprising manufacturers.

These objects can be found in quantity in any of the antiquity-shops of the city of Mexico. They are often so cleverly made, and have been sold in such a roundabout way, that the most cautious have been deceived. But even more ingenious are the ways in which these articles are disposed of to the unskilled or to the unwary collector. One collector had unsuspectingly purchased for years of an old woman who had informed him of the trips of days to the mines and other places where she might be likely to find such objects. In one instance she had walked for ten or twelve days without obtaining anything; and then, again, for days she would watch a single excavation from which she might obtain only one or two objects. In fact, she made it her business to watch every important excavation made near the city, the result being that at each excavation she had found only an occasional object, thus keeping up the price. These she either made herself or bought of the manufacturer.

In the pottery objects, especially those made of dark clay and for sale everywhere, an enormous series was examined. Especially in one collection, which contained nothing else, the greatest freedom, and in fact skill, was used by the manufacturer. Vases described by Dr. W. H. Holmes a few years ago, about two feet in height, with a wealth of decoration in the form of heads of the Aztec type, are worthy of notice. The most remarkable objects were the large groups representing sacrificial scenes. In these sometimes as many as six or eight figures were represented as standing about a small corner of the ancient Mexican calendar-stone, on which was laid, or about to be laid, the victim. The figures were represented as engaged in various ceremonies, such as cutting out the heart; and in several instances the heart had been cut out, and was being held in the hand of one of the figures. These groups, as well as a large series of vases and other objects which are not copies of anything existing in Mexican archæology, but are also fabrications, are made by putting together such exaggerated features of Mexican archæology as would strike unsuspecting purchasers that the objects offered were remarkable Mexican antiquities. Thus one can purchase anywhere miniature copies of the water-god-*dess*, which weighs twenty-two tons, and which has recently been removed from the pedestal where it had rested for centuries to the National Museum in the city of Mexico; and many others are rarely, if ever, true copies of anything existing in Mexico.

Many objects are made of the so-called Mexican onyx or aragonite from Pueblo. These are carved in facsimile of the small stone figures found in the valley of Mexico, often in fanciful shapes, with superfluous decoration, occasionally representing animal figures, the work throughout exhibiting a certain amount of Aztec spirit. In the large number examined were masks and heads made of this material, in which had been inserted the eyes, nose, and mouth of obsidian, made by lining the cavity with flakes of obsidian, which occurs as rolled pebbles in abundance throughout the valley of Mexico, and as an entire hill at Pachuca. This obsidian ornamentation sometimes extends to the head-

dress, and in one instance obsidian flakes were inserted as ear-ornaments. Gray and red obsidian objects, in the form of masks, elephants, small idols, and other objects, are made by a peon residing in the city of Mexico. Some of these fraud objects have found their way into European museums, and in one of Europe's greatest museums I found a series, since eliminated. Recently some dozens were successfully sold in New York city to a dozen collectors.

The most remarkable object of this kind that I saw—a mask measuring about eight inches in height and six and a half inches in width, and weighing eight or ten pounds—is carved in a crude manner, and polished, representing so much work and ingenuity to make that it might easily be mistaken for a genuine antiquity. Another very abundant type of these remarkable fabrications consists of masks about the size of the human face, and jars or kettles on feet, all of which are decorated with flakes of obsidian. These jars and vases, some of which are from ten to twelve inches in height, generally show where they are supposed to have been struck in bringing them out. An examination of these breaks will show that the interior is copper. They are made of a thin sheet of copper, to which has been added a layer, an inch or more in thickness, of some earthy substance mixed with bitumen found in the city of Mexico. While the mixture is still soft these long flakes of obsidian are inserted, one for the nose, and one for the mouth, and two more for the eyes, on the masks. They are applied so that the effect is most startling; and many an unsuspecting tourist cannot but believe that he has secured a rare Mexican mask or vase, especially when the copper is visible.

While examining the ruins of San Juan Teotihuacan with a well-known guide, the conversation drifted to the camera which the writer carried; and, strange to say, the guide seemed rather to fancy the idea of being photographed. It was with pride that he informed the writer that he was the maker of many of the clay figures and other objects that are sold at the station and throughout the city of Mexico. He also not only consented to show the writer how it was done, but also to allow him to see the furnace, and the molds in which these objects are pressed or cast. The clay used to make them is very fine-grained and smooth, and when pressed into the molds took a beautifully clean impression of them. The pieces were then united, and baked in a small, low oven in the open air, alongside of the little cactus-walled abode of the potter, which contains objects in all stages of manufacture; and the manufacturer very kindly allowed several pictures to be taken of the interior of his cactus-walled hut, the entire walls of which were formed by planting and allowing the tall club to grow so close together that the walls were almost as compact as those of a log cabin.

George Frederick Kunz.

Boldini's Pastel of Verdi.

IN response to an inquiry by the editor, Mr. Boldini has made the following note of the circumstances under which he painted in Paris, in 1886, the striking por-

trait of the composer Verdi which, by his kind permission, is reproduced as the frontispiece of the present number, and which is included in the brilliant group of portraits which he has recently brought to America:

"I had just completed a three-quarter-length portrait of Verdi for his native town, when he called, one day, to bid me good-by, as he was to leave the same evening for Italy. He wore a white neckerchief, an overcoat, and a silk hat, as shown in the portrait. I begged him to stay for a few moments, so that I might make a small sketch as a souvenir; but he said, 'I have no time.' I pressed him to spare me a few moments; but he still excused himself because of his early departure. Finally, however, he sat down for a chat, and I immediately took a pastel canvas, and began to draw. So as to hold his attention, I recalled to him a scene in one of his early operas, which I had heard during my youth at Ferrara. He then became interested, and began to sing with so much emotion that the tears came into his eyes, and instinctively I made the eyes in the portrait weep also; but after Verdi became somewhat calmer I had to blot out the tears. The sitting of a few moments had lasted four hours.

"Verdi, as you will see in this portrait, was a strong man, of robust health, although somewhat nervous. His conversation is charming, and gives one the impression of a clear, simple, and attractive melody."

The composer, who was seventy-three years of age at the time this portrait was made, is now, at the age of eighty-four, reported to be failing in health.

Mr. Giovanni Boldini, one of the distinguished painters now resident in Paris, was born at Ferrara, Italy, in 1845. He has lived in France since 1872, but has not relinquished his Italian citizenship. His work, both in figures and landscape, has long been popular in America, but his portrait-painting, to which of late years he has devoted himself increasingly, is less familiar. He is an associate of both the great French art societies, and is *hors concours* at the old Salon. He was awarded a grand prize at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and was made a member of the Legion of Honor the same year.

Among his chief portraits painted in Europe, five of which have recently been shown at Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s in New York, are those of Mr. Whistler, the Princess Poniatowski, and Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg. Other portraits have been painted during his visit to America.

In general Mr. Boldini's work is characterized by dashing style, clever characterization, masterly technique, and agreeable color.

A Popular Error as to the Moravian Church.

THE Rev. Paul de Schweinitz of the Moravian Church, Nazareth, Pennsylvania, writes to protest against the literary habit of referring to teachers in the Moravian schools as "nuns," an error which Longfellow has helped to establish by his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the Consecration of Pulaski's Banner." The unmarried women of the church, he says, are technically called "single sisters," but they never take any vow of celibacy or other sisterhood vow.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Difficulties of a Deacon.

IT is my firm opinion that newspaper men should not be deacons. Not that there is any moral or spiritual reason why they should abstain—not that; but it does n't work; the chances are all against it. I know it from experience. I was a deacon myself once.

It was at a time when they were destroying gambling-tools at police headquarters. I was there, and I carried away as a memento of the occasion a pocketful of red, white, yellow, and blue chips. They were pretty, and I thought they would be nice to have around. That was the beginning of the mischief. I was a very energetic deacon, and attended to the duties of the office with zeal. It was a young church; I had helped to found it myself; and at the Thursday-night meetings I was rarely missing. The very next week it was my turn to lead it, and I started in to interpret the text to the best of my ability, and with much approval from the brethren.

I have a nervous habit, when talking, of fingering my watch, keys, knife, or whatever I happen to fish out of my pocket first. It happened to be the poker chips this time. Now, I have never played poker. I don't know the game from the smallpox. But it seems that the congregation did. I could not at first account for the enthusiasm of the brethren as I laid down the law, and checked off the points successively on a white, a red, and a yellow chip, summing the argument up on a blue. I was rather flattered by my success at presenting the matter in a convincing light; and when the dominie leaned over and examined the chips attentively, I gave him a handful for the baby, cheerfully telling him that I had plenty more at home.

The look of horror on the good man's face remained a puzzle to me until some of the congregation asked me on the train in the morning, in a confidential kind of way, where the game was, and how high was the ante. The explanation that ensued was not a success. I think that it shook the confidence of the brethren in me for the first time.

It occurs to me now, looking back, that the fact that I had a black eye on that occasion may have contributed in a measure to this result. Yet it was as innocent an eye as those chips; in fact, it was distinctly an ecclesiastical black eye, if I may so call it. I was never a fighter, any more than I was a gambler. Only once in my life was I accused of fighting, and then most unjustly. It was when a man who had come into my office with a hickory club to punish me for a wrong, as he insisted upon considering it,—while in reality it was an act of strictest justice to him,—happened to fall out of a window, taking the whole sash with him. The simple fact was that I did n't strike a blow. He literally fell out. However, that is another story, and a much older one.

This black eye was a direct outcome of my zeal as deacon. Between the duties it imposed upon me, and my work as a newspaper man, I was getting very much

in need of exercise of some sort. The doctor recommended Indian clubs; but the boys in the office liked boxing, and it seemed to me to have some advantages. So we clubbed together, and got a set of gloves, and when we were not busy would put them on and have a friendly set-to. It was inevitable that our youthful spirits should rise at these meetings, and with them occasionally certain lumps, which afterward shaded off into various tints bordering more or less on black, until we learned to keep a leech on hand for emergencies. You see, what with the spirit of the contest, the tenderness of our untrained flesh, and certain remembered scores which were thus paid off in an entirely friendly and Christian manner, leaving no bad blood behind,—especially after we had engaged the leech,—this was not only reasonable, but inevitable. But the brethren knew nothing of this, and could n't be persuaded to listen to it; and, in fairness, it must be owned that the spectacle of a deacon with a black eye and a handful of poker chips expounding the text in prayer-meeting was—well, let us say that appearances were against me.

Still, I might have come through it all right had it not been for Mac. Mac was the dog. It never rains but it pours; and just at this time midnight burglars took to raiding our suburban town, and dogs came into fashion. Mac came into it with a long jump. He had been part of the outfit of a dog-pit in a low dive on the East Side which the police had broken up. Sergeant Jack had heard of my need, and gave him to me for old acquaintance' sake, warranting him to keep anybody away from the house. Upon this point there was never the least doubt. We might just as well have lived on a desert island while we had him. People went around the next block to avoid our house. It was not because Mac was unsociable; quite the contrary. He took to the town from the first, especially to the other dogs. These he generally took by the throat, to the great distress of their owners. I have never heard that bulldogs as a class have theories, and I am not prepared to discuss the point. I know that Mac had. He was an evolutionist, with a firm belief in the principle of the survival of the fittest; and he did all one dog could do to carry it into practice. His efforts eventually brought it down to a question between himself and a big, long-haired dog in the next street. I think of this with regret, because it was the occasion of my one real slip. The dog led me into temptation.

If it only had not been Sunday, and church-time, when the issue became urgent, and the long-haired one accepted our invitation for a walk in the deep woods! In this saddening reflection I was partly comforted, while taking the by-paths for home afterward,—with Mac limping along on three legs, and minus one ear,—by the knowledge that our view of the case had prevailed. The long-haired one troubled us no more thereafter.

Mac had his strong points, but he had also his fail-

ings. One of these was a weakness for stale beer. I suppose he had been brought up on it in the dog-pit. The pure air of Long Island, and the moral environment of his new home, did not wean him from it. He had not been long in our house before he took to absenting himself for days and nights at a time, returning ragged and fagged out, as if from a long spree. We found out, by accident, that he spent those vacations in a low saloon a mile up the plank road, which he had probably located on one of his excursions through the country to extend his doctrine of evolution. It was the conductor on the horse-car that ran past the saloon who told me of it. Mac had found the cars out, too, and rode regularly up and down to the place, surveying the country from the rear platform. The conductor prudently refrained from making any remarks after Mac had once afforded him a look at his jaw. I am sorry to say that I think that Mac got drunk on those trips. I judged, from remarks I overheard once or twice about the «deacon's drunken dog,» that the community shared my conviction. It was always quick to jump at conclusions, particularly about deacons.

Sober second thought should have acquitted me of all the allegations against me, except the one matter of the Sunday discussion in the woods—which, however, I had forgotten to mention. But sober second thought, that ought always and specially to attach itself to the deaconry, was apparently at a premium in our town. I had begun to tire of the constant explanations that were required, when the climax came in a manner wholly unforeseen and unexpected. The cashier in the office had run away, or was under suspicion, or something, and it became necessary to overhaul the accounts to find out where the office stood. When that was done, my chief summoned me down-town for a private interview. Upon the table lay my weekly pay-checks for three years back, face down. My employer eyed them and me, by turns, curiously.

«Mr. Riis,» he began stiffly, «I'm not going to judge you unheard; and, for that matter, it is none of my business. I have known you all this time as a sober, steady man; I believe you are a deacon in your church; and I never heard that you gambled or bet money. It seems now that I was never more mistaken in a man in my life. Tell me, how do you do it, anyhow? Do you blow in the whole of your salary every week on policy, or do you run a game of your own up there? Look at those checks.»

He pointed to the lot. I stared at them in bewilderment. They were my own checks, sure enough; and underneath my name, on the back of each one, was the indorsement of the infamous blackleg whose name had been a byword ever since I could remember as that of the chief devil in the policy blackmail conspiracy that had robbed the poor and corrupted the police force to the core.

I went home, and resigned my office as deacon. I did not explain. We were having a little difficulty at the time, about another matter, which made it easy. I did not add this straw, though the explanation was simple enough. My chief grasped it at once; but then, he was not a deacon. I had simply got my check cashed every week in a cigar-store next door that was known to be a policy-shop for the special accommodation of police headquarters in those days, and the check had gone

straight into the «backer's» bank-account. That was how. But, as I said, it was hopeless to try to explain, and I did n't. I simply record here what I said at the beginning—that it is no use for a newspaper man, more particularly a police reporter, to try to be a deacon too. The chances are all against it.

Jacob A. Riis.

Possum.

Er dey 's anyting dat riles me
An' jes gits me out o' hitch,
Twel I want to tek my coat off,
So 's to r'ar an' t'ar an' pitch,
Hit 's to see some ign'ant white man
'Mittin' dat owdacious sin—
W'en he want to cook a possum
Tekin' off de possum's skin.

W'y, dey ain't no use in talkin',
Hit jes hu'ts me to de heat
Fu to see dem foolish people .
Th'owin' 'way de fines' pa't.
W'y, dat skin is jes ez tendah
An' ez juicy ez kin be—
I knows all erbout de critter—
Hide an' haih—don't talk to me!

Possum skin is jes lak shoat skin;
Jes you swinge an' scrope it down,
Tek a good sha'p knife an' sco' it,
Den you bake it good an' brown.
Huh-uh! honey, you 's so happy
Dat yo' thoughts is 'mos' a sin
When you 's settin' dah a-chawin'
On dat possum's cracklin' skin.

White folks t'ink dey know 'bout eatin',
An' I reckon dat dey do
Sometimes git a little idee
Of a middlin' dish er two;
But dey ain't a t'ing dey knows of
Dat I reckon can't be beat
When we set down at de table
To a unskun possum's meat!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Is it a Lost Art?

«I WONDER why it is,» he said,
«That women seek to do
The things of which they had a dread
When knights were bold and true.
In ancient days to be a bride
Was held a maiden's aim;
In ancient days a woman's pride
Lay in her husband's fame.

«Where lies the fault that woman's aims
Have turned from home to state?
Far greater virtues man now claims
Than tales revered relate.
He's better than the knights of old
Who battled for a glove—»
She interrupted, calm and cold:
«Except in making love.»

Elliott Flower.

The Four-masted Cat-boat.

AN ETCHING OF THE SEA. BY A LANDLUBBER.

THE sea lay low in the offing, and as far as the eye could reach, immense white-caps rode upon it as quietly as pond-lilies on the bosom of a lake.

Fleecy clouds dotted the sky, and far off toward the horizon a full-rigged four-masted cat-boat lugged and luffed in the calm evening breezes. Her sails were piped to larboard, starboard, and port; and as she rolled steadily along in the heavy wash and undertow, her companion-light, already kindled, shed a delicate ray across the bay to where the dull red disk of the sun was dipping its colors.

Her cordage lay astern, in the neat coils that seamen know so well how to make. The anchor had been weighed this half-hour, and the figures put down in the log; for Captain Bliffton was not a man to put off doing anything that lay in the day's watch.

Away to eastward, two tiny black clouds stole along as if they were diffident strangers in the sky, and were anxious to be gone. Now and again came the report of some sunset gun from the forts that lined the coast, and sea-robins flew with harsh cries athwart the sloop of fishing-boats that were beating to windward with gaffed topsails.

"Davy Jones 'll have a busy day to-morrow," growled Tom Bowsline, the first boatswain's mate.

"Meaning them clouds is windy?" answered the steward, with a glance to leeward.

"The same," answered the other, shaking out a reef, and preparing to batten the tarpaulins. "What dinged fools them fellers on the sloop of fishin'-ships is! They've got their studdin'sails gaffed and the mizzentops aft of the gangway; an' if I know a marlinspike from a mar-tingale, we 're goin' to have as pretty a blow as ever came out of the south."

And, indeed, it did look to be flying in the face of Providence, for the mackerel-ships, to the last one, were tugging and straining to catch the slightest zephyr, with their yard-arms close-hauled and their poop-decks flush with the fo'c'sle.

The form of the captain of the cat-boat was now visible on the stairs leading to the upper deck. It needed but one keen glance in the direction of the black clouds—no longer strangers, but now perfectly at home and getting ugly—to determine his course. "Unship the spinnaker-boom, you dogs, and be quick about it! Luff, you idiot, luff!" The boatswain's first mate loved nothing better than to luff, and he luffed; and the good ship, true to her keel, bore away to northward, her back scuppers oozing at every joint.

"That was ez neat a bit of seamanship as I ever see," said Tom Bowsline, taking a huge bite of oakum. "Shiver my timbers! if my rivets don't tremble with joy when I see good work."

"Douse your gab, and man the taffrail?" yelled the captain; and Tom flew to obey him. "Light the top-lights!" A couple of sailors to whom the trick is a mere bagatelle run nimbly out on the stern-sprit and execute his order; and none too soon, for darkness is closing in

over the face of the waters, and the clouds come on apace.

A rumble of thunder, followed by a blinding flash, betokens that the squall is at hand. The captain springs adown the poop, and in a hoarse voice yells out, "Lower the maintop; loosen the shrouds; luff a little—steady! Cut the main-brace, and clear away the halyards. If we don't look alive, we 'll look pretty 'durn' dead in two shakes of a capstan-bar. All hands abaft for a glass of grog."

The wild rush of sailors' feet, the creaking of ropes, the curses of those in the rear, together with the hoarse cries of the gulls and the booming of the thunder, made up a scene that beggars description. Every trough of the sea was followed by a crest as formidable, and the salt spray had an indescribable brackish taste like bilgewater and ginger-ale.

After the crew had finished their grog they had time to look to starboard of the port watch, and there they beheld what filled them with pity. The entire sloop of mackerel-ships lay with their keels up.

"I knowed they 'd catch it if they gaffed their studdin'sails," said Tom, as he shifted the quid of oakum.

The full moon rose suddenly at the exact spot where the sun had set. The thunder made off, muttering. The cat-boat, close-rigged from hand-rail to taffrail, scudded under bare poles, with the churning motion peculiar to pinnaces, and the crew involuntarily broke into the chorus of that good old sea-song:

The wind blows fresh, and our scuppers are astern.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Cupid's Paint-brush.¹

ROSALINDA, one fine day,
Came to Cupid, so they say,
And she said:
"Cupid, see; my lips are pink;
They'd be more admired, I think,
Richly red.

Cupid nodded, pricked his arm.
Rosalinda, in alarm,
Saw a drop,
Bright and crimson-hued, appear;
Begged of Cupid, with a tear,
Please to stop!

But the little fellow laughed,
Wet the feather of his shaft,—
Just the tips,—
Calmed her with a word or two;
Tinted with the crimson hue
'Linda's lips.

Then the stained barb with care
In the sod he planted—where,
Precious dart,
Still it blooms, and maidens come,
Eager still for crimson from
Cupid's heart.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

¹ "Cupid's paint-brush" is a small red flower said to be used sometimes by girls for staining their lips.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY DR. CADWALADER.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF FRANCES CADWALADER, LADY ERSKINE.

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BEING A REPLY TO «HIS ANSWER.»

JUNE 4th! Do you know what that date means?
June 4th! By this air and these pines?
Well,—only you know how I hate scenes,—
These might be my very last lines!
For perhaps, sir, you 'll kindly remember—
If some *other* things you 've forgot—
That you last wrote the 4th of *December*,—
Just six months ago!—from this spot.

From this spot, that you said was «the fairest
For once being held in my thought.»
Now, really I call that the barest
Of—well, I won't say what I ought!
For here *I* am back from my «riches,»
My «triumphs,» my «tours,» and all that;
And *you 're* not to be found in the ditches
Or temples of Poverty Flat!

From Paris we went for the season
To London, when pa wired, «Stop.»
Mama says «his *health*» was the reason.
(I 've heard that some things took a «drop.»)
But she said if my patience I 'd summon
I could go back with him to the Flat—
Perhaps I was thinking of some one
Who of me—well—was not thinking *that*!



Of course you will *say* that I «never
Replied to the letter you wrote.»
That is just like a man! But, however,
I read it—or how could I quote?
And as to the stories you 've heard (No,
Don't tell me you have n't—I know!),
You 'll not believe one blessed word, Joe;
But just whence they came, let them go!

And they came from Sade Lotski of Yolo,
 Whose father sold clothes on the Bar—
 You called him Job-lotski, you know, Joe,
 And the boys said *her* value was *par*.
 Well, we met her in Paris—just flaring
 With diamonds, and lost in a hat!
 And she asked me «How Joseph was faring
 In his love-suit on Poverty Flat»!

She thought it would shame me! I met her
 With a look, Joe, that made her eyes drop;
 And I said that your «love-suit fared better
 Than any suit out of *their* shop!»
 And I did n't blush *then*—as I'm doing
 To find myself here, all alone,
 And left, Joe, to do all the «sueing»
 To a lover that's certainly flown.



In this brand-new hotel, called «The Lily»
 (I wonder who gave it that name?),
 I really am feeling quite silly,
 To think I was once called the same;
 And I stare from its windows, and fancy
 I'm labeled to each passer-by.
 Ah! gone is the old necromancy,
 For nothing seems right to my eye.

On that hill there are stores that I knew not;
 There's a street—where I once lost my way;
 And the copse where you once tied my shoe-knot
 Is shamelessly open as day!
 And that bank by the spring—I once drank there,
 And you called the place Eden, you know;
 Now I'm banished like Eve—though the bank there
 Is belonging to «Adams and Co.»



There 's the rustle of silk on the sidewalk;
 Just now there passed by a tall hat;
 But there 's gloom in this «boom» and this wild talk
 Of the «future» of Poverty Flat.
 There 's a decorous chill in the air, Joe,
 Where once we were simple and free;
 And I hear they 've been making a mayor, Joe,
 Of the man who shot Sandy McGee.

But there 's still the «lap, lap» of the river;
 There 's the song of the pines, deep and low.
 (How my longing for them made me quiver
 In the park that they call Fontainebleau!)
 There 's the snow-peak that looked on our dances,
 And blushed when the morning said, «Go!»
 There 's a lot that remains which one fancies—
 But somehow there 's never a Joe!

Perhaps, on the whole, it is better,
 For you might have been changed liked the rest;
 Though it 's strange that I 'm trusting this letter
 To papa, just to have it addressed.
 He thinks he may find you, and really
 Seems kinder now I 'm all alone.
 You might have been here, Joe, if merely
 To *look* what I 'm willing to *own*.

Well, well! that 's all past; so good-night, Joe;
 Good-night to the river and Flat;
 Good-night to what 's wrong and what 's right, Joe;
 Good night to the past, and all that—





To Harrison's barn, and its dancers;
To the moon, and the white peak of snow;
And good-night to the cañon that answers
My «Joe!» with its echo of «No!»

P. S.



I've just got your note. You deceiver!
 How dared you—how *could* you? Oh, Joe!
 To think I've been kept a believer
 In things that were six months ago!
 And it's *you've* built this house, and the bank, too;
 And the mills, and the stores, and all that!
 And for everything changed I must thank *you*,
 Who have «struck it» on Poverty Flat!

How dared you get rich—you great stupid!—
 Like papa, and some men that I know,
 Instead of just trusting to Cupid
 And to me for your money? Ah, Joe!
 Just to think you sent never a word, dear,
 Till you wrote to papa for consent!
 Now I know why they had me transferred here,
 And «the health of papa»—what *that* meant!

Now I know why they call this «The Lily»;
 Why the man who shot Sandy McGee
 You made mayor! 'T was because—oh, you silly!—
 He once «went down the middle» with me!
 I've been fooled to the top of my bent here,
 So come, and ask pardon—you know
 That you've still got to get *my* consent, dear!
 And just think what that echo said—Joe!



A PENNSYLVANIA COLLIERY VILLAGE.

I.—A POLYGLOT COMMUNITY.

BY HENRY EDWARD ROOD.

OVERHEAD the sky is light blue; toward the south a billowy bank of clouds, white a few moments ago, but faintly tinged with pink now, until it looks as might a thousand tons of wild roses crushed into a feathery mass and blown about at the caprice of a gentle breeze; as far as the eye can reach, beginning with the east, a sweep of upland, covered with huckleberry-bushes, sassafras, wintergreen, intermingling with more ambitious undergrowth; then, toward the pulsating, opalescent clouds, a sudden rise, crowned with sturdy trees, vigorous and proud, but not of great size; and swinging southward and beyond, toward the west, the delicate wild-rose tints deepen to wide bands of crimson laid upon the sky as with a huge palette-knife, and between the bands uneven flashes of gold or silver where the sinking sun has pierced. Outlined against this heart of the dying day stand the rigid black forest sentries.

Close to us, here in the foreground, is a wide, rambling road, bordered on each side by small, unpainted frame-houses, placed together two by two as if they were a ridiculously large number of twins; for each pair is surrounded by a picket fence, each has the same number of doors and windows, the slant of the roofs is similar, and the positions of chimneys correspond exactly. Chickens may hold possession of one yard, and ducks and geese of another; but, with such slight variations, the company houses of the anthracite colliery are alike. In them dwell the Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and English miners, with their families; and a quarter of a mile away, on that hillside,—past the company store, and beyond the tall, ungainly breaker that rears its black head menacingly toward the summer sky,—over there is the collection of shanties wherein exist the ten or eleven hundred foreign miners, with their few women and children, who form the most picturesque feature of any of the anthracite mining towns, or "patches," as they are termed.

Back of the company store, a stream of

sulphur-water, pumped from the mines, finds its sluggish way along a ditch. Then we see railroad tracks leading from the breaker to the great world, which is always asking for fuel; and beyond the rails, a long, irregular mass of black dirt, seventy, eighty, ninety feet high, known as a "culm-pile." The level land between the culm and the hillside whereon the foreigners live is devoid of vegetation. Grasses and wild flowers once were luxuriant there, but for many decades rains have been washing from the huge pile some of the deadly black particles that smother plants, even trees, as we realize by noting the gaunt, leafless, lifeless trunks scattered here and there, with naked grayish limbs uplifted as if crying to Heaven for help. Were it not for the green hillsides and the kaleidoscopic sky, this would be indeed a somber picture. To the immigrant just arrived from Italy the colliery town must seem a realization of desolation itself.

When anthracite came into general use, the original miners quickly established themselves in their adopted homes, and ceased to speak regretfully of childhood associations in Wales or in England. They had an abundance of work here, and wages that would seem a fortune in the old country. In those days a Pennsylvania miner deemed it an unlucky month if he and his two brawny sons failed to earn two hundred dollars or more. They were not always paid at regular intervals before and during the Civil War, for money was not plentiful in this region. But they were credited fully on the books of the company, and they were permitted, if not encouraged, to purchase goods at the company store, where could be obtained food, clothing, toys, furniture—in fact, about all the necessities and comforts and luxuries the miner had learned to use. Prices were high, but wages corresponded, and work was steady. But after the terrible struggle between North and South came a period of depression in business. Selling prices dropped lower and lower, and wages felt the result. But the average miner did



A GERMAN.



AN ITALIAN. (COBBLER AND MINER.)

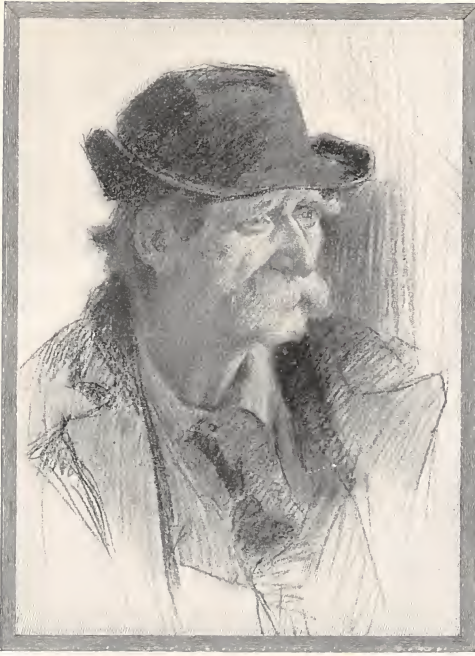
not understand this. He saw that the operator of the colliery took wife and children to Philadelphia or New York as often as in previous years, and that the superintendent wore clothing as costly as ever. He forgot that while he had been spending his wages every month, and often exceeding his account at the company store, the operator and other officials had been saving at least a portion, if not the greater portion, of their earnings.

The miners grew discontented, and talked the matter over. As the panic drew near, they had more idle hours than ever; and their complaints reached the ears of smooth-tongued rascals who «organized» them into a band ready to resist any further «oppression,» as the business changes were termed. And right at this point let it be said that the old-time professional agitators referred to were wholly different from the responsible, intelligent men who have performed such good service during recent years by organizing and directing trades-unions like those which embrace the printers and the locomotive engineers and firemen. If the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania had been wisely led and firmly controlled in the early seventies, the Keystone State would now be spared many black chapters in her history. But such happiness was not foreordained. Owing in some degree to the troublous times, and in a greater degree to a group of beings

more devilish than human, there sprang into active control of a portion of the commonwealth the most brutal, vindictive, terrible conspiracy that ever a civilized community has been cursed with in recent times—the Molly Maguires; and it required the genius of Franklin B. Gowen of the Reading Railroad, and the marvelous courage of James McParland, a Pinkerton detective, to break it up, and hang its leading spirits, not singly, but in groups of ten.

Then, within a few years, came the «long strike» in the Lehigh region, when the old hands refused to work under any consideration. Week after week and month after month dragged by. The collieries remained idle; the men, women, and children almost starved. Fortunes were lost in flooded mines and in burning breakers. And at last one of the greatest of the operators sent abroad to Austria-Hungary and brought thence to his mining-patch in Pennsylvania the first of the «foreigners,» who have long ago succeeded, by their very presence, in driving out all of the English-speaking miners who could obtain work elsewhere and who had the means to remove their families.

It is an old story now, how the first of the Slovaks, Polacks, Italians, and Sicilians who came here were comparatively intelligent, and learned readily, in the course of a few years, the work of mining coal. And we all



AN IRISH AMERICAN.



A GERMAN AMERICAN.

know that year by year the immigrants of such nationalities decreased in the scale of civilization until those who have come to the anthracite fields during the first half of the present decade are, as a rule, much more dangerous to the body politic than the excluded Chinese; for not only are they eager to work for wages on which an English-speaking family would starve, but they are superstitious and murderous, and do not hesitate to use dynamite if they desire to blow up the home of one whom they particularly hate. Also, unlike the average Chinaman, each of these foreign miners insists on voting as soon as possible.

But it is time we were back in our mining village; for the whistle has blown, and the men are coming home from work, and the crimson is fast fading from the western sky. The English-speaking miners come from the slope, each man carrying his empty dinner-bucket, nearly all wearing rubber boots, several (whose homes are at a distance) keeping alight the lamps which are firmly fixed at the peaks of their caps. Most of these men have fair skins, and some of them yellow or auburn hair; but as they appear from the «workings» underground, their faces and necks and hands are coated or smeared with coal-dust, which makes them blacker than any Africans. Near the breaker, at the crossing of two roads, they separate

into groups, and tramp homeward, laughing, chatting, skylarking. And then from breaker and slope and stripping come hundreds of Italians, Slovaks, and Polacks, men of each nationality gathering as they proceed with awkward gait toward «Shantytown,» on the hillside across the way. The Italians generally are small men, wearing short jackets, round little hats of black felt, and clumsy shoes. The Slovaks and Polacks are tall, brawny, muscular fellows, with dull expression of countenance and heavy features. But here in the mining-patch they are not known by such designations. The Italians are termed «Hikes,» and the other foreigners are grouped under the inelegant name «Hunks.» The miners have been at work since seven o'clock in the morning, except for an hour's rest at noon, and have earned from fifty to ninety cents each during the day; some may have earned a dollar, a very few perhaps one dollar and ten cents. And all are rejoicing because the «boss» has promised them steady work five days per week for a month.

To-night they spend quietly around their shanties, gambling, discussing the affairs of their religious societies, or telling stories of witches they heard while at work in the mines. Some of the more intelligent lounge from one group to another, after the evening meal has been eaten, explaining



THE PAY

their ideas as to the government of America, and insisting that every good foreigner should obtain his «papers» as soon as possible, and vote at the coming election, lest the «white men» throw too many votes into the ballot-box, and pass a law to drive them out of the country. Now and then a group will steal away from Shantytown to the woods, and there discuss the best methods of getting

rid of some hated enemy—a member of the coal-and-iron police force, for example, or a priest who has antagonized them. But there is little excitement in the mining-patch this evening, for the foreigners have scarcely any money in their pockets. To-morrow, however, will be pay-day—a time for rejoicing, drinking, and dancing. With this thought in mind, the men tumble into their bunks,



LINE.

or beds, and sleep heavily until the six-o'clock whistle arouses them.

At the present time, in many collieries of the Lehigh region, little work is done on pay-day, particularly if it falls on Saturday. The great pumps must be kept busy, of course, sucking water out of the caverns underground; and a force of men must feed the mules in the stables hundreds of feet

below the surface. But by far the great majority of miners, laborers, driver-boys, and breaker-hands are idle. They gather in the neighborhood of the company office long before the appointed hour, and wait patiently until a coal-and-iron policeman throws open a window, at which sits the paymaster with his treasure-chest close at hand. And then a long line forms, the men wearing their

best clothes, the foreign women arrayed in frocks of gorgeous colors, gaudy kerchiefs taking the place of hat or bonnet.

As a rule, from six to a dozen of the foreigners live in a single shanty, which they have erected upon land owned by the company, for rental of which fifty cents per month is charged. Then fifty or seventy-five cents is deducted for the company doctor, who asks no other fee for medical advice or for medicines, unless called upon to perform a surgical operation. Formerly twenty-five cents was deducted each month from the wages of Roman and Greek Catholics to pay the priest; but this custom is by no means invariable at present. Of course all the miners are charged with food, clothing, tobacco, powder, fuses, and oil that they have purchased during the month through the company store or office. The remainder of their wages is paid to them in cash. The English-speaking miners expend from four to ten dollars per month rental for their houses, according to size, location, conveniences, etc. Many assertions have been made that the

company robs its employees to such an extent that when pay-day comes the miners find they have little or no cash at all due them; and as to this, it may be said that prices vary at different collieries, and that while some superintendents undoubtedly do take every possible advantage of the men, yet others are more liberal in dealing with them. As far as can be ascertained, the price of powder at many collieries is far above the figure asked in the open market; the cost of certain articles of clothing probably is higher. But, on the other hand, the company store transacts a credit business, and it may be worth while remembering that certain furniture-houses in large cities, conducted on the "instalment plan," allow ten per cent. reduction to cash purchasers. The worst feature of the company-store system is the absolute conviction, on the part of the

miners generally, that they will be deprived of work if they neglect to buy all, or nearly all, their goods from the company and dare to trade in the open market to an appreciable extent. Rightly or wrongly, this belief is firmly embedded. Furthermore, it is openly asserted that the Pennsylvania legislature appointed a committee to investigate the company-store system a few years ago, and that an order for printing fifty thousand copies of their report was canceled because "of the disgrace which would fall upon the State were the truth made known of conditions existing in the Schuylkill region."¹

Newspapers have published many articles concerning the industrial systems of the anthracite region, and tales are not wanting of men who work for two or three weeks, and at the end of that period receive only a dollar or two in cash. The writer was told, last autumn, of one miner who worked for sixteen days, and when pay-day came ascertained that all the cash due him amounted to four cents. Other instances are quoted of men who have lived and died in debt to the company.

But before accepting all such stories as the whole truth, it might be well to inquire as to the industry and capabilities and soberness of the men referred to, as well as to the thrift or extravagance of themselves and their wives. It is an undeniable fact that for some years, especially during the recent general depression of business, the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania have been as a rule, very poor. Yet the manager of one of the oldest collieries in the Lehigh region states that his pay-rolls for September 1, 1897, amounted to about \$26,000, of which \$18,000 was deducted for living expenses, and \$8000 in cash was paid his men.

As the foreigners receive their money from the paymaster, they walk away in small

¹ P. J. McGuire, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, in a speech delivered at Hazleton, Pennsylvania, Saturday evening, September 18, 1897.



TWELVE-YEAR-OLD ITALIAN BRIDES AND THE HUSBAND OF ONE OF THEM.



THE «STRIPPINGS» OF A MODERN COAL-MINE, SHOWING THE EXPOSED VEINS OF ANTHRACITE, WHICH VARY FROM FORTY TO SIXTY FEET IN THICKNESS.

groups, and start for the nearest large town, either to deposit most of their surplus cash in a bank, or to send it home to Italy or Austria-Hungary, through one of many steamship agents who also transact more or less of banking business. And it may be well to remark at this point that there is little occasion for sympathizing with the foreign miners because of low wages; for they are earning four or five times as much as they ever received in Europe, and are relieved of various taxes in time and money. Sympathy may well be given the old hands, however, whose work has been taken away by the invading host from the Mediterranean. The foreigners manage to save money no matter how small their wages; and the reason is plain. The English-speaking miner has a brood of children to dress and educate; he takes pride in the appearance of the little house he lives in; he wants his wife to be nicely dressed on Sunday; he enjoys seeing a game of base-ball or a good old-fashioned melodrama; and he likes to take his whole family to dances and picnics and other merrymakings. In brief, the old hands are under expenses similar to those of skilled laborers elsewhere; and while they receive from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars per day, yet for a number of years they have had work only four or five days per week, and many a month they have

averaged not more than fifteen working days.

But with the foreigner the case is different. The first purchase made by Slovak or Polack is a revolver, by Italian or Sicilian a stiletto; then the newcomer buys a silver watch; and after that is secured he begins to save money. If the Slovak or Polack is particularly thrifty, he postpones purchasing a revolver for several months, and carries in one pocket a round, hard stone large enough to crush a man's skull, and in another a piece of iron filched from the colliery scrap-heap. The Italian or Sicilian too poor or too penurious to afford a stiletto buys, begs, or steals a long file, and sits down in his shanty or by the roadside, with two or three stones, and grinds it to a keen edge and a needle-like point. Then he fastens the blunt end in a corn-cob, and has ready for use a weapon of no mean possibilities. Once armed, however, and provided with a watch, the foreigner manages to live at a total expense of about six dollars a month—and this may be regarded as a liberal estimate in most instances. The remainder of his wages is saved toward the purchase of a vineyard or a farm in the old country, whither almost all expect to return and spend their lives. Speaking generally, when a group of immigrants bring hither their wives and children it is a favorable indication. Many thousands from



BIG MARY'S HUSBAND. (POLE.)



A HUN.

Mediterranean ports, who are now settled in American cities, have their families with them; and the men and boys keep fruit-stands, repair shoes, and work as barbers or at other trades. While it is not to be expected that all the adults will learn our language or understand our scheme of government, yet their children are almost sure to become Americanized. But the undesirable ones whom we are now considering are the hordes swarming through the mining regions, and elsewhere in localities offering opportunity for hard labor. These have accepted without a murmur cut after cut in the scale of wages, until tens of thousands of English-speaking men are driven away from life-long associations or are reduced to poverty.

More than one half the total number of immigrants into the United States are coming from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Poland, and Russia. While official statistics are not available, yet careful investigation leads to the belief that perhaps fifty or sixty per cent. of arrivals from the countries mentioned have had no regular occupation, while possibly thirty per cent. may have been servants or laborers. Five years ago the Rev. Mr. Maujerie, himself an Italian, in company with the writer made a tour of observation through the Lehigh region of Pennsylvania, and stated that in his opinion the Italians working there were about three centuries behind Am-

ericans in their standards of living—that is, in their ideas as to food, clothing, shelter, wages, work, and general intelligence. Since that time there has been no improvement in the class of immigrants arriving at our ports.

While we have been talking over these matters, however, the foreigners have walked from our colliery village to the nearest town, where their money has been deposited; and after having swallowed a few potions of beer, wine, or liquor, they have started homeward. If there is a short cut through the woods, the women carefully remove their shoes and carry them when they leave the public road, for shoe-leather costs money and must be cared for. Before sundown brewery wagons appear in or near the village, and the «boarding boss» of each shanty purchases a supply of beer or liquor to last over Sunday. This «boarding boss,» by the way, corresponds to the host of a small hotel in that he buys all food needed, and when pay-day comes each of the boarders contributes an equal amount to recompense him. Sometimes the «boss» has a wife to cook the food and look out for the safety of the little trunks or large valises of the boarders while they are at work during the day. If the «boss» has no wife in this country, he attends to the cooking.

When the mines have been working three-quarter or full time, so that a large sum is distributed on pay-day, the coal-and-iron

police, and the superintendent of the nearest hospital, make ready for a busy time, particularly if they hear of a wedding or a christening to be celebrated. It is not at all unusual for such a celebration to last five or six days, and at least one murder is expected to occur as a matter of course. This statement may be regarded as somewhat exaggerated, but it is made in all seriousness. One Easter Monday, a few years ago, I happened to be in a mining town, and the police reported that during twenty-four hours previous five or six men had been found dead within a radius of a few miles, and the supposition was that all had been murdered. But there is a general saying among these immigrants from Austria-Hungary: «Dead Hunk no good. Save the living!» and the officers knew there would be little use in «loading the county down with the expense of a lot of murder trials.» Once the writer served as a juror at a coroner's inquest held over the body of a Slovak who had been killed at a dance. After supper, following pay-day, a dozen boarders had formed a circle around a bucket containing a vile, poisonous liquor called *polinki*. The shanty must have been crowded, but there was room for a lamp, and,

in one corner, for an old fellow who dragged unmusical sounds from an ancient accordeon. The boarders danced first on one foot and then on the other, much as do some of the Indians; and they sang their barbaric songs, and became gloriously drunk by reason of the fiery *polinki*. All the testimony, barring that of the boss, was to the effect that a free fight resulted, during which the man found dead had been knocked down and kicked in the head, and then thrown out of doors into the woods. Every one of the boarders swore that the victim was a brother of the boss; but that gentleman denied any relationship whatever, in order to save funeral expenses of ten dollars! Great difficulty was experienced, by the way, in having the testimony translated. Deputy Coroner Buckley or the foreman of the jury would ask a question of an interpreter, who would turn it from English into Hungarian; and then a second interpreter would retranslate it from Hungarian into the dialect spoken by the witnesses, who could understand little more of their national tongue than of English. Thus there were four translations before the jurors could obtain an answer to any question, and a careful examination of witnesses was simply out of the question.



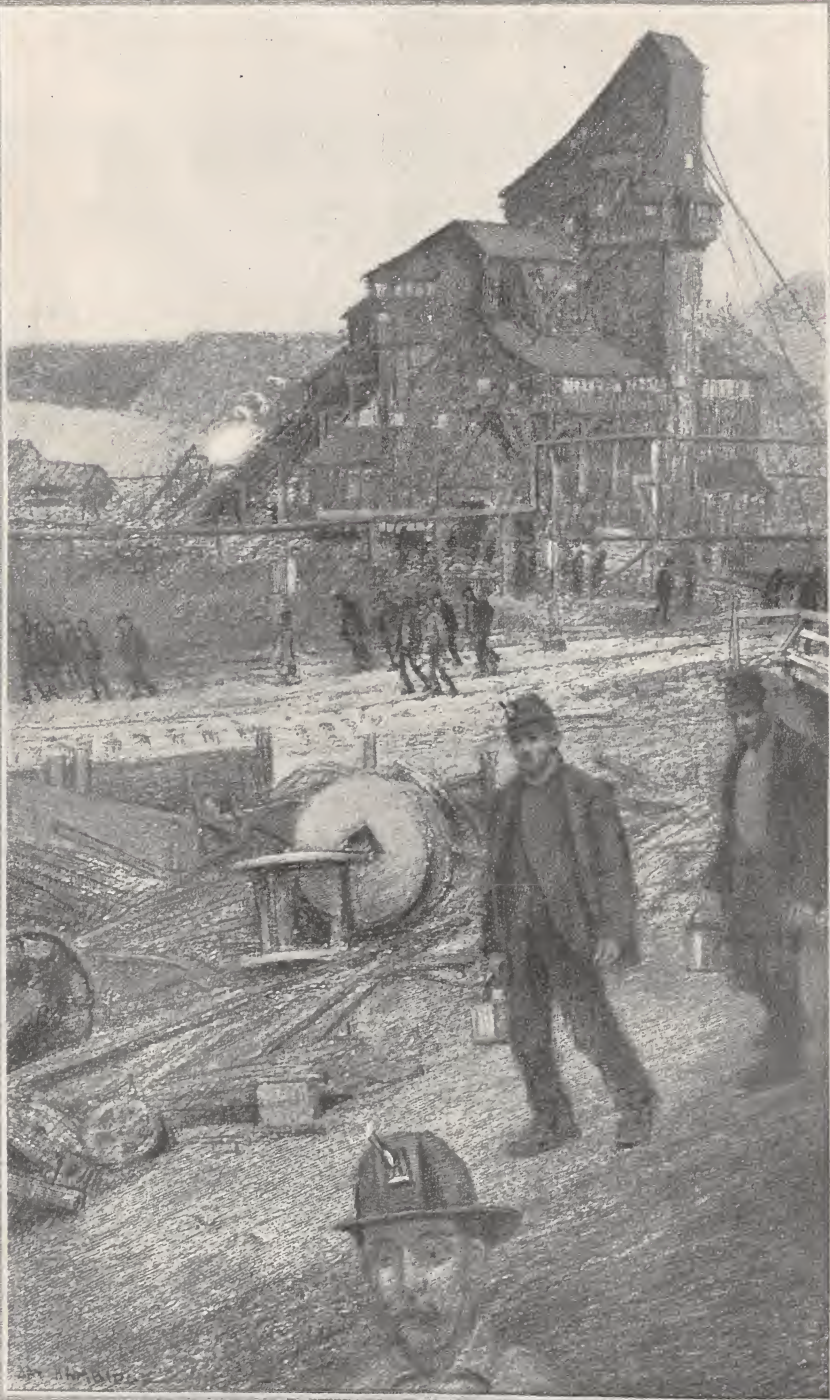
MAIN STREET OF LATTIMER, PENNSYLVANIA. THE SCENE OF THE ATTACK ON THE DEPUTIES, SEPTEMBER 10, 1897.
Vol. IV.—103.

If a wedding among the Italians occurs during the evening of pay-day in our mining-patch, the celebration is begun with a feast at about sundown. But it is not possible to relate accurately the incidents which follow the banquet—that is, until reports reach the police concerning a general fight. I never knew an English-speaking person who possessed fortitude or recklessness sufficient to enable him to be present at such an event. If the usual program is carried out, however, somebody brings news into the nearest town, on Sunday, of a «Hike butchery,» with one or more killed or fatally wounded. Then the deputy coroner gathers his jurors, and they proceed to the scene, and, after calling upon available witnesses, bring in «the usual verdict»—that such and such a man came to his death at the hands of a person, or persons, unknown. Meanwhile the police have arrested half a dozen men and women, who are taken before a justice of the peace for examination; and each of the suspected produces witnesses, living in towns ten or twenty miles distant, who swear that the accused was visiting there while the fight was in progress. It would have delighted the soul of Mr. Weller could he have foreseen the ease with which Italian mine laborers in Pennsylvania arrange an alibi that simply cannot be disproved in nine cases out of ten. It must not be forgotten, however, that in too many instances the foreigners have been made victims of extortion by justices of the peace and by certain constables who have practised a system productive of large revenues to themselves. By this is meant the plan of fining every person brought into such subordinate local court, prosecutors and defendants alike, and even witnesses for both sides. And a significant fact, in this connection, is that in the Lehigh region at least, where the foreigners preponderate, one or two men for years have been in the habit of paying ninety per cent. of the fines for Italians under judgment of the police justices' courts. These leaders among the Italians have never explained why they furnish money for the fines of their fellow-countrymen; but of course the fact that they do so, and the ease with which alibis are «proved,» indicate the existence of a secret society formed for the express purpose of assisting members when accused of crime. Belief in such secret organization, by the way, is general among those who have to do with police work in the mining-patches of the Lehigh region; and the existence of such a society was proved, at least negatively, as long ago

as July, 1891, by Mr. A. E. Watrous, then of the «New York Herald» staff, who came to the locality mentioned, at the request of the writer, and made careful investigation of the matter.

As a rule, the foreigners in the anthracite fields have been content until recently to labor for very low wages without a protest; to huddle in shanties like so many domestic animals; to eat half-spoiled vegetables and fruits that could not be sold to English-speaking people. They care nothing about acquiring our language, and do not associate with the old hands for obvious reasons; they have their own churches and amusements and weekly newspapers; and, until the summer just passed, they never had an idea of engaging in a general strike. It is within the bounds of reasonable belief to state that the terrible affair at Lattimer, Pennsylvania, on September 10, 1897, never would have occurred had not English-speaking labor agitators aroused the immigrants to a frenzy because of alleged «wrongs.» The ignorant, hulking Slovaks and Polacks, and the brawny, cunning Italians, who formed the mobs, would not have thought of raiding through the lower end of Luzerne County had it not been for politicians and agitators. But when once started on the war-path,—the word is used advisedly,—nothing could stop the rioters, except a volley from Winchester rifles in the hands of Sheriff James Martin's posse of deputies. Five times in four days had this brave officer risked his life by reading the riot act to mobs; and he was reading it for the sixth time when he was disarmed, knocked down, and trampled upon. Then his deputies fired, shooting fifty of the mob, twenty-two of whom have died. And this sheriff and his assistants are undergoing trial for murder or manslaughter because they performed their sworn duty!

The problem of enacting and enforcing laws which will keep undesirable immigrants out of this country in the future is a grave one, for there is no prospect that their numbers will decrease. There is no doubt that the future immigrants from southern Europe will drive out of other employments requiring hard labor American, German, Scandinavian, and British workmen, who must earn good wages, and who cannot compete with Slovak, Polack, or Italian in the problem of cheap living. At present an honest, industrious, but impecunious family may be refused admittance, while a group of anarchists may enter if each has in his pocket ten dollars or more. Of course it is impossible to detect more than



A BREAKER AT LATTIMER.

This is the breaker on which the striking miners were marching when they were fired upon by the sheriff's deputies.

a very few criminals among the crowds of immigrants who pass through our ports of entry, when steamers arrive with heavy steerage lists. Yet I once heard an officer connected with the service testify before a congressional committee that he was able to recognize by their general appearance almost all the crimi-

leaders of national influence, and to the Immigration Restriction League, with headquarters in Boston, the present secretary of which is Mr. Prescott Hall. But much remains to be done.

This question of restricting immigration in the future, moreover, is scarcely of greater



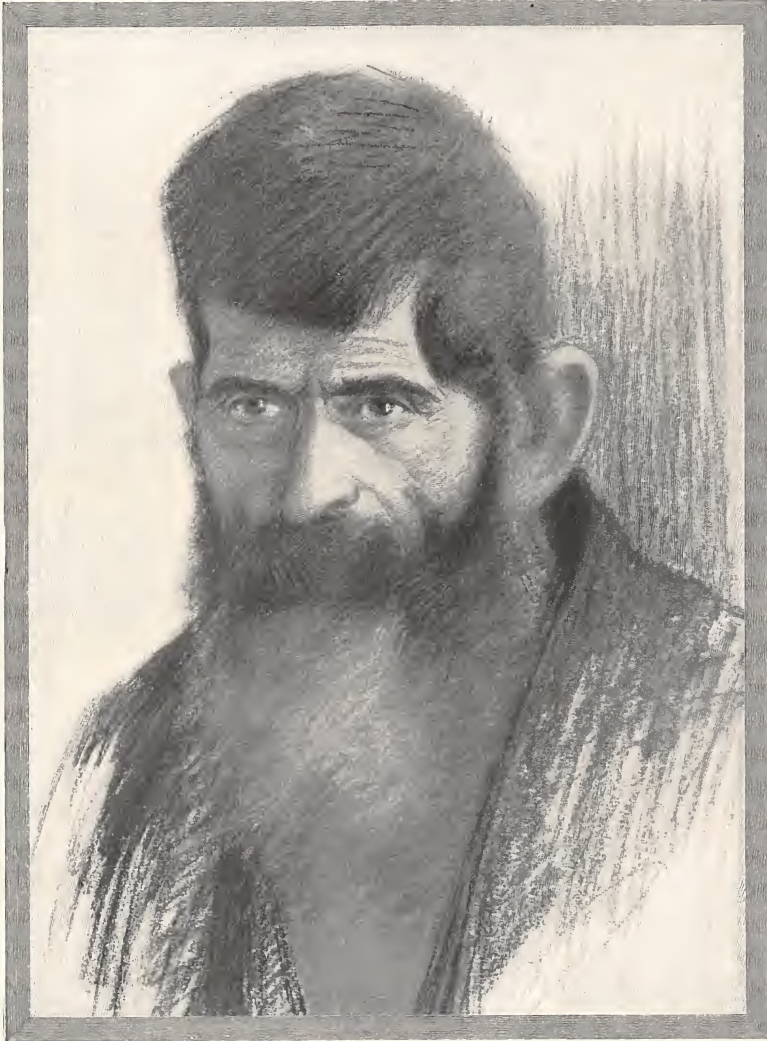
BIG MARY. (POLE.)

nals who sought to enter; and he was surprised to see that some of the congressmen present smiled as if a little incredulous. The fact is that for many years certain leaders of various parties would not permit the enactment of stringent laws restricting immigration, fearing, doubtless, that they might shut out thousands who could be induced to join this or that political organization. A beginning has been made, thanks to a few patriotic

importance than the question of handling the thousands and thousands of illiterate, undesirable men now here and scattered in colonies throughout the country. They are here—there is no denying that fact; and in communities where they have congregated closely the foreign vote is so heavy that the various nationalities are «recognized in the deal» when municipal, township, or county officers are to be elected.

About 143,000 young men and women are registered as students in the colleges and universities of the United States. Of these, 35,000 are debarred, by reason of the accident of sex, from casting ballots in general; and of the 108,000 young men, a very large proportion are debarred likewise, because

nothing for our country, except as a place wherein to make money; who long for the day to come when they may return home, there to pass the remainder of their days, exempt, by reason of their naturalization here, from restrictions, taxes, etc.; who believe firmly in witchcraft, and are content to eat and sleep



A FACTOR IN THE PROBLEM. (ITALIAN.)

under twenty-one years of age. A vote of the English-speaking man who reads these words will carry no more weight in deciding the destinies of our nation than the ballot cast by any one of thousands of foreigners who have become naturalized citizens as a matter of business; who care

and fight among themselves, like so many half-domesticated animals.

The Mediterranean shores have sent us many good citizens; but I have yet to meet one of them who fails to regret the presence here of the hordes of undesirables who have swarmed hither year after year.

II.—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE COLLIERY REGION.

BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

NEWS of an attempted assassination the previous night, and the sight of a dozen loaded Winchesters leaning against a wall in the company's office, were a part of my introduction to the colliery town.

D—— is the foreman of a «night gang» at work on the new canal. He had seen a figure coming toward him down the track shortly after midnight, and had held his lantern up to get a look at the stranger's face. When only a few steps away, the man had opened fire, and two bullets whistled uncomfortably close to the startled foreman's head. The would-be assassin escaped.

So D—— is a marked man. He had acted as a deputy sheriff during the strike of a few weeks before, when about fifty miners had felt the lead of rifles; and now he walks about with a furtive look in his eyes, and the consciousness that the hands of men are against him.

The clerks at work on the great books in the office were deputies, too. They sit on their high stools, and add and count and write; but the Winchesters are with them. An officer of the company picks up one of the guns, and I fancy there is somewhat of affection in his manner as he strokes the gravel-scratched butt of the weapon.

«It's a great gun,» he says, partly to himself; «sixteen shots.»

The clerks speak to a man who has just entered the office, and who carries both his arms in big slings of white muslin, which give him the appearance of having wings. It is explained that he was the only deputy injured during the recent fight. A bullet had pierced both his arms as he was in the act of sighting his rifle. He shows his fellows a large blister on one of his hands, where the doctor had been burning it with a bottle of hot water to see if feeling was returning to the paralyzed member.

«Do you think it would be safe for me to go out to-night?» inquires one of the men of another. «My brother-in-law is one of the cast of the company giving the show over in the town, and I'd like to go.»

«Well, you know one of the men was followed the other night,» is the answer. «Still, you live pretty close to the trolley-line.»

«I guess I'll go; but I'll have a gun in both pockets.»

The office of the company is close to No. 1 coal-breaker, and from the windows of the

superintendent's room I see the «strippings,» great holes in the ground where the earth has been removed to get the anthracite out in wholesale quantities. The rattling of the chains of the giant steam-shovels is audible, and with the sound comes the «who-er» of shunting switch-engines, the shrill screech of whistles about the works, and the intermittent boom, boom of exploding dynamite. Word comes in that a man has just been killed at a point not two hundred yards from where I stand. A premature explosion had torn his entire chest away. I hear no comment but the mere mention of the fact. Later in the day, one workman asks another if the man is dead. «I think he is,» is the reply, «for I saw his little girl coming from school crying.»

Truly this is a land where life is held cheap. Constant familiarity with powerful forces makes the men fearless of danger and calous to suffering. A death from violence is noted to-day, but to-morrow it is a fact remote, and is recalled by association of idea with some other incident. The miners buy high explosives at the company's store, for use in their work in the mines, with the same freedom with which they purchase staples of life. Nearly all of the many men working in the strippings use powder; and when a charge is ready for ignition the man firing the blast is supposed to warn his fellows, and they dodge behind boulders or any other protection which may be convenient. But the constant crying of alarms, if heeded, would make the miners' work an incessant act of dodge and duck. So they grow careless, and risk the consequences. The result is frequent deaths, also frequent losses of arms, legs, or hands, and injuries to eyesight and hearing.

The superintendent of the company courteously offers me the service of a guide to the settlement of foreign laborers in the mines. Schleppy is the man. He is called a timekeeper, but he is also an adept in the detection of crime. Some of the feats he has accomplished in ferreting out the acts of crafty evil-doers would rouse the envy of the keenest sleuths of the cities. He understands enough of every language spoken in the coal-region, I am told, to converse with any of the foreigners. «I've just sent a (Hunk) for a horse,» says Schleppy; and in season the horse arrives. Not a likely-look-

ing beast; but it is a long distance to No. 2, and Schleppey has recently been shot through the foot, so any conveyance is better than a walk for him.

The homes of the workers in the mines who live in No. 2 are scattered over a hillside which is of a raw reddish color from the dead leaves of the scrub-oak partly concealing it. Portions of gray and yellow mud show here and there. The roadway is black, the mine buildings are black, the culm-piles are black, and the houses are black. The

bright black eyes, yells familiarly to him: «Hello, Schleppey!» I remark on the evident good will of the men.

«Well, you see,» says he, «I have n't been out among them much since the shooting, so I can't tell exactly how deep the feeling runs. It looks all right on the surface, but it's an unknown quantity below.»

At the entrance to the road leading into the patch we meet the company butcher returning from his afternoon delivery of meat to the miners' homes. Both wagons stop,



AN ITALIAN QUARTER OR «PATCH.»

somber-looking houses in the foreground are of the better class, and like those on each side of the main street of the town,—company houses they are,—while back of them is a hazy-looking mass with many poles sticking out of it and sharply defined against the sky. This hazy mass, Schleppey says, is the «patch.» In one place a large wooden cross shows clear and distinct. It is what we have come to see.

Schleppey seems to be a favorite with the workers we meet, for he is greeted everywhere with apparent good-natured nods and words of salutation. An Italian youngster of ten or so, with an intelligent look in his

while Schleppey greets the butcher, and remarks: «I saw the ——» (mentioning the name of a local paper); «and that was a pretty stiff roast you got.»

«Yes; I heard about it. Did it say I killed the dog?»

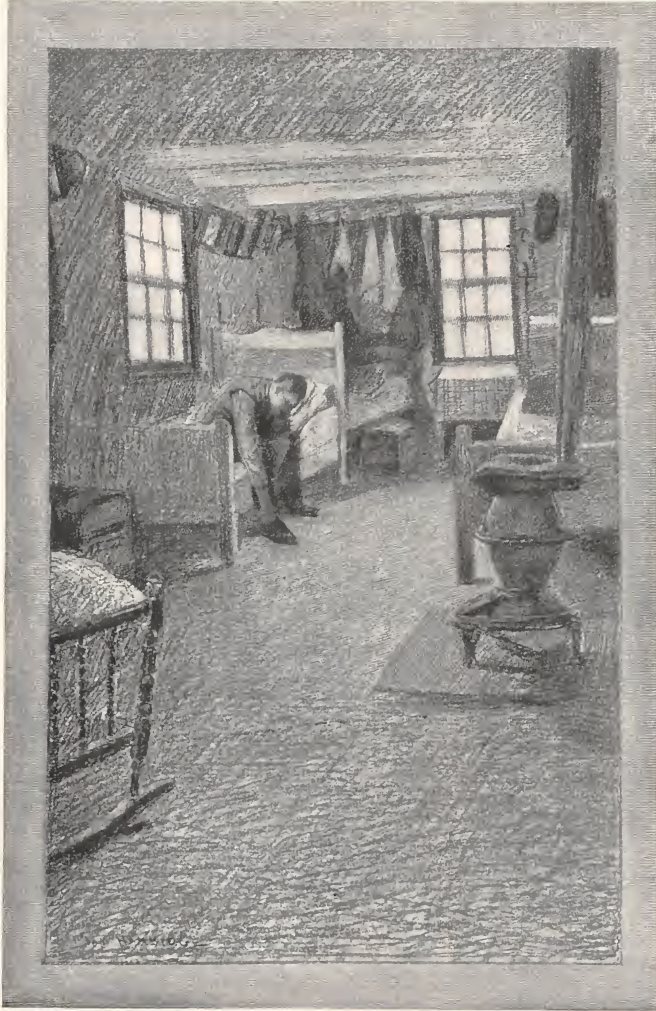
«Yes; says you brained it with your cleaver.»

Both laugh, and as we drive on Schleppey explains that the company is the object of frequent attack by the local press. In this instance the butcher was accused of killing a dog, which had stolen a piece of meat from the shop, with the cleaver which he used to cut his customers' meat.

The roadway is a mere lane, and as we leave the level, the boulders and stones are so thick that passage is difficult.

The regular company house is a square structure built of raw lumber, which the weather and coal-dust have stained a dirty brown, and which from a distance takes a

narrower and more crooked than the one we have just traversed. It leads into the patch, and up this lane we drive. Then up another lane, more tangled than the last; and this is the principal street of a settlement of the queerest structures, some of them not much larger than dog-kennels. There is no sewage



A ROOM IN WHICH FOURTEEN LIVE.

general tone of black, relieved only by the clear sky above. The fences about the little plots of ground attached to each house are constructed in a haphazard way. Some of the boards are horizontal, others perpendicular, while others, again, shoot out at every imaginable angle, the whole forming about as incongruous a mixture as one can well imagine.

The company houses in No. 2 are few, and we are soon at the opening of a lane much

system, and the alley is the dumping-ground for all offal. At every few steps of this winding, reeking way are little openings leading into other passageways, not much wider than will permit a man to walk through. This is a place to be described by metes and bounds and degrees of instruments, and to do it would tax the ingenuity of the best of surveyors. Can you read character from handiwork? If so, this would be a place to practise your art. Each little house, with the

boxes, cubby-holes, and fences about it, has been built by the man who lives in it. And he is a laborer, a struggler for mere existence, not deft in the use of tools, nor with an eye for the symmetrical, nor with an appreciation for anything beyond the most primal facts of living. The roofs of the buildings slant at all angles, with no two sides of the same length or deflection. One portion will have eaves, while its companion will scorn the luxury. The same incongruity prevails everywhere. Some of the small openings used for windows are high, while others are low. One door will open in, and another out. The hinges have evidently come from the company scrap-pile, and the staples and latches and locks from the same source. Some of the roofs have shingles, others weather-boards, while others are formed of great pieces of rusty sheet-iron.

And the dogs and the pigs and the goats—the little alleys seem alive with them. Children, too, are plentiful. The boys—sharp-eyed, intelligent-looking youngers—strut a good deal, with their hands in their pockets and their shoulders stooped, in mimicry of their fathers. The little girls drudge early. We see one of them coming up an alley, carrying two large pails of water which she has filled from the settlement well in front of the church. It is this church that bears the cross which we saw from the distance. The child does not appear to be over six years of age, yet the burden she carries would be enough for one three times her years. This is the first evidence—of which we see more later—of the woman as the animal, the chattel, the thing to be possessed for its usefulness, as a piece of furniture, a cow, or a mule. A little later in life (not much later—six years is enough) this mite of a child will be, not married, but given and taken in marriage; and the certificate from the priest will be to her husband as a bill of sale—documentary evidence of possession.

From the windows of the shanties we see faces as we go along, and are aware of many eyes peering at us from behind cracks of doors and other openings. The curiosity of the «Hike» Schleppy says, is as keen as that of the monkey. «They'll be wondering what we are looking for.»

Some of the little girls we see are not uncomely. One, I notice, has auburn hair and blue eyes. She is carrying the usual burden of water, and greets my guide as pleasantly as did the men and boys about the mines below.

«What percentage of these children attend school?» I ask.

«One hundred,» answers Schleppy; «and they are bright, and learn fast.»

Here, then, is hope.

There is one special object of curiosity in the patch, I am told, and Schleppy guides me readily to it. It is a painted house, but differs not materially from the other houses, save that at some time it has received a coat of coloring. The present occupant is the widow of a victim of a dynamite explosion. Now she is supported by the company. Her account at the store is never closed. This pension system, I find, is practised in many instances; and it is a feature of the relation between the coal-mining company and the worker which is seldom noticed.

In front of Johnny Claypotts's house we see a wagon from a brewery. Two men standing beside it hold an uncorked bottle in their hand, and with many nods and winks invite us to partake. Claypotts is a Hungarian, and to-morrow there is to be a christening at his shanty. On a visit, next day, I counted a dozen kegs of beer, several dozen bottles of the same beverage, several gallons of whisky, many boxes of a cheap brand of cigar, and a case of «soft» drinks. The baby, the innocent object of the demonstration, is stored out of the way in an outhouse while the participants in the festivities hold high carnival in the house itself. Schleppy tells me that Johnny is anxious to convince the company that the christening is to be a very quiet affair; but the company thinks his anxiety on this score is prompted by fear that he will have to pay for the attendance of a coal-and-iron policeman.

«Big Mary» is for a time the object of our search, and we finally find her cleaning a goose for her Sunday dinner. Mary is by far the most forcible and picturesque character in all the mining region. In her peculiar way she is a queen, and rules things with a high hand. During the strike Mary was the most troublesome of all the foreigners. No professional agitator had half the force for mischief that this woman exerted. One day she led seventy-five women of the patch in a charge on the troops. At that time these amazons were armed with clubs and pieces of scrap-iron, and they stopped only when they felt the bayonets of the immovable line of soldiery. One would not imagine her such a character from the smiling greeting she gave us. With her husband, she keeps a sort of boarding-house for

other miners; and in the living-room of the shanty were seven beds and eight trunks. Probably from twelve to fifteen men occupy the same room with this man, his wife, and daughter, a large-boned girl of fourteen. The girl, like the mother, was named Mary; in fact, all the Hungarian women I found were of that name. Young Mary was much taken with the picture-making, and stood, an interested spectator, one bare foot resting on the other.

"Mary," commanded the mother, in a tone of imperious command, "go to work!"

"No," said Mary.

"No?" repeated her mother, with a tinge of menace and a reach for a big strap hanging behind the stove. But Mary suddenly vanished from the room. A moment later she came back, stole one arm around her mother's neck, and kissed her.

Over each of the beds in the room hang pictures of the crucifixion, the Virgin, and patron saints. In one of the frames is a card bearing the Lord's prayer, printed in English. The family are Polanders, and have little proficiency in the use of any language but their own—save, however, as shown in the handling of English oaths; but this is a common accomplishment in the mining district, and the property of all foreigners, from the lisping child up.

In a bed at one end of the room two men are sleeping with their clothes on. They work on the "night shift" in the mines, and sleep during the day. These men belong to the class which was most active during the strike. Mary the mother rattles along in a conversation with her husband and daughter, her talk being well punctuated with profanity. Suddenly she turns to me with a demand to know if I eat meat on Friday. I answer in the affirmative. "Jesus kill you some day," she says, and laughs.

The amazon loves her husband, she asserts, and the affection is evidently mutual, for as he passes her from time to time, he says some pleasant word or pats her cheek. They have been married thirty years, and the daughter Mary is the only living one of ten children. "When I 'way from my man I cry all time, and when he 'way from me he cry all time," is the way the woman puts it. In all their years of married life he had never once struck her.

This is the woman who has the reputation of being a veritable tigress. The men in the mining company's offices are afraid of her, and give her a wide berth. The trolley-car conductors tremble when she hails a car,

and not one of them has ever been known to collect a fare from her except when she felt disposed to pay. She has a contempt for American women. They are not strong, she says, and cannot work in the fields. The food they eat is too sweet; they would be better off if they ate sour soup and sour cabbage.

In the high altitude of the mining region the weather is extremely variable. A howling snow-storm suddenly sweeps down the valley from the northwest, and the thermometer will drop twenty or thirty degrees in an hour or so. Without Balenski's shanty the storm is furious. The snow is already three inches deep, and the wind is blowing more vigorously every moment. It is warm enough within. In the dingy room a small iron stove, filled to overflowing with "company coal," is heated to a degree which approaches the melting-point, and the temperature is that of a Turkish bath-room. Three men of the "night shift" are sleeping in one of the four small beds. Within the narrow limit they lie "spoon fashion," all their clothes on except their boots and stockings. Six great bare feet stick out from beneath the cheap quilt which is spread over them. In this small room fourteen men live. Sometimes the number is increased to twenty. There is one woman. She is now bending over a cradle, tenderly crooning a lullaby of the fatherland to a sleeping baby.

On a trunk in the corner a man sits, laboriously picking out the words in a Slavic primary spelling-book. The woman is Balenski's wife. The man is a boarder, and a different-looking chap from those sleeping in the bed. He wears a collar and a gay-colored necktie, and shoes instead of boots. His clothes are carefully brushed, his hair is combed, and his face cleanly shaved. His manner is suave and oily, and his disposition evidently that to please. A year before he had eloped with the woman. At the time the incident caused some talk in the patch, but now is apparently forgotten, and both of them are living with the injured husband. He probably was glad to have the woman return. She is strong and vigorous, and without her the shanty had received scant attention, and its desirability as a boarding-place consequently suffered. Now the room is swept, food is cooking on the stove, and great loaves of bread are baking in the stone oven in the yard.

The man wants to get a job again in the mines. Would Schleppey speak to the boss?

Ignorance and superstition are apparent in every question asked. They had been warned

that the stranger would take away their pictures of the Virgin and the saints. A good deal of explanation and strong language from Schleppey finally restores confidence, and the man talks. His English vocabulary is limited, but gestures express his meaning, and in a measure we understand each other. The big city must be a fine place, he thinks. Do they have stone churches there? Plank churches are bad, and there are none but plank churches at the mines. And factories are plentiful off in the East? He would like to work in a factory. He explains all this to the woman, and they talk together in their patois, and shake their heads. How much would he have to pay in the city for a suit of clothes such as he was wearing, and flour, and potatoes, and coffee? The company store is high-priced, he says, and he could even buy many things cheaper in a neighboring town; these necessities must be very cheap in the great city.

During the conversation the door opens, and a young girl from a neighboring shanty comes timidly in. I turn to look. Her hair is as tousled as a bird's nest, and her dress, apparently the only garment she has on, is old and torn. Her feet are bare, and she brings into the room a quantity of snow on them, which the warm air quickly melts and forms into pools on the rough board floor.

It is but a step from Balenski's shanty to the shanty, or rather shanties, of Walley Morfeano, another Polander. This individual is the speculator and moneyed man of the settlement. As soon as a foreign workman makes preparation to leave the place, either to return to the old country or to move to another mine, Morfeano buys his house, with the right to pay the company fifty cents a month for the use of the grounds. By this practice he has gradually secured the rental privilege of a large number of shanties, and in a place where any sort of shelter is at a premium he gets whatever price he may charge for their use. To the house which he built himself when he first came to the mines he has added others, until the structure now looks like a great black worm. And living with him he has eight families, with their relatives—some sixty persons in all!

John J— was a «fiery Hun» after I had made a sketch of him and he realized what the polite request to sit still a short time meant. He stamped up and down the floor like an angry bull. It was a «blank shame,» he belowed; and his broken English enabled me to understand that the shame consisted in making an honest workman sit still while a

lot of foolishness was being played upon him.

John has n't a very prepossessing face. His heavy jaw, coarse skin, and piercing eyes have little suggestion of a gentle nature. The general character of the Hungarian as he is found in the mining region is summed up in him. With a sturdiness of physical force there is combined a stupid stubbornness that makes him almost unapproachable.

Six weeks previous, this man had his right hand so shattered by an explosion of dynamite that it required amputation. Now he is at work again, with the stump bandaged and tied in black oil-cloth, using high explosives with apparently the same freedom as before.

«Are n't you afraid you will get injured again?» I ask.

«No,» he growls; «me no afraid.»

The marching army of striking miners that advanced upon Lattimer on September 10 was composed almost entirely of Huns and Polanders. These foreign workers are now organized and members of a labor union. A superintendent of one of the mines was returning from a trip of inspection at a neighboring mine the day before the shooting occurred, and saw a mob of five hundred or more of these men standing in front of a school-house, with their right hands raised, solemnly taking the oath of allegiance to an organization.

Through one of the narrowest, most crooked, and dirtiest of the small passages we pick our way to the home of the shoemaker of the patch. Ganoro Volco works in the mines in the daytime, and in the evenings mends his neighbors' foot-gear. He is a small man, but there is a look in his eye which, once seen, cannot readily be forgotten. As I sat in front of him, and received the full force of his steady, penetrating gaze, I wondered if I could put it on paper. All the other markings of his features seemed to be lost. He appeared not to wink once, and the cunning of the craftsman was strong upon him.

While others of the miners would take the visit of a stranger with stolid indifference, Ganoro evinced the greatest curiosity in the implements of workmanship, asked pointed questions, and seemed to consider the methods as well as the accomplishment. Then, too, came reminiscences of Italy. I spoke of Michelangelo.

«Buonarroti,» he added.

Raphael, he said, was the great glory of his country; and Leonardo, Perugino, Fra

Angelico—he mentioned all of them as he sat on his low bench and pulled pieces of leather out of a bucket in which they had been soaking. A shoe, he said, when made by hand,—and though he could n't express himself clearly in English, I understood,—reflected the character of the maker, and, according to the strength or weakness of that character, was good or bad, and in such measure was art. The same article made by machinery—a shrug of his small shoulders.

OUR winding lane through the slums of the mining town ends, and we are upon the hill in the rear of the shanties. About us are scattered stockaded inclosures suggestive of frontier forts, minus the blockhouses. These are the gardens of the miners, and in season produce potatoes and other vegetables; but the work of tillage must be heavy,

for the ground is exceedingly stony. Down below us, we see the valley of the shadow, lurid and depressing. Coal-breakers rear their great tops at intervals as far as one can see. Sinister and ominous, these giant structures of men suggest great behemoths of the waters under the earth which have forced themselves through the black openings visible in the strippings, and are sniffing inquiringly for the cause of the disturbance which has led to their unleashing.

Ten yards from where we stand is the crest of the hill, and from it, toward the north, a fertile valley reaches forth, and is bounded only by the horizon. It is one of the most beautiful and productive vales in all the great State of Pennsylvania. Behind us, despair, ignorance, strife, and struggle for mere existence; before us, the beautiful valley seems a land of infinite promise.

COAL IS KING.

I.—THE ADVANTAGE OF ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES IN THE WORLD'S COMMERCE.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

IT will be remarked that the deposits of anthracite are found in very mountainous regions. The difference between this hard and what are called the soft coals was explained to me by the late Professor William B. Rogers. When the contraction of the earth's surface took place by which the mountain regions of Pennsylvania and a few other parts of the Carboniferous series were formed, these mountains were thrown up, turned over and twisted in such a manner as to cause the materials of vegetable origin of which coal is formed to become coked, or partly coked, under extreme pressure. It is due to that pressure and accompanying heat that the anthracite coals are hard and virtually free from bitumen; while, under other conditions, the bituminous or semibituminous coals are soft and more friable, containing more bituminous element. In some other parts of the earth's surface where coal is found, the so-called brown coals and lignites have not been subjected to the measure of heat under pressure sufficient to convert them into true coal.

It will be remarked that the use of coal in the production of iron and steel displaced charcoal, except for special products, about

a century ago. The blast-furnace was first applied to the conversion of ore into iron in Great Britain, where the bituminous coals were worked. It was held for a very long period that the anthracite or hard coals could not be applied in this art. The late Mr. Thomas of the Thomas Iron Company, a Welshman who came to this country many years ago, was the first to apply anthracite coal successfully to the production of iron. For a long period iron made with anthracite coal exceeded all other kinds in quantity. Then followed the coking process, and the conversion of ore into iron with raw coal, and iron into steel with coke, the latter being necessary in the finer forms of steel production.

It may here be remarked that the Bessemer process of making steel has created a revolution in the railway service almost equal to that which ensued from the invention of the locomotive engine. This process was long held by Great Britain, resulting in an excess of production above that of all other countries. That first place is now lost, first on account of the approximate exhaustion of the ores near Bilbao in Spain, which are the only ores near British furnaces suitable for

this product; and, second, on account of the rapidly increasing cost of mining the types of bituminous coals which can be converted into coke. The English mines are now being worked at a depth of over two thousand feet, the coal lying in horizontal veins from two to three feet thick, where the work must be done at a temperature exceeding 100° F. On the other hand, the rapid development of high-grade ores suitable for the production of Bessemer metal, and the opening of very extensive mines of the best coking coal lying in a region above the necessity of drainage, and capable of being worked at high wages and yet at the lowest possible cost, has transferred what may be called the dominion of iron and steel from Europe to this country. Hence it happened that the portentous event of this decade is the future and probable permanent control of the production of iron and steel by this country.

The power of Great Britain in mechanism, manufacturing, and the mechanic arts, giving to her the control of commerce for nearly a century, has rested mainly upon her supremacy in the production of iron and steel. It has now passed to the greater branch of the English-speaking people dwelling in the United States. Thus it has come about that the two great branches of the English-speaking people, politically separated by the misconceptions of a small faction which governed England during the latter part of the last century, are becoming more and more reunited through their interdependence. Their wants and their supplies are the complement of each other. The people of the British Empire are our chief customers for the excess of our food, and for our fibers, and may presently become our chief customers for our excess of iron and steel; while, on the other hand, their advantages of position, and their freedom of commerce with every part of the world, enable them to supply us with many goods which we want. It may presently fall to the English-speaking people of the two great branches and the lesser members throughout the world to make this commercial reunion one of such a nature that, while their commerce may increase to the benefit of every branch, their power will become such that, in the face of their competition, other nations must disarm or starve.

The power of manufacturing nations to supply the increasing wants of non-machine-using countries is in ratio to their possession of iron ores and coal of easy access, workable at high rates of wages and low cost of

production. These advantages are possessed in paramount measure by the United States. The power of working crude metals into finished forms is possessed in greatest measure by the United States and Great Britain combined. The possession of anthracite coal in the United States has been an important factor for a long period; but, under existing conditions, the saving of the secondary products from coke-ovens and iron-furnaces in which bituminous coal is used is rapidly giving the advantage to the so-called soft coals as compared with the hard for anything but domestic purposes.

The next advantage in the competition of the manufacturing nations is the relative proportion of national taxation. In this matter the United States bears the least burden on the largest relative product. Great Britain comes next. The competing nations of the European continent, notwithstanding the development of their coal and iron in Belgium, Luxemburg, and Germany, will soon become incapable of competition in almost every branch of useful fabrics, under the increasing burden of taxation for the support of the military system, and the destructive influence of militarism and class or dynastic rule. The time is not far distant when the control of commerce, passing more completely than ever to the English-speaking people of the world, will bring them into closer commercial union, each branch maintaining its own form and system of government, but all working together, to the benefit of all who share in the abundance of their products.

We know not what inventions are in store for converting the power of wind and water into heat. We have reason to believe that the conversion of the carbon of coal into power, without waste of light or heat, is close at hand. We have reason to believe that even greater progress will soon be made in the development of energy than any yet applied to the use of mankind. Any one of these great inventions now impending may again alter the conditions of nations; but at present the most potent influence is the control of great supplies of coal, lying near the surface, and subject to ready application to the production of iron and steel. This has given a predominance to this country which nothing but one of the revolutionary inventions hinted at can alter. It should be remembered that the power of Great Britain in the latter part of the last and the early part of the present century, through-

out the great Napoleonic contest, did not consist so much in her ability to put great armed forces into action on land as it did in her control of commerce and the development of her naval power. That development of commerce rested on her paramount control of the production of goods, at the foundation of which are the imperial metals iron and steel. It was through this commerce that Great Britain was enabled to subsidize the forces which in the end prevailed, herself supplying the lesser number of men upon land, but the greater navy.

Bearing these facts in mind, one who possesses the least power of imagination, which

is the prime factor in all the large affairs of life, will readily comprehend the position in which this nation has been placed by its predominance in coal, iron, and steel. It is to the end that, whenever the legal obstructions which close or impede the ways of trade are removed, we shall hold the paramount position in the commerce of the world, by means of which we may carry our abundance to the service of all nations, to their benefit, while realizing, on our own part, the greater benefits of high wages, large earnings, low prices, and adequate profits, in all the products of the field, the forest, the factory, and the mine.

II—THE SUPPLY OF ANTHRACITE COAL IN PENNSYLVANIA.

BY EDWARD W. PARKER, STATISTICIAN, UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

AT the close of 1896 the total shipments from the anthracite fields had aggregated 995,702,345 «long» tons of 2240 pounds each. It is estimated that the amount usually designated as «colliery consumption» together with that consumed locally, averages about ten per cent. of the shipments, so that the production of anthracite coal since 1820, when the first shipments were reported, amounts approximately to 1,100,000,000 long tons. The Coal Waste Commission of Pennsylvania, in its report on the waste in anthracite mining, estimates that for every ton of coal mined for consumption one and one half tons are lost. This loss includes the culm thrown on the dump, and the amount of coal necessarily left in the mine, in the form of pillars for the support of the roof, etc. From this we can estimate the inroads made upon the original coal deposits at 2,750,000,000 long tons.

From careful computations it has been assumed that the original deposits in Pennsylvania contained 19,200,000,000 tons of coal. The rate of production, including colliery consumption, for the last ten years has been at the rate of about 45,000,000 tons per year. It follows, therefore, that the amount of coal now left in the hills is about 16,500,000,000 long tons, which, at the present rate of consumption, and allowing 1½ tons wasted for each ton sold, would last ap-

proximately between 140 and 150 years. The utilization of the smaller sizes of anthracite, and improvements in mining methods, are steadily reducing the percentage of waste, and it is probable that the waste to-day is not more than equal to that of the available tonnage; so that the life of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields, at the present rate of consumption, may be estimated at about 200 years.

In passing upon such a question as this, there are many contingencies that must be considered, and which may upset calculations, no matter how carefully made. Among these are the possible increase in consumption, the development of heating by electricity, through the conversion of power into heat, and the fact that the exhaustion of the mines will be gradual. The probability is that the burning of anthracite coal will not entirely cease inside of 300 years.

In addition to the Pennsylvania anthracite, there are small deposits of hard coal in Colorado and New Mexico, but they are comparatively insignificant. The production from these deposits has not reached 100,000 tons in any year. As to the exhaustion of the boundless bituminous fields in the United States, it may be broadly stated that, before the contingency arrives, the necessity of generating heat by fuel will, in all probability, have passed.





«(YOU KNOW WHAT A JULE IS, DON'T YOU?)»

A CHALLENGE.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERICK DORR STEELE.

ONE day, when all listeners at Hines's store except myself had dropped away, Mr. Pate said:

«I've been tellin' you love-stories too much, and it won't do to be too much confined to one thing or one set o' things. I'm a-now goin' to tell you a fightin' story. You know what a jule is, don't you?»

I had to answer that I did not.

«Well, a jule is when two people gits so distracted mad with one 'nother that they think nothin' 'll satisfy 'em but blood, and they give a channelge, and they git seconds, as they name them that backs 'em up, and they go off some'r's, and they lay off ground, and they give the word, and they blaze away with guns or pischils, as the case might be, and they keep on blazin' away tell one gits kilt, or waounded, or both of 'em acknowledge he's satisfied, and they shake hands, and git friendlier and politer than before they fit.»

«Oh, you mean duels. Yes, sir; I've heard about them.»

«Ah, ha! I thought so. Some calls 'em that, but I calls 'em jules. It make no odds how you name 'em. They used to be ruther common, special' among big high-edicated people like lawyers and politicianers. Farmers and jes common people that were n't

arter no big office was gen'ly satisfied to take it out fist and skull, as the sayin' is; or maybe sometime, when a little feller could n't cope with a big one 'posin' on him, he might draw his stick or his pocket-knife to git ekal. Yit there were one that were a' exception, and I'm a-goin' to tell you about it now.»

I must omit many of the numerous prefatory and other words of the narrator, and tell the story mainly as I heard it from others.

LITTLE Tony Hopper lived in a moderate building, on a moderate farm, with other moderate property, a mile or so north of the village. He was not so very, very little; but you must know that he had a wife who was twice as big as he was, and that was mainly why people called him «Little Tony.» Harmless, peaceable, aware to timidity of his unfitness to contend, especially in conflicts with big men, he was easily imposed upon by any who had the heart for such as that. Everybody liked him, except Tom Hatchett, who dwelt a couple of miles distant, on the farther side of the creek. Big, rough, uncharitable, in general disposed to be overbearing, he liked it not that Tony was a more industrious and successful planter than himself, was more respected outside and more beloved inside of his family. Indeed, it used to be hinted that

when Pussy Winkler took Tony for her husband it was n't because she could not have gotten Tom Hatchett if she had wanted him. Whatever were any peculiar reasons for his conduct, his habit was, behind Tony's back and before his face, to ridicule his littleness, particularly in comparison with his wife.

"It's perfec' ridic'lous," he would say, "for sech a scrumpy scrap of a feller to have a wife of no sort, say nothin' about the one he do have. She's what I call a' extravagant female, to be no richer than what the family

she were monst'ous fond o' Tony, as well might she be. She would of took up the case and made a move long before now, exceptin' she knowed it were obleeged to hurt Tony for it to be talked about that his own wife had to 'fend him from Tom Hatchett. For you see, my son, that wimmin is dilicater things than what men call for, and they know they're expected to be, even when they ain't.

"One day Tony's wife came over to visit my wife; and the minute she got thar she give out that her mainest reason for comin'



«(SOME THINGS SHE COULD N'T TELL ME.)»

call for; when they come to town meetin' Sunday, she let Tony ride a sip'rate horse, when she might hang him acrost the horn of her side-saddle, or, as to that, fetch him in her bag where she have her han'k'cher and her smellin'-vial.»

"Now, sech as that," said Mr. Pate, "might have went for a joke for jes one time, or for even twic't or three times. But albe' Tom Hatchett see how it mortify Tony and cow him down, and he know how it hurt his wife's feelin's, he jes went on worse and worse, tell there were n't no reason, nor sense, nor justice in the thing. Tony took it all, because he knewed he were n't big enough to make Tom Hatchett shet his mouth or git it mashed for him; and the fact is, Tony got so he were afraid o' Tom Hatchett, that he dodged him the same ef he been a tagger or some 'nother wild varmint. In time the thing have so worked on his wife's feelin's, she come out, one day, and said—dilicate, modest female as she were—she come out and said, she did, that it could n't be stood no longer, because

that day it were to have a talk along o' me about Tom Hatchett's oudacious cyar'in's on. And so when them two have had their talky-talky, like wimmin has jes among their own self, my wife she had the horn blowed for me to the field, where I were overseein' the hands; and time I got thar my wife were 'bout a-mighty nigh as ravin' mad as Tony's wife were. And, fact is, it were enough to of a'most melted anybody, man person or female person, to see how Pussy, let alone Tony, have been pestered in her mind. The case were worse than what we knowed of. Some things she could n't tell me, but she told my wife, and my wife she told me; and they was simple devilish—no other word for it. I sot and listened to her talk, which she were not a very wordsome 'oman, like some is, albe' when she did open her mouth she knowed how to talk to the p'int. She say to me:

"«And oh, Mr. Pate, sometimes it seems a'most a pity that women ain't allowed to fight, even for their own self and family.

If it was n't so, I feel sometimes that I'd take my husband's wagon-whip, and I'd go into town, and I'd wait at Mr. Bland's store, where they tell me that man goes mighty nigh every day, 'stead of staying home 'tending to his business, and I'd stay till he got there, and I'd wear that whip out on him.)

«My, were n't she spunky! But the very next minute thar come in the dilicate she natchel were, you see; and she stopped, she did, and she said:

«(No, no, no! That *would* be a disgrace, sure enough.)

«And then she cried and cried *and* cried, and my wife done the same, tell I jes had to turn and look another way, because you know it would n't of suited a dignified person like me to be blubberin' along with a couple o' females, special when he know he have got to keep his head level when he's called on for his advices. So I waited calm tell they got through their sprasm fit o' cryin'; and I tell you now, and it ain't no lie, when Pussy Hopper stopped her weepin', and pulled out her nice comp'ny go-to-meetin' han'k'cher, that smelt o' must and—*law de colonis*, as they name the water they keep in smellin'-vials, she were a perfect pink of a beauty, big and fat as she be; because, you see, her big and fat was reg'lar. Some women's big and fat is scattered about, too much on one place and not enough on another place for a' average, so that sometimes it hurt a body's feelin's and make 'em rather mollencholy to look at 'em, a-knowin' what 's goin' on in their own mind about theirself. But Pussy Hopper's big and fat was reg'lar, and she were spry and active in her gaits; and her shiny blue eyes, and her red mouth, and her dimple jaws, and her little white hands, and her lovely voices—but phew! man o' my time o' life and my character drellin' on sech things, and gittin' off from the subjec'!

«Well, I finil told Pussy that in course sech as that had to stop, and that Tony were the onliest one to do it; and I promised her I'd putt my mind on the case, and for her to send Tony to me the next day; and I told her to make her mind easy, and not let it run on Tom Hatchett nare 'nother bit, because everybody, well as she did, knowed that Tony Hopper were worth a cow-pen full of sech as Tom Hatchett; and, more 'n that, that Tony Hopper have a smarter, industriouser, beautif'ler wife than he possess to his very name. You see, a man, talkin' with wimming, he have to fling in sech as that sometimes. Well, she went away satisfied, after the understandin' that what I give as my jedgment

were n't to be interrupted nor hendered. So next day, 'cordin' to 'p'intment, here come Tony; and when I opened my mind on him he turned pale; for he were not a fightin' man no way, special to the scale which I told him it were actuil impossible to git around fetchin' the thing up to. But arfter I let him in to the war'ous idees my mind have on it, he give his word square he'd try to foller 'em plump to the kinclusion. I warned him on the importance o' keepin' hisself coold and calm, and his mouth shet. He promised he'd do it, and he done it.»

Here my friend, again diverted from the story, told of several duels in the State that were very interesting to me. The account, which I had heard before, ended with one fought between John Shannon and James Sprigg, lawyers resident at our county-seat, in which the former was wounded in the mouth, and his opponent in one of his ears.

«Some people that was ag'in' sich ways said it come out jes as it ought; for Squire Shannon had no business sayin' what he did about Squire Spriggs, and Squire Spriggs had no business to listen to it and pester hisself about it. Howbe', they both got the rip'tation of game fightin' men; but they behaved nice, and al'ays helt theirselfs ready to give their advices about sech things, and help, whether to make up or fight it out, accordin' to the scale o' their code; and one of 'em made hisself very useful in the present case.»

I must again abbreviate.

One day, about noon, in a sulky drawn by a nick-tail cob, Shannon moved down the one street of the village as though intent upon business serious, if not pressing. After a brief pulling up at Bland's store, and a polite but rather distant inquiry as to the location of the residence of Mr. Thomas Hatchett, he bowed, clucked, and sped onward. Half an hour afterward, Mr. Hatchett, surprised by the visit,—far more so when in time he was made acquainted with its purport,—made out to say these words:

«The goodness of mercies, Squire Shannon! Tony Hopper make out like he want to fight a jule along o' me! Why, I'd about as soon 'a' expected sech as this from a—from a tadpole, or from a—from a—»

«Mr. Hatchett,» interrupted the visitor, in a low, sepulchral, monitory tone, «answers to such communications as, on the part and as the friend of Mr. Anthony Hopper, I have had the honor to bear to you should, in accordance with the provisions of the code of honor practised among gentlemen, be made

to the principal, not to his second, and be put in writing. True, indeed, the party thus challenged, if he be so forgetful of propriety, may so deport himself, and may use such language concerning the sender, as to make his second feel himself constrained to let the quarrel be shifted from his superior upon himself, when, of course, he must meet the responsibilities that such an unexpected result would impose."

He looked at Mr. Hatchett as if he would beseech him to prevent so unpleasant a necessity.

Mr. Hatchett, with slightly opening mouth, waited a moment, as if in expectancy of other words; then, sighing, he answered:

"Squire Shannon, do you know, sir, that with the exception o' your callin' of little Tony Hopper Mr. Anthony Hopper,—and which *that* mighty nigh took away my breath,—but, with the exception o' that, I ain't been able to ketch on to nare word you 've spoke to my—to my augence, if I may so use it—no, sir, to not nare single blessed word, sir!"

The lawyer smiled benignantly, and said:

"Not fully, perhaps, Mr. Hatchett, because of not having had occasion hitherto to be made necessarily familiar with the peculiarly discriminating exigencies—I might rather say the circumstantial technicalities—of the code duello, to which allusion was made in my remarks. What it was on my mind to convey to your understanding is the following: Having undertaken, at the solicitation of my friend Mr. Anthony Hopper, counsel and conduct of movements by him decided to be necessary and proper for the obtainment of redress of wrongs which he has, or which he believes himself to have, suffered at your hands personally, individually, and as head of an interesting family, the essence of which is contained in the note now in your hands, I necessarily constitute myself temporarily guardian of the reputation of my friend Mr. Anthony Hopper, and consequently am responsible for any other and further infraction upon it. Of course, therefore, Mr. Hatchett, any intermediate—or, as I might rather say, interlocutory—affront put, pending preliminary negotiations, upon the honor of Mr. Hopper while it is in my keeping, leading to the conviction

that you regard him beneath your consideration as an honorable, equal adversary, would be construed as a reflection upon my own personal manhood, and precipitate results much more serious than any of which I had foresight when I undertook this delicate mission for my friend and principal, Mr. Anthony Hopper. I trust I have made myself clear, Mr. Hatchett?"

Mr. Hatchett opened wide his mouth, drew far down his upper lip, put forth his wide-extended hands, cast woeful eyes to the zenith, and in slightly despairing tone said:

"My name o'mighty! I don't no more know what the man been a-sayin' 'mong all them words than if he been talkin' Injun the whole blessed time!"

"Mr. Hatchett," said Shannon, compassionately, "I regret that my words seem incomprehensible to your understanding. The meaning of them, reduced to their last analysis, is that an insult to Mr. Anthony Hopper, as matters now stand, is an insult to myself, and if you refuse to fight him, you must fight me."

"Squire Shannon," he said in shuddering protest against the reasonableness of such a dilemma, "the whole thing so surround me with 'stonishment that—is it your meanin's that I 've other got to shoot at you or Tony Hopper, and be shot at by one or t' other of you, and that when I 've got nothin' on the top o' God's world ag'in' you, nor nothin'



"(I TRUST I HAVE MADE MYSELF CLEAR, MR. HATCHETT.)"

ag'in' Tony Hopper, except laughin' at him occasional all jest in fun, not even a-dreamin' it was to go any furdur?"

"Of course I do not mean, Mr. Hatchett, that any *shooting* will be necessary, whether with pistols, rifle, or shot-gun. The choice of weapons, according to the provisions of the code, will be left with yourself. If you should name rapiers, they will, of course, be provided."

"What's them? Name o' mighty! what's them?"

"Rapiers, Mr. Hatchett, are light, slender swords, sir, made for thrusting. Not very often, yet sometimes, they are used in dueling, mainly to avoid the noise of pistols or guns."

"You mean, we've other got to stand up and shoot at one 'nother, or run at one 'nother and go to stobbin'?"

"Running at each other, sir, is not usual, though, if preferred, that might be settled upon. The custom, when rapiers are employed, is to stand front to front, cross weapons, and then go in for the death."

Mr. Hatchett, rising slowly, tottered to the window, feebly opened it, and leaned his jaw upon the sill, as we have seen one suddenly smitten with seasickness resort to the rail of a ship. After a few moments, lifting his head, as if in indefinite sense of some sort of reserved right, he said:

"And supposin' I say I jes *won't*—I jes will *not* stand up and shoot at other Tony Hopper or you, or go to stobbin' and be stobbed at by nare one of you; then what?"

"In the event of a contingency so unusual among brave men, Mr. Hatchett, it would be left with Mr. Anthony Hopper, acting upon my counsel and indorsement, to decide upon the number of doors in the village, and on how many trees at cross-roads and forks and other well-known and frequented places, he will post a sheet of paper with words denouncing you as a disturber of his personal, domestic, and social peace, and as a poltroon and a coward." Then, rising, he said, "I bid you good day, sir."

"Stop! For the good Lord's sake, stop, and set down and tell me what to do"; and Mr. Hatchett breathed fast and hard.

"Mr. Hatchett," said Shannon, resuming his seat, "I have already wasted more time than was necessary upon this matter; but as you have asked my counsel in the premises, I suggest to you to advise with Josiah Sprigg, Esq. You know him, of course? He is a gentleman of much prudence, the highest courage, and the strictest integrity. I can say

that with greater cordiality as I once met him upon the field of honor—an occasion of which I am sure you must have heard."

"Squire Spriggs? You say Squire Spriggs can help me?"

The feeble momentary spirit of defiance was quenched, and he felt himself wholly helpless from any resource within himself.

"Yes, sir; Josiah Sprigg, Esq., is the person whom I would name in this emergency."

"He would n't—I'm a poor man, Squire Shannon—he would n't charge too heavy, would he?"

"Well, now, sir, what I've got to say to that is this: I would n't like to be the person to propose a fee of any size to Mr. Sprigg for such a service. Affairs of honor, Mr. Hatchett, are above all pecuniary considerations. If they had not been so regarded by Mr. Anthony Hopper, perhaps, instead of the action the course of which is now being pursued, I should have instituted against you a suit for damages, which most probably I should have laid at five thousand dollars,—a sum which in all probability you would not find it convenient to meet,—together with costs, and a fee of four or five hundred dollars, in which event the sheriff would be expected to levy upon your land and such other property as he could lay his hands upon that was subject to the execution of the writ of *fieri facias*, to be issued by the court through its clerk. Such proceedings as that, however, are long-continued and rather annoying generally. If you place your side of this affair in the hands of Mr. Sprigg, he will deal with it promptly and skilfully, just as I am endeavoring to deal with what Mr. Anthony Hopper has done me the honor to intrust to my care."

"Jes one thing furdur, Squire Shannon," he pleaded piteously. "Will Squire Spriggs—do you suppose, Squire Shannon, that I'll have to go through ag'in the usin' o' them same kind o' languages you've been a-lettin' out on me, which—to acknowledge the truth, Squire Shannon, I never studied dictionary, and—well, I jes positive declar' that they have oversized my edication to that that they has made me sick. I'm a sick man, Squire Shannon, that I am; the good Lord know I am. You don't think I'll have to go through 'em ag'in, do you?"

With the coolness of a surgeon when taking out his knives and informing a patient that he must open him, or cut off a limb that has ceased to be other than an incumbrance, Shannon said:

"I hardly know what to say, Mr. Hatchett, to relieve your mind from embarrassment

not entirely unnatural in the circumstances with which your vocation and pursuits have kept from you opportunities to make yourself familiar. This is a kind of case wherein action is resorted to rather than words. Of course, a certain amount of words is always necessary, preliminary, and prefatory to definitive satisfactory arrangement. Mr. Sprigg is a gentleman of higher education than myself, and has acquaintance with a larger number of what you are pleased to term dictionary words. Some of these necessarily he must employ while discussing a theme of such importance; but I have not a doubt that in time he can level his speech to both the capacity of your understanding and the degree of its cultivation. He will see that you are neither killed nor wounded, except through operation of the laws of the code duello, even to the minutest of its punctilios. Now I positively must take my leave, and I do so with all proper assurance of respectful consideration.»

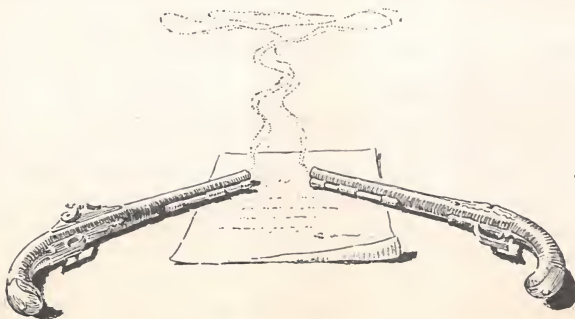
«Oh, my head! my poor head! Good-by, Squire Shannon. I hain't the strength for nare 'nother word, nor to help you to onhitch and hitch up your horse. My belief is that if I ain't a dyin' man now, it won't be long before I will be.»

Immediately after Shannon's departure he took to his bed, and when, an hour afterward, his wife returned from a visit to one of the neighbors, he had a raging fever and was delirious.

Although Mr. Pate rather laid claim to all the honor in the settlement of this troublesome case, some others among the neighbors, of more pronounced weight, who had much liking for the Hoppers, seconded his movement, and brought in an influence which he alone hardly could have secured. At their instance, and for the sake of the amusement of it, the young men Shannon and Sprigg undertook the easy task of putting an end to Hatchett's behavior by overawing him with threats of a duel either with Tony or his

assumed second. It was understood by all that the hostile meeting was not to take place. But I must let my old friend tell the finale.

«You see, I told Tony, to git him up to the scratch and keep 'im there—I told him that no doubts on top o' my mind that Tom Hatchett would 'fuse his channelge; and some and some o' the other neighbors,—they j'ined in, but I done the principal managin',—and we got Squire Shannon and Squire Spriggs in the case, because they was knowed to be fightin' men; and they j'ined jest for the fun and to help out poor little Tony. Well, sir, from the word go Squire Shannon he went at Tom Hatchett with languages that they so oversized him that it skeered him plumb out o' what senses the feller have had, and for days and days he were out of his head, and he have the fever; and he told his wife, and he told Dr. Lewis, that what were the matter with him he have swallowed a big dictionary onbeknownst, and it were a-killin' him day by daily. But finil the doctor got the idee out o' him, and then he warned him for the balance of his life to mind how he let his mouth run on ag'in' Tony Hopper or anybody else; and he promised, if Tony would forgive him this time, he 'd never open his mouth, not even to deny anybody if they was to say that Tony were as big as a' elephant. And, sir, Tom Hatchett never did git over them pow'ful languages o' Squire Shannon—not clean till he died. He finil moved over the 'Conee River into Putman County; and they said that, the last, when anybody used big words where he were, he 'd begin to look oneasy in his mind, and if it was kep' up he 'd vamish hisself off to some'r's else. Old man as I am, I have never knewed but that one case o' sickness o' that kind. And I don't know as I ever see a thankfuller person than what Pussy Hopper were afterwards—onlest it were Tony hisself, albe' the understandin' were all around that ef Tom Hatchett did n't back out, he would.»





OVER THE ALPS ON A BICYCLE

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.



WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE START.

WE did not think we were original. Other great people had crossed the Alps—Hannibal with elephants, Cæsar in a litter; and according to David and THE CENTURY poster, Napoleon pranced over on a white charger; according to Daudet, Tartarin fell over. Armies have crossed, and diligences loaded with Cook's tourists pass every day, and cyclers, too. True, the name of the first man to climb the Alps with his bicycle has not been recorded; and, much as we should like, it is useless to pose as pioneers.

Along good roads or vile *pavé*, up hill and down, through rain and sunshine, we bumped or glided from Dieppe to Dijon, with hardly a pause save to eat or sleep. When we came to the summit of the hill down which you coast eight kilometers into Dijon, we should have seen the Alps rising on the horizon, as they do in theatrical drop-curtains and on Turner's canvases; but factory smoke and mist wiped out the distance. Up and down we rode to Dôle, and, in the footsteps of Ruskin and of cycle tourists, and in our own,—for we had been there before,—we went to the little park that was to afford us a panorama of peaks and precipices. Instead, we found the view washed out by rain. Our landlady consoled us by the assurance that after rain, if you got up early enough, you could see the white range quite clear against the sky. In the morning there was blinding yellow light everywhere, but not an Alp.

OUR FIRST PASS: THE COL DE LA FAUCILLE.

UP and down for another day we rode, and then we were well in the Jura, on our first pass, the Col de la Faucille. How much we had heard of that pass!—how steep it was, how terrible the three kilometers at the top! To mount them, we ate two breakfasts, one after the other. The French customs officers at Les Rousses bade us an «Excelsior»-like adieu as they stamped our machines, and, in

the wheel-tracks of a Swiss from Geneva, the number on his bicycle waving gaily behind him, we began to climb. It was not long, however, before even I caught up to him; and he addressed me, with what breath was left him, almost in the words of Longfellow—not exactly

Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!—

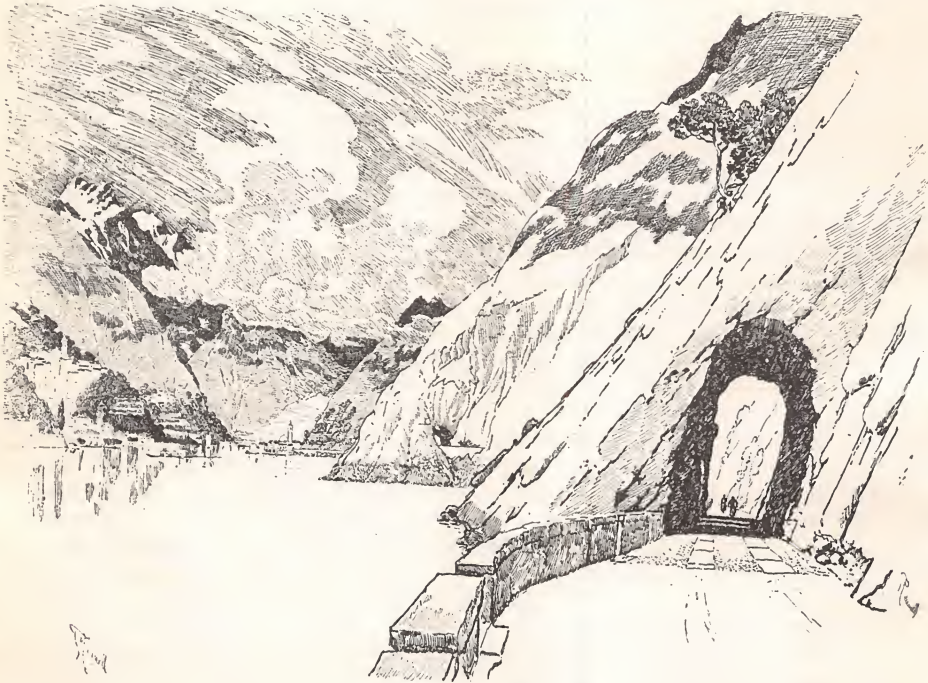
but, «Look out mit dem lest t'ree kilometer. He shteeep.»

The Swiss, by riding very hard, got ahead of us. We did not hurry much, but we hurried him. We rode on, and we rode on, and we rode on, gradually climbing, he puffing all the while like a small steam-engine, until suddenly the road became flat and began to go downhill, and, with a final grunt of triumph, he tumbled off, and said, «De Col de la Faushille!» And this was a Swiss pass! Why, I know hundreds of hills that are worse; and yet, when we came to look in our Baedeker, we found we had climbed, without feeling it, 4356 feet.

As we started down, the Swiss cyclist called after us: «Haben sie ein vary gut brack? For sie mussent zuruck pedallen, and it is besser ein pine-tree après soi de trainer!» We got on; we pumped up our pneumatic brakes; we back-pedaled hard. And then we remembered there was a view. We jumped off and looked. The road zig-zagged down the mountain-side; pine forests grew toward heaven; a flat, gray-green streak of country stretched away below; a whitish line filled the distance; and instead of Ruskin's star-girt, glistening-white, village-crowned, glacier-bound chain of Alps were only vast cloud-banks. So we pumped up the pneumatics again, and began our ride down. The road was broad and beautifully engineered, for we were still in France. When I reached the first curve I had a bad time. The road doubled straight back on itself; on one side the pine forest, on the other a drop of some

thousand feet. Every yard or so was a stone post just high enough to hit my pedal (to save me from grim death). I steered from the precipice, and tried to come around with the dignity that befits my twenty years of cycling. But the road was not banked up. I ran into the gutter, and sat down in the bushes. I picked myself up, and looked over the side. Half a dozen zigzags below was

years, and we found a perfect coast. There were only two interruptions: one at Gex for lunch, and a second at Sacconex, that the thrifty Swiss government might extract from us eighteen francs for the privilege of coming into the country and spending about eighteen hundred. You may cycle, without let or hindrance from the authorities, in every part of Europe except in the two



GOOD BICYCLING BESIDE LAKE COMO (SEE PAGE 844).

J., coasting like mad, foreshortened so that I could see only the top of his head. He approached a curve. As he turned it, he leaned right over the precipice. He took his hands off. Heavens! was he falling? No; he was lighting his pipe. I rode for a while in a most ladylike manner; but after half a dozen turns, by keeping my pneumatic on, by strenuous back-pedaling, and by turning as short as possible at the curves, there was no trouble. The gradient was not very steep, and it became easier where the road wound back and forth and round and about among the foot-hills. Never once, however, did I let the machine go. We both put our faith in the pneumatic brakes, and with our feet on the rests we coasted delightfully. Once we beheld, in a cloud of dust away above us, the Swiss, a pine-tree tagged to his wheel, wobbling down with difficulty. We had heard of the terrors of this pass for

petty divisions known as Belgium and Switzerland.

After an unnecessary delay of at least half an hour, no sooner did we escape from the custom-house than we came to bad roads.

FROM GENEVA TO CHAMONIX.

FROM the frontier we rode on to Geneva, and, all expectation, wheeled down the long street at the end of which, according to the photograph shops, Mont Blanc rears its head so proudly. But Mont Blanc was not there. To be quite sure, we took the highest room in the swellest hotel looking toward where it ought to have been. But it remained invisible; and, leaving Geneva, we wheeled along the road immortalized by Tartarin. We bumped through Bonneville, behind which Turner saw the whole chain glittering. But, then, we know that Turner had the indepen-

dence to see nature as he wished to see her, and not as she is; and, to my knowledge, Mont Blanc never does make a background for Bonneville. And now, as we mounted, raindrops fell, and at last, as we plowed our way between the brakes loaded with tourists, the clouds emptied themselves in one steady downpour. We pegged on through the rain to Cluses; but our ardor, like ourselves, was dampened. At a tiny wayside inn, where we saw a bicycle, we stopped. Draggled, muddy, sodden, we went inside. I asked a man standing there for a syrup, which a woman brought. «You are English,» the man said, but in French. My patriotism rose: I even forgot the new tariff. «No,» said I; «Americans.» «Ah,» said he, «you know, then, of course, l'ambassadeur des États-Unis, M. Vitlau Ride. Me,» he said, smiting his breast—«in '89, it was I who was the president of the Paris Municipal Council, and it was I myself who bestowed upon your great country the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World!» I had made a mistake. He was not the keeper of the café, but a distinguished storm-stayed traveler. By the time we had settled with him the affairs of the universe, the rain had ceased, and we started again, slipping and skidding as well as we could into Sallanches, where, though we had not meant to, we had to stay, for the rain came down harder than ever. Mountains? Why, you could barely see across the street.

And the next morning there were no mountains. There was scarcely any road. There was nothing but mud. We climbed up and up, by the baths of St. Gervais, by Le Fayet. Farther on, as we came out of a little tunnel, the Alps exposed themselves suddenly, as they always do. A break in the clouds, and Mont Blanc, with all his great white chain, glittered before us—a sudden, sensational burst of indescribable Alpine glory!

OVER THE TÊTE NOIRE.

WE arrived at Chamonix at noon. As there are no passes in the town, we left, after lunch, on good roads,—for we were again in France,—for our second pass, the Tête Noire. We rode to Argentière, and then we did not ride any more. We walked, and we shoved, and we pushed through the mud and the mist, till it seemed to me we must have climbed as high as the top of Mont Blanc. We left the trees; we came up to the snow, into the region of glaciers and icy precipices; but we never mounted above the tourist-line. A constant procession was coming over, on

horseback, in carriages, on mule-back, on foot—among these, a couple of cyclers whom we knew from afar to be countrymen of ours. We knew it by their hats, and by the fact that their coats were off.

A coast followed the climb, and we sailed down a splendid road, traversed a deep gorge, and flew across the flimsiest of bridges. There the good going ceased; the kilometer stones stopped; a customs officer rushed out. We were in Switzerland again, and at once on bad roads. Though the road to the Swiss frontier is excellent, and though we could perceive no difference in the quality of the rain on the two sides, the road from the frontier to Martigny, gorgeous and grand in scenery, is one of the vilest in Europe, outside of Cornwall, and, when we went over it, the muddiest.

All I shall say about the Tête Noire as a pass is, if you are cycling, avoid it. It is the worst in the Alps, quite unridable, as a whole, in either direction. When you think you have got to the top beyond Argentière, you only drop down again. Then you climb up, through tunnels, to the Tête Noire hotel, only to drop down to Trient; and then you have the stiffest climb in Switzerland. As we pushed and panted through Trient, I heard a woman, from over her wash-tub, call out to her neighbor that it must be very painful to travel like that. It was painful. It would have been easier to carry our machines than to push them from Trient to the Col de la Forclaz—an ascent that ought to make me an honorary member of the Alpine Club. The descent was worse. The short zigzags were ankle-deep in mud; the clouds were as thick as a London fog, and presently they dissolved in torrents of rain. But after a while the rain stopped, and the clouds lifted, and the Rhone valley unrolled itself like a map below. The road, when it finished zigzagging and joined the highway to the St. Bernard, was a trifle better and still downhill to Martigny. We coasted from here, and presently we met, toiling up on his bicycle,—and he had not yet divined the character of the pass, poor man!—a lone black figure, hat in hand. As he came near, he raised his head, and in well-known accents we heard, «Say, how's the road for Shamminy?»

A LONG PUSH UP THE SIMPLON.

AT Martigny we went to the French Touring Club hotel; and that night no fewer than nine Americans turned up, all awheel. Save for one party of three, and ourselves, the

rest rode alone, were unknown to one another, and were all going in different directions. The English cyclist boasts a good deal of his prowess, and his rides, and his times; but, though we were five weeks riding over the Alps, we did not meet a single Englishman on a bicycle.

The next afternoon we started for the Simplon. We followed the straight road up the Rhone valley. As is the way with Alpine valleys, it is shut in by high mountains which shut out the view, it is infested by tourists, and it is fearfully hot. The road is bumpy; there is a gradual rise, but only at the upper end are there any hills worth speaking of. We got to Sion, to Visp, to Brieg; and the next morning were ready for our first great pass by eleven, when we ought to have been at the top. A blazing, blinding hot sun was shining; and the road, which began its climb in a businesslike way from the very middle of Brieg, beyond the town, was shadeless, and deep in dust. On the lower green slopes the heat was so fierce that the perspiration rolled in great drops from our faces, and the machines were like fire to our touch. We had to stop every few minutes to cool off; and once we clambered over a fence, and lay full length under a tree, watching the diligence come down in thick clouds of dust, and a cyclist following, at a speed that would have whirled him into eternity but for the special providence that watches over the foolhardy wheelman as well as over the drunkard. Back we went to the road, pushing and plodding until it left the slope to zigzag through woods that were no protection against the sun, pushing and plodding until it skirted the bare mountain-side, pushing and plodding ever higher and higher, until we stopped, in sheer exhaustion, at a solitary house—the Second Refuge, provided by Napoleon—to eat our third substantial meal that day. (It is amazing how much you can eat when you are crossing a pass.) Then we kept on winding along the brink of the precipice, now with a gradual ascent, and for a while we rode, and could have ridden farther if only the Swiss knew how to repair the road as well as the French engineers knew how to build it. Then we crossed a bridge, and climbed steeply to Berisal, and more steeply still, and interminably beyond. The diligence overtook us, and we watched it crawling on, disappearing round a turn, and reappearing farther up, still crawling, but now like a big fly in a crack on the slopes. And we pushed and plodded past the Fourth and Fifth refuges, while, away below and behind us, Brieg kept falling

lower and lower and growing tinier and tinier. And we pushed and plodded—until my shoulder ached with the perpetual pushing, and my feet were like lead—to where a great glacier came flowing over the mountains, and patches of snow whitened the rocks above the precipice to our right, and the road escaped into covered galleries from the waterfalls that dashed and roared down all about it, now and then breaking even into the tunnels and giving us a shower-bath as we passed; and we pushed and plodded on to the Sixth Refuge, and out upon a sort of open moorland. We were at the highest point of the pass, 6595 feet above the sea. We had climbed fifteen and a quarter miles from Brieg, and steadily for seven and a half hours, to get to the hospice. If Napoleon put it there to shelter the weary traveler, no one had a better right than we to beg a night's lodging. I was never so dead tired in my life.

A WELCOME AT THE HOSPICE.

WE rang the bell. A nice old monk came to the door, hurried us in, gave us time only to carry the bicycles up the steep flight of steps into the hall, and led us straight, hot and dirty as we were,—he would hear of no washing,—into a big dining-room, where he and three other monks had just begun their supper. Down we sat with them. It was an excellent meal. I have seldom tasted better *vin ordinaire*. But the monks were abstemious, and we had not the courage of our appetites. I would rather, however, share a light meal with the monks of the Simplon than dine with the fifty or sixty tourists you find any summer evening at the St. Bernard. But then, the St. Bernard is no better nowadays than a *pension*; while the Simplon is still a genuine hospice, where you are not merely given food and drink and a bed, but are entertained by the monks as if it were their pleasure, not their duty. The tourist, as a rule, sleeps in Berisal or the village of Simplon. With the first breath of spring, the migration of Italian workmen begins—*les hirondelles d'Italie*, the monks called them. When we came down-stairs, after supper, a long row of these swallows were perched on the low stone wall opposite the hospice.

We slept in a large, airy bedroom where the furniture, like the building, dated back to the First Empire. Before we went to bed, a cart-load of peasant women and a couple of nuns had been deposited at the door; a jaded, dusty man on foot, with a great pack on his back, had dragged himself up the

steps; and the diligence from Domo d'Ossola had dropped a man with a boy, and a youth with a bicycle (that is the proper way to cycle up a pass). The monks received everybody simply, without a word, without a question. But there is to be a railroad under the

farther on—an additional proof of Napoleon's good sense in choosing the present site. You do not know what a great man he was, even if you have read Professor Sloane, until you have gone over the Alps on a bicycle. But Napoleon's cleverness seemed



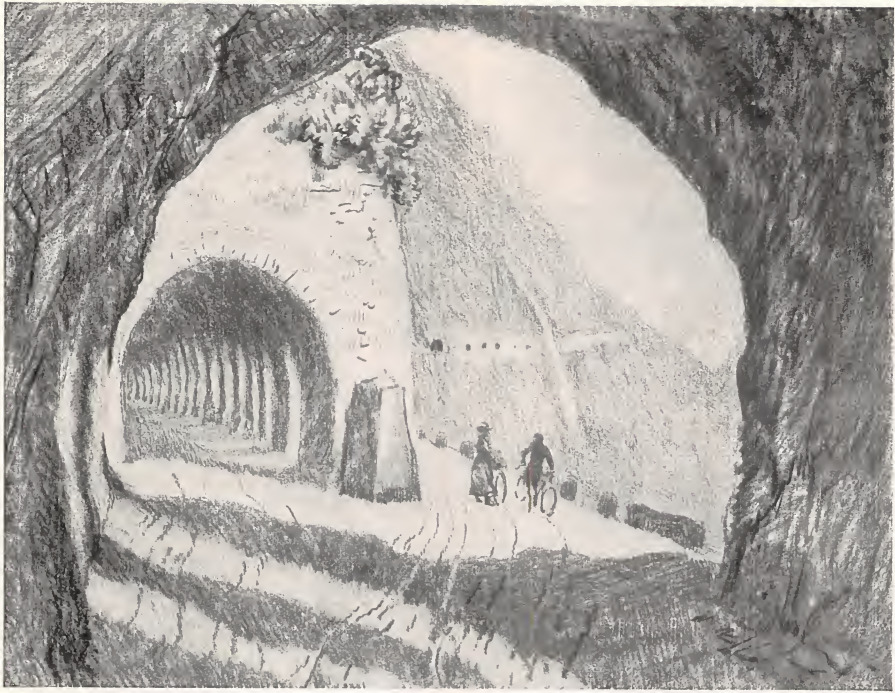
THE RHONE VALLEY, FROM THE TÊTE NOIRE.

Simplon; and the Swiss will rejoice, no doubt, when they have lost one of the few genuine things left to them.

COASTING INTO ITALY.

It was bitter cold in the morning, an icy wind blowing over the glacier, and snow all about us. We passed the old deserted hospice, a grim, weather-beaten stone house with a tower, in a more exposed position a little

nothing to mine when I put my feet on the rests and coasted down the road he hung in mid-air. The pneumatic was pumped up tight, and I held the front brake by means of an ingenious and simple device with a leather strap, that left some power and feeling in my right hand and arm. For kilometers, with only occasional intervals of back-pedaling, I coasted after J. down the side of the mountain—down the long zigzags, where the driver of the diligence, with un-



TUNNELS AND GALLERIES ON THE SIMPLON.

expected courtesy, gave me the inner, which was the wrong, side of the road (but then he was an Italian), through the ravine of Gondo, with waterfalls booming above and the stream thundering below, and the road crossing and crossing again over airy bridges, and clinging to the side of the precipice, and diving into dark tunnels, and taking sharp turns around walls of rock just where carriages were creeping up—to the Swiss frontier, where the customs officer forced back our money upon us. We wished to wait until we left Switzerland for good and for all. But he said—and, as a Swiss, he must have known—that we had better take it when we could get it. And we coasted down through the pines, down through the chestnuts, into a land of vineyards and tropical heat, when little more than an hour before we had been shivering. At Isella was the Italian custom-house, where the officer did not browbeat us, but understood at once that the signor and signora were travelers, and, for a franc and a half, presented us with a document big enough and ponderous enough to have seen a whole army through the country.

«DOT AND CARRY ONE» TO COMO.

LIKE Heine's Philistine, I began to sing my little «ti-ri-li» of exultation to find myself

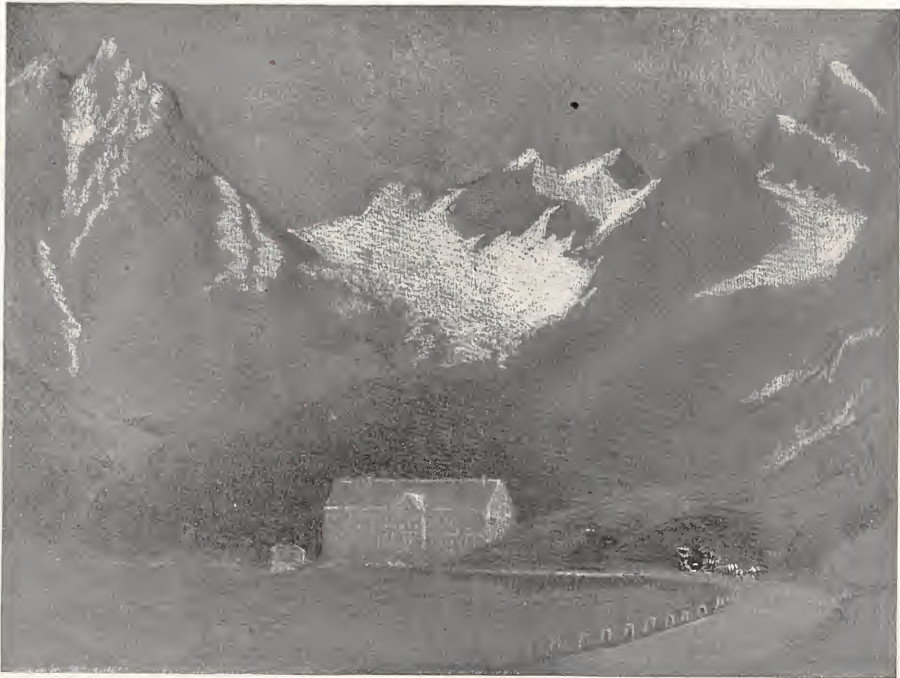
in Italy again. It seemed to me the sky was more tender, the landscape more luxuriant, the people more graceful, than ever. I was thinking out an elegant phrase for my notebook, and attempting to pass a cart at the same time, when, the first thing I knew, the bicycle stopped in deep sand at the side of the road, and I went over in front, and the back wheel of the bicycle went under the cart, and there I was, miles and miles from a repair-shop, with the rim bent out of shape, the wheel buckled, and the frame twisted! In fact, the machine looked more like the folding bicycle of the French army than the one I had been riding a second before; and I thought I should have to carry it to the nearest railway-station, which was I did not know how far away. But J. took hold of it, shook it viciously, kicked it, pulled it about, and it recovered itself almost miraculously—all but the rim. It was ridable, but I went with a limping, «dot-and-carry-one» action which was as quaint as it was unusual. The next party of Americans we met shoving up thought it was some strange foreign invention, and said so. However, I managed to ride to the wonderful turn in the road that gives that first perfect view of the valley, on to Domo d'Ossola for lunch, on across the valley, fighting a mad wind, on round the shores of Lago Maggiore, on to Baveno.

Across the lake, at Intra, was a factory with a mechanic clever enough to put a new rim on an old wheel. This was the one big smash of the ride, and it happened, not on a pass, but on a nearly level stretch of road.

As we had journeyed half across Europe not to go around lakes, but to ride over the Alps, and as Italy was as hot as a furnace, we took a boat to Laveno, rode the short distance to Varese and Como,—the population in the villages mobbing us just as in the days when we wheeled our tandem through Tuscany, a primeval episode which we related in *THE CENTURY* for March and April, 1886,—and at Como we took another boat up the lake. We chose this route to the Splügen to see if Como was really as romantic as our sentimental grandfathers have told us. But, when we started, what I saw was J., in his shirt-sleeves, rivers of perspiration streaming from his face, up to his elbows in a bucket of water, hunting for a puncture in his tire, which had collapsed the minute we came on board. To judge by the passengers, however, he was far more entertaining than the lake. They crowded about him, and wanted to know all about it, and what he did with the pneumatic brake, and why he had a gear-case and various other intricate things, just when the bicycle was upside down, and he had both hands and the tire plunged in the water.

And there was not a puncture to be found; yet no sooner was the tire pumped up than it collapsed again. It was maddening. We landed at Varenna, and took the bicycle to the local blacksmith, at whose door hung the sign of the Italian Touring Club. But apparently the Italian club gives its sign to any one who fancies it as a decoration. The result was that, in the morning at dawn, J. was on his way by boat to Como and a repair-shop. It was three in the afternoon when he got back to Varenna with a new valve,—for it was the valve, and not the tire, that had gone wrong,—and we could start for our fourth pass.

Waiting on the wharf, when we landed, were two women with bicycles—the only two we met touring, from the moment we left Dieppe until, five weeks later, we reached Calais. I do not count a big German *Frau* in knickerbockers, with many bangles (what the English call a «fringe-net») over her elaborately curled front hair, and a pistol and a sketch-book at her waist, who, with hands in her pockets, swaggered about the boat going up the lake. I should have had to see her on a machine to believe in her. The other two were Americans, though one was disguised in the green Austrian mountain dress, and a green felt hat to match, with two cock's feathers stuck in it. They also were doing



HOSPICE ON THE SIMPLON.



THE MOUTH OF THE SIMPLON, LOOKING TOWARD DOMO D'OSSOLA.

the Alpine passes, they said; they had already carried their bicycles through the Tyrol in the train, and had walked up and down the Maloja Pass. We did not have to tell them what we had done; they knew. They had read that *CENTURY* article, and remembered it. The one in green came running back to tell us so. It may have been foolish, but we liked her for it.

MOUNTING THE SPLÜGEN.

FROM Varenna to Colico we found eighteen kilometers of perfect road, keeping close to the lake, tunneling its way through the rocks where a less skilful engineer would have sent it winding over the mountains. It was much less easy going from Colico to Chiavenna, where the long climb up the Splügen begins. We were called at five the next day, and were off by six, to get to the top in the cool of the morning. There was no sun, but the valley was already hot and close with the mugginess of a coming storm. We had to walk

almost at once. I suppose that, without luggage, and if we had taken our time to it, we could have ridden up this or any one of the great passes. But we carried luggage, and plenty of it. Besides, on the Splügen we could always see the stiffer climb ahead of us. It was cruel, the way the road seemed to brag of its steepness. We could watch its course for kilometers through the valley, as it mounted and mounted, in tier above tier, through gallery above gallery, in places like a series of terraces cut in the rock, with no trace of the windings that connected them. Little foot-paths ran straight up the mountain, sometimes in long flights of steps; water-falls crashed and tumbled in endless white lines down precipices; campanile-crowned villages perched on dizzy heights. We ate a second breakfast at Campodolcino, and doggedly trudged on, now through a thick, cold, wet mist. Clouds blotted out

the valley, the opposite mountains, everything but the windings and zigzags of that terrible stone parapet. And, to make matters worse, the wet and the steady up-grade between them brought on a cramp in my leg, and every time I put my foot to the ground the pain cut like a knife. The kilometer-stones showed how slow our pace was, and tall poles, the use of which we did not understand, threatened unknown dangers. But I doubt if I realized the misery of that tramp until a bit of fairly level road gave us a chance to ride, when the riding along a slippery track, with my mackintosh flapping about me, and water dripping from my hat into my eyes, seemed heaven by contrast. We managed to keep on our machines as far as the Italian custom-house, where we delivered our papers, and ate our lunch in a little close, dark café with a wonderful collection of old hats, and men under them. After that there were three more kilometers of zigzags, and clouds, and mud, and soppy green slopes,

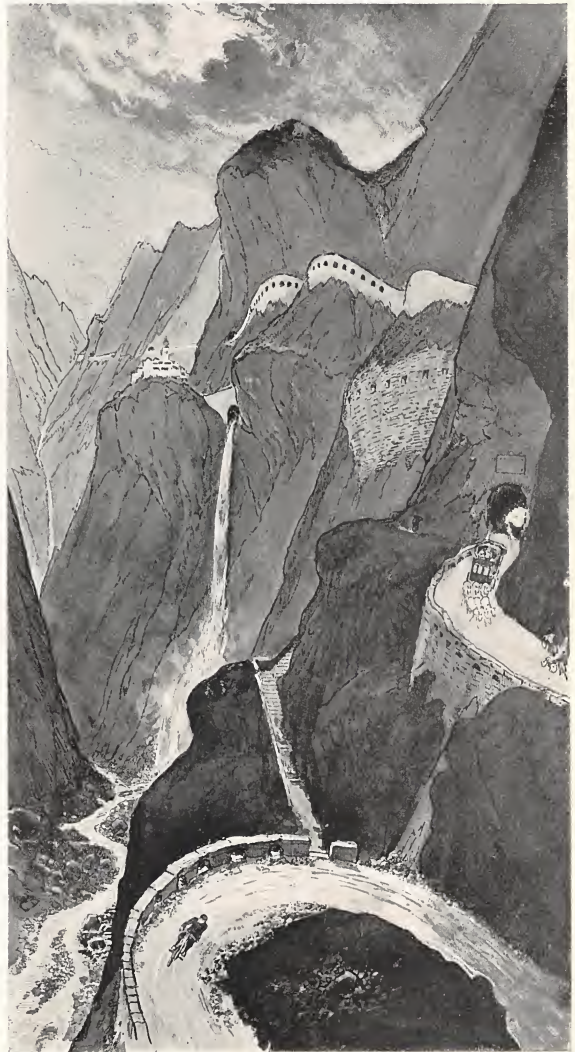
and it could not have been gloomier. We passed a wretched stone hut used as a shelter for shepherds, then the hospice, which was tight shut, and finally, at a height of 6946 feet, two poles marking the frontier. Immediately and abruptly the descent began, and we were on a bumpy, rutty road with no kilometer-stones, no poles, no parapet. The zigzags were the steepest, and the curves the sharpest, we had yet encountered, and for me there was little coasting down the Splügen. I cannot say which was more alarming—to be riding on the zigzags, or to be looking down upon them as they lay there, with J., always ahead, leaning out over the edge at a blood-curdling angle.

their roads, which means dumping down cart-loads of stones anywhere and anyhow, in August, at the height of the season.

With both brakes on, and my feet on the pedals, I slipped and jolted around the turns, all the time ringing my bell; for the tourist in Switzerland never sees farther than his own nose, always walks in the middle of the road, and seems to be stone-deaf. But beyond the village of San Bernardino we met no tourists, which was a good thing, for the way had its dangers without them. The view from above the second series of zigzags was awful. The road seemed to tilt downward at the same angle as the mountain, and to uncoil itself, like some

THE SAN BERNARDINO.

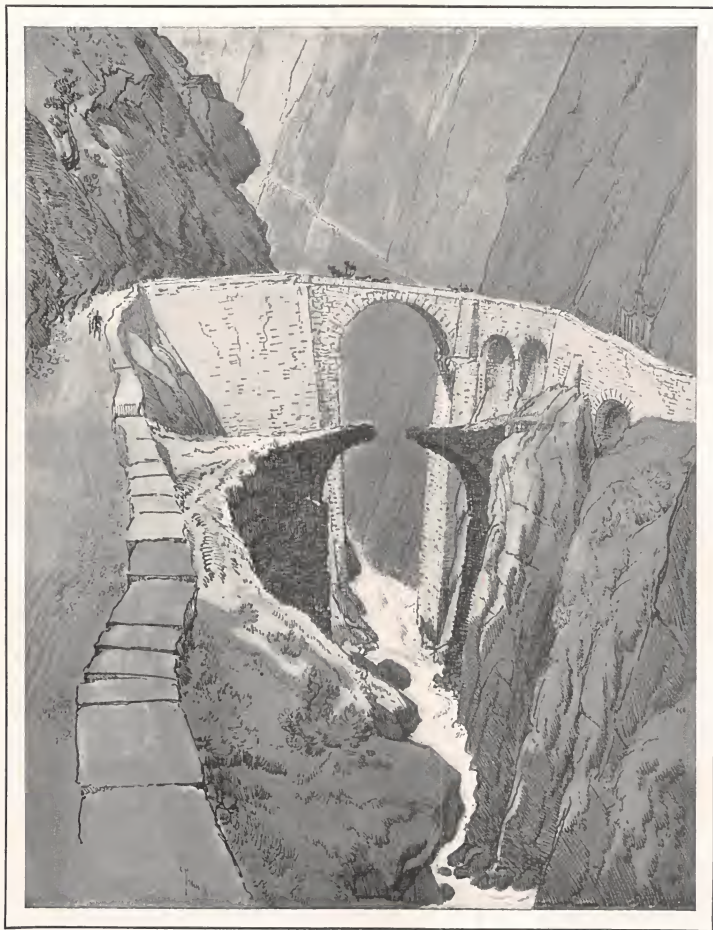
At Splügen we were driven into the Swiss custom-house, and kept there kicking our heels for an hour and a half, for no apparent reason except to make us feel at home in Switzerland again. After that, we kept on up the valley to Hinterrhein, and in the morning, long before the sun was above the mountains, we were on the San Bernardino. A pass a day was now our average—an average that Hannibal, or Napoleon, or Tartarin might have been proud of. As at Hinterrhein we had already reached a height of 5302 feet, according to Baedeker, there were only 1466 feet more to the top of the pass. But if it sounded a trifle after the tramp of the day before, it meant, after all, ten kilometers of steady shoving. And how those first zigzags through the dense pine forest lengthened themselves out when we were on them! And how aimlessly and indefinitely the road above the tree-level seemed to be trying to run around itself over the rocky plateau! And how hot the sun was by the time we had reached the hospice and the lake at the summit! And there was no mistaking the seriousness of the San Bernardino as a pass when we began to descend. Three mountain-sides of zigzags were waiting for us, one immediately below the other. The first was all stones and tourists. The Swiss, with their usual ingenuity, have decided that the foreigner must work as well as pay his way over the Alps, and so they repair



ZIGZAGS, GALLERIES, TUNNELS, SHORT CUTS, AND STAIRS
ON THE SPLÜGEN.

monstrous serpent, over the bare, grassy slopes. It looked as if only a Blondin could walk where I must steer my bicycle. And always in front was J., apparently doomed by the law of gravitation to pitch headlong. It would not have been so bad had I seen no farther than the corner I was turning, for I

right into our faces. When we came to where the St. Gotthard road joins the San Bernardino, to run on with it to Bellinzona, we turned straight back northward, for the St. Gotthard was to be our next pass. But a stiffer gale blew down the Val Ticino, and the road was all stones again, and we got no



DEVIL'S BRIDGE ON THE ST. GOTTHARD. (THE OLD WAY CROSSED THE BROKEN BRIDGE.)

had full control of my machine. But I was always in a panic at the prospect of the next curve, the next winding; and every stray goat, though it was more frightened than I, added to my terror. But we got to the bottom safe and sound, and to the bottom of the next zigzags; and it was all easy after that, coasting through a wonderful valley where the castle-crowned hills, the winding stream, the waterfalls, breaking in airy clouds of spray, and the richly wooded mountains, arranged and rearranged themselves into beautiful compositions. And we coasted until, of a sudden, a gale of wind roared up the valley

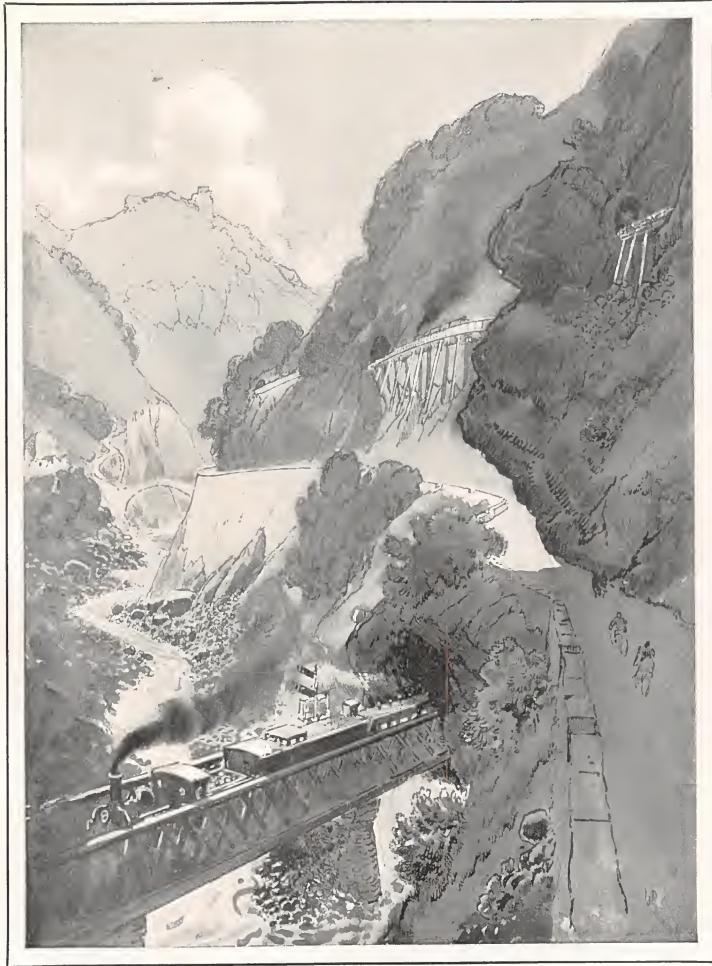
farther that evening than Bodio, about twenty kilometers on the way.

TACKLING THE ST. GOTTHARD.

IN the early morning the valley was black with smoke, and smelled strongly of coal-dust. You must travel by road to realize the wonder of the St. Gotthard railway. The road and the railway ran side by side for a while, occasionally crossing each other, when invariably we were detained by a freight-train that had started out from Bodio with us. In the end it became a regular race. The engine-

driver was always craning his neck, on the lookout for our bicycles, as we waited behind the closed gates. Higher in the valley, the train disappeared into a tunnel, and we were sure we had seen the last of it; but higher still, after we had walked a stiff up-grade, out it came from another tunnel on a level

it was on one side of the valley, now on the other; now going with us, now running away from us. We did not meet a diligence, not a wagon, not a carriage, and we saw only one tourist—a German on a bicycle, who tore past like a cyclone. There was not time to see his face; but who, save a German,



OVER THE ST. GOTTHARD BY ROAD AND RAIL. THE LOOP TUNNELS BELOW FADIO.

with the road, though how in the world it had climbed there, what it had been doing all that time, where it had been wandering in the insides of the mountain, was the marvel. Then we lost it again in a narrow gorge with space only for the stream and the high, overhanging road cut out of the rock, and we overtook it again at a higher point beyond. And so we lost and overtook or were overtaken by it throughout the morning. Or sometimes it puffed by, hundreds of feet below, sometimes hundreds of feet above; now

would carry on his own back a bag that might as easily be strapped to his wheel?

For days I had said that on the St. Gotthard I would take the railway when I was tired. But we rode almost all the way to Airolo. After Airolo, where the railway sets out on its wonderful short cut through the mountain, we walked. I have traveled into Italy by the St. Gotthard line several times, but never have I had the proper respect for it until that afternoon when we saw a train swallowed up in the great tunnel, and then

tramped for hours and hours to reach the top of the pass it was burrowing through away beneath us. We mounted and mounted and mounted, up long zigzags, through woods, past two forts; we mounted a high, barren valley above the zigzags; we mounted an endless road that crept along the mountain-side, shadeless, and blazing hot; and wherever there was a spring, we sat down and drank.

wind struck like a blow; and J. told me he was never so near collapsing. Altogether, the St. Gotthard realized my idea of what a pass should be more than any I had crossed, or was to cross later. It was not the highest on our route: 6942 is its guide-book height, and to this the Furka adds 1051 feet. But on none other had I the same impression of having climbed to the top of everywhere.



THE FIRST VIEW OF THE RHONE GLACIER FROM THE FURKA, WITH THE SOURCE OF THE RHONE AND THE GRIMSEL PASS IN THE DISTANCE.

(If the dangers of glacier-water are half what they are said to be, we should never have survived.) By a lonely refuge, which we foolishly hoped meant the top, there was a sharp turn, and we were under a great peak; and now there came both snow and ice, and it grew extremely cold, and we shivered before the perspiration was dry on our faces. On the opposite steep, short zigzags went up like stairs among the boulders. I could have dropped at the sight. But when a cart passed, and the driver offered the bicycles a place by the side of two Germans bowed under their knapsacks, but clutching their alpenstocks, I refused. I was doing this thing myself; I had not come to have it done for me. When one series of zigzags came to an end, another began, and they kept getting shorter and steeper and stonier. I felt that if once I stopped, it would be all up with me. The

However, at the top of this pass there was a hotel. A flock of Italian women, led by one man, came in with us, and called loudly for grog and post-cards. Everybody called for post-cards. After Rousseau set the fashion, people wept over the sublimities of nature, which they could not see for their tears; now they turn their backs upon the spectacle, and let their feelings loose upon illustrated post-cards. When we went out, a German cyclist in yachting-cap was at the door, tying a huge plank of wood, shaped like a paddle, to his back wheel. He explained the «system,» and we showed him our brakes. «Excellent,» said he, «though, in time, sure to destroy the tires.» We said we would rather, any day, risk our tires than our lives. This struck him as a new and original argument worth considering. But he had worked out a theory,—he was a German,—and so he took stronger

string, and tied his paddle on tighter. He was going the other way, and we missed the catastrophe.

There is an easy side for the cyclist down every one of the great passes, and the easy side down the St. Gotthard is the northern. It was coasting all the way, round the lakes at the top, for kilometers along the road skirting the mountain, even down the zigzags into Hospenthal, and, after that, easy riding across the valley to Andermatt. Coasting and easy riding, that is, when there were no stones on the road. When there were, I liked to have my feet on the pedals; I did not care to chance a sudden jerk into a gutter only a few thousand feet deep. It was coasting again after Andermatt and the opening of the gorge, where, according to your fancy, you can look at the Devil's Bridge or buy a St. Bernard puppy at the near shop.

UP AND DOWN THE FURKA.

THE Furka was our highest pass. To prepare for it, we ate a second breakfast at Realp, at the other end of the valley, where the road begins its long windings up the mountain. There we met an Italian who had just come down on his bicycle, and could tell us all about it; and we sat talking until valley and slopes glowed red-hot in ten-o'clock sunshine, and most of the tourists were already kilometers beyond and above. While we were still on the first zigzags, we could see their carriages on the higher windings, and then, finally, on the sky-line, on a narrow ridge at the very top of the mountain, where it looked as if, at the first puff of wind, they must go plunging over into space. It was one steady grind through dust and ruts, with as little variety in the mountain-side as in the road that scaled it. We had long since left the trees for this unvarying waste of rocks and stones and boulders, as solitary and savage as the "inaccessible haunt" Byron made the fashion for his morbid heroes, when there appeared in the road before us a smiling youth in a straw hat, over his shoulders a short alpenstock, from which dangled a ladylike little bag, an umbrella, and a big paper valise of a pattern invented by the German. "Say," he remarked, in the great universal language of the Alps, "have you seen my sister?" It was sublime and, we felt, with a thrill of patriotism, American. There is no morbid nonsense about your modern hero. He is not to be discountenanced by any mere mountain. It happened that, two or three zigzags below, we had seen a young lady

sprawling full length by the roadside. The description answered; he recognized her.

Two staring white placards among the boulders advertised a couple of rival hotels somewhere higher in the waste. The Swiss could give the Americans a tip in the art of advertisement. We were far beyond the top-most zigzags—which were not near the real summit—when we reached the first hotel. But we did not like it; we felt sure we could get nothing there but view; and we tramped on, at the dizziest distance above a stony valley, to the second. If we had not liked that, we must have stopped anyway; we could not have gone a step farther. Outside was a confusion of carriages and hostlers and dogs; inside, a confusion of tongues.

We waited until the carriages had trailed their dust far up and down the long, slanting line of the road, and then we went on, always walking, always pushing. Another steady grind through dust and ruts, above the grimmest of grim valleys, and we were on a bleak platform among snowy peaks, 7993 feet above the sea. The road, instead of ascending higher, turned a corner, and now in front of us were the bold, beautiful ranges of the Bernese Oberland, and the streams went running and leaping toward the Rhone valley, and we coasted carefully to where the Rhone Glacier swept, a frozen hurricane, over the mountains, and the road took precipitate flight down the breakneck slope below us, zigzagging as it went. The first zigzag was so steep that it brought my feet to the pedals; and the people made the long descent doubly perilous. Nor, in such an unspeakable condition was the road, did I dare to coast on the fairly straight stretch beyond—nor, for that matter, to stay on my machine when a carriage passed. Some idea of its badness may be had from the fact that the Swiss had actually set two men to mend it with a broom and a hoe. I thought the descent more perilous than ever when, from the Rhone Glacier Hotel, I watched other cyclists tackle it—six or seven in all, and only one coasting with ease, and he had a pneumatic brake like ours. The others controlled their machines by the most laborious contrivances, the simplest being to back-pedal with the right foot, while the left was lifted up and pressed firmly on the front tire; and I suppose they were all rejoicing over the pound or so saved in weight by not carrying brakes. It added to our comfort to sit there, aware of a good day's work done and a room secured in the attic, and to see them, one after the other, turned away from a hotel

full to overflowing, some to tear down to Brieg, others to press on tediously up the Grimsel.

A COAST OF TWENTY-FIVE MILES
DOWN THE GRIMSEL.

It did not seem so tedious, though, when we made our ascent in the morning. The pass is higher than the Splügen and the St. Gotthard—7103 feet; but at the Rhone Glacier Hotel, our starting-place, most of the climb-

rapidly accomplished that I remember it only as one long flight among mountains that changed with lightning speed. I was obliged to slow up only two or three times: once, when we passed a herd of cattle, with a black bull, browsing right by the roadside (the «sweet bells of the sauntering herd» may be music to the poet, but they are not to the cyclist); and again, when we overtook the tourists, stalking along in the middle of



ON THE FURKA PASS—CARRIAGES GOING UP.

ing had been done. We were about an hour and a half pushing up the zigzags to the top. There was barely time to be tired; and, while I could expend my «best bad language» on the road, it did provide entertainment in the variety of its views back upon the glacier. But of the descent on the other side, what can I say, except that it was a coast of some fortykilometers—twenty-five miles! Think of it! And, on the whole, it was an easy coast. A post-carriage did its best to beat me down the first zigzags, under the sheer walls of rock where Tyndall almost lost his life. But I let my bicycle go faster than ever before—down to the dark lakes, and the hospice in the high, naked valley, down through the gorge beyond, the Bernese Alps towering over us, first in front, and soon behind, the road winding and unwinding, now on the bare cliffs, now on the tiny, narrow strips of pasture-land. The whole descent was so

the road, their conduct far less gentlemanly than the bull's—for he, at least, did keep out of our way; and, worst of all, when we met the diligence and the post-wagons, and the drivers would not give us any space on either side of the road, and then threatened us with a whip because we tried to walk by. Except for these halts, we coasted on from the narrow defile down, and down, and down, and down, into wider valleys, and on and on, until it was a positive relief to take our feet from the rests and resume pedaling, and then walk up the big hill just before Meiringen.

BAD WEATHER, AND A WELCOME
ON THE BRÜNG.

WE were in the town by half-past ten. We let a shower pass; we ate our breakfast. It was still early; we were still fresh. We made up our minds to do two passes that day; and

we rushed down the valley to the foot of the Brünig, a baby among passes, only 3396 feet high, with a road, we had been told, like a cinder track. We had lost the railway in the woods to our right, Lake Brienz was already far below on our left, and we were too high on the pass to turn back, when the heavens opened, and down came the deluge. Our mackintoshes against it were no better than paper. We stood under a tree; we might as well have stood under a waterfall. We walked, for the cinder track was a running stream. In ten minutes we were wet to the skin; in another five J. was deathly sick. We waded through water; we stuck in the mud; we could not see anything; we did not know how far we had got, or how long we had been getting there, but it made no difference. We stopped at the first inn we came to, without asking any questions; nor were we tempted to go farther by a glimpse of a huge hotel emerging from the near clouds.

By good luck, we had stumbled into the decentest inn, I do believe, in all Switzerland. The landlady grudged nothing that she did for us, and we made her do pretty nearly everything. She lavished her attentions out of pure goodness of heart, never doled them out with the average waiter's or chambermaid's greed for probable tips. She staggered down to the kitchen with our wardrobe—a dragged, dirty, muddy heap; but her trouble and the fire found no place in our bill the next day. She brought us clothes—the skirt of her best gown and a shawl for me, her husband's black trousers and socks for J. She offered us pie. She talked to us in broken American, and this was the explanation: she had once lived in Wisconsin! It was not much after one o'clock, but the landlady's clothes were a shocking misfit, and we were chilled to the bones; so we went to bed, and spent the afternoon there, staring upon the deluge, while some one down-stairs ground out funeral polkas and waltzes from a hand-organ. To such degrading depths of inactivity had the baby pass and the "road like a cinder track" reduced us!

TWO PASSES IN ONE MORNING.

In the morning there were clouds everywhere, and a thick, wet mist; but we were off at seven, and, after a walk of three minutes, on our machines, so near had we been, without knowing it, to the top of the pass. In fact we had climbed two passes in one day. Instead of the usual hospice, a railway-station marked the summit; but this does not detract

from our performance. I doubt if any woman, or many men, have climbed the Grimsel and the Brünig in a morning. People may object that we rode too fast. But we had not come out to play the enthusiast, and record our emotions on post-cards; we had come to ride over the Alps on a bicycle; and we had ridden so well that now we were on the last pass of all. We coasted down a road too good to be spoiled even by eighteen hours' rain. But dismal! Nothing but mist, and dripping wet woods, and damp tourists sitting on damp benches, waiting patiently for the view. Signs pointed to where all sorts of mountains ought to be seen; sign-posts directed to finer sites of observation. But there was no view, for all the preparations; none from the Brünig, none from Lungern, none from the Sarnen See. For us there was a delightful coast, but nothing to look at save clouds and gradually dissolving mist. We rode through Sarnen, through Alpnach, by the station of the railroad up Mont Pilatus. Mont Pilatus itself had retired out of sight. The railroad might have led into heaven, for the train started straight up into the clouds. It was as if the Swiss, who put a turnstile at the mouth of their gorges and label their glaciers, had hung a curtain in front of the spectacle of Lucerne. We struggled through mud on the road that runs low on the shores of the lake, under high walls of rock. We rattled over the *paré* into the town. Pilatus sullenly kept out of sight; the Jungfrau was off duty for the day; there was no view. We ate our lunch in a restaurant on the riverbanks; we "did" the sights of the town. Still there was no Pilatus, no Jungfrau, no view. We had crossed our last pass; we had looked our last upon the Alps; they had gone completely. We never saw them again.

I am told I have made a record. I think I have—and one, too, to be proud of. We went over ten passes, six in less than a week. We worked at times as hard as dock-laborers. Dock-laborers! The dock-laborer works eight hours a day, and loaf the others. We often worked sixteen. We were scorched by the sun, stifled by the dust, drenched by the rain. Long kilometers of climbing were the price paid for every coast. What was the use of it, you ask? None. In this you have the great beauty of the ride. There are moments and moods when you must toil for your holiday as for your daily bread. One finds happiness in goading a donkey up hill and down; another in pushing a bicycle over the Alps. Besides, we wished to see if we could push ours over. We could, and we did.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

FRANCES CADWALADER, LADY ERSKINE.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

(SEE THE FRONTISPIECE.)

GILBERT STUART was born in what was called the Narragansett country, now the village of Hammond Mills, North Kingston, Rhode Island, on December 3, 1755. The old-fashioned gambrel-roofed and low-ported house, eight miles from Narragansett Pier, in which the future artist first saw the light, still stands at the head of Petaquamscott Pond, near-by the snuff-mill set up by Gilbert Stewart, the father of the painter, who had come from Perth, in Scotland, at the suggestion of a fellow-Scotchman, Dr. Thomas Moffat, to introduce the manufacture of snuff in the colonies. As to what sort of man "Gilbert Stewart the snuff-grinder" was we have no authentic information, and it does not much matter, as he was disinclined to the arts. He had an eye for beauty in nature, however, which he exercised in the selection of his wife, Elizabeth Anthony, whose charm of person has been recorded by more than one pen.

When four months old, the third and youngest child of the snuff-grinder and his beautiful wife was carried, on Palm Sunday, to the Episcopal church, and baptized "Gilbert Stewart." The significance of this record is found in the orthography of the surname and in the limitation of the baptismal name. Our artist will be found in print frequently as "Gilbert Charles Stuart," and the Jacobin leaning of his Scotch sire is commonly established by the naming of the child for the last of the royal Stuarts, the romantic Prince Charlie. This pretty legend, built to support unreliable tradition, is blown to the winds by the prosaic churchrecord, which shows that the artist's orthography was an assumption, and his name simply Gilbert Stewart. Stuart's parents early removed to Newport, where the son had the advantage of tuition in English and Latin from the assistant minister of venerable Trinity parish; but in his boyhood he seems to have shown none of those dominant characteristics which later were so strongly developed, both in the artist and in the man, unless it may be the predilection for pranks and practical jokes which early manifested itself. We will here have to leave the career of the man to consider one of his most beautiful works.

The portrait of Lady Erskine, admirably

rendered by Mr. Wolf's engraving, is without doubt one of Stuart's masterpieces. It has that directness and charm of simplicity which mark all of his best work; but it has beyond this a mastery over technical difficulties that shows the artist to have been indeed a master workman in his craft. Stuart's feeling for values has no better exponent than this canvas, where the creamy whites of the high lights and the blue whites of the shadows are harmonized with a skill that leaves no semblance of difficulty in the achievement. The luxuriant chestnut hair is brought into juxtaposition with the deepened folds of the ashes-of-roses curtain, so that its definition is lost; and the high-bred pose of the mother of a future peer of Britain has a naturalness and ease that know of no wearying.

Frances Cadwalader was the daughter of General John Cadwalader, of Revolutionary fame by his second wife, Williamina Bond; and her proud lineage can be traced direct to the almost mythical line of Welsh kings. She was born in Philadelphia, June 25, 1781, and at the age of eighteen was married, at historic Christ Church, to her near kinsman David Montague Erskine, eldest son of the renowned orator Thomas Erskine, who, upon being made Lord Chancellor of England, was elevated to the peerage. At the time of the marriage Mr. Erskine was secretary to the British legation to this country, a position he held until 1802, when he returned to England with his wife. The portrait of Lady Erskine was painted just prior to their departure, when Stuart painted also a superb portrait of Mr. Erskine, which hangs pendent to that of his wife in the dining-room of Dr. Charles E. Cadwalader's residence in Philadelphia. In 1806 Mr. Erskine was sent to Washington as British minister, and on the death of his father, in 1823, succeeded to the title. In turn he was succeeded by the son of his Philadelphia wife, John Cadwalader Erskine. Lady Erskine died in England, May 23, 1843; and her husband soon after married her cousin, Ann Bond Travis, whose mother's portrait by Stuart will appear in a subsequent number of THE CENTURY. Stuart painted another later and different portrait of Lady Erskine, which is in England.

THE FALL OF MAXIMILIAN.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

GENERAL CASTELNAU.



GENERAL CASTELNAU and his party arrived in the capital on October 21, 1866. A few days after their arrival, Mme. Magnan invited a number of us to take supper at her house, after the opera, to meet the newcomers.

The general was a tall, middle-aged man of prepossessing mien and soldierly bearing. A charming talker, his manners were those of one accustomed to the best society. He readily fell into our easy life.

He constantly invited us to his box at the opera, and at first arranged pleasant parties; but later, when the gravity of the situation weighed upon him, and his health suffered under it, while he often placed the box at our disposal, he came to it only when equal to the exertion.

Notwithstanding many admirable qualities, the general was scarcely strong enough for the part which he was called upon to play. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine how any representative of the Emperor of the French, at this stage, could have assumed control of events. Looking back upon it now, it would seem as though, under existing conditions, arbitration alone could have stemmed the current of human passion then hurrying all involved toward the final catastrophe.

The knowledge that Napoleon III, who had set up his throne, was now in accord with the United States government and with the Liberal leaders to tear it from under him, stung Maximilian to the quick. He not unnaturally felt a strong desire to remain a stumbling-block in the way of negotiations which to him seemed treacherous and infamous. When General Castelnau arrived he was hesitating. The presence of Napoleon's aide-de-camp was not calculated to soothe his feelings. The return of General Miramon and General Marquez at this crisis again turned the tide of events.

These men, formerly set aside through French influence, felt a resentment which added strength to their party feeling. The

confidence of the Emperor in their ability once more to rally the people about his banner, through the influence of the clergy, triumphed over his indecision. Señor Lares had promised him the immediate control of four million dollars and of an army ready to take the field. Now here were old, experienced leaders to take command.

He hesitated no longer. Breaking with all declared principles of policy, he threw himself into the arms of the clerical party, and pledging himself to reinstate the clergy and to return to the church its confiscated property, prepared to play his last hand without the French.

The marshal was anxiously awaiting the promised documents which were to announce the final terms of abdication. Instead of these, Colonel Kodolitch was sent by the Emperor to arrange the preliminary details for the return of the Austro-Belgian troops. The letter announcing his arrival (October 31) was, moreover, sufficiently ambiguous in its wording to leave Maximilian a loophole by which to escape from his former declared intention. The negotiations were now opened anew. A meeting of the council of state was called at Jalapilla, to which the marshal was summoned, "to consider the establishment of a stable government to protect the interests that might be compromised," etc. The French government had, however, already come to an understanding with the United States, and the French agents in Mexico deemed it best that the marshal should not be present.

After a three days' session, the meeting at Orizaba resulted in a plan of action calculated to bring about a complete rupture between Maximilian and his former allies.

On December 1 Maximilian issued his official manifesto, in which he announced his intention to call together a national congress, and his determination, upon the representations of his council and his ministers, to remain at the head of affairs.

When Cortez, after landing upon the coast of Mexico, decided to burn his ships, he did not more thoroughly cut off his retreat than

did Maximilian when, throwing himself into the hands of the reactionaries, he wrote his final letter to Marshal Bazaine, and published his manifesto. All personal relations now virtually ceased between the Emperor and the marshal. Official communications were carried on through the president of the council of state.

On the very day when the imperial proclamation was issued, General Sherman and Messrs. Lewis, Plumb, and Campbell arrived in the port of Vera Cruz, on board of the *Susquehanna*. The event caused genuine surprise.

A few days before their arrival, the marshal had received from the Marquis de Montholon a notice of their departure on a mission having for its object the reinstatement of the government of Juarez without conflict with the French, the abdication of Maximilian being then regarded as a fact.

General Magruder, who met the American envoys in Havana, reported to them that at the date of his departure from Mexico, on November 1, Maximilian was on the eve of retiring; that he had been detained at Orizaba only by the arrival of Generals Miramon and Marquez; and that the common understanding was that the government had been handed over to Marshal Bazaine.

The American consul called upon the commander-in-chief, and told him that his government was acting in concert with the Tuileries to restore the republic, and that General Porfirio Diaz was the leader into whose hands the care of the capital should be transferred in order to avoid possible bloodshed. He therefore urged upon the marshal the expediency of inviting him to advance near to the city. According to M. de Kératry, Mr. Otterburg even informed him that arrangements had been made with the bankers of the capital to assure one month's pay to the troops of the Liberal leader. This episode plainly illustrates the lack of concert and of mutual understanding so characteristic of every attempt made at this time by the French leaders at home and abroad to steer out of the cruel position in which the national honor had been placed.

LAST EFFORTS.

THE unlooked-for result of his negotiations was a severe blow to General Castelnau. He had not once been summoned to the Emperor's presence, and the principal object of his mission had utterly failed. The gravity of the

situation, as well as its annoyances, weighed upon him, and he was ill and depressed.

A last attempt was made by the French representatives, on December 8, to demonstrate to Maximilian, in a joint note, the impossibility of sustaining himself without the French army. General Castelnau announced to him that the return of the troops would take place during the first months of 1867. A few days later (December 13) the effect of this communication was heightened by a despatch from Napoleon III, then at Compiègne, peremptorily ordering the return of the foreign legion.

By the treaty of Miramar, the services of the legion were insured to Maximilian for six years; but what did Napoleon then care for treaties!

General Castelnau made one more personal effort to save the situation. Accompanied by Mr. Dano and the Comte de St. Sauveur, he started on December 20 for Puebla, where Maximilian was the guest of the archbishop of the diocese.

According to a note received from one of the travelers, they were at first sanguine of success, so impossible did it seem that the Emperor would seriously persevere in his resolve. But although they remained several days, and did their utmost to win over the Emperor's Mexican advisers, nothing came of this supreme attempt. They were reluctantly admitted to an audience by Maximilian. In the course of this interview he recognized the fact that he probably *must* leave Mexico; but declared himself the best judge of the proper time for him to lay down his crown, and claimed the right to turn over the reins of government to the administration that must succeed the empire.

Little show of good feeling existed now between Napoleon's special envoy and the quartier-général. Indeed, the lack of harmony was spreading to officers of lesser rank. Severe criticism was indulged in on both sides. Never was the cynical old French saying so fully borne out by fact: "*Quand il n'y a pas de foin au râtelier, les chevaux se battent.*" There was no success or even honorable failure possible; and the racked brains of the leaders found relief in unjust blame of one another, and in mutual accusations, which served only to lower the plane to which the great impending disaster must fall in the eyes of posterity.

The alluring mirage of a Latin empire had completely vanished from the Western horizon. Where it had stood, the dissatisfied French army, under inharmonious leaders,

now saw only a heavy bank of clouds and every sign of the approaching storm.

DÉBÂCLE.

URGED by General Castelnau, the marshal was steadily concentrating his troops. The foreign representatives were fast leaving the country. Unmistakable symptoms of an approaching *débâcle* were everywhere visible, and all who had been in any way conspicuous in their sympathy with the intervention or the empire were anxiously preparing for the catastrophe.

The cheerfulness of the imperial capital had faded away in the suspense and anxiety of the moment. All wore grave, anxious faces. Those who were going first were busy and bustling. The Mexicans that one met in the street looked sullen and often hateful. It did not seem safe freely to express one's opinions; but thoughtful people felt that the close of the intervention, if it did not carry with it that of the empire, opened up possibilities that one shuddered to contemplate. Young and old, Mexicans and foreigners, realized that they were playing a part in the opening scene of the last act of a tragedy the dénouement of which no one dared to guess.

A serious personal problem was now before us. What were we to do? Closely connected as we had been with the invaders, we could expect little favor. Nor could we even depend upon the protection of the United States flag, as the Imperialists would for some time at least remain in possession of the capital. Yet to leave Mexico was a serious step for us to take; it meant abandoning considerable property, and at such a time this meant its loss.

The matter was decided for us at military headquarters. Our friends were clear that the future was too uncertain for any one to remain who had in any great degree been connected with the intervention. All earnestly urged us to go; and the remembrance of our early experience in Mexico made us dread renewed exposure to increased anxieties.

Every one was preparing for the exodus. *Remates*, escorts, and other details of travel, were the common topics of conversation. One heard of little else than of the safest and most comfortable way of getting down to the coast. Bands of Liberals were said to be everywhere closing in upon the neighborhood; and although, of course, «diplomacy» had made the retreat of the French secure, some forethought must be exercised by

travelers in order to insure safety on the journey.

January 2 was fixed upon as the most auspicious day for our departure. At this date the first detachment of the army was to be directed toward the coast, and we were to follow in its wake. Moreover, all along the road word had been sent to the military authorities to look after our safety in their respective jurisdictions, and everything was done to smooth our way.

For some evenings before our departure there was a round of simple festivities in the little colony. We were to leave first, but all must scatter soon. To me these entertainments seemed as lugubrious as a prolonged «wake.» It was as though we were launching out in the night, and, like children in the dark, we sang aloud to keep up our courage.

For several days our patio rang with the clanging of swords, as our numerous military friends—I was about to say «comrades»—came to bid us God-speed and to offer their services.

On our last night in Mexico a friend gave us a midnight supper, from which we were to step out at three o'clock in the morning to meet the stage which was ordered to stop and pick us up at the corner of the Paseo. This was intended to be a jolly send-off; only our nearest friends were asked. But what a mockery of mirth!

For three mortal hours we strove to affect what Henri Murger so wittily describes as the «gaieté de croque-mort qui s'enterre lui-même»; and it was a relief when the moment came to make our last preparations.

The small party escorted us to the place where we were to board the coach. Oh, the gloom of that early start in the darkness of the morning! The dreariness of every one's attempt at cheerfulness! And then the approaching noise of the mules, and the rumbling of the wheels, as the somber mass neared the spot where we stood in weary expectancy. Exclamations of good will, kind wishes, a pressure of the hand, a last kiss, a farewell, a lump in the throat, a scurry, and a plunge into the dark hole open to receive us. At last the start, and, looking back, some whitish specks waving in the distance against the dark, receding group of friends left behind; and five years of my life, all the youth I ever knew, were turned down and closed forever! What was before me now?

We breakfasted at Rio Frio. Later in the day, at Buena Vista, between Puebla and the capital, we came upon a military encamp-

ment. It turned out to be the last remnant of the Belgian corps, then awaiting orders to proceed to the coast. As our stage halted, we had a few words with Colonel van der Smissen and other officers. There was in our party a Belgian captain who was on his way home. While chatting together, we saw at some distance, against a background formed by the Belgian camp, Princess Salm-Salm, in her gray-and-silver uniform, sitting her horse like a female centaur—truly a picturesque figure, with her white *couvre-nuque* glistering under the tropical sun.

The colonel had just received the intelligence that Maximilian, with his escort, would pass Buena Vista on the morrow, making his way to the capital.

Before we left Puebla, where General Douay was in command, we were told that the Emperor had started upon his journey to Mexico. He was escorted by a squadron of Austrian cavalry. A body of French Zouaves, who were to be relieved of duty upon his reaching the capital, were protecting the road. Besides the officers of his household, his physician, and his confessor, Father Fischer, Maximilian had with him General Marquez and his staff.

The prince was returning to the capital to prepare for the final struggle. He was determined to take his chances. These had been presented to him in as hopeful a light as the imagination of his interested counselors could place them. Now the time had come when he must arouse himself to action.

At Orizaba we learned that the Liberals were closing in at every point upon the ever-narrowing empire. The French having seized upon the Vera Cruz custom-house in payment of the war indemnity, the only source of supply was cut off, and the stress for money was terrible. The hopes of financial relief mysteriously held out by the new cabinet had turned out to be delusive, and, it was soon found, were based upon the hope of a lottery! When the time for action came, the promised millions melted away, and all that the unfortunate monarch could scrape together, on the eve of entering upon a campaign on which hung his life, was a paltry fifty thousand dollars!

The troops were moving down. A large number of transports were waiting, and a fleet under Admiral la Roncière le Noury was in readiness to escort the marshal and the army on the homeward journey.

Upon our arrival at Vera Cruz, we stopped at the Hotel de Diligencias to await the de-

parture of the next outgoing vessel to New Orleans.

Here we were immediately called upon by Colonel Dupin, the commander of the region, who invited us to a breakfast to be given in our honor. He strongly impressed upon us the necessity of keeping indoors and avoiding exposure to the sun. Having been requested from headquarters to look after us, he regarded us as under his care, and evidently felt the burden of the responsibility.

Colonel Dupin was a picturesque figure. He was already an old man when I met him, and was regarded in the army as a brilliant officer of undaunted courage, but of questionable methods and of almost savage harshness.

He had taken part in the Chinese war, was present when the French and British allies entered Peking, and had a share in the sacking of the Summer Palace. He returned to France laden with a rich booty, including precious objects of artistic value, which he boldly exhibited for sale in Paris. This was against all military traditions, and in consequence Colonel Dupin's connection with the army was severed. Time had elapsed since this episode, however, and against Maximilian's expressed wishes he had been sent to Mexico by Napoleon himself to take command of the *contre-guérilla* formed for the defense of the coast region against the depredations of the Mexican bands. It was a relentless warfare, in which the vindictiveness of the Mexicans met with cruel reprisals. The most exaggerated stories were told of the brutality of the French commander, who, in order to intimidate the inhabitants, always in league with the guerrillas then infesting the region, treated them as accomplices whenever outbreaks occurred causing loss of life and property. This treatment, if it insured the submission of the people, was not likely to engender loyalty. Moreover, it earned for Colonel Dupin the title of «Tigre», of which, strange as it may appear, he seemed, I thought, rather proud.

THE CLOSE OF THE «INTERVENTION.»

THE French army, with the marshal, made its final exit in state from the capital on February 5. At the last, and in order to insure their own safety, the French had surrendered the points held by them directly to the Liberal leaders.

Thanks to this prudent but unchivalrous policy, the retreat of the army was as uneventful as had been the movement of con-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COLONEL DUPIN, COMMANDER OF THE «CONTRE-GUÉRILLA» DISTRICT OF VERA CRUZ.

centration. The Liberal forces offered no opposition, and their guerrillas did not even harass the rear-guard of the retreating French. Several thousand men, mainly from the foreign legion, however, deserted. It is said that the marshal claimed them, but General Marquez replied that if he wanted them he might come and fetch them.

On March 3 the marshal arrived in Vera Cruz with his last detachment, having lingered on the way, in the hope that the misguided Emperor might reconsider his decision and still be induced to join him. Orizaba and Cordova were already in the hands of the Liberals, and all communication with the capital had virtually been cut off. He had not even heard of what had taken place since his departure.

Letters from members of the marshal's staff, received after we sailed from Vera Cruz, convey a graphic impression of the last days of the intervention.

From one under date of February 28, 1867, I quote the following passage:

VOL. LV.—108.

Vera Cruz is overcrowded; many of the troops are on board their transports. The marshal is expected to-morrow. The Liberal army is already in Tacubaya, and bands are at Tacuba and all around the valley of Mexico ready to enter the capital. Everyone thinks that the Emperor must leave very soon. Our orders are to hurry off our last detachments; perhaps we dread lest a cry for help should come from Mexico. Terrible confusion prevails here. Lodgings have given out, and officers sleep anywhere in the streets. Last night Vicomte de Nouë slept on the staircase, having secured for his wife a room in which four beds were made for her, her three children, her two maids, her two dogs, and her three parrots! The price for such miserable accommodations is so exorbitant that everybody prefers going immediately on board. . . .

Another letter, dated March 4, says:

The marshal is as unpopular as ever with the army. His methods are censured by every one. The transports are here. With a better system our men might be shipped as soon as they arrive in this God-forsaken hole. Instead of this, however, unnecessary delay results in sickness among the

rank and file. According to my orderly, who saw them, fifteen men were picked up this morning whom the surgeons had declined to embark. . . .

And the last, from another friend, under date of March 12, on board the *Castiglione*, says:

We sail to-day at eleven o'clock. For twenty-four hours out of Vera Cruz we are to form an escort to the *Souverain*, on board of which are the mar-

establish his base of operations at Querétaro. This plan, evolved by Señor Lares and the clerical leaders, had for its ostensible object to spare the capital the horrors of a siege. But it was more than suspected that a certain distrust had arisen between the Emperor and his Mexican supporters. They feared lest he also might make terms with the national party; and they wished, by in-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

GENERAL MEJÍA.

shal and his wife, in order that their Excellencies may sail out of port in state. After this we will make straight for Toulon. All our men are at this moment on board their transports. The Mexican colors are flying over the citadel. The French intervention has come to a close, and is now a thing of the past. . . .

EPILOGUE.

THE end is known. On February 13 the Emperor, with Generals Marquez and Vidaurri, at the head of a column of some two thousand men, sallied forth from Mexico to

ducing him to leave the capital, to put it out of his power to sacrifice them or their cause.

However this may be, it is at Querétaro that the last scene of the tragedy was enacted.

During the cruel weeks of mingled hope and despair that had elapsed since he had left Chapultepec, Maximilian had conquered self. And now the ambitious Austrian prince, the weak tool of intriguing politicians, the upholder of religious and political retrogression, disappears; and where he had stood

posterity will henceforth see only the noble son of the Hapsburgs, the well-bred gentleman who, aware of his failure, was ready to stand by it and to pay the extreme penalty of his errors.

Before the figure of Maximilian of Austria, from the time when he took command of his little army, and resolved to stand for better or worse by those who had remained faithful to his fallen fortunes, all true-hearted men must bow with respect. From this time forth his words and acts were noble; and in his attitude at this supreme moment, his incapacity as a chief executive, his moral and intellectual limitations as a man, are overlooked. We forget that he was no leader when we see how well he could die.

It is noteworthy that, with the exception of General Miramon, those who had most urged upon him the last sacrifice were not with him to share it. Father Fischer disappeared from the stage of history almost as abruptly as he had entered it. Señor Lares and the cabinet who were responsible for the last plan of action carried out by the Emperor had remained in Mexico at the head of affairs. General Marquez, when the republican forces closed in upon the doomed empire, was sent from Querétaro with General Vidaurri to raise supplies and reinforcements. He was vested with supreme authority as lieutenant of the empire, and had pledged himself to return with relief within twenty days. The Emperor wearily counted the hours as time went by; but, like the crow sent out from Noah's ark, General Marquez found enough to occupy him in the satisfaction of his own greed, and was never again heard from by him who sent him.

Overruling General Vidaurri, he deserted his imperial master in his extremity. He used the extraordinary powers given him to establish himself in the capital, where, for his own ends, he subjected the wretched inhabitants to the most cruel extortions. Routed before Puebla by General Diaz, who at once proceeded to besiege Mexico, he unduly prolonged the resistance of the city after the final downfall of the empire, exposing it to the unnecessary hardships of a four months' siege, the horrors of which were mitigated only by the generosity and forbearance of the Liberal commander.

When at last the starving people rose in indignation, and would stand him no longer, he suddenly vanished. It is said that he managed his escape by concealing himself in a freshly dug grave. Twenty-seven years elapsed before the Mexican "leopard" dared show his face once more in his native land, now transformed by the triumph of the men and of the institutions against which he had so desperately fought.

After a siege of over two months (from March 4 to May 15), having abandoned all hope of relief from without, starvation staring him in the face, and ammunition beginning to fail, Maximilian and his still faithful generals resolved to cut their way through the enemy's lines with the little army, then numbering about nine thousand men and thirty-nine guns.

This course had been urged for some time, but General Miramon, ever sanguine of ultimate success, had opposed the idea. The night of May 14 was agreed upon for the sortie. All was in readiness. The gold and silver in the imperial treasury were divided



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CRUCES Y CAMPA.
DON PEDRO RINCON GALLARDO, LIBERAL ARMY.



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SURRENDER OF MAXIMILIAN, MAY 15, 1867.

for safe-keeping among four or five trusted men, one of whom was Colonel Lopez, who had just received from Maximilian a decoration for valor. When, however, the council of war, called together to decide upon the final details, assembled, General Mejía stated that his preparations for the removal of his artillery were not quite perfected, and it was decided to postpone the venture until the following night.

At dawn on May 15, the Emperor, betrayed by Colonel Lopez, was surprised and surrounded by the enemy in the convent of La Cruz, where he had established his headquarters. When Prince Salm-Salm, awakened and warned at five o'clock in the morning by Colonel Lopez himself, ran out of his room to the Emperor's apartments, no imperial troops were near. It was evident that the garrison of the place had been removed.

As Maximilian, his minister, General Castillo, and his secretary came forth to inquire into what had happened, they found themselves face to face with the Liberal colonel José Rincon Gallardo, who, with his command, was already in possession of the place. With him was Colonel Lopez. The Liberal colonel recognized the fallen Emperor; but, perhaps foreseeing the terrible complications involved in his capture, he feigned ignorance of his identity, and said to his men, « Let them pass, they are civilians » (« *Que passen,*

son paisanos »), thus giving him a chance for his life.

Shortly afterward, having reached the street, Maximilian was endeavoring, by issuing orders to his scattered officers, to collect together his remaining forces on the Cerro de las Campanas, where he hoped to make a last stand, when he was joined by Colonel Lopez, whom, according to Prince Salm-Salm, no one as yet suspected of being the author of the infamy. The colonel had come to persuade the prince to conceal himself; and as they talked, his horse was unexpectedly brought to him, ready for flight. It would therefore seem that in betraying his master's cause the wretched man had not planned his personal destruction.

As the betrayed men continued their progress through the streets, on their way to the cerro, they saw coming toward them a battalion of the enemy; and among the officers riding at their head again was Colonel Lopez. Upon seeing the Emperor, they slackened their pace, and once more he was allowed to pursue his way.

Had he cared to avail himself of the opportunities afforded him then, it is just possible that, like Generals Arellano, Gutierrez, and others, he might have succeeded in escaping from Querétaro. But *noblesse oblige*: an admiral does not desert his ship or its crew. Maximilian remained at his post.

At last the cerro was reached, and here the last disappointment awaited him. Instead of his army, only a battalion occupied the place, and, singly or in groups, the deserted leaders assembled, unable to rally their men.

General Miramon, the man of action, always hopeful to the very last, was still attempting to muster what troops he might for a last effort, when at the corner of a street he unexpectedly was faced by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry. The commanding officer drew a revolver and shot him, the bullet entering the right cheek and coming out near his ear. The wounded chief then sought refuge in the house of a friend—who delivered him to his enemies that afternoon!

In the bright sunlight of the May morning there suddenly burst forth upon the air, already vibrating with the noise of the unequal conflict, a peal of bells from the convent of La Cruz. This was the signal of the success of the conspiracy, agreed upon with the besiegers; and from the lines of the Liberal army the clarions rang in wild, exultant strains. Then the dense masses of the enemy's regiments marched forth; and as they approached, the doomed leaders saw their own followers go over and join them.

Hemmed in upon the cerro with a few faithful followers, every hope passed away. No help came. It was now impossible, with so feeble a force, to cut their way through the lines of the Liberals, and from every side the enemy poured fire upon the devoted band.

A flag of truce was sent, and Colonel Echegaray, on behalf of the Juarists, came to receive the Emperor as prisoner. At the latter's request, he was taken forthwith to General Escobedo's presence. To him he surrendered his sword.

He was then turned over to General Riva-Palacio, who showed him every courtesy, and had him incarcerated in his old quarters at the convent of La Cruz. Here he was visited by some Liberal officers, among others by Colonel José Rincon Gallardo and his brother Don Pedro, the former of whom spoke to him in contemptuous terms of the treason of Colonel Lopez. «Such men are used, and then kicked,» he said.

By ten o'clock all was over. The Mexican empire, inaugurated with so much pomp and glitter exactly three years before, had wearily reached a miserable ending. The curtain then falling upon its closing scene was a death-pall; and of the young sovereigns who only a short time before had regarded themselves



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LAST DAY OF MAXIMILIAN.

as the anointed of Heaven, sent by a higher power to strengthen the church and to uphold the principles of monarchy, one had gone mad, and the other now stood an expiatory victim about to be offered up to republican resentment.

It would seem that Maximilian had at first no thought that his life was in peril. This is shown by his attempts to make terms with General Escobedo on behalf of his foreign followers, requesting that they and himself should be safely conducted to the coast and embarked; in exchange for which he pledged himself never more to interfere in Mexican affairs, and to issue orders for the disarmament and immediate surrender of all strongholds now in the power of his followers.

Soon, however, he was removed to the convent of the Capuchins, where he could be more securely guarded; and the feeling began to grow that he must pay with his life for his brief enjoyment of the Mexican crown.

Brought up for trial on June 13 before a military tribunal, which held its court on the stage of a public theater, he was ably defended by Mexico's foremost lawyers, Messrs. Mariano Riva-Palacio, Martinez de la Torre, Eulalio Ortega, and Jesus-Maria Vazquez; but his doom was already sealed. On June 14, at eleven o'clock at night, he was sentenced to death.

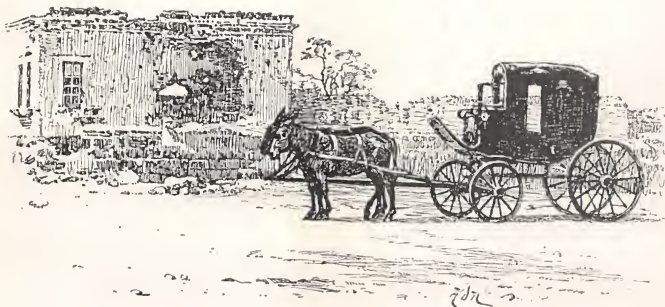
Every effort was made by his lawyers and

cleverly used every means in a woman's power to accomplish the same end. In vain.

President Juarez could well afford to be magnanimous; but under the existing social conditions in Mexico, who, knowing all the facts, could blame if stern justice was allowed to take its course?

When Maximilian remained to carry on the civil war on factional lines, after the French, recognizing their mistake, had retired from the country, he placed himself, if taken, within the reach of the law. The people were then rising in arms, ready to drive out the empire. By his own act he deprived himself of the only excuse which he could logically offer for his presence in the country, namely, that in good faith he had accepted a crown offered him by what might be regarded as the suffrage of the nation, under conditions with the creating of which he had nothing to do. He was now only the factional leader of a turbulent and defeated minority.

Moreover, only a few months before, when General Miramon's brilliant *coup de main* at Zacatecas had come near to delivering into his hands the president of the republican government, his instructions to his lieutenant, in anticipation of such a contingency, were to bring the republican leaders to trial, if caught, according to his too famous decree, but to refer the execution of the sentence to his imperial sanction. His official letter to this effect had fallen into the hands



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY C. C. BURNS.

THE HACK IN WHICH MAXIMILIAN WAS TAKEN TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

by the foreign representatives whom he had summoned to his side to obtain from the republican government a mitigation of the sentence. The Queen of England, the government of the United States, begged for mercy. Baron Magnus, Baron Lago, and M. de Hoorickx, in the names of the European monarchs allied to the prince by ties of relationship, moved heaven and earth to influence the president. Princess Salm-Salm

of President Juarez. It is open to doubt whether, in such an event, General Marquez, then all-powerful, would have allowed the Emperor to display mercy.

All hope of obtaining a commutation of the sentence now at an end, the energies of his friends were turned toward effecting his escape. Three officers were bribed by Prince Salm-Salm, and steps were taken to provide the necessary disguise and conveyance for



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY C. C. BURNS.

GUARD AND SERGEANT WHO SHOT MAXIMILIAN.

the party. The plan was to make for the Sierra Gorda, whence Tuzpan could be reached. From this point the party could proceed to Vera Cruz, then still holding out against the Juarists. The Austrian frigate *Elizabeth*, under Captain von Groeller, was at anchor in the port, awaiting the prince's pleasure.

The project had been seriously complicated by the positive refusal on the part of Maximilian to fly without Generals Miramon and Mejía. All details, however, were at last satisfactorily settled, and the night of June 2 was fixed for the attempt. On this night the officers whose good-will had been secured were to be on guard, and the plot seemed easy of execution. But once more the innate indecision of Maximilian's character interfered. For some trivial cause he postponed the venture, and thus lost his last opportunity. Too many were in the secret for it to remain one. Some one made disclosures, which reached the ears of the authorities, and led to the complete isolation of the prince from his followers; and although

another effort was afterward made, the surveillance was now so close, and the conditions had grown so difficult, that it also came to naught.

On June 15 tidings of the Empress Charlotte's death reached Querétaro. General Mejía, who was the first to hear it, broke it to Maximilian. While it stirred the very depths of his nature, this false information proved a help to him in his last moments. The bitterness of leaving his unfortunate wife in her helpless condition was thus spared him.

«One tie less to bind me to the world,» he said.

The execution had been fixed for June 16. At eleven o'clock on that day sentence was read to the condemned, who were told that it would be carried into effect at three o'clock on the same afternoon.

Maximilian received the intelligence calmly, and devoted the following hours, which he deemed his last, to dictating letters to Dr. Basch and to his Mexican secretary, Señor Blasio.¹ He then confessed to Padre Soria

¹ One of these letters, written to Señor Don Carlos Rubio, reads as follows:

Full of confidence, I come to you, being completely without money, to obtain the sum necessary for the carrying out of my last wishes. It will be returned to you by my European relatives, whom I have constituted my heirs.

I wish my body taken back to Europe near that of the Empress; I intrust the details to my physician, Dr. Basch; you will supply him with funds for the embalm-

ing and transportation, and for the return of my servants to Europe. The settlement of the loan will be made by my relatives either through any European house that you may name or by drafts sent to Mexico. The physician above alluded to will make all necessary arrangements.

Thanking you in advance for this favor, I send you farewell greetings, and wishing you happiness,

I am yours,

QUERÉTARO, 16 June, 1867.

MAXIMILIAN.

Compare S. Basch, «Maximilien au Mexique,» p. 296.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY BIAUN & CO., OF A PAINTING BY J. P. LAURENS.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MAXIMILIAN.

and heard mass in General Miramon's chamber, where the condemned men received the last sacraments, after which he signed his letters and took leave of those about him. In removing his wedding-ring and handing it to Dr. Basch, he said: «You will tell my mother that I did my duty as a soldier and died like a Christian.» After this he quietly awaited death.

The appointed hour passed, however, without his being summoned to execution. After prolonged suspense, at four o'clock in the afternoon news arrived that a reprieve of three days had been granted by the president, in order that the condemned might have time to make their last dispositions.

This unexpected delay naturally aroused hopes among the friends of the doomed men. These hopes, it is said by those closest to him at that time, were not shared by Maximilian. He continued his preparations with the same calm dignity that had not once forsaken him; but he sent a telegram to the national government, asking that the lives of Generals Miramon and Mejía, «who had already undergone all the anguish of death, be spared,» and that he might be the only victim. The request was denied.¹

After making this supreme effort on behalf of his generals, he employed his remaining hours in dictating letters, and when night came he slept soundly.

On the morning of his execution (June 19) he arose at three o'clock, and dressed carefully. At four o'clock Padre Soria came, and once more gave him the last sacrament; an altar had been erected for this purpose in a niche formed by a passageway to his cell. This religious duty having been performed, he gave instructions to Dr. Basch, sending greetings and last tokens to friends. At a quarter before six he breakfasted; and when, on the stroke of six, the officer appeared who was to lead him to execution, he was ready, and himself called his companions in death. Three hacks had been provided for the condemned. The prince entered the first with the priest, and, escorted by the soldiery, the

mournful procession moved through a dense crowd to the place of execution.

On arriving at the Cerro de las Campanas, where a month before he had made his last stand, the fallen Emperor looked about him for a friendly face, and finding only his servant, the Hungarian Tudos, he asked, «Is no one else here?» It is said, however, that Baron Magnus, the Prussian minister, and the Consul Bahnsen were present, although out of sight.

The good priest weakened under the ordeal; he felt faint, and the prince held his own smelling-bottle to his nose.

Followed by Generals Miramon and Mejía, Maximilian walked toward the open square, where an adobe wall had been erected, against which they were expected to stand. About to take his position in the middle, Maximilian stopped, and turning to General Miramon, said: «A brave soldier should be honored even in his last hour; permit me to give you the place of honor»; and he made way for him. An officer and seven men had been detailed to do the deadly work. The prince gave each of the soldiers a piece of gold, asking them to aim carefully at his heart; and taking off his hat, he said: «Mexicans, may my blood be the last to be spilled for the welfare of the country; and if it should be necessary that its sons should still shed theirs, may it flow for its good, but never by treason. Long live independence! Long live Mexico!»

He then laid his hands on his breast, and looked straight before him. Five shots fired at short range pierced his body; each of them was mortal. He fell, and as he still moved, the officer in charge pointed to his heart with his sword, and a soldier stepped forward and fired a last shot.

The physician who afterward examined the remains, preparatory to embalment, could not find a single bullet; all had gone through the body, and it was his opinion that death must have been almost instantaneous, and that the movements observed were convulsive.²

¹ He also wrote a letter to President Juárez, under date of June 19, as follows:

MR. BENITO JUÁREZ: About to die for having tried whether new institutions could put an end to the bloody war which has for so many years disturbed this unhappy land, I should gladly give my life if the sacrifice could contribute to the peace and prosperity of my adopted country. Profoundly convinced that nothing durable can be produced from a soil drenched with blood and shaken by violence, I pray you solemnly—with that sincerity peculiar to the hour at which I have arrived—I beg of you, let my blood be the last spilt, and pursue the noble cause which you have chosen with the perseverance (I recognized it even when in prosperity) with which you follow the cause that now at last triumphs

through your efforts. Reconcile factions, establish a durable peace based upon solid principles.

See Dr. Basch, «Maximilien au Mexique,» p. 303.

² Dr. Basch says: «The head was free from wounds. Of the six shots received in the body, three had struck the abdomen, and three the breast almost in a straight line. The shots were fired at shortest range, and the six bullets so perforated the body that not a single one was found.

«The three wounds in the chest were mortal; one had reached the heart, the two ventricles; the second had



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LENT BY C. C. BURNS.

THE CALVARY OF QUERÉTARO, SHOWING WHERE MAXIMILIAN, MEJÍA, AND MIRAMON WERE SHOT.

The bodies of the two generals were given to their families. That of Maximilian, inclosed in a common coffin, was placed in the chapel of the convent of the Capuchins, and delivered up to the doctor.

As President Juárez insisted upon an official request, made in due form by the Austrian government, before delivering the remains, much delay occurred in the carrying out of the unfortunate prince's wishes with regard to them.

cut the great arteries; the third had gone through the right lung.

«From the nature of the wounds the death struggle must have been very brief, and the poetic words attributed to the Emperor, giving anew the word of command to (fire,) could not have been pronounced. The motions of his hands must have been the convulsive motions which, according to physiological laws, accompany death caused by sudden hemorrhage.»

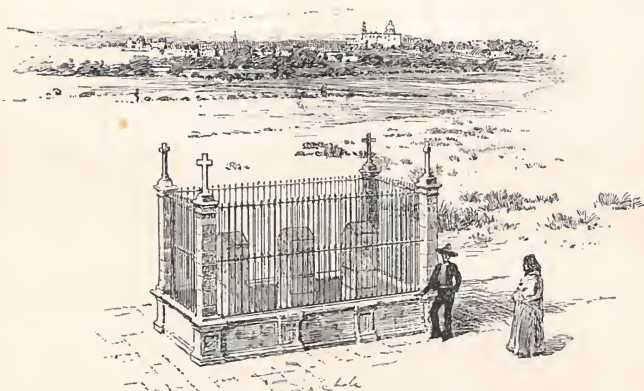
At last, on November 1, the coffin containing the body of Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, Prince of Hungary and Bohemia, Count of Hapsburg, Prince of Lorraine, Emperor of Mexico, was handed over to Admiral Tegetthoff, who had been sent on a special mission to receive it, and left the capital with a cortège composed of his staff and an escort of one hundred cavalry.

On November 26 the *Novara*, with all that remained of the Emperor, left the Mexican shore, where only three years before he had landed in all the pride of power and hopefulness of ambitious youth.

The news of his execution sent a painful thrill through the civilized world. By one of those cruel ironies which fate seems to affect, it reached France on the day of the formal distribution of prizes at the International Exposition. Paris, in its splendor, was throwing open its gates to all the nations of the earth; the crowned heads and leaders of Europe had accepted the hospitality of Napoleon III; and all outward appearances combined to make this the most brilliant occasion of his reign.

But the flash-light and noise of French fireworks were unable to drown in men's hearts the dull echo of those distant shots fired on the Cerro de las Campanas. Nemesis was near, and only a short time after Querétaro, Sedan, Metz, and Chiselhurst were inscribed in gloomy sequence upon the pages of history.

THE END.



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

MONUMENTS MARKING THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

THE NEW TELEGRAPHY.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN TELEGRAPHY WITH SPARKS.

BY A. SLABY.¹



IN the early months of 1897, when the news appeared in the papers that it had been possible to carry out practically the sending of telegraphic messages without a wire for distances of a mile or more, there were many doubters on both sides of the ocean. People thought it nothing more than the sensational imaginings of some able writer for the press, who wished to present to readers hungry for novelties in electrical matters a particularly toothsome dish. On the contrary, those who have followed with attention and understanding the science of electricity, came to quite a different conclusion; for these knew that a German scientist, Heinrich Hertz, had proved ten years ago by convincing experiments that the electrical forces spread themselves through space like the rays of light—so much so, in fact, that there exists between these two phenomena (of electricity and of light) no difference of quality, but merely one of quantity.

To be sure, these electrical forces do not emanate from electrical phenomena of every kind, but only from such as we designate as quick-pulsating or oscillating streams. From this Nikola Tesla first made the most interesting practical deductions, and performed those wonderful experiments in which the electrical rays transform themselves directly into the desired rays of light, without taking the roundabout way over heat, and without the strength-devouring agency of metal wires. Nature, that unapproachable schoolmistress, furnished him a shining example; for she had already solved the great problem thousands of years before. In the body of the glow-worm, which delights us on warm summer evenings with the magic of its greenish glow, she employs her whole strength in the selective radiance of light. Nikola Tesla followed Nature's footsteps and came upon the banks of a new river,

into which the springs of Nature pour her energies of light in broad streams. It fell to the lot of the young Italian Guglielmo Marconi to bring to realization the transfer of forces through space with the help of electrical rays, and in a form within reach of practical application.

First let us consider the means and apparatus wherewith he produced an efficient working radiation of electrical waves.

An electrical phenomenon observed long ago, the springing of sparks from one loaded conductor to another, furnishes the most powerful electrical radiation.

Hitherto we saw in such a discharge a simple passage of the electricity from one body to another, and hardly considered that the phenomenon, which is accompanied by brilliant crackling sparks, is more remarkable than any other electrical phenomenon. To-day we know that this discharge is an intermittent one, in such wise that unnumbered other discharges follow the first discharge of electricity, and in changing direction and with diminishing strength. The whole phenomenon passes with such enormous swiftness that the movements to and fro of the electrical forces are concealed from sight. On the contrary, the eye is capable of receiving as a completed fact only the impression of one single spark.

As an originator of sparks Nature shows to our view bounds that lie very far apart. It is a tremendous jump from the faint crackling that we hear on cold winter days when, in a heated room, we pass a rubber comb through our hair, to the flashing of gigantic lightning-bolts; and yet both consist of the same phenomena; from both the same invisible forces emanate. Marconi uses an artificial producer of sparks, the strength of which occupies a moderate middle place between the extremes that Nature shows. He employs the well-known induction apparatus, that important instrument for the production of Roentgen rays, and connects its binding-clamp with two spheres of brass,

¹ Privy Councilor Dr. Slaby is a professor in the Technical High School at Charlottenburg, near Berlin.

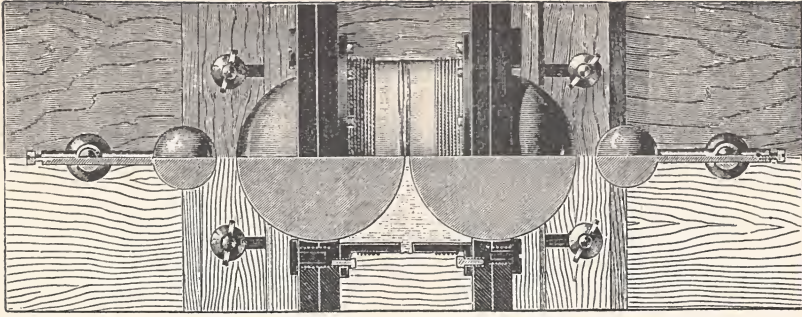


FIG. 1A. MARCONI'S SPARK-GENERATOR. FROM ABOVE.

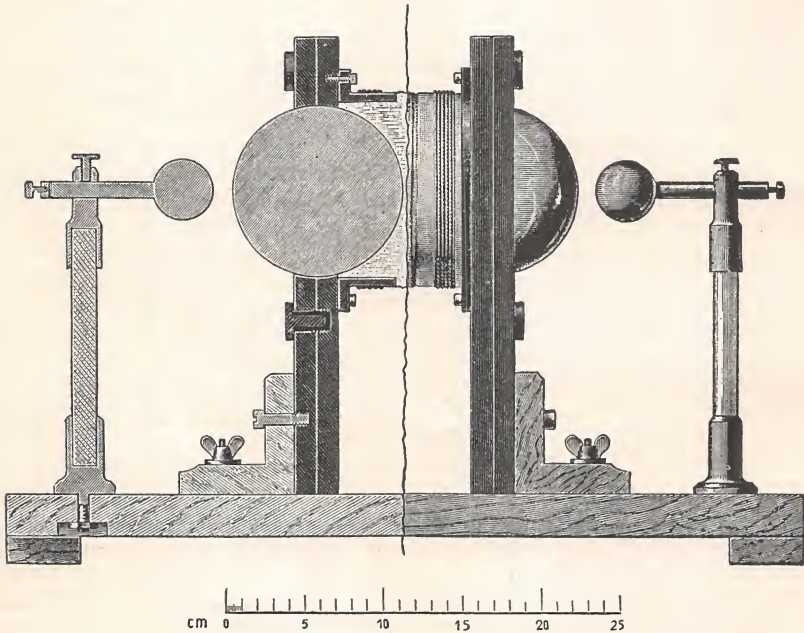


FIG. 1B. MARCONI'S SPARK-GENERATOR. CROSS SECTION, SIDE VIEW.

which are placed opposite each other at a distance of only a few millimeters (Fig. 1). When the inductorium is set in action we get an uninterrupted sequence of thick, white, shining sparks, the power of radiation of which is strengthened if the place of the sparks is filled with oil. In accordance with a process first used by Righi, he does not bind these brass spheres directly together with the binding-clamp of the induction apparatus, but charges them with the aid of smaller spheres which are placed at proper distance opposite the outer half of each of the larger spheres, which, in order to contain the oil, are surrounded with a shell of vellum.

From this apparatus for the production of sparks emanate the rays of electrical force. Heinrich Hertz was the first to make the arrangement whereby it is possible to establish

their presence. For this purpose he employed the so-called resonators (Fig. 2), which are open circuits of wire the ends of which are provided with little polished balls of brass. By means of an isolated graduator, the air-space between the balls can be exactly fixed to very small fractions of a millimeter. When such a resonator is placed in the path of electric waves an electrical sympathetic ringing is roused therein, which shows itself in the passage of sparks at the point of non-contact or interruption in somewhat the same way that a tuning-fork is brought to sympathetic sounding by waves of sound. To be sure, the sparks are so minute that they can be seen only in a darkened room.

With the simple resource of this resonator Heinrich Hertz examined into the laws which the electric forces follow in their radiation.

The most remarkable among his experiments showed that the electric waves were reflected from a metal surface exactly in the same way that light is thrown back from a mirror. Moreover, by means of ingenious arrangements he discovered that the velocity with which the electric forces spread themselves through space is the same as the velocity of light—namely, three hundred thousand kilometers in a second.

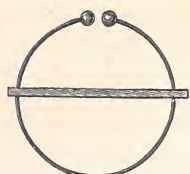


FIG. 2. HERTZ RESONATOR.

So far as it has in any case been possible, these and further experiments have brought us the certainty that light and electric rays are phenomena of the same kind, which differ from each other only in relations of size.

The retina of the eye is the sensitive instrument which permits us to become aware of the presence of rays of light; in the same way we may hereafter call the apparatus which shows us the electric rays an electrical eye. The resonator of Hertz is an eye which is still incomplete. It is weak and short-sighted. We can perceive with it only the most dazzling effects of the electric rays, and can, if I may so express myself, calculate only approximately the degree of their illuminating power.

The electrical eye which Marconi uses is essentially more sensitive; we may call it a clever improvement on the resonator of Hertz. The chief characteristic of the latter was the interruption of a metallic circuit by an air-space of uncommonly short width. The working of an electric ray impact showed itself in the appearance of visible sparks. But we can bring other means of assistance to bear in order to recognize the presence of infinitely small sparks which the human eye fails to see. The most sensitive means are always electrical; therefore we choose a continuous electrical current, the slightest traces of which can be detected by the galvanometer.

Let us imagine that the metal knobs of a resonator of Hertz have been so closely brought together that the air-space between them can be no longer detected even with the most delicate optical means; nevertheless, it is not necessary that a complete metallic contact has yet taken place. If we introduce into the wire circuit of the resonator a little galvanic battery (Fig. 3), say, in the nature of a desiccator, and a very sensitive galvanometer, then, as long as the electric stream is obstructed at the knobs, the needle

of the galvanometer will remain at rest. But if the impact of an electrical discharge falls upon the circuit, electric effects tremble through it which are not barred by the air-space between the knobs, very much as a wave of water may spurt its way over an obstacle when it is turned into millions of little spray-drops. In this fashion it is that fine sparks spurt across; and though they are hidden from the keenest methods of optical reinforcement, yet for an instant they are there, and every spark of them fills the air-space with metallic steam. These guide the continuous current, and close the circuit. The result is a perceptible movement of the needle of the galvanometer. Either the needle swings back after the impact is finished,—then the isolating air-space has reestablished itself as it was, and the electrical eye is ready to react to another impact,—or (and this is most commonly the case) fine scattered particles of metal, which have been consolidated again after evaporation, fill the air-space and build a metal bridge, whereupon the movement of the galvanometer's needle is permanent. But the slightest shock is sufficient to bring this bridge to a fall, and thus to break the metallic contact.

In the same way, as Branly first discovered, works a tube of glass when filled with iron or copper filings. Such a tube presents an insuperable resistance to the passage of an electrical stream, so that we can clamp it to the pole of a galvanic battery with metal fasteners without receiving a charge. But

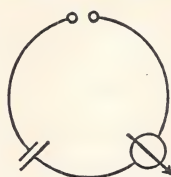


FIG. 3. RESONATOR WITH GALVANOMETER ATTACHED.

if this tube receives the impact of electric rays, then it conducts the main circuit, and the needle of the galvanometer moves. After the electrical radiation upon the tube is finished, a light shock given to the tube reestablishes once more the complete resistance to the main circuit.

Fig. 4 shows an apparatus of this kind, in which the metal filings are replaced with iron nails loosely piled up one upon another. There are countless points of contact present having insulating surfaces. The radiation of electric waves excites among them an electric vibration, and countless invisible sparks at the points of interruption cause metallic contact.

Lodge of Liverpool appears to have been the first to use such tubes as electrical eyes for the study of the Hertz rays. In his ab-

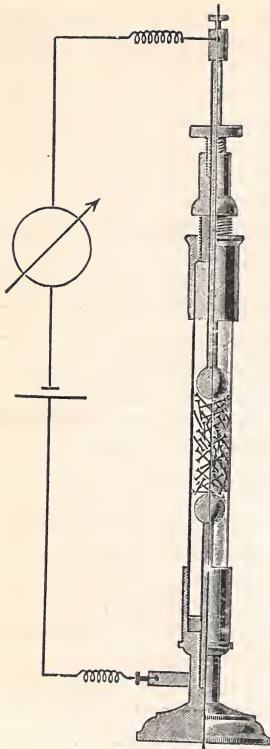


FIG. 4. THE LODGE COHERER AND BRANLY'S TUBE WITH METAL FILINGS TO REGISTER IMPACT OF AÉRIAL ELECTRICITY.

sorbing book, "The Work of Hertz and Some of his Successors," he describes various arrangements of this and of other kinds, which he had been using as early as 1889. From him came the term "coherer," which he chose because a more intimate connection, as it were a cohesion, of the metal filings was produced by the electrical waves. One may also fairly consider Lodge the father of the idea of telegraphing with electric rays and such tubes; but he fixes as the farthest distance that can be reached one half an English mile (eight hundred meters), without ever having given

any practical proof of the theory.

Marconi's electrical eye is pictured in Fig. 5. He uses a metallic powder, or, more correctly, a mixture of metallic powders, which consist of ninety-six per cent. nickel and four per cent. silver. This mixture is sealed up in a little glass tube between two knobs of silver, the meeting surfaces of which knobs are amalgamated by a trace of quicksilver. After it is filled, the tube is cleansed and soldered up; wires of platinum effect the passage of electricity, and are soldered on to the silver knobs; the tube is fastened with marine glue to a stick or pillar of glass, which serves as a support.

Fig. 6 shows the arrangement of Marconi's receiver. The main circuit, strongly drawn out, contains a desiccator (A), a sensitive relay (B), and the coherer (C). It is well known that a transferer commonly used in telegraphy is called a relay. It reacts to very slender streams of electricity, and moves at the same time a tongue which conducts a second circuit with stronger bat-

teries. When the coherer is cut off, the circuit is broken, and the tongue of the circuitless relay points to contact of rest. After the impact of the waves, cohesion in C permits the establishment of a current which turns the tongue of the relay on the working contact. Therewith the circuit of the battery (a) is closed, and the Morse indicator (b), which has been inserted therein, as well as the ticker (c), are set to work. At the first stroke of the ticker against the coherer the particles in the latter must fall asunder; thereby the first circuit becomes at rest, and the tongue of the relay lays itself at the point of rest and cuts off the battery (a). At a renewed subjection to the electric waves this action repeats itself. It is evident that by subjection of the coherer to intermittent radiation one can produce the Morse alphabet.

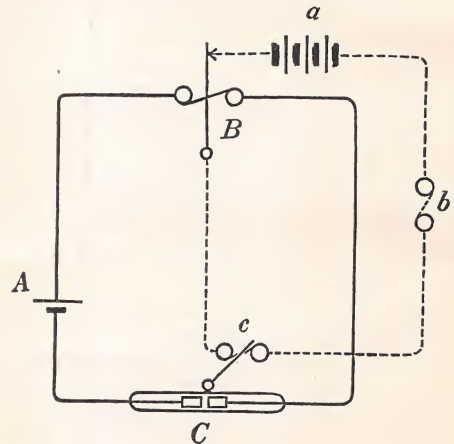


FIG. 6. MARCONI'S RECEIVER.

A—Desiccator. a—Battery.
B—Relay. b—Morse indicator.
C—Coherer. c—Ticker.

In January, 1897, when the news of Marconi's first successes ran through the newspapers, I myself was earnestly occupied with similar problems. I had not been able to telegraph more than one hundred meters through the air. It was at once clear to me that Marconi must have added something else—something new—to what was already known, whereby he had been able to attain to lengths measured by kilometers. Quickly making up my mind, I traveled to England, where the Bureau of Telegraphs was under-

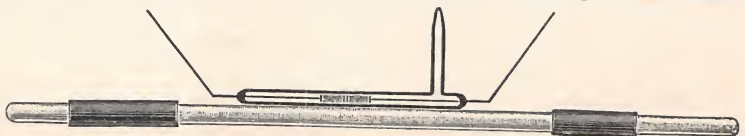


FIG. 5. MARCONI'S "ELECTRICAL EYE."

taking experiments on a large scale. Mr. Preece, the celebrated engineer-in-chief of the General Post-Office, in the most courteous and hospitable way, permitted me to take part in these; and in truth what I there saw was something quite new. Marconi had made a discovery. He was working with means the entire meaning of which no one before him had recognized. Only in that way can we explain the secret of his success. In the English professional journals an attempt has been made to deny novelty to the method of Marconi. It was urged that the production of Hertz rays, their radiation through space, the construction of his electrical eye—all this was known before. True; all this had been known to me also, and yet I never was able to exceed one hundred meters.

In the first place, Marconi has worked out a clever arrangement for the apparatus which by the use of the simplest means produces a sure technical result. Then he has shown that such telegraphy (writing from afar) was to be made possible only through, on the one hand, earth connection between the apparatus and, on the other, the use of long extended upright wires. By this simple but extraordinarily effective method he raised the power of radiation in the electric forces a hundredfold. The upright extended wires work like the pierced tube of a watering-cart; the rays of electric force spurt, as it were, in every direction upright to the wire; they cause a great part of space to be drawn into sympathy.¹

Now, since these wires are the essence of Marconi's discovery, the term «telegraphy without wires» is really erroneous; more correctly should it be called telegraphy by sparks, in opposition to the term used hitherto, «telegraphy by circuit» (*Stromtelegraphie*).

The experiments in England were carried out in the Bristol Channel. A mast thirty meters high was erected on the cliff near Lavernock Point—a cliff twenty meters high, one hour from the pleasant little bathing village of Penarth. Over the top of the mast was a cylindrical hood of zinc, two meters high and one meter in diameter. An insulated copper wire passed from the zinc cylinder to the foot of the mast to meet one pole of the receiver. The other pole was connected

with the ocean by a long wire which ran down the face of the cliff. In the midst of Bristol Channel, five kilometers distant from Lavernock Point, lies the little island called Flat-holm. There was the place for transmission. The apparatus to engender the sparks was in a little wooden cabin. Its knobs were connected, one with a zinc hood on a mast of the same height as that on Lavernock Point, the other with the sea.

After a few preliminary experiments, the sending of messages was perfectly successful. It will always be an unforgettable recollection how, on the morning of May 13, 1897, our party of five, cowering together in a big wooden case, because of the heavy wind, our ears and eyes bent with the most anxious care upon the receiving apparatus, suddenly, after the raising of the signal-flag agreed upon, perceived the first tickings, the first clear Morse letters on the tape! Silently and invisibly the message had been borne across the space from the rocky coast, ferried across by that mysterious medium, the ether.

After my departure the experiments were continued. It was possible to make clear telegraphic communications between Lavernock Point and Brean Down, straight across the entire breadth of Bristol Channel, fourteen and a half kilometers.

Having returned to my home, I went to work at once to repeat the experiments with my own instruments, with the use of Marconi's wires. Success was instant. I set up telegraphic communication between my laboratory and a factory about two kilometers away, where a water-tower was placed at my disposal for the placing of the wire of transmission. I resolved, however, to discontinue the connection, because there came a query from the office of the telephone company, whether in that district any local meteorological storm existed, since all the telephone-lines there were out of order.

Meantime the attention of the German Emperor had been drawn to the new form of telegraphy. It is known with what a lively interest and with what a depth of technical knowledge the Emperor follows the progress of applied science. Hardly a tract of this great field is foreign to him, and it is not un-

¹ The reader will find in THE CENTURY for April, 1895, in an article on Mr. Tesla's inventions, a quotation from his lecture, delivered at Philadelphia in February, 1893, and at St. Louis in March, 1893, in which he expressed confidence in the practicability of telegraphy without wires. In the same lecture will be found a description of the scheme, the connections, and the arrangement of transmitting- and receiving-instruments used later in Signor Marconi's experiments. (See «Inventions, Re-

searches, and Writings of Nikola Tesla,» by Thomas Commerford Martin; New York, «The Electrical Engineer,» 1894, pp. 346-349.) A number of scientific men have already called attention to this fact. This does not detract from the distinct merit of Signor Marconi in having effected the transmission to a five- or sixfold distance by an application of devices which were thought capable only of a transmission of a mile or two.—THE EDITOR.

frequently the case that the reading of technical reports, foreign and German, is, as it were, a rest for him from the wearisome exertions of state affairs.

For carrying out extensive experiments, the waters of the Havel River near Potsdam were put at my disposal, as well as the surrounding royal parks—an actual laboratory of nature under a laughing sky, in surroundings of paradise! The imperial family delight to sail and row on the lakes formed by the Havel; therefore a detachment of sailors is stationed there during the summer, and I was permitted to employ the crews as helpers.

I placed the receiving apparatus in the sailors' barracks. The flagstaff there was considerably heightened, so that the highest point of the clear receiving wire was twenty-six meters above the level of the ground. For my first transmitting-station I chose a church lying on the other shore of the Havel, which was built by Frederick William IV, called the Saviour's Church at Sacrow, distant one and six tenths kilometers in an air-line. Fig. 7 shows the edifice. On one side of the basilica stands the clock-tower, which has a platform immediately below its roof. There a mast was placed, and from its highest point, twenty-three meters above the ground, a copper wire was suspended by means of a porcelain insulator. I had chosen the nave of the church as the place for my spark-generator, in order to be protected during rainy weather. The telegrams transmitted from Sacrow reached the sailors' barracks with unimpeachable clearness and exactness. To be sure, I was on one occasion in a state of lively dismay because of the indistinctness of the marks on the tape. It was the very day on which the Emperor desired to inspect the arrangements. It was only a short time before the

doors closed that I was able to discover the origin of the interference and to suppress it. I had withdrawn the transmitting or spark-generating apparatus farther than was my wont within the entrance of the church, and thus it had got too near the stone flooring. By pulling the wires tighter the trouble was overcome. The sending of messages was very successful. The Emperor himself sent a telegram, and on his return to the sailors' station could convince himself of its safe arrival there.

Further experiments at the Sacrow church gave an important result. When I carried the transmitter wire perpendicularly down the clock-tower to the entrance of the church and to the spark-generator placed there, the signs entirely failed to appear at the receiving-station. After a good deal of experimenting the obstacle was discovered. In the immediate neighborhood of the clock-tower are clumps of trees (see Fig. 7) which almost entirely concealed the vertical wire, so that from the sailors' station with the telescope one could only make out the upper section of the wire. The rays emanating from the wire were swallowed up by the group of trees as rays of light might be, or else led off toward the ground. The chief condition for success with telegraphy by sparks is that all obstacles which are found in front of the transmitter wire must be cleared away.

This fact was particularly felt when I wished to open telegraphic communication between the sailors' station and Peacock Island, three kilometers apart. The air-line between the two stations is crossed by a hilly, wooded tongue of land in the Glienicke Park, which is covered with houses. The electrical rays had to pass through these houses. It was successful, truly, but only after I had increased the length of the wire at both stations to sixty-five meters. It is remarkable that connection could also be had with Peacock Island when I substituted for the vertical wire and earth connection wires about one hundred meters in length, which I stretched parallel to each other, about two meters above the level of the ground.

The experiments in Potsdam had for their object the discovery of the basal conditions on which to predi-

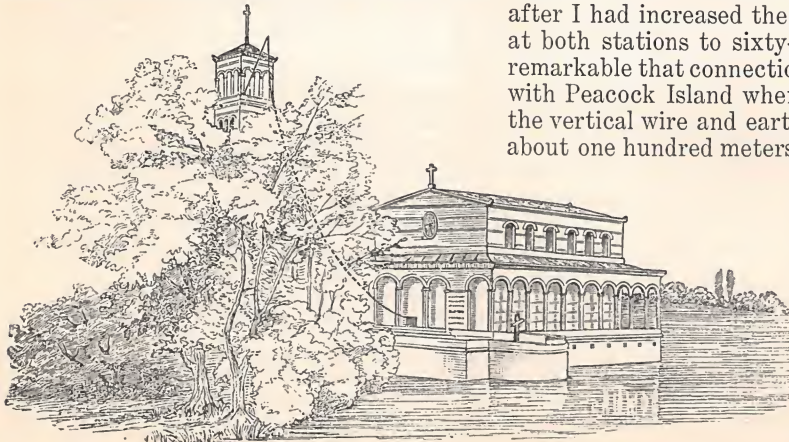


FIG. 7. FIRST TRANSMITTING-STATION, SACROW CHURCH, NEAR POTSDAM.

cate success in spark telegraphy. In order to overcome greater distances, more auspicious places and methods had been considered.

In the meantime Marconi, while conducting experiments at Spezia which he carried out with the support of the Italian navy, had succeeded in telegraphing from a moving battle-ship, the *San Martino*, sixteen and three tenth kilometers to the arsenal of San Bartolommeo, and at a distance of eighteen kilometers in deciphering a few signals.

I resolved to attempt still greater distances.

The Emperor had ordered the balloon department of the army to assist in these experiments. The practice-ground of the military balloonists lies in Schöneberg, near Berlin, and a military railway runs thence directly south. At a distance of twenty-one kilometers in an air-line lies the village of Rangsdorf, on the railway itself. The sending apparatus was arranged there, and the necessary guard and balloon material were sent down.

After a few experiments, we succeeded on the 7th of October in establishing communication between the two posts. There was a cold, raw northwest wind, so that both the balloons, anchored at the two places, were driven about. At both stations thin copper wire was fastened to the baskets of the balloons, reaching two hundred and fifty meters to the apparatus. Connection with the earth was made by means of swords stuck in the ground.

The first telegram received under these conditions is reproduced by the autotype process in Fig. 8. The clearness of the Morse characters seems all the more noticeable because the electrical condition of the atmosphere on that day was as unfavorable as one could imagine. The electricity of the air was so strong that one could not touch the wires hanging down from the balloons without getting the severest electrical shocks. When one of the wires broke loose from the apparatus by reason of the strong wind, a lively jumping about took place among the soldiers standing near, for fear that they might be hit by the wires whipping to and fro. Never-



FIG. 8. FIRST TELEGRAM THROUGH THE AIR BETWEEN BALLOONS—
«RANGSDORF, SCHOENEBOERG.»

theless, the effect of those electrical interferences in the air are to be seen on the Morse tape only in a few points which did not mar the legibility of the Morse characters, consisting of short and long lines.

I have often been asked in what directions and in what field the use of spark telegraphy might be employed. Our knowledge of the phenomenon in question is, so far, a very modest thing; we are really in the very opening chapters. Who would care to say to-day how far, and whither, the path will lead us? I do not purpose to paint pictures of the future, but I believe I can state with emphasis that for certain purposes the new telegraphy is ripe to-day, and well worthy of consideration. The most important appear to me to lie in the military field. Besieged fortresses, and advancing armies which have the enemy between them, could make use of spark telegraphy to-day as a method of communication. The system works just as surely on a bright day as by night and in fog, though, to be sure, only in cases where balloons can be employed, since the distances reached when towers, masts, and high trees were used would hardly suffice in cases of this kind.

Quite as important is the usefulness of the discovery for the navy. Experiments of last summer have made perfectly certain the possibility of using captive balloons on the high sea. In place of balloons, without doubt, one might use the modern kites, brought to such a pitch of perfection in America, as those of Hargrave and others. I owe it to the kindness of an acquaintance in New York that I know something of these excellent kites, and a few experiments have already shown me that they are perfectly adapted to the carrying of thin wires.

There is a future for the use of spark telegraphy for lighthouses and light-ships. The receiving apparatus can easily be made in a handy form, not bulkier than a chronometer. On the approach to a lighthouse it

would not only give signs, but would tick out the name of the lighthouse; it appears even possible to provide the receiving apparatus with a regulator, to be adjusted at will according to whether a greater or smaller sensitiveness is desired, whereby the distance of the lighthouse can be read off.

An undeniable weakness of spark telegraphy is this: every telegram is imparted to the whole world; every receiver can take it up. Owing to this reason, for the present its application will have to be confined to particular cases. For practical purposes, if one desires to protect one's self from having despatches read by others, there remains

always the use of signs arranged beforehand. In war, to be sure, telegraphy would become impossible as soon as a hostile spark-generator should cause a permanent disturbance of the characters. A very interesting battle might occur in the waves of ether.

Notwithstanding these undeniable shortcomings, let us not allow ourselves to be deprived of joy at the discovery of the new telegraphy. We are face to face with very peculiar phenomena. Nature has opened a new door for us. It is the mission of science at present to bring light into the opened room. After that we shall not have to wait long for the necessary technical progress.

THE SUPERFLUOUS CRITIC.

BY ALINE GORREN.



HE one point upon which the best friend of America and America's worst enemy would probably agree is that we are not a critical people. As to the results to which the fact may lead, these two persons might, however, hold very different opinions. To the one, our want of the critical sense would appear to be a fatal weakness. To the other, it would reveal itself as, in many directions, the source of our greatest strength. Now it may be possible to be firmly of this second way of thinking, and yet to be able to perceive the amount of truth that belongs to the first.

It is certainly an inherent characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon to hold action as better, any day, than any amount of abstract theorizing; and where this characteristic exists as emphatically as it does in America it would be unreasonable to expect a very free play of that deeper and more comprehensive class of criticism, as applied either to art and letters or to the esthetic side of the daily conduct of life, which trenches upon the ground of philosophical reflection and speculation, and which alone can truly be called criticism. Every thoughtful student of American institutions feels that they are triumphant because of the wise elasticity which is part of their essence, and which adjusts political ideals to the facts of life and the inconsequentialness of human nature, being willing to forego something of the logical perfection of a theory if thereby it can

be made more effectively a working one; and he recognizes how profoundly in this practicality the whole genius of the people is expressed. In our social life the same order of observations may be made. It is still a largely disorganized social life. Certainly it is not organized as is social life among the Latin peoples. With them a perpetual process of analysis decomposes into their remote elements, day in and day out, every social force of any moment, and many forces which superficially seem of no moment; all the actions of man in society, and their subtle influence upon his fellows, are weighed minutely. The place of every individual is made for him, and the limits within which he may expand are prescribed. Hence the superior smoothness and amenity of the machinery of life in a country like France; hence the really larger individual liberty, since, where all know their bounds, there must be, for each, fewer chances of rough encounters with the environment. But a good American, whose ideas in respect to all the moral aspects of conduct are apt to be rigid and sharply defined, holds with regard to the infinite complexities of social relations a very different attitude. He may acknowledge, if pushed to it, that the only efficacious way which has yet been devised of making people live together agreeably is to reduce the conditions of living to a science. Nevertheless, the critical alertness necessary to the elaborating of such a science is, in some subtle way, repugnant to him. It seems too much like the alertness of the meddler—

of him who thrusts his fingers among delicate threads not meant for his handling. It may be said that to the American of the best type it seems not to be thus—not by a continual watching of others and himself—that the greatest things are done; it seems not to be the way of the greatest men. Or, again, it may perhaps be said that to such an American the perfection of social relations does not seem to be so vastly important a matter, after all. For the Latin methods proceed from the deeply rooted belief that the social life of man is the object of the greatest consequence to man; and, obviously, this will not be the belief of races in whom the development of the spiritual life is larger, more directly occupies the individual, and takes up a greater part of his time, as is the case with us of the Germanic brotherhood.

The art life of a country will naturally be found to fall under the same conditions that govern that country politically and socially; and here the absence of the critical spirit among us is indeed more freely acknowledged than it is in any other department of our life, and perhaps the fact more clearly perceived that it may draw some serious disadvantages in its wake.

The professional critic of art or letters is nowhere a very gracious figure, perhaps, in the eyes either of the artist or of the public, and the less so where his functions find little support in the temperament and character of the race; but much of this lack of sympathy with his position and his labors springs from a confusion of ideas concerning both. We think, in effect, of the critic almost invariably as being primarily occupied with the artist, the writer, and as directing his efforts toward the modifying, correcting, and influencing of their work. To the superficial view his preoccupation appears to be exclusively with them. This is an error; but it has, as a logical result, the effect of putting artists and writers instantaneously upon the defensive, and causing them to make those periodic declarations concerning the inferiority of the most intelligent criticism to the least intelligent original creation, which so needlessly envenom, and so effectually befog, all discussions on this subject. As every artist is deeply aware that the conditions which govern the coming into being of any creative work operate quite outside the reach of the creator's own ken, not to speak of that of another,—as he knows how absolutely mysterious is the generation of a work of art,—he resents as an impertinence the intrusion into these arcana of the smug

dogmatism of the critic. A poem, a picture, a melody, come to be because they are inevitable; they are, at least, inevitable if they are of the best. They may be analyzed, classified, compared, and relative degrees of merit may be assigned to them; but the soul of them is something that is altogether outside the domain of the reasoning faculties. A striking sense of this truth is shown in a recent book on esthetics, written by a Frenchman who advances the theory that genius is a force of nature continuing, in the brain of man, to manifest itself in a new form—a form different in order from the phenomena of the visible world, but not different in kind. According to this theory, the volitional part in a work of genius is small indeed. The painter, the poet, the composer, work before the moment of inspiration, says M. Séailles. They work, if the paradox be allowed, before their actual work begins. When it has begun there is no longer any conscious effort; something else works, which asks not their coöperation. The harder the preliminary personal labor, the task of preparation, the easier the working of the impersonal force at the given moment: but this is the only connection between the two.

Admit that this be true,—and something of the sort certainly is true,—and then consider how futile and officious, to say no worse, must seem to the man of genius the ifs and fors and buts, the whys and wherefores, of the average critic! This resentment should, however, vanish with the realization that the critic's proper business is not, in the first place, with him, but with the public. It is to the mass of cultivated people that the critic addresses himself, and his principal affair is to shape their minds for the suitable reception of the artist's work when it is given to the world. This is the only material which he really molds and manipulates—public opinion. Of course, since he can do so only by a continual reference to the poem, the picture, the novel,—by dissecting their parts, discussing their technical execution, and explaining their intention,—he is also busy with the painter and the writer. But this is the point to be made: he is—or should be—indirectly, not directly, busy with them.

It is a distinction too often overlooked by professional critics themselves, as well as by people at large. Many critics appear to fancy that their observations, founded sometimes on esthetic rules of universal application, but more often, as they indeed must perforce be, on individual preferences, should have the power to determine at first hand the

direction and nature of an artist's inspiration. It is safe to say that the cases are extremely rare where such a thing occurs. After all is said and done, criticism must accept the inspirational product as it comes, be thankful for it,—though the gratitude at times be of a tempered sort,—and refrain from seeking to interfere with it at its source. The only influence which criticism can have on artistic inspiration is of the reflex kind, and is secured at second hand, by its immediate task of clarifying the ideas of the masses with regard to art in general, and of teaching them to think intelligently about it, to bear in mind certain immutable standards, and to make comparisons and distinctions. The more a people's activity is aroused in this direction, the more enlightened and minute its discriminations become, the easier it is for the artist to appeal to it, to produce in the midst of it. This is a commonplace. But it must also be observed that the character of his inspiration, and much of its quality, are determined by the sum total of those ideas concerning art which the persistent work of intelligent criticism has disseminated in the public. This is a rule not invalidated by a few exceptions here and there. The art of Edgar Allan Poe, for instance, was assuredly not the flowering of the sum total of esthetic notions current in America forty or fifty years ago. The examples, on the other hand, which prove the rule are too frequent for enumeration. Let us merely recall the case of Richard Wagner, whose art in its totality is the fulfilment and culmination of esthetic theories propagated far and wide throughout Germany by philosophers and critics for a hundred years back—theories which had so filtered into the consciousness of the mass of the people that the final fruition of them was understood and accepted by the Germans as forming indeed what Wagner always claimed that it formed—a «national» art.

This debt which the artist owes the critic is not a small one; nor is it any the less actual for being commonly lost sight of. It is a current belief that the public is educated by the mere existence of the good work of art, and not by the elucidation of its commentators. Education by absorption is perhaps the most deep-going and far-reaching form of education, but it has never been found practicable to rely upon it solely in other branches of mental acquisition; then why believe that it can be relied upon solely for the proper development of the art-sense? In effect it never is, and cannot be. How

many people care about poetry, let us say—feel it, are reached by it? And can one doubt that if a more loving and careful analysis of such of its products as appear to-day were undertaken by critics competent to convey to an indifferent public the perennial value of its ministrations, some of the unresponsiveness of the average reader would disappear, and some perception of the eternal significance of the poet's message would extend to the classes now given over to nothing more tonic in the way of reading than the daily newspaper? We say that one is born with the feeling for the enjoyment of poetry, and another is not. Not so: at least, to say this is not to say all. The feeling for the highest esthetic enjoyment and appreciation is cultivable, and cultivable as is any other faculty, by studying the material to be enjoyed, by reverently conning its constituent parts. In short, a vague, dreamy delight in the presence of some beautiful work of the artistic spirit is not enough. It is not enough for intelligence; it is not enough especially to produce the atmosphere of interest which stimulates the painter, the musician, the writer, to sustained effort, and keeps him true to the pitch. We love best what we know best. To rest in loving without knowing is often the merest sentimentality—a sentimentality toward which our Germanic forefathers had always a leaning, while it was especially antagonistic to the lucid Greek and Latin spirit.

Is this saying that the lucid Greek and Latin spirit has given greater things to the world than the nebulous Teutonic soul, so full of the haunting sense of the infinite? Let us not be so misunderstood. We may claim only that a natural tendency toward esthetic sentimentality has its dangers; and that it is best corrected by holding firmly in view the critical methods of the opposite temper. Americans, as a people, require to be urged, not to love beautiful things more,—we have no little love of the beautiful,—but to know more about them; in other words, to give precisely a little warmer welcome to that discriminating faculty, as directed toward artistic things, which we began these remarks by noting as really foreign to our nature.

The great question of a coming national art in the United States has been debated from every possible point of view. That the representative American novel, for instance, was one day to be written, what it would be like when it was written, why it had not yet been written—these are topics which have been discussed with a regularity as unfailing as the recurrent rhythm of the seasons. We

have heard every manner of reason advanced for our failure yet to have produced a very great literature, an art of the very first order. But this reason, that it is so difficult as to be almost impossible for a writer—for any artist—to address successfully a wide audience in whom ideas about art and literature are exceedingly diversified and individualistic, is certainly the most weighty. We are told that a great national event, stirring souls to their depths, would bring forth the great book. Doubtless it would; and why? Not alone because the writer's soul would be stirred, but because thousands of other souls would be stirred at the same time and by the same pulse. It is the certainty that feeling will awaken quick response, that the idea launched forth will be received and sifted in the white heat of enthusiasm, that makes the touch sure and the authority great. What, then, of

The idle singer of an empty day?

Can he look for no response whatever? His plight need not surely be so bad if he may believe that his auditors are attentive, at least, to the key he strikes, and to the aims he strives for. But this they are not likely to be unless their minds have been prepared for attention by the patient preliminary labors of philosophical criticism.

Indeed, it appears to be clear enough that we shall not have a great literature and a great national art until we have labored a little more in the field of this higher criticism. Let us be frank with ourselves. That superfluous person, the critic, is really less superfluous in America to-day, perhaps, than anywhere else. Let us not disdain him, let us not ignore him, too much; he has his uses. Poets have sung, and painters painted, in the great creative periods, with so fine and lusty a spontaneity that almost the world has been persuaded that such glorious facility came at the fingers' ends. It does come at the fingers' ends; but only when much obscure toil, and efforts often vain, sterile, baffled, have for generations wrought the tactile sense to the requisite delicacy. The foundations of great artistic periods are deep laid among the tenets of arid and partly dis-

carded philosophical systems. Men and women open wide the doors of their hearts to the artist who has given them a new joy that makes life the better worth living. The philosophers' names they forget, if they ever knew them. And this is as it must be; for philosophers, analyzers, critics, are perhaps, after all, but the hewers of wood and drawers of water.

And still we have need of them—we have need of them to unify the artistic consciousness of Americans. We have need of them to check the faddish foolishness which every now and then takes possession of us, making some particular personality or departure in the artistic life so exclusively and passionately an object of devotion for the time that all sense of proportion is destroyed, with great loss of equipoise to our minds. We have need of the philosopher-critic to cultivate in us, finally, a deep feeling for that order of art and literature that is, as Matthew Arnold would have said, «of the centre.» That feeling fails us too often now. Where foreign achievement, for instance, is concerned, we are too soon captured by the trick of schools, too much caught by the esoteric cult of «chapels,» induced to give undue reverberations to paradoxical experiments that were meant to be brilliant suggestions only, and never to become fixed into artistic dogmas. All these manifestations afford stimulating variety to the life of the mind; but they are valuable as moods of intellectual experience precisely in proportion to the integrity of the central standard to which they are ultimately referred. If we have this standard, we gain in flexibility by incursions into the fields of the extremist, the ultra-individualist, in art. If we have it not, our last state, after our travels, is worse than the first. And what makes this central standard? To some of us, who have in matters artistic inveterately the temper of the aristocrat, it may never have been pleasant to hear. None the less is the central standard made up of the collective judgment of the greatest number of intelligent people; of those sentiments that belong, not to the few, but to the many, and that echo farthest and deepest to the right, to the awakening, touch.



AN ARTIST AMONG THE FELLAHEEN.¹

BY R. TALBOT KELLY,

Author of «In the Desert with the Bedouin,» «My Bedouin Friends.»

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

I HAD occasion previously to make some slight comparison of the desert Arab with the «Fellah» of Egypt, to the disadvantage of the latter; and though truth compels one to admit that in manliness, intelligence, and, above all, cleanliness the Fellaheen fall far short of their neighbors the Bedouin, I would be ungrateful did I not bear testimony to their equal hospitality, kindness, and good humor, and many little pleasant traits which have in course of time generated in me a feeling almost of affection for these simple country folk.

In judging any person or race, origin and environment must always be taken into consideration if one would be just. Unlike the Arabs, whose traditions are warlike and independent, and whose free and vigorous life has developed all that is manly and honorable in their character, the poor Egyptians look back upon thousands of years of slavery and cruel tyranny, and have, through all the generations of their existence, been subjected to the rule of a superior race, and denied the right to think and act for themselves. The result is childlike obedience to the stronger will which rules them, and a somewhat cringing and servile attitude to the representative of place and power. In addition to this, the climatic conditions and the flatness of the country have an enervating effect upon the character, and predispose its people to indolence and *laissez-faire*.

The conditions of the life, however, demand incessant labor from the agriculturist, and no one could work harder when occasion demands; but, the daily task finished, the Fellah loves to sit in the sun, idly gossiping with his neighbors, or to enjoy the perfect pleasure of «doing nothing.»

As a race they are a lying and improvident people, working because they must, ignorant, more or less fanatical, and instinctively cruel to dumb animals. Utterly devoid of initiative and powers of administration, the Fellaheen are, and always must remain, a subservient race, requiring the guidance and control of

a more enlightened and honest government than it would be possible to create from among themselves.

Side by side with this incapacity for the control of affairs is, however, a certain childish simplicity which is very engaging; and their contented acceptance of the «things that are» has preserved intact the customs and costumes, of their forefathers of Pharaonic times, which renders country life in the provinces of Egypt one of the most fascinating and picturesque it has been my lot to enjoy.

To me the province of Sharkiyeh, or the eastern province, has always seemed the most interesting. This is virtually the land of Goshen, full of Old-World suggestion, and still retaining many traces of Israelitish days. Its people are the most primitive of Egypt, and its scenery is more varied than that of any other part of the Delta; and, railways being few and the «tourist» still unknown, one finds here the Fellah in all his unsophisticated purity, reverencing the stranger, and preserving that instinct for hospitality which is always one of the most charming characteristics of the Mohammedan.

My headquarters have always been the town of Fakous, a picturesque village surrounded by rich fields and date-forests, freely intersected by large irrigating-canals. Here lives the sheik Mahomed Abdoon, a large landowner, whose hospitality is as proverbial as his uprightness and kindness of heart, and whose dinners must be enjoyed to be properly appreciated.

Let me describe my first meeting with him. I had just come down from Cairo, and was putting up at the irrigation rest-house—comfortable enough quarters provided by government for officials, but in this instance unoccupied, and therefore minus any commissariat department. It was after sunset, and I was on the point of sending out my servant to buy what provisions he might be able to find, when two men, carrying lanterns, knocked at the gate, and, with the «salaams» of the sheik, begged that I would honor him

¹ «Fellah,» singular («Fellaheen,» plural), the soil-cutter.

with my company at dinner. Though tired, I was too hungry not to be thankful for the prospect of a dinner, and did the intervening mile of rough walking in record time. The sheik met me at the gate of his compound, and, kissing me on both cheeks, bade me welcome, saying that he was honored by the presence of an Englishman in his house. He conducted me to a small room built in a corner of his inclosure, and we sat down to coffee and cigarettes while dinner was being prepared. This room was rather a shock to me, being furnished in modern French style, with gaudy chairs and sofas, and crystal candelabra; but the old sheik was evidently so proud of it that, against my conscience, I felt compelled to offer my congratulations and compliments, which pleased him greatly. After half an hour spent in smoking and desultory conversation, my hunger became almost unbearable, while my host and his servants were evidently becoming more and more uneasy, for some reason not then apparent.

Presently *more* coffee was brought; and seeing before me a prospect of another hour spent in the same way, I exclaimed desperately: «Ana mūsh ouse, kahwah kaman ya sheykh. T'fudd'l b'il akl amil maroof, ana geean ketire» («I don't want any more coffee, O sheik. By your favor, bring on the dinner; I am *very* hungry»). This was evidently what he was waiting for, and with the greatest alacrity he jumped up and led the way to the dining-hall, while servants ran off to fetch the food. Poor man! I have no doubt that he was as hungry as I was. I afterward learned that the guest is expected to say when he is ready to eat, etiquette forbidding the offering of food until the guest announces his readiness for the meal. This in the case of a guest formally invited; food is immediately offered to the casual wayfarer.

The dining-room was a long, narrow building overlooking the compound, into which it opened by three arches, which virtually made one side entirely open to the night air, and consequently cold and drafty. The meal was quickly served in a large tray, around which we sat in the usual way. The dinner itself, the first I ever ate in a Fellah house, is worth description; here is the menu:

1. Soup (very greasy, with lemon squeezed into it).
2. Salads.
3. Baked turkey stuffed with rice and nuts.
4. Spinach in oil.
5. Haricot-beans.
6. Boiled beef.

7. Chops.

8. Knuckle of veal.

9. *Malfoof* (rolled vine-leaves inclosing chopped meat and spices).

10. Mutton hash.

11. Potatoes fried in oil.

12. Pudding made of fine flour, honey, and oil.

This I imagined would prove the end of the feast, and I was rather disconcerted to see appear other courses—

13. Sausages. Then

14. Stuffed tomatoes.

15. Boiled mutton.

16. More potatoes.

17. *Mish-mish* (stewed apricots).

18. A huge fish.

19. Sheep's brains.

20. *Riz b'il laban* (the usual rice-and-milk, which almost always concludes a meal).

Each of the above twenty courses was served separately, in addition to the piles of flat loaves, radishes, cucumbers, cheese, and mixed herbs with which the tray was loaded. Servants stood about us, some holding lanterns, others jars of rose-scented water, from which each one drank from time to time.

Being my first experience of the kind, curiosity impelled me to eat a little of everything; and although it was many years ago, I still recollect the feeling of thankfulness with which I afterward lay on a divan, silently smoking. And I remember yet the indigestion which was my constant companion for days afterward. Since that time I have frequently been the guest of Mahomed Abdoon, but never again have I had such a dinner as this first one.

He was an interesting man in many ways, and was particularly fond of talking of Arabi's campaign, and of Lord Charles Beresford, who visited him at that time. In return for hospitality received, Lord Charles invited the sheik to visit him on board his ship, *H. M. S. Condor*, at Alexandria. Sheik Mahomed told me all about it afterward—how he was received on the quay by an officer, the boat's crew with oars «up»; how the marines on board presented arms as he came up the ladder; etc. But what particularly seemed to strike his fancy was the gun drill which was given to entertain him. «An order was given by one man, and immediately a hundred ran to do it. No one asked why, or made any noisy talk. Wonderful!» was his summary of this episode. *Silent* obedience particularly impresses Egyptians, who are very noisy talkers, and fond of argument.

On his return to Fakous, he called his

villagers together, and narrated his experiences, concluding thus: «Oh, my children, the Egyptians were fools to pretend to fight the English. We are pygmies beside them. Why,» he exclaimed, «England could take Egypt in the hollow of her hand, and throw it into the sea!»

During my first visit to Fakous I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of McCullough Bey, whose perfect knowledge of the country and people, and whose companionship in many long rides through the districts, gave me an insight into Fellaheen life I could never have otherwise obtained. He was then engaged upon a survey and sale of government lands; and I accompanied him in many of his tours, thus reaching places and people I would never have heard of, and under his pilotage I saw many beautiful spots and met with many picturesque incidents. In attendance upon McCullough as clerk and factotum was Abd-el-Messieh,¹ a big, handsome man of negroid birth, who might have been my own servant, so assiduous was he in his attention to my comfort. We had occasion to visit, among other places, a most picturesquely situated village called Kahboona, reached after a long day's ride through a country of richly varied beauty. It was on this journey that I had my first experience of the Arab horse, which began in a very ludicrous, though somewhat alarming, manner. The streets of Fakous are narrow and tortuous, and my *cavass*,² intending to show me the way, suddenly dashed past me to get in front, and so alarmed my steed that with a leap he raced after the man, and a helter-skelter chase through the town began. I found it impossible to hold my horse in, so let him go, and trusted to luck. Aware that he had acted very stupidly, the cavass looked over his shoulder to see if I was angry, and seeing, as he thought, signs of vengeance in my face, he exclaimed: «My boy, he means to beat you. You had better make tracks out of this, and get away as quickly as possible»; and spurring his horse, he made for a date-grove.

Utterly unable to restrain my horse, which had now fairly bolted, this breakneck race continued. Dodging in and out among the palm-trees, every moment threatened with almost certain death had we collided with one of the huge trunks, I had an anxious quarter of an hour. The ground was broken, and the trees were so close together that it

was all I could do to keep my seat as my horse jerked itself in and out among them. I was, however, gaining on the cavass, and at last, in desperation, he set his horse at a small canal, hoping to escape me and my supposed vengeance; but his horse «declined,» while mine took it at a stride. A few minutes later I was in an open bit of country, and able to rein in and dismount. The cavass never appeared till next day; but half an hour later McCullough and Abd-el-Messieh found me enjoying a quiet smoke, and were much relieved to see me alive. Thus began my reputation for horsemanship; though I can hardly claim to be an adept, I have in its practice certainly been attended by a great amount of luck in the various difficulties I have met with.

We were now a long way out of the track, but making, as near as we could judge, a true line for Kahboona, we continued across country. Presently we met a small boy herding goats, and asked him if we were «right for Kahboona.» «Yes, your Excellency,» he replied; «and if we had known you were coming this way, we would have had a road made straight for you.»

This reply was made in all seriousness, and is another instance of the graceful imagery of the East to which I have referred in former articles.

The country about Kahboona is, I think, the most beautiful in Egypt. Being the center of the date-growing industry, large groves of palms are so numerous as to be almost one continuous forest, broken here and there by small open patches of *bercime*³ and vegetables, principally beans, the fragrance of which in the early spring is delicious, and, under the hot sun and with the drowsy hum of the wild bees, makes one long to lie in the shade of the trees and dream forever. The town itself is buried in the midst of a particularly dense grove, and on one side is the usual *birkeh*, or pool of infiltrated water, common to all villages, and meaning so much illness and epidemic among the people. These *birkeh* are formed by the excavation of the mud with which the houses are built, and, filling with water, they usually become open cesspools into which all the filth of the village percolates, breeding millions of mosquitos, as well as malaria. As if this were not enough, the village cemetery was placed on the brink of the pool, the graves being below the water-level; and I actually saw women drawing water from the pool for domestic use! Needless to say, I touched no water in this village, except that which my own men brought from

¹ Slave of the Messiah.

² Mounted messenger.

³ A kind of rank clover used for fodder.

a distance. The old *omdeh*¹ of the town and his head villagers met us at the outskirts, kissing our hands and feet, while thanking Allah for giving them the honor of our visit.

After my adventure of the morning I was glad to get out of the saddle and rest in the guest-house, and I thoroughly enjoyed the

bring one out somewhere near the desired spot.

As a rule, the villages have the appearance of fortifications, the outside walls being frequently without doors or windows, and the lanes of the village terminating in massive wooden doors, which are usually closed at



THE ROAD TO KAHBOONA.

simple but wholesome meal of rice and mutton. I have already described the customs of the table, which are much the same among all Moslems, and need not be repeated here.

The village, however, is a typical one, and, with my sleeping accommodation, merits description.

Built entirely of sun-dried mud, the small, low huts, from considerations of economy and space, join one another whenever possible. Narrow and tortuous lanes, left at haphazard, form the only thoroughfares, in which at first appears to be a huge mound of mud, surmounted by heaps of cotton and durra stalks, which serve the dual purpose of thatch and fuel. Many of these lanes are merely culs-de-sac, ending abruptly in a neighbor's courtyard, and forcing one to retrace his steps and try again. Experience has taught me that it is never wise to assume that the streets lead in the direction at first suggested; it is often safer to start the other way, and trust to the winding of the path to

nightfall, and guarded on the inside by the village *guffrah*, or night-watchmen.

Each «house» has usually one door, opening into the lane, small and low; and the few windows, if provided at all, are merely slits in the mud wall, innocent of glass or shutter, but ornamented with a lattice of split bamboo, placed crosswise during building. Ventilation there is virtually none, the smoke of the fire of dung or corn-cobs finding its egress by the door, and well-nigh choking the inhabitants, which include not only the family, but chickens, turkeys, pigeons, goats, and whatever live stock the inhabitants possess.

Every effort to exclude air seems to be made, the houses being too low to feel the breezes, and the streets too narrow to allow of any air circulation. The roofs, covered with piles of rubbish for fuel, afford accommodation for a second instalment of goats, pigeons, cats, and especially dogs. One wonders how life can be supported in such conditions; yet the people are well-conditioned

¹ A lesser title than sheik.



THE APPROACH TO KAHBOONA.

and healthy, living their lives in the fields, and returning to their houses only to eat and sleep. Insect life naturally abounds, the Egyptian flea particularly being a prodigy of manly vigor and activity; but the Fellah has a hide like a *gamoos*,¹ and even travelers like myself eventually become impervious to its onslaught. Outside the village, and almost at their very doors, the filth and offal of the place are deposited, resulting in the development of that plague peculiar to Egyptian life, — «flies,» — disgusting, but very necessary as scavengers, without which and the equally valuable rat these villages would quickly become uninhabitable.

Through the narrow lanes I was conducted to my bedroom, accompanied by a *gaffir*² with long stick and lantern. As we walked, or rather stumbled, along the narrow, uneven lanes, the dogs running along the roofs perpetually snapped at our ears, necessitating the free use of the stick, while the frequent pitfalls and morasses in the road made the lamp an imperative necessity. My room proved to be a mud cupboard about six feet cube, with a heavy door, but no window. On

entering, I stood in a kind of well, just large enough to allow the door to swing, the rest of the chamber being occupied by a dais of mud—the bed proper. Underneath was an opening which proved to be a fireplace, but minus a chimney; and as my guide set fire to the rubbish used as fuel, the pungent smoke soon filled the chamber and almost suffocated me. I found, however, that when lying down I hardly felt the smoke, which I hoped might have a soporific effect upon the entomology of the place, and so tried to sleep. A very few moments dispelled any illusion I might have had on the subject, and proved the Kahboona flea to be superior to any process of fumigation. After patiently enduring for some time, I was at last forced to seek refuge outside, where, groping about in the dark, I found a sort of raised platform of dry earth, on which I rolled myself in my blanket and went to sleep. Somewhere about 5 A.M. I awoke, wondering where I was, and, on looking round, found myself in a kind of thatched courtyard, the common kitchen of several houses. The women were busy preparing early coffee, and fulfilling various other domestic duties, while I was sitting on the top of an earth oven, the fire of which had just been lighted. In addition to the women,

¹ The Egyptian buffalo.

² Singular of «guffrah.» The word has much the same meaning as the English «gaffer.»

a camel, two donkeys, several sheep and goats, and fowl innumerable were fellow-tenants of my quarters. So far I had not been noticed, when, realizing the humor of the situation, I laughed till I could laugh no longer, scattering the women in confusion, and exciting a cackling and braying among my fellows which soon filled the court with the omdeh and his officials, wondering what was the matter. Strangely enough, I had enjoyed my sleep, and felt as fresh as possible, and was soon at work making a sketch of what was, up to that time, the most curious chamber I had ever occupied.

While at work I overheard a man say to the omdeh, «Why is the effendi painting this poor place?»

«Hush!» said the omdeh. «He is a friend of the Queen's, and he will take the picture to her, and say: (See, your Majesty, what poor houses these people live in!) and she will say: (Yes; poor fellows! Here is five hundred pounds; go and tell them to build better ones.)»

Talking of date-palms, I may mention the fact that there is a great difference between the cultivated palm and the wild ones such as one sees growing on the Nile banks and in the environs of Cairo. The latter are always weedy and overgrown, the trunks frequently sixty to seventy feet high, and produce little or no fruit; whereas in districts where the date is farmed the trees are invariably much less in height, and more fully clothed with foliage. Each fruiting date-palm pays a government tax of one shilling per annum, trees under three years old being exempt. Consequently the Fellah farmer cuts down the old tree as soon as it ceases to produce profitably, and so escapes the tax. The usual fruiting life of a cultivated tree is from seven to nine years, the annual yield varying from five to six hundredweight; and the crop is so eagerly bought up by European dealers that even a month after the harvest is finished hardly a date can be found in the most productive center. Date-growing implies a certain amount of intelligent manipulation on



MY BEDROOM AT KAHBOONA.

Still, in spite of apparent poverty, these people are really well-to-do, their date-crop that year selling for fifty thousand pounds, I believe; and I have no doubt that, were all the floors of Kahboona dug up, a large sum of hoarded wealth would come to light.

the part of the farmer, the trees requiring systematic pruning; and in the early spring the female blossom must be fertilized by the male pollen, each tree having to be separately climbed, and the blossoms intermixed by hand.

The intervals of date-growing operations

are spent in other agricultural pursuits, while every inch of ground between the palm-trunks is made to produce something.

Bucolic life in Egypt is perhaps as picturesque as any in the world, every operation having a special interest, while the country itself, widely varied in character, lends a different setting to each picture. No less than by the similar life among the Bedouin, biblical times are suggested. How many Rebeccas does one meet in a day's march, while each youthful shepherd may well be a Jacob or a David! The flocks are still ring-streaked and speckled, seldom all white; and in harvest-time, while scaring crows, every urchin shows the most remarkable facility in the use of the sling.

Highways are few in number in Egypt, though the government is now building several agricultural roads through the Delta. Traffic is mainly carried on by means of canal-boats, the high canal-banks serving as towing-paths or roads. Riding along these banks is very enjoyable. Most canals are fringed with tamarisk, thorns, and palm-trees, the margins being prolific in their growth of bulrushes and other water-plants. At frequent intervals is a *shadoof*¹ or a *saccia*² for raising water; and from time to time small

inclosures, carpeted with clean straw, serve as praying-places for the devout wayfarer. Every incident of field life comes under one's constant notice, varied by the passing of a *giassa*³ in the canal, or by a fisherman throwing his hand-net.

Riding along canal-banks, though pleasant, has a certain element of risk. The thrifty Fellah is much addicted to cutting away the land side of the embankment to serve as "top-dressing" for his fields, until frequently only a narrow ridge, some six or eight inches wide, is left—little enough even for a sure-footed horse; in addition to which, intersecting water-courses render an occasional jump necessary, or a perilous crossing on a bridge composed of a single palm-trunk. I remember once riding along the Bahr-Fakous in the twilight, a beautiful evening of calm starlight, when the chirping of grasshoppers and the croaking of bullfrogs perhaps made us a little drowsy after our day's ride. Abdel-Messieh was riding ahead, and in crossing one of these primitive bridges his horse slipped, and both fell into the canal,

¹ A long pole on hinges, a bucket being suspended from the end by a rope.

² A water-wheel turned by bullocks.

³ A lateen-sailed boat used for cargo.



A CANAL IN THE SHARKIYEH.



THE GUEST-ROOM AT EL-GHAZALI.

twelve feet below. The canal was too deep to wade, and the banks were so steep as to render climbing impossible, so nothing was left for him to do but to swim until a ford was reached. Fortunately, he escaped unhurt; and we, forewarned, dismounted, and led our beasts over the treacherous crossing.

Between canals, tortuous bridle-paths innumerable wind among the fields, and in riding through them one is brought into constant intercourse with the natives. Politeness to the stranger is general. It is one of the most pleasing traits in the character of the Fellah; and I could recount numerous acts of civility on their part that have helped to make tolerable, and even enjoyable, my life among them, which in other respects is a record of rough housing, rough living, and discomforts of many kinds.

I have often been agreeably surprised by a youngster at work in the fields shyly offering a basket of green mulberries or other refreshing fruit or vegetable; and coffee has often been brought to me from huts at a considerable distance, my kind host, squatting in front of me, keenly relishing my evident appreciation. The coffee is *always* good, which, unfortunately, cannot be said of much of the food necessity drives one into eating.

In contrast to the generosity of table pro-

vided for guests in such houses as that of Sheik Mahomed Abdoon, a description of my «daily bread» in the poorer villages may be interesting. We rise early, and a cup of coffee is always offered, sometimes accompanied by a piece of bread, or a small cake made of flour mixed with honey or oil. Somewhere about midday, if we are within reach, some light food, such as boiled eggs, bread, and coffee, is sent to us. In many cases the eggs are boiled hard, shelled, and served in a large bowl of oil, and the meal has the added interest of the endeavor to catch the slippery morsels as they bob about in the liquid. The taste for oil or *semna* (clarified butter) is one that must be acquired; both are frequently more or less rancid, and are liberally mixed with almost everything you eat. At night, from 6 to 8 P. M., the only real meal of the day is prepared. It is almost always the same. This consists of a little very greasy soup to which is added *semna*, stewed or boiled mutton or goat's flesh on a pyramid of rice, and the ceremonial dish of *riz b'il laban* (boiled rice-and-milk). This last is always good, and in most cases is the only thing eatable. Pigeons and turkeys form a pleasant variety when offered; but few hosts give one the choice, a «lamb or kid of the flock» being considered a more

«honorable» dish, and demanded by one's position.

I had a great altercation once with the omdeh of El-Ghazali on this subject. In riding into the village I noticed thousands of well-conditioned pigeons swarming among the huts, as well as several seductive-looking turkeys.¹

whole place is surrounded by a filthy birkeh, noisome and stinking. The guest-house is built close by this pool of abominations, and therefore alive with every form of stinging insect which Egypt produces. My sleeping accommodation was alive with lice, and I felt that nothing would induce me to enter it. The night mists, however, are malarial



A FUNERAL AT EL-GHAZALI.

I called the omdeh, and told him I wished pigeons or turkey for my dinner. He seemed amazed, and exclaimed that that was «no food for a pasha.»

«Never mind,» I said; «I prefer turkey.»

«But, my bey, turkeys cost only sixpence,² and I would dishonor myself if I did not kill a sheep for your Excellency.»

I insisted, however, that I wished turkey, and turkey I would have; but when dinner arrived, although I got my bird, the sheep was there also.

Occasionally, at great feasts, the sheep is cooked whole, its interior being filled with rice, nuts, and stuffed pigeons, the whole baked for half a day in an earth oven. It is delicious to a degree, and the clever way in which the whole carcass is broken up by hand is interesting to witness.

This village of El-Ghazali is, with one exception, the dirtiest I have lived in. The

¹ Pigeon-rearing may be considered almost an industry in some villages, but of this I will speak in a future article.

² Two piasters, really fivepence.

and dangerous; and being too far from civilization to run any risks of illness, I eventually felt compelled to retire indoors. Wrapping my blanket closely about me, half dead with cold and sleep, I plunged in, and was asleep in a moment. On waking in the morning, I was dimly aware of creeping horrors all over me, and thought I felt one particularly large creature promenading my forehead. Only half awake, I brushed it off; and, fortunately, curiosity making me turn on my elbow to see what manner of beast it was, I found it to be a large scorpion of a peculiarly venomous character, the sting of which, though not likely to prove fatal, would in any case have meant a painful illness—a prospect not to be lightly regarded in the absence of all medical stores or advice.

There seems to be some peculiar fatality in things which makes the most unwholesome and disagreeable surroundings so imperatively beautiful that the artist perforce endures them in the interest of his mistress. I willingly suffered these nightly visitants for the sake of the exquisite picturesqueness of

El-Ghazali. The old omdeh, also, poor old soul, was so genuinely kind that I quite got to like him.

Here is an instance of his willingness to oblige. I was making a sketch of the village cemetery, and wanted only a funeral procession to complete my study. I remarked to the old man: «What a pity there does not happen to be a funeral going on, so that I might put it in!» His reply took me by surprise; for, jumping up, he said: «There is a man ill in the village, and he must die soon; I'll go and hurry him up!» And, sure enough, he bustled them all so much that an hour later my sketch was complete, and the man safely interred! And I believe that the bereaved family considered themselves especially honored by my interest in the ceremony!

Let me here remind my readers that I am now speaking of a district probably the most primitive and unspoiled in all Egypt. Such an occurrence would have been impossible in many other districts, where fanatical feeling is kept in check only by the binding laws of hospitality, and where occasional disagreeables have sometimes to be faced.

In these remote places the curiosity of the men is equalled only by the excessive shyness of the women. The latter are not always veiled in the country villages; but, on meeting them suddenly in one's wanderings, they will either run to hiding through the nearest open door, or, failing that, cover the face and turn to the wall until the danger is over, and the evil eye of *el Frangi* (the European) has carried its baneful influence elsewhere. Chil-

dren will be hurriedly picked up and rushed to a place of safety; and several times, when I have met them unprotected, the little mites have burst into tears and run howling to their mothers. Things improve after a few days, when they have become accustomed to one's presence; but I have always found the greatest difficulty in obtaining girl models for my work, and have succeeded only by straining the claims on my host's kindness. I made one little friend here in a very pretty way. In wandering about the outskirts of the village, I happened upon a melon-patch hedged by cactus, and I thought I would taste one. On getting through the hedge, I surprised a pretty little girl of ten, who was sitting at the mouth of a bamboo hut, sewing a *gelabieh*.¹ With a cry of alarm, she bounded into the gloom of the hut, leaving her sewing on the ground.

While eating my melon I sat by the door, and tried to coax her out again; but no artifice availed in overcoming her shyness. Presently I picked up her work to see how she was getting on, and decided to continue the operation myself. This was too much for her curiosity, and little by little she edged nearer the door, until a few minutes later we were merrily laughing away, enjoying an innocent flirtation over our sewing.

A present of a piaster cemented our friendship; and the incident, quickly spreading through the village, paved the way for enlarged opportunities for work.

¹ The «gelabieh» is the loose cotton shirt worn by Egyptians of both sexes.

A SONG.

BY HARRIET MONROE.

THE wind comes riding down from heaven—
 Ho! wind of heaven, what do you bring?
 Cool for the morn, dew for the even,
 And every sweetest thing.
 Oh, wind of even, from pink clouds driven,
 What do you bring to me?
 The low call of thy love, who waits
 Under the willow tree—
 Whose boat upon the water waits
 For me—for thee!

(BEGUN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of «Hugh Wynne,» «Characteristics,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



«HE PAID IN ADVANCE THE CUSTOMARY DENIER À DIEU.»

XI.—*The juggling firm of Despard, François and Co. is broken up—Despard goes into politics, and François becomes a fencing-master.*

IN January, 1791, François, having of late found business slack, had moved to the open place in front of the Palais Royal. He had

taught Toto new tricks—to shoulder a musket and to die *pour la patrie*. Time was telling men's fortunes quite too fast for comfort. Neither his old devices nor Toto's recently acquired patriotism were of much avail. Moreover, Pierre was losing interest in the booth as he became absorbed in politics.

«Thou wilt not go to thy *sacré* club, Pierre,»

said François, one night late in February. «Here are two days thou hast left us, the patriot Toto and me, to feed thee and make sours for the poor little maid at Sèvres.»

«She is not at Sèvres.»

«Why not? Thou hast not said a word to me of this.»

«No; I had more important matters to think of.»

François, who was tranquilly smoking his pipe, looked up at his partner. The man had lately worn a look of self-importance.

«Well, what else?»

«The sisters are aristocrats. A good *citoyenne* hath her. I shall give up the show. The country calls me, Pierre Despard, to save her. The great Robespierre hath asked me to go into Normandy, to Musillon, whence I came. I am to organize clubs of Jacobins.» He spoke with excitement, striding to and fro. He declared that he was not afraid now of any one. To serve France was to have courage.

«And how as to money?» asked François.

He said his expenses would be paid by the clubs. Barnave, Duport, and the deputies of the right must be taught a lesson. There must be no more kings. The people must rule—the people! He declaimed wildly.

«*Fichtre!*» cried François, laughing. «It does seem to me that they rule just now.»

Pierre went on with increasing excitement; and would not François go with him?

«Go with thee? Thou sayest we shall be deputies to the new Convention. A fine thing that! And Toto too, I suppose? Not I. I am an aristocrat. I like not thy Robespierre. As to the show, it pays no longer, and I have greased the claws of the Crab until there is no more grease left. I shall take to the streets, Toto and I. And so thou art to be a great man, and to play poodle on thy hind legs for Pétion and the mob?»

Pierre was offended. He stood glaring at François with wide-open eyes; then he said, as if to himself: «The marquis is near Evreux. Let him take heed!»

«*Mon Dieu!* He will eat thee as he would the frogs of his moat, that man! I am not of those who fear, but if I had angered him—»

«I have named him to the great Robespierre, the just, the good. He will remember him.»

«Then go; and the devil take the whole lot of you!»

«I shall go. But do not say thou art an aristocrat, for then I must hate thee.»

«*Grand merci!* Thou poor, fat little pug, canst thou hate?»

«Ay, as hell hates. Beware!» Upon this Toto took refuge under his master's bed.

«*Eh bien!* Comrade, thy hand. I served thee a good turn once, and thou hast helped me to a living. Now I like not thy ways; thou art going mad, I think.»

«Perhaps—perhaps,» returned Pierre, gloomily. «Well, *c'est fini*—'t is done. Now to settle.»

They divided their spare cash; and after that Pierre went to his club, and François to bed and a dreamless sleep.

In the morning he rose early, left his share of the rent on the table, and with a little bag of clothes, and Toto after him, walked away across the Seine, and soon found a small room under the roof. He paid in advance the customary *denier à Dieu*, and settled down to think.

He was tired of the show, and meant to resume his old trade. His conscience, or so much as he had, was at peace; all France was plundering. Now the nobles were robbed, and now the church.

«The world is on my side,» he laughed, as he sat with Toto on his knees, looking over a wide prospect of chimney-pots and tiles.

Thus began again the life of the thief; but now, thanks to his long training as a juggler, he was amazingly expert. He took no great risks, but the frequent tumults of the streets were full of chances, although it must be said that purses were thinner, watches and gold snuff-boxes rarer, and caution less uncommon than it had once been. If business prospered, he and Toto took long holidays in the country, and did a little hunting of rabbits; for the gamekeeper was no longer a person to be dreaded. Sometimes, lying on the turf, he thought how pleasant would be a bit of garden, and assurance of good diet and daily work to his taste. I fear it would scarcely have been long to his taste. When something like a chance came, he could not make up his mind to accept the heaven-sent offer. He was to see many things and suffer much before his prosperous hour arrived.

One fine day in April, François, with whom of late fortune had quarreled, was seated in the sun on a bench in the now ill-tended garden of the Luxembourg. The self-made difficulties of the country were affecting more and more the business of the honest, and of that uncertain guild which borrows but never returns. He had a way of taking Toto into his counsels. «What shall we do, little devil?» The poodle barked. «No. These accursed Jacobins are ruining France. What, knock a man on the head at night! Bad dog, hast thou no morals? *Va donc!* Go to. Thou hast not my close experience of the lantern,

and stone walls for a home I like not. Work, thou sayest? Too late; there is work for no one nowadays. Thou wilt end badly, little monster."

Toto whined, and having no more to say, fell asleep. At this moment François, looking up, saw go by a young woman in black, and with her a boy of perhaps ten years. On the farther side was a tall, well-dressed man of middle age, whom, as he was looking away, François did not recognize. Some bright thing fell unnoticed from the woman's wrist, and lay in the sun. "Hist, Toto! Look there—quick!" In a moment the dog was away, and back again, with a small miniature set in gold and surrounded by pearls. It was the portrait of a young officer. François hastily put it back into the dog's mouth, saying: "Go to sleep! Down! down quickly!" The dog, well taught, accepted the trust, and dropped as if in slumber, his head on his paws, while his master studied the weather-cocks on the old gray palace. A moment later both the man and the woman turned to look for the lost miniature. Then François saw that it was his old acquaintance the marquis. He had more than once seen him in the garden, where he was fond of walking; but the great seigneur had passed him always without notice. The boy ran back ahead of his grandfather, and coming to François, said innocently:

"Monsieur, have you seen a little picture madame let fall? It is so big, and I saw it only just now on her wrist. Please to help us to look for it. It is my father; he is dead."

After the boy came the woman, looking here and there on the gravel.

"*Dame de Dieu!* She is beautiful," murmured François; "and that *sacré* marquis!"

The voice he heard was sweet and low and tender with regret at her loss.

"Has monsieur chanced to see a little miniature?"

Monsieur was troubled, but his pocket and stomach were both empty. Monsieur was distressed. He had seen no miniature.

Next came the marquis.

"Ho, ho!" he said pleasantly. "Here is the citizen my thief again. Have you seen a small miniature?"

François had not.

"*Diable!* 'T is a pity, monsieur. Well, pardon a *ci-devant* marquis, but I do think monsieur knows a little too much of that miniature for his eternal salvation. Also, monsieur does not lie as well as might be expected from one in his line of life."

François rose. He was embarrassed as he saw the tearful face of the woman.

"I was about to say I would look—I would search."

Ste. Luce smiled. "Suppose we begin with you?"

"I have it not."

"Well, but where is it? I am not a man to be trifled with. Come, quick, or I must ask the gendarmes yonder for a bit of help."

François looked at him. There was menace in those cold gray eyes. Should he trust to his own long legs? At this instant he heard a sob, and glancing to the right, saw the woman seated on the bench with her face in her hands, the little fellow at her side saying: "Do not cry, mama; the gentleman will help us." The gentleman was ill-clothed and seedy. He had seen women cry, but they were not like this woman.

"M. le marquis does me injustice. Permit that my dog and I search a little."

The marquis smiled again. "*Pardieu!* and if you search, and meanwhile take a fancy to run, your legs are long; but now I have you. How the deuce can I trust a thief?"

The little lad looked up. "I will go with monsieur to look—and the dog; we will find it, mama."

"Monsieur may trust me; I will not run away," said François. "If monsieur desires to search me?"

"I do not search thieves."

François looked at this strangely quiet gentleman with the large, light-gray, unpleasant eyes, and then at the woman.

"Come, Toto; we must take a look."

The marquis stood still, quietly watching thief, dog, and boy.

"Renée," he said, "don't make a fool of yourself."

Then from a distance the boy cried, "We found it, mama!" and ran to meet her.

The marquis took it as François rejoined the group.

"Ah, Master Thief, you are clever; but it is a little wet, this trifle, and warm too. The dog had it all the while in his mouth. He is well taught. Why the deuce did you give it up?"

The boy began to understand this small drama. He had the courage of his breed, and the training.

"Did you dare to steal my mama's picture?"

"Yes; when she let it fall."

"I know now why you were glad to give it back. It was because she cried."

"Yes; it was because she cried."

« *Ventre St. Gris !* » exclaimed the marquis, who was pleased to swear like Henry of Navarre. « You are a poor devil for a thief. You have temptations to be good. I never have them myself. I thank Heaven I have reasonably well used my opportunities to be agreeably wicked. »

« Father ! » said the young woman, reproachfully; and then to François: « If you are a thief, still I thank you; I cannot tell you how much I thank you. »

« And how many louis do you expect, most magnanimous of thieves ? » said the marquis.

The woman looked up again. « Come to me to-morrow; I will find a way to help you. »

Something of yearning, some sense of a void, some complexity of novel distress, arose in the thief's mind.

« *Mon Dieu !* madame, » he said, turning toward her, without replying to the marquis, « you are a saint. I—I will think. I am not fit for such as you to talk to. »

« Quite true, » said the marquis. « Hast thou thy purse, Renée ? I forgot mine. »

« No, no, » she said. « Come and see us—Rue de Seine—a great house with a gilded gate. You will come ? I will say they are to let you in. Promise me that you will come. »

« And bring that poodle, » added the marquis; « I will buy him. »

François laughed outright—that merry laugh which half Paris had learned to like, till Paris tired of it and of its owner.

« Monsieur will pardon me. I cannot sell my only friend. Good day. » And he walked away, the boy crying after him: « You will come ? Oh, you must come, because my mama says so. »

But the marquis muttered: « *Animal !* If I had your carcass—no, if I had had you awhile ago in Normandy, your manners would have been bettered. But now the world is upside down. He will come, Renée. If thou art quit of him for two hundred francs and a few lost spoons, thou mayest rest thankful. »

François moved moodily away. Something was wrong in his world; an angel coming into his crude life would not have disturbed him as this lady's few kind words had done, and yet he had left her unanswered. He knew he had been a fool, but knew not why. He had, too, a notion that he and this marquis would meet again, but for this he was not eager. He recalled the palm-reading. Had the woman been alone, he would probably have said a glad « Yes »; but now his inclinations to obey her were sadly diluted by feelings which he did not analyze, or perhaps

could not have analyzed. He did not accept the hand thus stretched out to save him, but for many a day her tender eagerness and the pleading face which had so attracted him came before him at times with a look of reproach. Is it strange that this glimpse of a nobler nature and a better life than his own should have had an influence on this man quite the reverse of that which its good will sought to effect ? He cannot be said to have been refined, but he had in him tastes which are the germs of refinement, and which, when I knew him, had no doubt produced results. Probably he was in 1791 a coarser person, but he must always have been a man who could be forced by circumstances to think.

It may have been that the sense of a great gulf between him and a world he was by nature inclined to like, caused one of those rare spells of despair to which the gay and over-sanguine are liable. Of course he had seen and for brief seasons shared the profligacy of the cité. His memoirs confess this with absolute frankness, but these gross lapses had been rare and brief. Now he plunged headlong into the worst vileness of the most dissolute quarter, where few lived who were not saturated with crime. I have no desire to dwell on this part of his life. A month passed away, and he was beginning to suffer in health. This amazed him. He had not hitherto known a pang save that of hunger. He began to drink *eau de vie* to relieve his sense of impaired strength, and being off his guard and under the influence of the temporary mood of rashness which drink is apt to cause, he twice narrowly escaped arrest.

Under the vivid impression thus created he was wandering homeward late at night to some low resort in the cité, when in the Rue de l'Œuf Doré he heard a cry in front of him. The moon was bright, and he saw a man set upon by two fellows. The person assailed was staggering from the blow of a club, and fell with the cry which the thief heard. Both bandits threw themselves upon him, and, as he unwisely struggled, François saw the glitter of a knife. Clearly this was no easy prey. As the three tumbled over in the mud of the street there was small chance for a decisive use of the blade. François, as I have said, had been always free from crimes of violence, but this affair was none of his business, and had his pocket been full he might have left the ruffians and their prey unmolested. His purse, however, was down to the last sou, and here was a chance.

He called, « Catch them, Toto ! » and, leaping

forward, seized one of the men by the throat and threw him on his back. The poodle took a good nip of the other rascal's leg, and when the man broke away and, stumbling, ran, pursued him until recalled by François's whistle. Meanwhile the assaulted man sat up, a bit dazed. The other fellow—it was he of the knife—was on his feet again, and at once turned furiously on the rescuer. François darted to one side, and, catching him by the neck, throttled him savagely. His great length of arm made it impossible for the scamp, who was short and strong, to reach any vital organ. But he stabbed François's shoulder over and over. François's grip on the throat was weakening, when the victim, now on his feet, struck the man under the ear, and thus knocked him clean out of François's failing grip. He fell headlong, but was up and away in a moment, while a quickly gathering crowd of gipsies, thieves, and cut-throats began to collect.

«Hi! it is François!» some one cried.

«Quick!» said the thief. «Room there! Let us get out of this.» Seizing the man he had saved, he hustled his way through the crowd and hurried him toward the bridge. In a few minutes they were standing alone by the river, amid the tombs back of Notre Dame. Then the man spoke:

«By Heaven! thou hast saved my life. Hallo! thou art bleeding. Here!» and he tied a handkerchief about his shoulder. «We shall be in luck to find a chaise. Wait!» and he ran away.

François's head was dizzy. He sat on a tombstone, well sobered now, but bleeding freely. It was long before he heard a horse; and when in the chaise, where Toto promptly followed him, he fell back, and knew little more until they stopped in the Rue St. Honoré. Here his new acquaintance got out, and soon returned with a glass of *eau de vie*. With this aid, and the arm of his host, François was able to reach a large room in the second story. He fell on a couch, and lay still while the other man ran out to find a surgeon.

On his arrival, François was put to bed in an adjoining room; and for two weeks of care and good diet had leave to meditate on the changeful chances of this wretched world. For a while he was too weak to indulge his customary keenness of curiosity. His host, M. Achille Gamel, paid him brief visits, and was singularly unwilling to talk one day, and the next sufficiently so for the patient to learn that he had been in the army as a *maître d'armes*, and was now, in his own opinion, the best fencing-master in France. Through

the partitions could be heard the click, click of the foils, and now and then the crack of pistols. After a fortnight François's wounds were fairly healed, and he began to get back his rosy complexion and his unfailing curiosity.

One pleasant morning in June, Gamel appeared as usual. It was one of his days of abrupt speech.

«Art well?»

«Yes.»

«Thou art soon mended.»

«Yes.» His brevity begot a like form of answer, and François was now somewhat on his guard.

«I pay my debts.»

«That is true.»

«Now thou art well, what wilt thou do?»

«I—I—I shall go away.»

«Why didst thou help me?»

«My pocket and paunch were empty. It seemed a chance.»

«Thy two reasons are good. Who art thou?»

«Who is every one in the cité? A thief.»

«*Diable!* but thou art honest—in speech at least.»

«Yes, sometimes. I was a conjurer too—for a while.»

«Yes, yes, I remember now. Thou art the fellow with a laugh. I see not yet why thou hast helped me. Thou mightest easier have helped the rascals and shared their gains.»

François began to be interested, and laughed a laugh which was the most honest of his possessions.

«I dislike clumsiness in my profession,» he said. «Why should the brutality of war be brought into a peaceful occupation?» He was half in earnest, half in jest.

«That is a third reason, and a good one.» It was difficult to surprise Gamel. «Suppose we talk business,» he added.

«Mine or thine?»

«Mine. A moment, citizen François—permit me. Pray stand up a moment.»

François rose as the fencing-master produced a tape-measure. «Permit me,» and with no more words he set one end of the tape on François's shoulder and carried the length of it to his finger-tips.

François stood still, wondering what it all meant.

«The deuce!» said Gamel, slowly rolling up the measuring-tape.

«Well, what is it? What is wrong?»

«Wrong? Nothing. It is astonishing!»

«What?»

«This arm of thine.»

«Why?»

«It is one and a half inches longer than mine.»

«Well?»

«A gift! To have the longest arm in Paris! *Mon Dieu!*»

«What of that?»

«A fortune! Phenomenal! Superb! And a chest—and muscles! By Hercules, they are as hard as horn!»

«Well?»

«*Diable!* Thou art dull for a thief.»

François had a high opinion of himself. He said: «Perhaps. What next?»

«I need help. I will teach thee to fence and to shoot. Canst thou be honest? I ask not if thou art.»

«Can I? I do not know. I have never tried very long.» Then he paused. To fence like a gentleman, to handle a sword, had its temptations. «Try me.»

«Good! Canst thou be a Jacobin to-day and a royalist to-morrow?»

«Why not?»

«The messieurs and their kind fence here in the morning; after our breakfast come the Jacobins about two. I ask not thy politics.»

«Why not?» said François, who was the frankest of men—«why not? I am an aristocrat. I am at the top of my profession. I like naturally the folks who are on top.»

«France is like a ball now, no top, no bottom, rolling. Let us be serious.»

«*Dieu!* that is difficult. I want to quit thieving. It does n't pay at present. I accept the citizen's offer. Does it include my dog?»

«Yes, indeed! Toto—a treasure! He will delight our pupils.»

«Good! He must have a little sword and wear a white cockade till noon, and then a tricolor.»

«And will five francs a week suffice until thou art fit to teach? And thy board and lodging—that goes without saying. After a while we will talk again.»

«'T is a fortune!» said François; and after this agreement the pair fell to chatting as to the details of their future work.

«One moment,» said François, as Gamel rose. «What are thy own politics?»

«I will tell thee when I can trust thee,» said the fencing-master. «Now they vary with the clock.»

«I see. But I have told thee mine.»

«Thou wert rash. I am not.»

François laughed merrily, «Good night.» He was happy to be at rest, well fed, and with something to do which involved no risk. Gamel went away, and François fell to talking to the poodle.

«Toto! Sit up, my sleepy friend! Attention! What dost thou think of M. Achille Gamel?» The poodle had been taught when questioned to put his head on one side, which gave him an air of intelligent consideration. «Ah, thou dost think he is as long-legged as I. Any fool of a cur can see that. What else?»

«He has great teeth—big—the better to eat thee, my dear! Curly hair, like thine, and as black; a nose—of course he has a nose, Toto. Art perplexed, little friend? Oh, that is it! I see. Thou art right. He smiles; he never laughs. 'T is that bothered thee. Thou dost like him? Yes. Thou art not sure? Nor I. We must laugh for two. The bones are good here. That is past doubt. We will stay, and we will keep our eyes open. And listen now, Toto. We are honest. Good! Dost thou understand? No more purses, or out we go. No stealing of cutlets. Ah, thou mayest lick thy chops in vain, bandit!»

A few days later Gamel began to fence with François, who liked it well. He was strong, agile, and like his old friends the cats for quickness of foot. Gamel was charmed.

«We must make no mistakes. The foil held lightly—so, so! If you grasp it too strongly you will not feel the other's blade. That is better. 'T is the fingers direct the point. Thy hand a little higher—so, so!» They fenced before the pupils came and in the intervals when none were on hand. François was tireless.

It was June now, and Robespierre was the public prosecutor, with Pétion at his side. Gamel read aloud the announcement with a coldly stern face. François heard it with indifference.

«*Tiens!*» he cried. «What matters it? *Dame!*» as he lunged at the wall, «I do believe my arm is an inch longer.» He was thinking, as he tried over and over a new guard, of what a queer education he had had. Gamel walked away into his own room. He was a man who often liked to be alone. Apt to be monosyllabic with his pupils, he could at times become seriously talkative at night over a pipe and a glass. François began to like him, and to suspect that he in turn was liked—a matter not indifferent to this poor devil, who had himself an undeveloped talent for affection.

«*Mon ami*, Toto. Let us think. I might have been a priest. What an escape! Or a great chorister. That is another matter. A thief, a street dog, a juggler, a *maître d'es-crime*. *Parbleu!* What next? We are getting

up in the world. My palm, little rascal? Thou wouldst read it. Ah, bad dog, not I! Let us to bed; come along. It seems too good to last."

XII.—*In which Toto is seen to change his politics twice a day—the mornings and the afternoons quarrel—in which Jean Pierre André Amar, «le farouche», appears.*

THE fencing-master took great pains with his promising *débutant*, and now at last thought he could trust him to give lessons. He gave him much advice and full of good sense. He must dress simply, not in any marked fashion. And here were the two cockades, and two for Toto, who was fitted with a toy sword, and knew to howl horribly if François said, "Citizen Capet," and to do the like if he cried, "Aristocrat!"

François, gay and a little anxious, followed Gamel for the first time during the lesson hours into the *salle d'armes*. Toto came after them in full rig, with a cap and a huge white cockade. A dozen gentlemen, most of them young, were preparing to fence.

The poodle was greeted with "Bravo!" and strutted about on his hind legs with evident enjoyment of the approval.

"Wait here," said Gamel to François. "I will by and by give thee a chance." François had, of course, been constantly in the room when the patrons were absent, and it was now familiar. It had been part of the old hotel of some extinct nobleman, and was of unusual height, and quite forty feet square, with tall windows at each end; a cushioned bench ran around the walls, and above it hung wire masks, foils, sabers, and a curious collection of the arms of past ages and barbarous tribes. Chiefly remarkable were the many fine blades, Spanish or Eastern. At the side of the hall, a doorway led into the shooting-gallery, a late adjunct since the English use of the pistol had been brought into the settlement of quarrels made savage by the angry politics of the day. On one of the walls of the fencing-room was a large sign on which was painted: "Achille Gamel, cidevant Maître d'Armes, Régiment du Duc de Rohan-Chabot. Lessons in the small sword, saber, and pistol." The word "Duc" was chalked over, but was still easily to be made out.

Presently Gamel came to François in his shirt and breeches, foil in hand. "This way, M. François." As they slowly crossed the room, Gamel went on to say in a low tone of voice: "Don't be too eager. Take it all as a matter of course. Don't be nervous. One

must have had a serious affair or two before one gets over the foil fever. Remember, you are here to teach, not to triumph. There are few here you cannot touch, but that is not business."

"I understand," said François.

"I will give you for your lesson the best blade in Paris. You can teach him nothing. He is my foster-brother, the Marquis de Ste. Luce."

"Ste. Luce!"

"Yes; he is here often."

As they approached, the great gentleman came to meet them, separating himself from the laughing group of young men.

"*Ma foi!*" he exclaimed. "Is this your new blade, Gamel?" He caught François's appealing eye, and showed no sign of having known the thief until they were apart from the rest and had taken their foils. Then he said quietly, "Does Gamel know?"

"Yes, monsieur. I saved his life in a row in the cité, and he gives me this chance."

"Good! I shall not betray you. But beware! You must keep faith, and behave yourself."

"Monsieur may trust me."

"And you can fence?"

"A little, monsieur."

"Well, then, on guard!" The marquis was pleased to praise the new teacher. "He has a supple wrist, and what a reach of arm!" At last he went away to Gamel's room, where they were absent a half-hour. These private talks, François observed later, were frequent, especially with certain of the middle-aged gentlemen who took here their morning exercise.

After this first introduction to business, François sat still when the marquis had left him. By and by the gentleman came back, and saying a word of encouragement to François, went away.

"Take M. de Lamerie, François," said Gamel; and turning to a gentleman near by, added, "*A vous, monsieur.*" Others began to take foils and to fence in couples, so that soon the hall rang with the click, click of meeting steel. François was clever enough to let his pupil get in a touch now and then, and meanwhile kept him and those who looked on delighted with his natural merriment. He was soon a favorite. The dog was made to howl at a tricolored cockade, and proved a great success. As to the fencing-lessons, Gamel was overjoyed, and as time ran on came to trust and to like his thief, who began speedily to pick up the little well-mannered ways and phrases he heard about him. He liked well

to be liked and to be praised for his skill, which week by week became greater, until none except M. Gamel and the marquis were able to meet him on equal terms. The master of arms was generous; the wages rose. The clothes François now wore were better, and when Gamel asked him to choose a rapier for wear in the street, which was not yet forbidden, the poor thief felt that he was in the full sunlight of fortune.

The afternoons were less to his taste. If a new pupil arrived, the cook, an old woman, let him in, and Gamel saw him in an ante-room and settled terms and hours. The Jacobins came after two o'clock. Then the room was unusually full. The poodle howled over Louis Capet. Tricolored cockades were everywhere. The talk was of war and the frontier, the ways of speech were guarded, the manners not those of the morning. These citizens were awkward, but terribly in earnest. The pistol-gallery was much in favor; but at this deadly play François was never an expert. He did not like it, and was pleased when the Vicomte de Beauséjour, a favored pupil, said: "Tis a coarse weapon, François. Ah, well enough to enable bulldog English to settle their disputes over a bone; but, *dame!* quite unfit to be the arm of honor of gentlemen." This uncertain property of honor seemed to François a too insecure kind of investment. It was enough to have to take care of one's pocket; and his being now well lined, François began to resent the possibility of those sudden changes of ownership which under other conditions he had looked upon as almost in the nature of things.

During this summer, and in the winter of '91 and '92, Gamel was at times absent for days. Whenever he returned he was for a week after in his monosyllabic mood. François, who was keenly alive to his present advantages, and who saw how these absences interfered with their business, began to exercise his easily excited inquisitiveness, and to meditate on what was beneath Gamel's frequent fits of abstraction. His own life had known disappointments, not always of his own making. He dreaded new ones. The past of the cité, Quatre Pattes, Despard, those haunting eyes of the marquis's widowed daughter, the choristers, the asylum, the mad street life—all the company of his uncertain days—were gone. Now, of late, he began to have a feeling of uneasy belief that things were once more about to change. Nor was the outer life of the capital such as to promise tranquillity. A nation was about to become insane. It was at this time like a man

thus threatened: to-day it was sane, to-morrow it might be reeling over the uncertain line which separates the sound from the unsound. Had François been more interested and more apprehensive, he was intelligent enough to have shared the dismay with which many Frenchmen saw the growth of tumultuous misrule. Indeed, the talk of the morning fencing-school should have taught him alarm. But he had formerly lived the life of the hour, even of the minute, and as long as he was well fed, housed, and clothed, his normal good humor comfortably digested anxiety.

I should wrongly state a character of uncommon interest if I were to give the impression of a man who had merely the constant hilarity of a happy child. He was apt to laugh where others smiled; but, as he matured, cheerful contentment was his usual mood, and with it, to the last, the probability of such easily born laughter as radiated mirth upon all who heard it, like a companionable fire diffusing its generous warmth. He was at this time doing what he most fancied. The company suited him. He liked the tranquil ways of these courteous gentlemen. In a word, he was contented, and for a time lost all desire to seek change or adventure. His satisfaction in the life made him more quiet and perhaps more thoughtful. He had every reason to be cheerful, and cheerfulness is the temperate zone of the mind.

At times, on Sundays, in the summer of '92, he wandered into the country with Toto; but these holidays were rare. Now and then the habits of years brought again the longing for excitement; with the meal-hours he recovered his common sense, being a big fellow of sharp appetite and a camel-like capacity for substantial food.

The feud between the cockades broke out at this time in duels, which it became the fashion to drive to the Bois to see. Women of all classes looked on and applauded, and few liked it if the affair failed to prove grave. François found it entertaining. The duels were, in fact, many in the years of grace '91 and '92.

The morning pupils wore their hair in curls, dressed in short clothes, and defied the new-fashioned republican pantaloons, which were rising up to the armpits and descending the legs. They carried sword-canes, or sticks like the club of Hercules; a few still wore the sword. Brown and gray were the afternoon citizens, with long straight hair, short waistcoats, and long and longer

culottes above large steel shoe-buckles, all that were silver having been given to aid the funds of a bankrupt government. The morning, which knew very well who came in the later hours, abused the afternoon, and this portion of the day returned those compliments in kind.

Now and then the morning had a little affair with the afternoon, for the Terror was not yet. In cafés and theaters there were constant outbreaks, and men on both sides eager enough to sustain opinion by the sword or the pistol. When one of what François called "our little domestic difficulties" was on hand, there was excitement and interest among royalists and Jacobins, with much advice given, and huge disgust when Monsieur was pinked by Citizen Chose of the Cordeliers or of the Jacobin Club.

If the reverse obtained, and some gentleman of ancient name condescended to run Citizen Chose through the lungs, there was great rejoicing before noon and black looks after it. Here were a half-dozen affairs in a month, for these were the first blades in France. There were laws against the duel, but the law changed too fast for obedience, and fashion, as usual, defied it. Hatred and contempt were ready at every turn. Two abbés fought, and what was left of the great ladies went to see and applaud.

This duel between morning and afternoon began to amuse Paris. But pretty soon neither the master of arms nor his assistant was as well pleased at the excessive attention thus drawn to the school of fencing. Gamel disliked it for reasons which he did not set forth, and François because he felt that his disturbing readiness to turn back to a life of peril and discomfort was like enough to be reinforced by coming events. He adored good living, yet could exist on crusts. He was intelligent, yet did not like to be forced to think. An overmastering sense of the ludicrous inclined him to take the world lightly. He liked ease, yet delighted in adventure. He distrusted his own temperament. He had need to do so. Excitement was in the air. The summer of '92 was unquiet, and pupils were less numerous, so that François found time to wander. The autumn brought no change in his life, but Gamel became more and more self-absorbed, and neglected his pupils. The gentlemen who fenced in the mornings began to disappear, and the new year of 1793 came in with war without and tumult within distracted France.

For several days before the 21st of January, 1793, strange faces were frequently seen

in the morning hours, or more often late at night. These passed into Gamel's room, and remained long. The marquis, more thoughtful than usual, came and went daily. Early on the 20th, Gamel told François that he should be absent until after the 21st, the day set for the king to die. François asked no questions, and was not deeply grieved to be left in the dark as to what was in contemplation. During the previous week there had been sad faces in the morning hours. The pupils were fewer; they were leaving Paris—and too many were leaving France. The Jacobins, with whom François fenced in the latter part of the day, were wildly triumphant. They missed Gamel when he was absent, and asked awkward questions. It was plain enough to his assistant that the master of this turbulent school was a royalist *enragé*, as men then said. The assistant was much of his mind, but he was also far more loyal to one François than to the unfortunate king.

He was not surprised that at the hour of opening on the 21st no one appeared. He sat thinking, and a little sorry for the humbled Louis rumbling over the crowded streets to his doom. The prisons were already becoming crowded; the richer bourgeoisie had become submissive. The more able and aggressive Jacobins were about to seize the reins of power from the sentimental Girondists.

"Let us think a little," said François to his friend and counselor Toto. The poodle woke up, and sat attentive. "It is disagreeable to have to think, *mon ami*; but there are our heads. Without a head one cannot eat or enjoy a bone. Shall we go to the frontier, and be shot at, and shoot? Dame! a thousand bullets to one guillotine. We do not like that. Let us change our opinions, Toto, join the clubs, and talk liberty. Yes; that is thy opinion. Must we go back to the streets? 'T is good nowadays to be obscure, and thou art becoming a public character, Toto." He read the gazette awhile, practised with the pistol, and taught the dog a new trick. Still no one came, and the day wore on to noon. At this hour the bell rang, and the poodle barked, as was his custom. "Learn to hold thy tongue," said the master. The servant had gone, like all Paris, to see a brave man die.

François opened the outer door. A strongly built man he had never before seen entered, and, pushing by him, went without a word into the great room beyond.

"Hallo, citizen! What dost thou want?" said François, following him.

"Art thou Citizen Gamel?"

François was not; and what could he do for the citizen?

The man for a moment made no reply, but glanced searchingly about the hall, while the assistant looked him over as keenly. He was a personage not easily to be forgotten.

«No one else here?» he asked.

«No one.»

The questioner was a man not over thirty-five, of colossal make, and with something about him which Toto resented. He began to bark, and then, of a sudden, fled under a bench, and watched the newcomer.

His features were out of keeping with his height and breadth. The Jacobin had small, restless eyes, a diminutive nose, perhaps broken, and a large-lipped mouth, which, as he talked, was drawn to one side as though from some loss of power on the other half of the face.

«I am Jean Pierre André Amar,» he said, with an air of importance.

«Will the citizen be seated?»

He would not. He desired to see Citizen Gamel. François regretted that he was absent on business. Amar, later known as «le farouche,» desired to see the list of pupils, in order to select an unoccupied morning hour. Unluckily, the master had the keys. The citizen wished to fence, and could come in the morning only; he was busy after that. François would mention his name; perhaps the hours of the morning were full, but Citizen Gamel would no doubt arrange.

The man with the wandering mouth stood in thought, said he would return, and then asked abruptly:

«Art thou his assistant?»

«Yes.»

«And thy name?»

«François.»

«Has Citizen François a *carte-civique*—a certificate of citizenship?»

François knew better than to refuse. «Fetch me the card, Toto. 'T is on the chair in my room. *Va—go!*»

«Thou art careless, Citizen François.»

François, on this, became short of speech. Toto ran back. «Give it to the citizen.»

Amar took it, saying: «It is correct. And so a dog is sent to fetch the safe-guard the people provide?»

François laughed. «The citizen is particular. But here we are good republicans, and have given our useful arms to the army, and think to go soon ourselves. Shall I give the citizen a lesson?» No; he would call again. The section wished the names of all who fenced here. As the citizen reached the door, he said, turning:

«Thou art the man who used to laugh in the show. Robespierre told me of what fortune was read on his palm. A great man! Take care of thy own fortune. Thou art not of the club. It may be thou wilt laugh no

more.» This while the distorted mouth went to left and came back, and the small eyes winked and wandered. François thanked him. He would join the club, the list should be ready, and so on.

When alone again, François began to reflect on what was likely to happen. At any time, Amar might return with a guard. On the 23d, as usual during this sad week, there were no morning pupils; and still Gamel came not, and François had to manage the turbulent afternoon pupils alone.



«(AND SO A DOG IS SENT TO FETCH THE SAFE-GUARD THE PEOPLE PROVIDE?)»

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.



HERE can be no doubt of the general desirability of having wonders, if for nothing but to relieve the monotony. Most people need to have the good pictures starred and double-starred for them in the catalogues; and Baedeker's list of the «chief sights» often brings peace to the troubled mind. If you have seen these you have acquired a part of the common language of intercourse, and learned some of the standard measures which civilization uses, and upon which society depends for an existence. If society is to get on much, it must have some good staples to confer about beside the weather, and something to measure by beside the human body, with its feet and spans and elbow-lengths. Here wonders come in to play their part; and while there is no particular need of limiting their number to seven, it must be allowed that it is a great convenience to have a canon established, so that one may know when one is through—just as some might consider it a relief to have completed the circuit of the seven deadly sins.

Seven was not a peculiarly favorite number among the Greeks. Agamemnon seeks to conciliate Achilles with gifts of seven tripods, seven towns, and seven women; Ajax's shield has seven layers of ox-hide; seven years Ulysses tarries with the nymph Calypso: but ten and twelve were much more likely to be with them the round numbers. The Greek calendar had no week of seven days; for, as its moon was simply crescent, full, and waning, the threefold division of the month yielded approximately ten, and not seven, days, as did the Oriental calendar, with its four quarters of the moon. Seven planets helped the matter, too. Hence Cadmus's city Thebes and its seven gates have often been suspected of Phenician antecedents.

It may well have been a Semite who created the canon of the Seven Wonders; but that we cannot tell, for we have no clue as to whose handiwork it is. But this we do know, that its origin belongs in *time* to the century after Alexander's conquest, when East and West were intermingling, and in

place to that new Greece or greater Greece of western Asia and the Ægean in which Alexandria, Rhodes, and Babylon were the great centers of life.

A cycle or canon, like a creed, is hard to revise; for both are expressions of the outlook and the confidence of one particular period, and both represent the self-orientation of a given body of civilization in the material of its own horizon. The canon of the Seven Wonders has come down to us, virtually unrevised, as an unadulterated product of the Hellenistic third century B. C. The seven sages of Greece, Thales of Miletus, Pittacus of Mytilene, Bias of Priene, Solon of Athens, Cleobulus of Rhodes, Myson of Chen, and Chilon of Sparta, were all living in the first half of the sixth century B. C., and represent a definitely marked period of the Hellenic middle age. Their wisdom was of a peculiar brand, not much to the taste of Socrates' times; and yet, despite all the injustice to the wise men of Plato's and Aristotle's days, the syndicate, once formed, held its own by grace of tradition and of pedagogy.

We have no indication of the existence of a cycle of seven wonders until about the end of the second century B. C. Then appears, in an epigram of Antipater of Sidon, an enumeration of seven great works, which prove to be the very ones later appearing as the seven wonders. They are: (1) the Walls of Babylon; (2) the Statue of Zeus at Olympia; (3) the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon; (4) the Colossus of Rhodes; (5) the Pyramids of Memphis; (6) the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; (7) the Temple of Diana (Artemis) at Ephesus. Within the next century, Varro, by his leisurely allusion to the *septem opera*, betrays that the saying had already assumed current proverbial form. Diodorus, in the second half of the same century (first B. C.), speaks, too, of «the so-called seven works»; and Strabo, a little later, uses the very phrase, «the seven wonders.» From this time on, at least, the *septem miracula* have an assured place in all the common lore of Rome. The little Greek treatise, «On the Seven Wonders,» which has come down to us in incomplete form, and under the name

of Philo of Byzantium, an engineer of the second century B. C., is really, as its style and artificial purisms amply show, the work of some rhetorician of the fifth or sixth century after Christ, and in no wise chargeable against the otherwise blameless record of the excellent man of facts and machines. The list it gives is the same as that we found in Antipater's epigram.

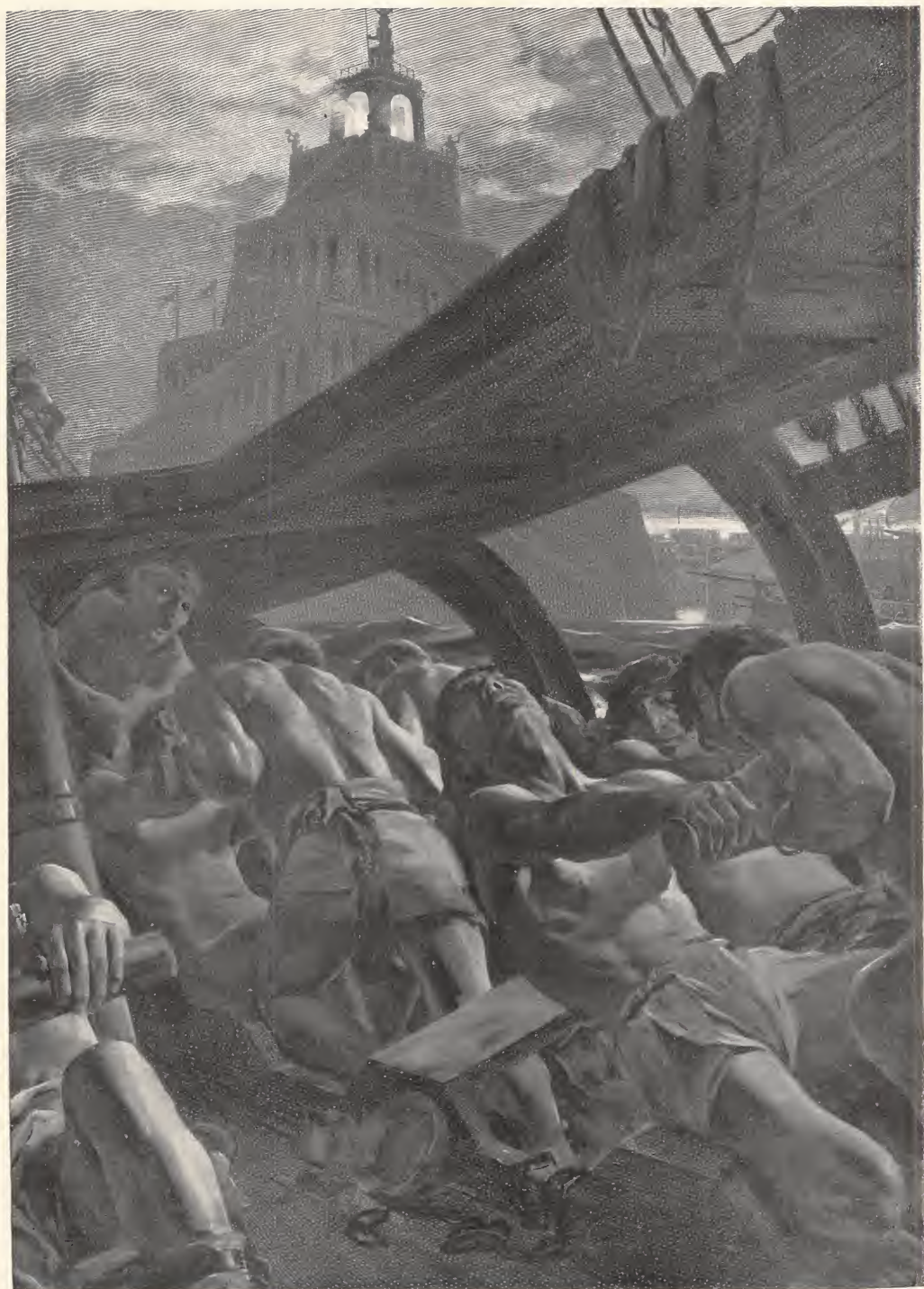
An approximate date for the first formulation of the cycle is offered by the brief career of the famous Colossus of Rhodes, which undoubtedly had a place in the original list. After standing less than sixty years in its place by the harbor of Rhodes,—and not astride the entrance, as common tradition has it,—it was overthrown by the earthquake of 227 B. C., and was never raised again. This gave opportunity for setting some rival wonder in its place, as Martial, for instance, does in naming the altar of Apollo at Delos. Either in this way, or because rival lists were in vogue before crystallization had fairly set in, some variation appears in the tradition; but yet, thanks to its early fame, the Colossus generally maintains its place. A list which received wide acceptance in the Roman Empire, and was so handed down to the middle ages, is the one probably accepted at Alexandria. It restricts Babylon to one count by omitting the walls of Babylon, and gives Egypt two by inserting the Pharos of Alexandria. Thus it stands: (1) the Pyramids; (2) the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; (3) the Statue of Zeus at Olympia; (4) the Colossus of Rhodes; (5) the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; (6) The Temple of Artemis; (7) the Pharos of Alexandria. The first six are safely canonical. Other rivals for the seventh place are the altar of Apollo at Delos, the Æsculapian temple at Epidaurus, the labyrinth of Crete, the bronze statue of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens, the palace of Cyrus, or even the temple at Jerusalem.

It is to be noted in the vulgate list that only one of the wonders is located on European soil, while two are in Egypt, and three on or near the southwestern coast of Asia Minor. None of the works which we now deem greatest among the products of Hellenic skill and art are mentioned. Athens, Delphi, Corinth are passed calmly by. Nothing could illustrate more distinctly how the centers of life and interest had shifted since the conquests of Alexander, leaving the old Greece, much as recent movements of American life have New England, in the background of provincial isolation and of archaism. It illustrates also, on the other hand, the gen-

eral fact that the Greece which Rome knew, and from which she borrowed, had its capital at Alexandria or at Rhodes rather than at Athens. The Greek things which Rome adopted were the things approved at Alexandria. The Greece which, with her arts and letters and culture, conquered Rome was Hellenistic, not Hellenic. It was the Renaissance that first gave Europe free access to the Greece which lay behind the barrier raised by the closing years of the fourth century B. C.

Leaving out of account now the local factor, it may be asked what general principle governed the selection of these objects as the representative wonders of the Hellenistic world. It surely was not the consideration of beauty. Bigness pure and simple played certainly some part. All the structures are «big» of their kind. Even the Zeus statue, which threatened to raise the roof if ever the god should essay to leave his seat, gave a peculiar impression of bigness to the spectator. But that is not all. As the ancient descriptions show, it was a certain uniqueness as to construction, rather than as to size, that attracted attention. The work involved some peculiar devicefulness, some striking departure in method of building, or overcame some extraordinary difficulties, or adapted itself to some new purpose. It was the skill of the engineer rather than of the artist that was admired; for this was beginning to be an age of machinery as well as of bigness.

Once the basis of estimate was established in bigness and mechanical device, it was not to be expected that the world farther to the west would sit calmly by and leave the wonders all unchallenged. Pliny, after describing the old-world wonders, comes to tell of those which Rome can boast, and to show how, in great buildings, «as in other things, we have beaten the world—a thing, indeed, which, it will appear, we have done about as many times as the wonders are in number which I shall have to enumerate. Why, if all the buildings of our city were taken in a body, and all set down together in one place, their united grandeur would make one think we were describing another world, all assembled at one spot.» This mood was not pent up in Rome. The small provincial city took it up; and one loyal son of Pompeii scratched in bad Greek upon the walls of the local amphitheater, and left there for the inscription-gleaner of the nineteenth century, the expression of his high conviction that «this is one of the Seven Wonders.»



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE French and Italian names for lighthouse, *phare*, *faro*, look back to the prototype of all lighthouses, Ptolemy's tower by Alexandria. Its place among the wonders may be in some dispute; but if natural right is to decide, there can be no question, for it combines all the claims. It was at once unique, grand, and useful. On the score of serving preëminently a practical purpose, it stands, indeed, alone among its colleagues.

The idea of a lighthouse was a development out of the beacon-fires which, in remoter antiquity, were often kept burning at the entrance to harbors to guide belated ships. Such we hear of at the mouth of the Piræus harbor, and on Sigeum, at the entrance to the Dardanelles. In Homer's time, the mariner overtaken by the night was glad to steer his craft by any chance watch-fire gleaming on the shore. So the *Iliad* (xix. 375) has it: «Or as when, o'er the sea, there cometh to the sailors' eyes the gleam of burning fire. There it is, burning on high among the mountains in some lonely camp, while they, against their will, are being carried by the storm-blasts o'er the sea, the home of fishes, far from them they love.»

In classical times, fleets of war-ships, sailing in the night, followed the beacon-light blazing on the prows of the admiral's ship; but this was practised only in emergencies; for when the night was dark ships sought a harbor, if they could. The trips from port to port in the Ægean were usually short, and navigation was mostly daylight work.

In the second decade of the third century B. C., Ptolemy Soter, Alexander's famous general, then King of Egypt, began the construction of the great Pharos tower; and it was completed about 282 B. C. under his successor, Ptolemy Philadelphus. Sostratus of Cnidus was the architect; and, as the story goes, he carved his name, as the builder, deep upon its stones, then plastered it over, and set the king's name in the more transient material. The story may not be true; but, at any rate, future ages read upon the stone the plain inscription: «Sostratus of Cnidus to the rescuing gods, in behalf of those who sail the seas.» The stories told about its size, both in antiquity and in the middle ages, by the Arabs, pass the

bounds of the credible. Each of its four sides was said to measure at the base a stade—about six hundred feet. It was built of a white stone, in many stories, each narrowing toward the top. Its upper story had large openings toward the sea, through which the light of the great pitchwood fires gleamed out upon the treacherous approaches to the harbor. Far off at sea it could be seen, lifting itself like a planet in the sky, hours before the low coast of the Delta could be descried; hence Statius's verse:

*Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharos æmula Lunæ.*¹

Josephus claims the light could be seen three hundred stades, *i.e.* over thirty miles, out at sea. The statement that the tower was over five hundred feet high is made by at least two late authors, but that is too much to believe. That its construction cost eight hundred talents (Ptolemaic), or well over a million dollars, is vouched for on the best authority; and this alone proves that, with skilled labor at twenty cents a day, no mean building was likely to result.

The island of Pharos, on the eastern end of which it was built, and from which it and all lighthouses of the Roman world after it were named, was separated from the mainland, on which Alexander founded his city, by a half-mile or more of shallow water. A wide mole, the *heptastadion*, built to join the island and the land, has since grown into a wide neck of land, bearing the present Mohammedan quarter of Alexandria. The exact spot where the famous lighthouse stood can no longer be determined. Perhaps it is covered by the present Fort Kaït Baï; more likely it is a thousand feet or more to the east, and now covered by the sea. The structure remained standing down into the fourteenth century of our era, and then disappeared from mention. But it had done its work. For sixteen centuries it had guided to land the wandering craft of the Ægean; but, better than that, its fame and its example had gone out into all the lands. In Pliny's time already it had begotten many successors,—two of them famous ones, the one at Ostia, and the one at Ravenna,—and the generations of its successors have been coming on ever since.

¹ «Pharos lifts its lights and vies with the night-rambling moon.»



A FAMOUS SEA-FIGHT.

THE ENGAGEMENT IN 1879 OFF THE BOLIVIAN COAST BETWEEN
PERUVIAN AND CHILEAN IRONCLADS.

BY CLAUDE H. WETMORE.

THE Chile-Peruvian war of 1879 was the result of a quarrel over the nitrate-beds near Antofagasta, Bolivia. Chile claimed a treaty right for her merchants to work these lodes, and upon Bolivia denying the jurisdiction, the southern republic seized the port in question. In 1875 Peru had entered into a secret alliance with Bolivia to resent any such act, and Antofagasta was no sooner in the possession of the Chileans than President Prado convened the Peruvian Congress, and on April 2, 1879, war was formally declared.

It is a matter of dispute which side had the balance of power on that date. Many of the results of the six months following can now be traced to an element of luck, and to the stupidity of one or two men in power in Peru. The allies certainly threw more troops into the field than did the enemy, while Peru's navy—Bolivia not possessing so much as a tug to steam out of her one seaport—was

almost equal to the Chilean. The total of the latter's fighting tonnage was 13,124; that of the Peruvians, 10,084. Three army divisions were formed, Peru and Bolivia mustering about one hundred thousand against a Chilean army of sixty or seventy thousand.

The Chilean navy comprised the sister ironclads *Blanco Encalada* and *Almirante Cochrane*, the wooden sloop of war *Esmeralda*,—which vessel must not be confused with the more modern ship of the same name that was sold to Japan two years ago,—the wooden corvettes *O'Higgins*, *Chacabuco*, *Abtao*, and *Maggellanes*, and the gun-boat *Covadonga*.

Peru had afloat the ironclad *Independencia*, the turret-ship *Huascar*, two monitors constructed after the Ericsson

"cheese-box" type,—the *Atahualpa* and the *Manco Capac*,—the corvette *Union*, the gunboat *Pilcomayo*, and several transports. Peru's first invitation



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN LIMA SIX MONTHS BEFORE ADMIRAL GRAU'S DEATH.

ADMIRAL MIGUEL GRAU.

"Absent, but accounted for. He is with the heroes."



DRAWN BY F. LEO HUNTER.

THE PERUVIAN IRONCLAD «HUASCAR.»

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN CALLAO, 1878.

to do battle on land was not accepted, and the army in the south was unmolested. Then a Peruvian fleet put to sea. On one of the ships was President Prado, who had decided to go to Arica and take active command of the allied forces. The fleet consisted of the *Huascar*, the *Independencia*, the *Union*, the *Limenia*, and the *Pilcomayo*. Admiral Grau, an able officer who was a graduate of the French Naval Academy, was placed in command, with the *Huascar* as his flag-ship. Captain Moore, a half-breed, commanded the *Independencia*. Grau steamed well out to sea until the latitude of Arica was reached, then made for port.

About the same day that the squadron departed from Callao, Rear-Admiral Reboledo Williams was despatched from Valparaiso with every available boat of the Chilean navy. He was ordered to take an inshore course and make for Callao, with the expectation of catching the Peruvian ships at anchor and unprepared. The result was that the Chilean ships appeared off Callao during the night of May 21. Admiral Williams reconnoitered the port, and then left; for his discovery of the departure of the Peruvian fleet caused him to feel alarm for the defenseless ports of his country.

On the outward voyage Williams had left the *Esmeralda* and the *Covadonga* at Iquique as a blockading squadron. On the return

trip he hastened to Valparaiso with the *Blanco* and the *Cochrane*, believing the Peruvians to be in the south, and stood well out to sea, again missing the enemy's fleet, which had appeared off Valparaiso, discovered that the Chileans had gone, and had returned north, Grau entertaining similar fears to those that had caused Williams to leave Callao. Had this naval game of hide-and-seek resulted in the fleets meeting, the history of South America would probably have been another story.

After leaving Valparaiso, Grau visited all the sea-coast towns till Iquique was reached, and there he sighted the two wooden ships of the enemy. Captain Moore was ordered to attack the *Covadonga*, and the *Huascar* forthwith gave battle to the *Esmeralda*.

It was a wooden sloop of war against an ironclad; and the thousands who gathered on the beach in front of Iquique, surprised that the former did not at once surrender, expected a short and fierce conflict as a sequel; but instead they witnessed a battle of nearly four hours' duration. There was a heavy swell running, and the *Huascar* rolled so that her fire was almost useless. During two hours and a half only two of her shells struck the sloop, and they were buried in her soft wood and did no harm. The Chilean ship had chosen a position close inshore, her commander, Arturo Pratt, seeking shallow water

in order to avoid being rammed by the enemy, and also taking that location because the *Huascar's* shells would fly into the town. However, he was finally compelled to abandon this position, for the Peruvian artillerymen dragged a field-battery down to the beach, and opened fire at five hundred yards. As the *Esmeralda* steamed out of range of these pieces, Grau ordered full speed on

ple, and jumped on the deck of the Peruvian vessel, there to die as did the man whose courage he emulated.

The third attempt to ram was successful, and, under full speed, the *Huascar* struck the *Esmeralda* so squarely amidships that the ironclad had only time to back away before the sloop went down. She sank bow first, and as the stern still hung above the waves



DRAWN BY J. G. TYLER.

THE «HUASCAR» DRIFTING BETWEEN THE FIRE OF THE «ALMR. COCHRANE» AND THE «BLANCO ENCALADA.»

the *Huascar*, and steered for the wooden ship in order to use his ram. The blow that was struck proved a weak one, the *Huascar's* speed being checked too soon, and instead of a hull-destroying shock the ships simply ran foul of each other, and remained with sides touching for several minutes. During this contact Captain Pratt called for boarders, and sprang on the deck of the *Huascar*, where he was at once shot down. Only one man followed, and he tumbled over the side, wounded, just as the ships parted.

After backing off half a mile the *Huascar* again tried to ram, but again the engines were stopped too soon. This collision did no damage, and before the ships cleared, Lieutenant Serrano followed his captain's exam-

ple, and jumped on the deck of the Peruvian vessel, there to die as did the man whose courage he emulated. The last thing to disappear below the surface was the flag that had been nailed to the mast.

The *Huascar's* boats were called away, but so bitter was the feeling of enmity that the men in the water tried to fight their would-be rescuers with knives that they had armed themselves with at the last moment. The Peruvians retaliated, and although there may be no truth in the stories that several sailors had their arms severed at the wrist as they seized the rowers' oars, and that many a poor fellow was hit over the head as he came to the surface, it is a fact that of three hun-

dred men who were on board the sloop over one half were lost.

The *Huascar* suffered but little as a result of this conflict, and as soon as the boats were recalled Grau started in the wake of the *Independencia*, which had disappeared around a point of land in her pursuit of the *Covadonga*.

The little ironclad had no sooner rounded this promontory than the lookout sighted a wreck ahead, which the officers made out to be the spars of a vessel rising to the height of only thirty feet above water, and a network of rigging that, standing in silhouette against the horizon, swarmed with men. Again the boats were called away, but Grau did not need their return to learn what had happened, for marine glasses told him that the *Independencia* was a total loss.

In his eagerness to overtake the little craft which he pursued, Captain Moore had allowed the light-draft Chilean to coax him into shallow water, where his ship struck a reef, to sink within half an hour after she was backed off. Of course the *Covadonga* made good her escape, and away she went to Valparaíso, bearing the news that Peru's most powerful ironclad lay beneath the sea. Thus the battle of Iquique, which to those in the city appeared a Peruvian victory, was turned into a defeat.

Grau at once steamed for Callao, where he arrived on June 7. Those versed in naval matters shook their heads when they heard of the loss of the *Independencia*, but the populace considered the battle of Iquique a victory. Grau was fêted, and Congress raised him to the rank of rear-admiral (he had been acting rear-admiral prior to this date, with the rank of captain). At his request, however, he was allowed to remain in command of the *Huascar*.

When the week's festivities had passed, and the Peruvians had looked about them, they took a different view of the situation, and those who were well informed conceded that Peru's sole hope at sea lay in the *Huascar*. Anchored out in the bay were the monitors *Atahualpa* and *Manco Capac*. These boats (formerly the United States ships *Catawba* and *Aneota*) were purchased from the United States early in the seventies, and were then deemed invulnerable. At the outbreak of the war they were classed among Peru's most formidable ships, and were feared by the Chileans more than were the *Huascar* and the *Independencia*; but practical tests soon dispelled the illusion. It was found that, owing to the antiquated engines, the monitors were of no use in a seaway, and

would fall a prey to even a nimble-footed gunboat that could choose its own distance: so they became mere floating batteries, and did not figure in the subsequent events. At this stage, also, orders were issued that the *Chalaco* and *Limena* should be used only as transports, so far as naval warfare was concerned. It therefore became virtually a contest between the *Huascar*, *Union*, and *Pilcomayo* for the Peruvians, and the *Blanco Encalada*, *Almirante Cochrane*, *O'Higgins*, *Chacabuco*, *Abtao*, *Magallanes*, and *Covadonga* for the Chileans. Or, to look at it from the standpoint of modern warfare, it seemed probable that all future contests would be between the *Huascar* and the Chilean sister ships.

In marked contrast with these vessels was the *Huascar*. The Chilean ships sat high in the water, and presented a considerable target to the enemy; but the Peruvian boat, even in a seaway, did not show more than six or seven feet of side, and when going into action all of her forward bulwarks could be lowered, exposing a turret and an armored deck that was almost flush with the water. Two entirely different classes of battle-ships were therefore represented by the vessels described. In all her dimensions the *Huascar* was smaller than the Chileans; her guns were a trifle larger, but this was more than offset by the numerical preponderance of the adversaries in the way of pieces.

After the return of the unfortunate naval expedition, attention was directed to the operation of the land forces. Within three months the allies met the Chilean advance near Tacna, but, to the shame of Bolivia, her men threw down their arms at the first gunfire, and fled into the interior, leaving Peru to fight out a quarrel of which Bolivia had been the cause. Then for a few months there was a cessation of hostilities, while preparations for a more decisive struggle were made by both sides.

Becoming tired of inactivity, Admiral Grau urged that President Prado allow him to take to the open again, and he finally gained consent to put to sea and harass the enemy. Grau was permitted to take out the *Huascar* and the *Union*, but was ordered to avoid an engagement with Chile's big ironclads.

The two war vessels left Callao harbor early in July, and for three months there came news of their destructive work on the Chilean coast. Grau would steam into a harbor of a morning with the *Huascar*, leaving the *Union* to watch in the offing, destroy all of the enemy's land works that could be

reached with his great guns between dawn and sunset, and leave shore before nightfall. In this manner he sank several coal-ships and did much damage to transports that lay at anchor, destroyed docks and public buildings in towns that showed resistance, and occasionally shelled a Chilean military camp.

The news of the *Huascar's* depredations caused much perturbation in Chile, and finally caused a cabinet crisis, which resulted in the appointment of a new minister of war. Numerous changes also took place in the personnel of the navy, the most important being the appointment of Commodore Rivero as rear-admiral in command of the fleet, to succeed Admiral Williams. The first active move was the despatch of Rivero, with the *Blanco*, the *Cochrane*, and several wooden ships, to put an end to such guerrilla warfare, and he was instructed to keep the ironclads as much as possible in consort. But Grau's manner of dodging in and out of ports, passing only a day in each, baffled the pursuers, and for a month they sought the Peruvians without success. Several times the *Union*, as she stood guard in the offing, signaled that smoke could be seen to the southward, and her consort put to sea. The low-lying hull of the *Huascar* enabled her to escape unobserved, and the corvette easily got away, for she was the fastest ship on the coast.

The destruction of unresisting objects soon ceased being exciting, and those on board the Peruvian vessel lost interest in the campaign, only to cheer up again when, on the second day of October, Grau announced his intention to return to Callao. It was time that he did so. The *Huascar's* bottom had become much fouled with the growth which accumulates rapidly in the South Pacific, and certain parts of the machinery were so worn that it was dangerous to proceed at full speed, eight knots an hour being about the best the little ironclad could do. The coal-supply was low, and for a fortnight no fuel-laden vessels of the enemy, from which the bunkers

could be filled, had been met. There were no fresh provisions on board,—it having been thought dangerous to send small boats ashore, for the appearance of an enemy meant precipitate retreat,—and scurvy was feared.

So the *Huascar's* bow was pointed northward, and at half speed Peru's ironclad steamed toward Callao. The Chilean coast was passed; the ship was off Bolivia's bit of sea-washed land. There a stop was made for a few hours, for Grau had heard that the *Cochrane* was in Antofagasta, broken down; but a reconnaissance proved his information to be false, and the *Huascar* continued on her way.¹

Sunset of October 7, 1879, was followed by a night regal in its splendor, and until a late hour the men thronged the fore-castle-deck, and the officers grouped together aft. There was only one theme of conversation—home. In four days they would be welcomed by those they loved; four days, and there would be an end to three months of toil, of sweating at the great guns while a tropic sun beat heat into the iron of the turret. The bit of frowning topgallant fore-castle-deck threw a shadow athwartships, astern of the bow. Partly within this, partly without, sat a group of seamen listening to music made by a fife, a violin, and a harmonica. There were North American and English born among them, and the notes of "Home, Sweet Home" floated seaward on a light, warm breeze that came lazily from the shore. The Peruvians lent their voices to the refrain; their rich notes swelled the volume of sound. The officers moved forward, and joined with the men. The ensign on the bridge paused in his measured tread. It was a pæan of thanksgiving that their labors were over.

As the moon sank into the sea the decks became deserted, and those who watched were the only ones to stand in silhouette against the blue-black of night. The wash of the waves at the ship's sides stirred to radiance myriads of the tiny creatures of the deep, and two lines, as bright as fire, ran

survivors when they returned to Callao; and in view of the wonderful four hours' fight which the Peruvians had kept up, their story of the conditions of surrender is probably nearer the truth than the relations of the enemy.

¹ It is believed that what follows is an accurate account of this memorable engagement. The writer was in Callao at the time, and saw the *Huascar* before the battle and soon after her capture, also the Chilean ships. The information regarding the conduct of the officers and men of the *Huascar* was secured from American and Peruvian survivors of the battle off Point Angamos. Lieutenant Simpson of the Chilean navy, when interrogated two years later in regard to the condition of the *Huascar* after the combat, said: "The crew were in a dreadful state of excitement and fear, imploring our men not to kill them. The officers had no control whatever over the crew."

Far different was the report made by the *Huascar's*

This article was carefully revised by the late Captain Henry S. Wetmore and by William Carey Cole, U. S. N. The former, an ex-captain of United States artillery, was United States consul at Payta, Peru, and subsequently agent for the American Board of Marine Underwriters at Callao, where he was stationed during the entire war. He was a warm friend of Admiral Grau, and took breakfast with the admiral the day the *Huascar* sailed on her unfortunate trip.

parallel with the vessel. Her slow-churning propeller threw other phosphorescence high in air, and a golden shower fell, to broaden into a path that stretched as far astern as the eye could reach. A light swell from the Pacific caused the *Huascar* to roll slowly from side to side with a gentle rocking motion that lulled to sleep those who rested below.

Eight bells rang out, indicating the midnight hour, and a second lieutenant relieved the ensign who had stood the early watch. Then the hours passed slowly, as they do when the clock hands start on their downward march. Three o'clock came; then, after another half-hour, as the strokes of seven bells rang, the lookout on the forecastle glanced eastward, hoping for a view of the first glint of dawn. He paced up and down a few times, then came to a sudden stop and gazed ahead, for he saw something that caused him to rub his eyes and look again—a star that apparently had not been there when he had looked before. Yet was it a star? He gazed for some time, and finally made out a black body beneath the light. He called to the officer on the bridge, and the words caused the lieutenant to jump into the rigging, marine glass in hand. A moment later a messenger hurried below, and in five minutes Admiral Grau, who was only partly dressed, ran to the bridge, carrying a long telescope, and made his way up the shrouds to the military top.

One long glance was sufficient. He hurried down again, seized the bell-pull, and sounded two sharp strokes in the engine-room, which were followed by the stoppage of the propeller, and the *Huascar* lay motionless, save for a pendulum-like swaying from side to side. That which the forecastle lookout had announced as a «sail ahead» the lieutenant had discovered to be a steamship, and the admiral, aided by the powerful telescope, had made out a fleet in close sailing order, the vessel in the van an ironclad.

At the hour of this discovery the *Huascar* had the land about eight miles off her starboard beam. Thirty miles ahead lay Point Angamos, stretching twelve miles out to sea. It would therefore have been necessary to change the course several points to port in order to pass this promontory; and the watch officer was about to give an order to this effect when the lookout warned him of the light ahead.

While the *Huascar* was stationary Grau's observations told him that the vessels to the north were steering south. All the officers were summoned to the quarter-deck, but

there was little need for the order, as they, and also the crew, were gazing over the bulwarks ten minutes after the signal was given in the engine-room; for the stoppage of a steamship's machinery in the dead of night always causes an exodus from below.

Fifteen minutes after the first signal was given a ring for «full speed ahead» sounded, and as the ironclad gained steerageway she was put about on a course south by west; for Grau, mindful of his orders not to risk a conflict with one of the enemy's battle-ships, and also reminded of the almost crippled condition of the *Huascar's* machinery, had decided to run. It is a matter of record that at first he wished to continue northward and give battle, but his officers urged him to adopt the more conservative plan. Had he followed his impulse, a different story might have been recorded that day.

By this time the high sides of the Chilean ironclad showed plainly, but Grau trusted that the low build of the *Huascar* would enable her to escape unobserved. Fortune at once seemed to smile upon the Peruvian ship, for she had not been on the new course ten minutes when a light fog rolled in from the sea, and shut off all view of the fleet to the north. When the vessels were last seen they had veered a little to the west, and this showed that they had started in pursuit. Grau believed he could escape, and, as was subsequently learned, he was making two or three knots more than the enemy.

All this while the *Union* was eight or ten miles farther out at sea, and had not noticed the maneuvers. Grau did not signal her, for the course she was steering would carry her safe past the enemy, and even if pursued her superior speed would enable her to keep out of danger.

The weather became thicker, and the *Huascar's* head was put more to the westward, then gradually to the north. When she had steamed in this direction for an hour at an eight-knot speed, those who had been straining their eyes from the deck went below to make ready for breakfast; and even the admiral, convinced that he had avoided the enemy, retired to his cabin and began a more suitable toilet. But he had not been absent from the bridge ten minutes when a cry that resounded throughout the entire ship caused him to hurry back. To the northward the mist had parted, and there was revealed an ironclad, and gray, moisture-laden clouds rising on each side of her. She was ten miles distant, and was

headed straight for the *Huascar*; and the dense black smoke pouring from her funnels was evidence that she was being forced along at full speed.

A glance told Grau that further attempt at flight was useless. A loitering fleet was to the northeast, and an ironclad plunged forward from the northwest. Grau knew that it meant surrender or fight, and he prepared for battle.

The red, white, and red of Peru was flaunted from the peak, and in defiant reply a bit of bunting hoisted to a similar position on the approaching ship resolved any possible conjectures as to her identity, for it was made out to be the lone-star flag of Chile. Grau thought, from a peculiarity of construction, that the vessel was the *Almirante Cochrane*, and his surmise proved to be correct.

The drummers and buglers were ordered to sound calls, first for general quarters, then for action; and, stripped to the waist, the guns' crews crowded into the ill-ventilated turret, where they were to toil and sweat at the great pieces in an atmosphere that the sun's fierce rays, already causing the morning to be close and sticky, would make stifling. Ammunition-holds were thrown open, and the long curtains of green felt were slung from the deck-beams above to protect the magazine passages, in order that sparks might not fall among the explosives.¹ A dozen men hurried into the main military top to serve the Gatling gun and rifles there. Rubber cloths were stretched over the ward-room table, and fastened in such a manner that the blood of the wounded would flow smoothly and be caught in buckets that were placed at the four corners, for there one science would endeavor to save the lives that another science was trying to destroy. The surgeon and his assistants laid out scalpels, long gleaming knives, and saws. Huge piles of lint were placed on the floor.

The stewards hurriedly passed about coffee and bread, and the sailors in the turret ate their morning meal leaning against the already loaded pieces, and those in the top had pails of coffee carried up to them, which they drank while setting their sights. The hinged bulwarks of the little vessel were let down, and the smooth water rippled only four feet below the *Huascar's* deck. The forecastle and main hatches were battened, but the after-companionway was left open, for down this passage the wounded would be

taken. Between decks were stationed those sailors not needed in service of the guns, where they would be most handy to assist in the navigation of the ship, the service of ammunition, or to replace the killed. A score of non-combatants were also there.

At nine o'clock the *Cochrane* was within three thousand yards, and Grau, having given a last glance around, and having signaled the *Union* to keep out of the enemy's way, entered the conning-tower that was to prove his tomb. Not a shot had as yet been fired. These modern ships, carrying guns that could throw a shell from four to five miles, reserved their fire for closer quarters. Five minutes later Grau gave a command to the officer in the turret, and a shot from one of the *Huascar's* ten-inch guns whistled over the water. The commander of the *Cochrane* evidently wished for still closer range, and did not reply until three shots had left the turret of the little ship. Finally the answer came in the shape of a broadside, and a shell dented the *Huascar's* protective belt just above the water-line. A moment later the Gatling guns in the tops of both ships were brought into action, and a leaden hail began to patter, while great projectiles were hurled from the large deck cannon. The rapid-firing pieces of the Chileans were trained upon the *Huascar's* turret apertures, while the one in the military top of the latter vessel was aimed at the gun-ports of the enemy. Many a man dropped, dead or wounded, hit by one of these small shot. For fifteen minutes not much was accomplished by the great gun-fire; the heavy shot either fell short of the mark or were buried in the armor. By this time, when the ships were within fifteen hundred yards of each other, a shell from the *Cochrane* entered the *Huascar's* turret, exploded, and killed twelve men. But the places of the dead were quickly taken by men from below, the chamber was cleared of the corpses, the guns were loaded again, and the action was renewed. Then the *Huascar* secured an advantage. One of her ten-inch shells forced its way through a casemate on the starboard side of the *Cochrane*, exploded on the deck, dismantled a gun, and killed several men. For a few minutes the enemy was in such confusion that not a cannon was fired; and it became almost a panic on the *Cochrane* when the *Huascar* edged in closer, her sailors cheering as they again discharged the twin pieces.

At this stage of the combat victory perched for a moment on the red, white, and red; but

¹ As to protection to the magazines, the *Huascar* had no ammunition-tubes.

even as it did so the commander of the *Cochrane* saw relief which Grau had not perceived. In fact, a shot that plowed into the *Huascar's* side was the first warning the Peruvian admiral had of assistance coming to the Chileans; and looking to starboard through a peep-hole in the conning-tower, he saw the *Blanco Encalada* bearing down; while veering seaward, only a few cable-lengths' astern of the rapidly approaching ironclad, were the *Matias Cousiño* and the *Covadonga*, evidently starting off to give chase to the *Union*, by this time well in the offing, and fitted, because of her superior speed, to take care of herself. Grau therefore turned his attention to his own ship, which indeed was in sore straits.

Seeing aid at hand, the men on the *Cochrane* had redoubled their efforts, and when the *Blanco* had ranged along to port the horror of it began, and the engagement resolved itself into a marine carnage; for the *Huascar* lay between the two fires, the *Cochrane* to starboard, the *Blanco* to port, and both so near that the gunners in the turret of the little ship could see the faces of their adversaries as the latter sighted the pieces on the Chilean boats.

This turret rapidly became so crowded with the bodies of the dead that the steam training-gear of the iron roundhouse was clogged and useless. As the men struggled to remove the tumbled corpses of their comrades, blood became smeared over their chests, and it mingled with the sweat which dripped as they toiled in quarters that resembled a baking charnel-house, through which filtered steam and smoke, while a nauseous odor rose from the bodies and the heated guns. The sun beat down upon the wild scene through air so calm that after the white smoke had belched from the guns, it rose in pillars and clung to the mastheads.

From the first of the battle the encouraging voice of Grau had come to the men in the turret through the speaking-tube from the conning-tower;¹ but when the *Blanco* crowded into the thick of it, and great shot struck the *Huascar's* sides as regularly as blows of a battering-ram, the orders of the commander were no longer heard. The officer in charge of the turret called to his superior. There was no answer, and when Commander Elias Aguerre ran up the narrow little ladder that led to the tower, he stumbled over the dead body of his admiral. A shell had struck

the conning-tower, and had taken off Grau's head as neatly as if the decapitation had been by the guillotine. This shell also killed Lieutenant Ferré, the admiral's aide. There was only time to push the corpses aside, and the new commanding officer pulled back the tube-flap to give his directions; but as he did so the *Huascar* staggered, keeled over, then shook in every plate, while a concussion more terrific than any so far told that a shell had entered the turret and had burst there. When the fumes had cleared away so that a person could speak, a midshipman called out that one of the great guns had been dismounted, and twenty men killed. The survivors tumbled the bodies through the hatch that opened into the deck below, thus releasing the clogged machinery; and as the corpses rattled down other men rushed up, throwing off their clothing as they jumped into the pools of blood to seize hold of the gear and swing the remaining gun into position, that it might train upon one of the ships,—they could no longer make out which, nor did they care,—and it was discharged, hauled in, loaded, and discharged again.

Once more all was silent in the conning-tower. Lieutenant Palacios hastened there, but before he could enter he was compelled to push three bodies out of the way. He had barely given his first command when a bullet from the well-aimed rifle of a marine in an enemy's top lodged between his eyes. Then the fourth to command the *Huascar* that day, Lieutenant Pedro Garezon, took the place, and as he did so he called through an aperture, telling the quartermaster to put the helm to port; for he had determined to ram one of the adversaries, and sink with her if necessary. Over and over spun the wheel, but the *Huascar's* head still pointed between the Chileans.

«Port! Port, I say!» screamed the commander.

«She won't answer,» came back the sullen reply from the only one of four quartermasters alive; the bodies of the others were lying upon the grating at his feet.

«A shot has carried away the starboard steering-gear, sir,» reported an ensign; and he dropped dead as the words left his mouth.

The *Huascar* now lay drifting in a hell of shot and flame, but all the while the red, white, and red fluttered from the peak. One by one, in twos and in threes, the men in the turret dropped at their posts; and at last the remaining great gun was silent, its tackle literally choked with dead. The turret could not be turned for the same reason. Corpses

¹ The tower was abaft the turret, not over it, as on many turret-ships.

hung over the military top; corpses clogged the conning-tower.

With coats and waistcoats off, the surgeons had been laboring in the ward-room upon the wounded, who, shrieking in their agony, had been tumbled down the companionway like so much butchered beef; for there was no time to use stretchers or to carry a stricken comrade to a doctor's care. Steam and smoke filtered through the doorways, and the apartment became stifling. While they were sawing, amputating, and bandaging, a shell tore into the ward-room, burst, and fragments wounded the assistant surgeons, the chief of the medical staff having been killed earlier in the conflict. Those unfortunates who were stretched upon the table awaiting their turn under the knife, and those who lay upon the floor, suffered no more pain: they were killed as they lay groaning. This shell tore away ward-room and stern cabin, and hardly a trace was left of the bulkhead. After that what little surgery was done was performed in the coal-bunkers.

Huddled in a passageway near the engine-room were a score or more of non-combatants—stewards, pantrymen, and stokers. They were in a place that was lighted only as flashes came from the guns; it was filled with powder-smoke, and clouds of steam that drifted from below told that the *Huascar* had been struck in a vital spot—her machinery. Suddenly they heard a crash, followed by the rending of the deck, and the little ironclad swayed as if she had struck a reef. Some one passed the word that the maintopmast had been shot away. As it came down it brought living men to be dashed to death, also corpses that had been hanging over the sides of the military top.

There was a cry of «Fire!» and all hands rushed to stations—perhaps two men to a boat's crew, one to a pump gang.

«D—the fire!» shouted Lieutenant Garezon. «Repel boarders!»

They were metamorphosed by this order from fire-fighters into warriors again, and formed a line of bleeding men, their clothing in rags, and, ranged in company front, stokers elbowing marines, pantrymen leveling rifles in union with midshipmen, awaited the coming of a fleet of the enemy's boats which, crowded with marines, were forcing their way through the water toward the wounded, staggering *Huascar*, that lay like a log, motionless.

But fire raged between decks, and flames flared up the after-companionway; and when the boats had crowded around, like threshers

attacking a whale that had been struck to the death, the few survivors were compelled to yield to the force of numbers, and the Chileans swarmed the ironclad's deck. As they mounted it the red, white, and red, tattered and torn by bullets, still fluttered its rags at the peak.

The victors had barely got control of the flames when word was brought to the officer commanding the boarding party that the prize was sinking. He examined her sides, and as there was no great injury below the water-line, he summoned Chief Engineer MacMahon, and accused him of scuttling the ship. The latter laughed defiantly. The officer cocked a revolver, placed it at his head, and threatened to shoot if the man did not tell what he had done. Only then did he admit having opened the sea-valves, and the Chileans, rushing below, were only able to close them just as the blood-stained water lapped the slippery deck.

There is no authentic record of the number slain, but the accounts in Callao were that of two hundred men on the *Huascar* nearly one hundred were killed, and of the remainder only half escaped without injury.¹ The Peruvian dead were thrown into the sea as the *Blanco Encalada* took the battered, blood-stained *Huascar* in tow.

After the fight the *Huascar* was towed into the port of Mejillones, where the shot-holes were patched up and the steering-gear was repaired. Two days later she was conveyed to Valparaiso, and her entrance into that harbor, with the lone-star flag flying over the red, white, and red, was the first intimation that the Chilean populace had of the capture of the formidable little vessel. A week of feast and fête was at once begun, and wild scenes were enacted in the sea-coast town and in Santiago.

From the day of the capture of the *Huascar*, October 8, 1879, the Peruvians met with defeat after defeat; but nothing caused so much anger in Callao as the appearance, early in the following year, of the *Huascar*, flying the Chilean flag, as a part of the Chilean squadron that blockaded Peru's principal seaport.

On December 19 President Prado deserted. Without informing even his most intimate friends of his intention, he left the palace in Lima at two o'clock in the afternoon, went

¹ A number of officers had been enlisted from the English merchant marine, and a number of sailors taken on board at Arica. Grau was the only one who had a record of names, etc., and his books were destroyed by the fire in the cabin and the ward-room.

to Callao, was rowed out in the bay, and there boarded the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamship *Islay*, which sailed an hour later for Panama. That night there was a revolution in Lima, and it spread throughout the country. Thus the horrors of internecine war were added. After three days Don Nicolas de Pierola was declared dictator.

On Monday, January 17, 1881, Lima capitulated, and the war was virtually at an end. Then the map of South America was changed. Bolivia's bit of sea-coast became Chilean territory, and the victors annexed Peruvian soil as far north as Tacna, securing the richest land on the west coast, the provinces containing the nitrate-beds.

When the *Huascar* was being repaired in Valparaiso she was carefully examined by naval experts, and they learned from her the

lesson that armor which is not thick enough to withstand the heaviest projectiles of the enemy is worse than no armor at all, for it only causes the shells that penetrate it to explode and do greater damage. The same lesson was taught again at the battle of the Yalu, and attention was called to it in *THE CENTURY* by Captain McGiffin, who told the story of that engagement, and also by Captain Mahan in his comments on its significance.

To this day, at every general muster of a Peruvian army division, at every monthly inspection on the ships comprising the fleet, the name of Grau is the first to be heard in the roll-call. An officer steps forward, lifts his hat, points upward, and answers: "Absent, but accounted for. He is with the heroes."



LOYALTY.

BY RUTH HUNTINGTON SESSIONS.

TWO friends I have, long loved, and trusted long.
 One, turning ever toward life's fairer side,
 And fearing lest it slip his grasp, would hide
 From his soul's inward eye all sight of wrong;
 Brings me the world's uncomprehending praise
 As friendship's highest tribute; sees in shame
 Of mine, or wilful blunder, naught to claim
 Deep-felt repentance: but in countless ways
 Finds pardon for me ever and again,
 Because—I am no worse than other men.

The second, looking up toward heaven's light,
 Yet works in stifling fog and close-drawn fray,
 'Mid want, doubt, selfish greed, where men must pray
 As, groping, they seek out lost gleams of right.
 Scanning my life with love's clear eyes, he sees
 My flimsy talents, old mistakes, low ends,
 And when I wear earth's laurels, but commends
 With stern "Thou canst do better things than these."
 O keen soul-reader, judge me of these two;
 Which, think you, is the false friend, which the true?

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of "A Bachelor Maid," "Sweet Bells out of Tune," etc.

XI.



DAVENANT, hurrying in to his room to dress for their belated dinner, did not at first perceive upon his toilet-table a note addressed to him in type-written characters. The discovery made no impression on a mind absorbed with renascent hope of better things to come. What is one missive more or less, in the shower that daily falls upon a modern home? When he was ready to go down-stairs, he took it up and mechanically tore it open.

"Nothing is irremediable," he was still repeating to himself, as he drew out the contents of the envelop, "so long as Sybil is true to her higher self and me."

A clipping from a newspaper fluttered down and lay upon the back of a brush with a silver monogram—Sybil's gift. Davenant hardly took in, at first, the meaning of the typed words upon the sheet infolding it. When he did, the fierce blood surged into his temples. He glanced at the clipping, and his face grew darker still with wrath. Lies though they were, what he had read cut him like a whip.

Sybil, impatient at his delay, ran up herself to hasten him down-stairs. As she came into the room, she stopped, dismayed by the expression of her husband's face. It was unlike anything he had ever shown to her before. When, frightened and wondering, she tried to take the papers from his hand, he tore them to bits and threw them into the fireplace.

"Peter, what is it?" she said faintly, her heart beating hard.

"Answer me. Has Lang been with you twice to-day?"

"Of course, Peter. This morning I wheeled with him, and this afternoon he joined me in the street, and came in for tea, as he has often done before."

"I forbid you to speak to him again. I'd like to kill him for what he's brought upon you!"

Sybil stood transfixed. She saw struggling in him the animal man that made her want

to turn and flee from him. She waited in silence awhile, till his rage had exhausted itself. Then she spoke timidly:

"If it's only one of those slandering newspaper paragraphs that everybody gets—"

Davenant could not believe his ears. "Only"—this from a high, pure woman, lifted by his thoughts upon a pedestal above the mud of humankind!

"I don't know about your sort of men," he said blackly, "but in my part of the world we don't brook insult to the fair fame of our women."

"I have heard of those dear Don Quixotes of the South," she said, with a little curl of the lip. "What a mercy you don't carry a six-shooter in your belt, and a bowie-knife in your boot! Peter, try to be reasonable. Lang can't help this any more than we can. I don't know what's been said—I don't want to know; but if you think *your* wife is the only one—"

"Good God!" groaned Davenant. He dropped into a chair, clasping his hands over his eyes. What he suffered now was more acute than the pain of the slander.

"It must be owned, dearest, you are what Etta calls you—(rococo.) You belong to the most delightfully old-fashioned age. If you'd heard all the things *I* have that are said of men and women of our world,—of almost every one in turn,—you'd cease to think it such a mighty matter. So long as you know I'm all right, and Lang knows it, why should you mind so much? How can I forbid him the house without giving color to this nonsense? All such stories die down in time, and women are thought none the less of for them. Why, look at Mrs.—"

"Sybil, Sybil," he pleaded, with the agony of one pushed farther than endurance goes, "if you ever loved me, say no more. What you have said has burned into my heart."

"But, Peter," she persisted, putting her arm around his neck where he sat, "you distress me dreadfully. Indeed, indeed, I do not understand."

"That is it, God help me!" he cried, riding himself of her embrace, and getting

up to walk to and fro—"you do not understand."

Directly after dinner, which was eaten almost in silence between the married pair, Peter went out, telling his wife that he meant to work at the Bar Association library, and would not be home till late.

Sybil, going into her little drawing-room, sat down before the fire, feeling truly wretched. As her lonely evening dragged itself along, she was glad of a ring at the front bell, followed by the announcement of her cousin, Mr. Lewiston.

This gentleman, with the touches of mourning added to his evening clothes, looked more than ever pale and shrunken. His small gray eyes peered out of red-edged lids. He dropped wearily upon a divan, doubled up his knee, nursing it with both arms, and complained of the chill of a late spring. After Sybil had exchanged with him a few commonplaces about his mother's funeral,—which she, with Davenant, had attended, in a front pew of the church,—St. Clair burst out jerkily:

"I'm glad you're alone, Sybil. I wanted to tell you by yourself that I consider it a brutal kind of thing, the way my mother's left you. You stood lots at her hands that other people don't know about, and to be chucked overboard like this, when you need money most, is n't what I call nice."

"We can't say anything, now, St. Clair," answered Sybil; "and I should tell you that my husband has not opened his lips in comment, one way or the other."

"Then he's a devilish sight more civil than I'd be under the circumstances. It would have been all in your favor had you two agreed to go to live in Washington Square when she made you that offer last Christmas."

"Ah, but what an offer! We could n't, in any self-respect, accept it. She treated Peter like—oh! as I said before, we can't talk of it now."

"Well, you know what you want, of course; and Davenant's a plucky sort, certainly. But the long and short of my visit is to say that to-day I've made my will, leaving you all, and more, than you'd have got from my mother. And I wish you'd take something from me now to make amends for it. I sent my lawyer, you know, to offer this to your husband; but he declined flatly. I'd be glad to get you to reconsider it."

"My dear St. Clair, you have always stood by me!" exclaimed she, touched by his kindness. "But—but—you don't know Peter.

He's the soul of independence. Marrying me against the wishes of my aunt makes him more touchy, I suppose. At any rate, I know he would n't hear of it. When he told me about your offer, he was really grateful to you; but I could see nothing would have moved him to accept—"

"Then you're pretty comfortably off, I take it," said St. Clair, with a feeble grin of wonder at such disinterestedness in this age of gain; "or else Davenant's a wonder from Wayback."

"That's just what he is," said Sybil, laughing, and then sighing—"a wonder from Wayback; and so dreadfully set in his opinions about right and wrong."

"My dear girl, you should hold on to your treasure," commented her cousin, who was already beginning to weary of a conversation for him too long sustained. "I must be off now to the club. I think I'll be sailing in a few weeks, to try a new place my doctor's found for me in France. If I can do anything for you meantime, you've only to call on me."

Sybil saw him go out upon tottering legs, her servant buttoning him up in a fur-lined overcoat before putting the little man into his brougham.

"How could I tell St. Clair," she asked herself, sinking again into her chair, "that Peter says his reputation is such I must not receive or hold communication with him alone? He meant well, and was really generous; and if Peter knows of this, it will only be for me to be lectured up and down. Peter expects too much. He is unreasonable; and, until to-night, I had no idea what his temper can be. Supposing he should ever turn against me like that! I should die."

The tears coursing down her cheeks were with difficulty stanching when she went up to bed. She thought Françoise, who awaited her, looked more self-satisfied than usual. Then it occurred to Sybil to inquire about the note left upon her husband's dressing-table.

"Who put it there?" she asked.

"*Ma foi*, madame," began the woman, then poured out a rapid and wordy explanation of how it was the footman who had brought the letter in question up to her while she was engaged in putting away monsieur's shirts. Jean had been asked at the door, by the messenger who bore it, to see that it reached monsieur as soon as he came in. Françoise had no idea the note was—

"You are not asked to give me your ideas," said Sybil, freezingly. "You can go now; I have done with you."

And Françoise, flouncing down to the servants' hall, discussed with her mates, in gleeful enjoyment, every detail of the promising imbroglio up-stairs, together with many other matters connected with their employers handed along by the servants of other houses where free discussion of personalities goes on at table.

«That woman has a hateful face,» said the young wife, wearily. «But Etta says they are all like that, and the only thing is to get what one can out of them, and pay them well.»

With these and other graver thoughts to vex her, Sybil fell asleep.

The difference between Peter and herself was not cleared at breakfast-time next day. When she saw that he was in an unapproachable mood, she took fright, and, keeping to her room, ordered a cup of tea to be brought to her there. Peter, hastening off directly afterward, had only a word, and that a formal one, with her.

But if he cared not to speak, Davenant could act, and did so. Part of his work during the days ensuing, at the expense of office affairs of moment, was to trace to its fountainhead the paragraph New York had been enjoying for a week before he saw it. He was not one to sit with folded hands, and say, «This should not be, but what can we avail?» Step by step he followed the lie back to its originator. The money this cost him, by the way, he considered well spent. His suspicion that to Miss Walton they owed their deadly stab in the dark proved perfectly correct. And Miss Walton, her secret sold by her employer, received from her victim a rebuke and a warning that caused her coward soul to tremble. Davenant smiled grimly when he left her. There was no mercy in his heart for her species of offender, and he made it plain. Claribel's only consolation, in her crushed and alarmed condition, was that the venom of this particular shaft could not be recalled; and she felt quite sure that Davenant would never let any one know of his awful visit to her.

Simultaneously with his bloodless victory over a foe most dangerous, Davenant received an overture to enter into a matter of professional business that opened to him a vista of excellent promise. It was of a nature that he, of all men, could deal with best, owing to previous connection with one of the principals engaging him. The success of it would mean fame, and substantial reward in fortune. The opportunity to recoup himself for the bad months past had thus come as

if with a trumpet-blare of triumph. But in order to succeed, he must bring to the essay his best powers of brain and energy; he must work unflaggingly, turning neither to the right nor to the left, nor pausing by the way. This, a year before, would have been a light matter to consider. Now he gravely turned in his mind how he could detach himself from Sybil's life in order to push his matter through. If he could only convince her of the interests involved—of the vital importance, to them both, of his working by himself!

Davenant, who was going through what many another young man of ambition has had to meet, felt himself a brute to think of Sybil as an interruption to his career. But the time had come when she must give way, or he go under. He was keenly and bitterly alive to the fall backward in his climb of the mountain of professional success. To make good lost progress, to scale the heights again, and go still higher, was now his healthy and absorbing wish.

These few days of coolness between Sybil and himself had proved intolerable to both. He knew that his own inability to pass at once out of the grief and shame the Walton incident had caused him was greatly to blame for this. Sybil, rebounding like a child after a fall, had been ready and eager to make friends with him.

When the day came that, having cleared all impedimenta from his way, Davenant set to work in hard earnest in his great enterprise, he went home lighter of heart and step than he had been in weeks. He found Sybil the better for a walk with Agatha Carnifex. It was an auspicious moment in which to unfold his plan of intended preoccupation and absorption for some time to come. Sybil, loving and sensible, would recognize the necessity. He felt sure that she would now prove herself the helpmate as well as the adored and cherished wife.

«Oh,» sighed Sybil, when, after pouring out his heart to her in glowing eloquence, her husband paused, gazing with almost feverish anxiety into her lovely eyes, «while you were talking I felt like somebody at the bottom of a cliff. I can't climb it, Peter; indeed I can't. But you sounded grand and inspiring, and you make me see what a wretch I'd be if I did n't help you. You know, dearest, that this is the best time for you to work. We are going nowhere; people are forgetting us. Besides, there is really nothing to do in New York after the 1st of May.»

«I have not yet discovered that fact,» said he, with a brightening face.

«Of course you must work, and I'll mope and try to make the best of it. If there were any peace in our household, I could do better; but to-day there's been another cataclysm. That horrid Françoise, that you made me send away, has left a trail of mischief after her.»

«For Heaven's sake, don't mention down-stairs!» interposed he.

«I don't mean to. All we can do is to live over the powder-magazine, and thank our stars when it does n't explode. But I'll try, dearest; I'll try to be happy without you—»

«Every evening for a while?» asked he.

«Oh, dear, it is dreadful! But if I must, I must. And, Peter darling, what's more, I'll promise not to mention summer plans till you give me leave.»

FINDING it a convenience to work away from home, Davenant now adopted the habit of leaving her as soon as their dinner was over, and not returning till she had long been asleep. For a week Sybil struggled valiantly against the depression of this mode of existence. She read, practised her music, regulated her household accounts, and tried to fulfil the whole duty of a home-keeping American wife.

But the hours were long, and against them warred all the previous years of her pleasure-seeking foreign life. At the end of the first week she put up a faint plea that Davenant would stay with her for that Saturday evening, at least.

«My poor brave darling, I wish I could,» he said, kissing her tenderly. «If you knew, Sybil, how I am going ahead in seven-league boots, you'd pardon me. My brain was never clearer; my powers of work seem inexhaustible. And it is *you*—you who are at the bottom of it. Without you I'd be dead wood. Oh, my Sybil, this life of yours and mine is a commonplace partnership to the rest of the world, but to us it's a kingdom. Let us control it royally. Help me, as only you can help me, to hold my throne.»

He was gone, and the little house was doubly still for the loss of that buoyant, manly presence. Sybil, who nowadays cried often, bowed her head down upon her hands, and wondered if this was what she had married for. Peter's great speeches, as she called them, pleased her ear; but to them she could not open the innermost door of her understanding. She thought them picturesque, high-flown, and bore with them

for the sake of her love for him, which had been steadily growing since their marriage. But she wished her husband were more pliant, more inclined to take trifling enjoyments, more like husbands she had been most accustomed to see, who shared with their wives in the commerce of social small talk.

She went to the window, and looked out. An electric light opposite showed the deserted street. The houses all about were dull, uniform, respectable. The few passers-by were faded working-people. Everything seemed commonplace, uninteresting. She envied her servants down-stairs, who, to the twang of the footman's mandolin, were apparently capering or playing hide-and-seek—such a merry racket they made.

At this moment a carriage drove up to her door, disgorging a party consisting of a lady and two men in evening dress. Sybil, retiring behind her window-curtains, recognized her old-time chum, Mrs. Stanley, attended by a new Venezuelan attaché from Washington and by Mr. Willy Lang. Before she could form any plans for defense, they were in upon her. Etta, who liked to indulge in flights of this description, had conceived, after dinner, the idea of going to a certain music-hall, «just for a minute, to see Amina, the woman who's dancing there now,» she urged.

«Jack said he'd come, but at the last minute backed out, because it's a bore, and Amina's ankles are too thick. Do come with us, Sybil; I depend on you. As to your mourning being an excuse, that's quite too ridiculous. Nobody in your position would think of keeping in after a month. It will cheer you up to be with us. You must, now; I'll take no refusal. Davenant can't complain, if he leaves you here moping like this; now, can he, Lang? Do you help me to coax this hold-back Sybil not to spoil our little (sprees).»

Sybil blushed vividly.

«I need no one to coax me, except you,» she said to Etta, while Lang looked imper-turbable.

«Then come, come! Ring for your maid, and get a little hat. That plain gray crepon is just ideal; you'll look like a nun who has determined to cheer up a bit. If we are bored, as Jack says I will be, there'll be nothing but to come out again.»

Sybil, wishing to say that her husband contemned the practice of women of good society attending music-halls, could not maintain this, or anything serious, in the face of Etta in her present mood.

DAVENANT, having worked until turned out of his Lawyers' Snug Harbor by the lowering of lights, started to walk home in a very happy and elated frame of mind. Not only was his brain singing a pæan over its congenial labors of the evening, but his heart reverted to the image of Sybil as he had left her—beautiful, graceful, wistful at his going.

"She can't know—I can't expect her to know—how she fills my being, or that would be enough for her, I think," he meditated, striding away with firm footsteps to his home.

At a corner, coming out of a club, he ran upon Mr. Cleve.

"Hallo, Davenant! Glad to see you. Let's keep together till I get to my street. I thought you must be at the Library when I saw your pretty wife, an hour ago, at that raree-show of Amina's, along with Mrs. Stanley and Willy Lang."

"I can't imagine what you mean," said Davenant. "My wife is at home this evening."

"Oh, I see," said old Cleve, discreetly. "Then I must have mistaken some one else in the box for her."

He would rather have bitten his tongue out than have made such an old-fogy blunder. The common belief that Mr. and Mrs. Davenant were more blindly in love with each other than before, since that attempt to start a scandal about Lang and Sybil, had possessed his mind. He tried to think of a good story with which to cover his stupid break. But the certainty of having seen Sybil under the circumstances described annoyed him. For once Mr. Cleve had not a joke upon his tongue.

When they parted, Davenant hurried on, but not so cheerfully. Despite himself, he was depressed by the image Cleve had conjured up. A light burning in Sybil's room showed that she was still awake. He found her in her tea-gown, flushed and appealing, running to meet him at the top of the stairs.

"My dearest Peter," she cried, "since you left, guess what has happened to me? I have sown my first wild oats. I have been with Etta to see Amina! It was tiresome, and she did n't amuse me in the very least. And the tobacco-smoke got into my hair so that I've been all this time brushing it out. Be sure I shall never want to go again."

"Etta?" said he, coldly. "This was not a plan prearranged, then?"

"Of course not. I had n't dreamed of it when she came, and did n't want to go. But you know Etta. When she has set her mind

to anything, she will never give it up. Don't be afraid, Peter; your wife has no taste for wild oats."

"And, besides Etta, who was of the party?"

His persistently cold tone, chilling her impulse of full confidence, and the line between his brows, bringing back the day of his fury against Lang, suddenly overbore her. Her eyes fell; her face grew pallid; she looked like a woman conscious of concealing wrongdoing.

"Sybil, answer me!" he said.

"If you mean Lang, he was of the party. It was not my fault; but your speaking to me like this only makes me not care whether it was or not!" she cried rebelliously.

Davenant saw that she spoke truth; but, having worked himself up to this pinnacle, poor human nature would not allow him to come down from it. She, on her side, felt a hard, stubborn lump in the place of her usual loving, melting heart. They parted for the night under a cloud that seemed to both of them to shut out heaven and earth.

After a day or two of this miserable difference, the couple came together again in a burst of common self-reproach. Davenant determined to use the strength of his manhood to prevent a recurrence of the scene; and Sybil, who had not had his distraction of hard work and contact with the outer world, felt that if it did happen again she should give up all pretense of considering herself a happy wife. In this state of mind, she avoided his friends, whom she could not bear to have suspect what was passing in her life. While Davenant's work forged ahead with a steady progress, and he was engrossed with preparations for a day to come in court, Sybil went one afternoon to see Mrs. Stanley.

Etta, for Etta, was almost gay. She was making up a little party to go to a (tiny island) Jack had been induced to buy in the Bay of Chesapeake, where he could go in season for duck-shooting, and whereon there was an ancient house he had just had overhauled and made fit to live in. (It is a fact of latter-day notoriety that when ladies of the Etta group have exhausted their impressions of continents, they desire to appropriate islands.) Etta had just been on the point of writing to Sybil to come up and talk it over. Of course Sybil and Peter would go, or rather would come on to join her there. Etta and Jack were setting off soon, with some servants, and when they should have opened and aired the house would expect their guests. Mrs. Arden and her daughters, and quite a

pleasant little «gang» (so Etta called them), were coming to «camp out.»

Sybil's heart gave a jump of pleasure at the idea of this glimpse of easy, cheerful outdoor life. She was familiar with Etta's habit of «camping out,» if only for a fortnight, with all the luxuries of life about her. As Mr. Carnifex had said, the Stanleys knew how to do things thoroughly. She promised Etta to let her know at once, and with a buoyant feeling awaited the return of Peter, that she might win his assent to the invitation.

«My dear Sybil,» her husband said, when her scheme was glowingly unfolded, «how can you think of it? I could no more go away from town now than I could change that rug into a flying-carpet to save our traveling expenses.»

«But we have not once been out of town since we landed. I have never stopped so long in town on a stretch.»

There was, could she have seen it, a noble look in her husband's eyes—a patient, brave, and far-seeing look. He spoke gently.

«Do you remember my telling you, once, that New York is my life?»

«I know; but every one's the better for a change at this time of the year. You can work all the harder when you come back. A week—what's a week, Peter? And we'll be so happy in the country. This house stifles me; it is so little, and has so many hangings. And the street is so ugly outside. One can't walk forever; and I've no way to drive, we are so poor.»

Davenant saw her lip tremble. He felt like a parent refusing something to a beloved child.

«Courage, my darling! We sha'n't always be poor. At the present outlook, I'll soon have a purseful to give us a summer outing, pay all these bills that have piled up, and leave enough over to start next winter with. But put out of mind the idea that I can get away now, anywhere. Once and for all, it is out of the question.»

Sybil said nothing. Between them the air was pulsing with thoughts each sent out to the other. Davenant's heart yearned over her. Her heart reproached him for making difficulties and conjuring up scruples. Since that wretched Lang affair, Peter had never been quite the same to her, she felt.

Presently she began again:

«I really think, Peter, I had better go to Etta, even if you can't.»

Here Sybil felt reasonably secure. The army of traveling wives abroad, whose hus-

bands are invisible, had long familiarized her with American complaisance in this direction. Whenever Etta felt like it, she took a maid and went—anywhere. Sybil, with her maid, could easily make the day's journey required to reach Etta's island.

«Do you want to go so much?» said her husband, tightening his lips in a way she did not like. «Sybil, I do not wish to seem ungenerous, and therefore I must tell you the full truth. After paying the last month's bills this morning, and settling one or two big outstanding ones, I am quite empty-handed. Your little funds have gone into your own clothes and spending-money. The servants' wages alone mount up tremendously. I was just making up my mind to ask you to dismiss the second man when you spoke to me to-night. I think we have got too expensive a cook; and if we—you—only knew enough to make a clean sweep of these nuisances, and begin fresh with a cheaper lot—»

«Do you know what cheap servants are, Peter?» cried she, woefully.

«I don't know. I'm afraid I only care about living honestly, within our means.»

«It is awful—this drop,» she said, sobbing. «I see now what I've brought upon you. Everybody told me I was making a mistake.»

Peter was deeply wounded. He could find no words to answer her.

«Then it is because you have absolutely no money I may n't go away to Etta?» she asked.

«That chiefly, if you will,» he said curtly, leaving her to another—and the worst—of her lonely evenings.

During this time of solitude Sybil's mind swung like a pendulum between good and evil. She loved Peter dearly, but thought him unreasonably hard and cold. She wished to stay with him, then reflected how little he kept by her nowadays.

She felt ready to bear anything for him, then quailed before the prospect of the meager arrangements he proposed. If she had only had money, all would have gone well. If she had only money now, all would go better, and, with money in pocket, she could treat herself to this jaunt about which Peter was so indifferent. At this point she thought of her cousin St. Clair, and his offers of help to her.

XII.

SYBIL knew, by experience of her cousin's indolent habits, that she could not expect to find him up and dressed and consuming his

apology for a breakfast before twelve o'clock. Taking a hansom on the morning after her stormy talk with Peter, she drove to the house where St. Clair had his luxurious flat. The porter who directed her to the right floor, and the «buttons» who propelled her in the elevator, looked rather impudently at her, Sybil thought. But she was so full of her own intentions in the visit, so timorous about carrying them out, and so accustomed to think of St. Clair as she had best known him, a whimpering, helpless invalid in his mother's house, sharing her care with that of his two trained nurses, that she did not stop to consider appearances. Her cousin's own man, who knew her well, greeted her respectfully as he opened the door and invited her within. She found St. Clair, shriveled up in the depths of a chair that might have been a cardinal's for size and splendor, sipping a cup of malted milk.

«Good Lord, it's horrible!» he exclaimed querulously, as she commented on his poor breakfast. «To live on wash like this, and my dinners weighed out for me in scales by that fellow of mine, who, on sixty dollars a month, has the digestion of an ostrich! What can I do for you? This is the first time you have honored me with a visit, and I hope it's to say your husband thinks better of letting me settle something on you out of my mother's estate.»

«No, no,» said she. «Peter is like a rock. I have found that out. He will never give up a point.»

St. Clair was struck by a jangled note in her ordinarily soft and even tones.

«It's come to you, then, has it?» he asked, looking at her curiously. «It's rather soon, but it comes to all of 'em.»

«What do you mean, St. Clair?» said his cousin, whose eye had been attracted by the sumptuous tapestries forming the portières of his rooms.

«What those French fellows that write the only novels I can read call *désillusion*. Hang it all, Sybil, I'm sorry. I'm not often sorry, but I am now.»

«You are mistaken. I love my husband better than I did at first,» she replied, the blood crimsoning her face and neck. «But—»

«But, but—there are always buts,» said the little man. «Do you wonder I never put my head in the noose? Look here, Sybil. I wish you'd occupy that old barn of my mother's in Washington Square for me. It's an elephant on my hands. I can't rent it, and wild horses would n't make me go there to live.»

«What do you take us for, St. Clair? I know very little about living, but I know we could n't afford that. And it would be dreadful to push myself into a place that Aunt Lewiston shut me out of when she was alive. But it's about your helping me in another way I came here. I should be deeply obliged to you to—to lend me a little money that I can pay you when I get my next dividend.»

St. Clair, who thought he knew something about loans of money to ladies expecting dividends, smiled. Getting up to walk over to his writing-table, he took a check-book from a drawer.

«Here you are. What amount, now? A thousand—five hundred? You have only to say the word. We'll agree that Davenant shall never know.»

«One hundred would be all sufficient,» said poor Sybil, feeling a wave of shame run over her. When St. Clair proposed that she should keep this from her husband, it was the first time she had really felt a sense of impropriety.

«Oh, I understand. A pretty woman must have grist for her mill—or milliner,» said her cousin, essaying, while in process of filling in the check, a consoling jocularly. «Only, this will soon be gone, my lady, and I want to give you a word of advice. I'm not one to preach, you'll think, and God knows it's so. But you've been kind and sweet to me, and you're a good little girl, too. Don't get into money scrapes that you can't tell your husband. Like to see that couple of new Monets of mine? Delirium Tremendous, my doctor calls 'em. You must go, eh? Remember me to Davenant. He's a man, Davenant is. Thought all the better of him for holding out against living in my mother's house when she offered it. Wish you'd take it now, though. Pay me rent, if you please—anything, so you rid me of the care of it. Perhaps by next winter you'll repent. Good-by. The door, Clements; and shut it quickly, so that I may not feel the draft.»

Sybil, thrusting her check into a side-pocket of her jacket, went away feeling crestfallen. It was her first essay as a borrower. She had never known money's value, having never wanted money's worth. Somehow, with all his liberality, she felt that St. Clair did not think quite as well of her as before she had made this demand on him.

But, having begun, there was no drawing back. Telling the cabman to drive her to Mrs. Stanley's, she stopped to lunch with Etta, drove in the park with her, and returned home at dinner-time, pledged to repair to her island on a certain day of the follow-

ing week. A pinch of conscience impelling her to take some one into confidence regarding her rash act of the morning, Sybil had said to Etta, just before they parted:

«Do tell me, dear. If one were in rather a tight place for want of cash—»

«Heavens! is n't everybody?» laughed her friend.

«Do you think there would be any harm in one's—in my letting St. Clair Lewiston lend me a little money?»

«Harm!» replied Etta. «Why, it ought to be squeezed out of him for you, poor shorn lamb!»

«Oh, but he's offered—no end of things,» cried Sybil; «and Peter will take nothing.»

«Then Peter gives the supreme evidence that he is not long for this world. The idea—in your circumstances! Why, my child, you must be poverty-stricken! Of course I'd let St. Clair lend me money. Women's finances have to be (helped out) now and then. I wish you'd heard Lady Bell's account of the way some of her friends are floated—»

Sybil's color rose. She did not fancy this illustration. Etta had never seemed to her so repellent. But she went home, as has been said, engaged to do the thing she dared not mention to Peter until the time should come.

As Davenant was leaving her for his usual evening of work on the eve of the day she had fixed for her little journey, an impulse of remorse prompted her to run into the hall, and, seizing one button of his coat after a fashion of her own, arrest his progress.

«Peter, tell me, are you going to be busy like this long?»

«I hope two or three days will see me through the woods,» he said, but without any of the expressions of tenderness she had looked upon as daily bread. «My dear Sybil, what you have to bear is the lot of most American wives of your class who have working husbands. Do not persuade yourself that you are an isolated martyr. In a few words, to live as we must live, I must work as I am working. Good night. Keep up your spirits. Soon we shall have our evenings together as before.»

But he thought of her often during the evening, and on his way home, earlier than usual, when he passed the Carnifexes' house and saw it still lighted, conceived the idea of going in to bespeak Agatha's good graces for his wife.

Mr. Carnifex was out at a club dinner, the servant said. Miss Carnifex was in the li-

brary, reading. If Mr. Davenant would walk in, Miss Carnifex would no doubt see him, added the man, aware of the family estimate of this visitor.

Agatha, coming down-stairs at once, looked surprised, but pleased, by his late call. Davenant had never been more struck by the serenity of her brow, the charm of her friendly smile. It gave him courage to plunge, with a lack of his usual reticence he could not understand, into a statement of Sybil's case.

«I see exactly,» she replied in comment; «and, if you will pardon me, I have been fearing something of this kind. If the poor girl could only look out and above the present, to what you are achieving for her—what she will one day exult in—»

Davenant sighed.

«I am beginning to think that may never be,» he said. «I expected too much. I understood too little of woman's nature. I suppose my imagination tried to fit the old-fashioned wife into the new woman's place.»

«You are right,» she said, with a flash of the eye. «Women in these days, although they may not want to vote, want something to satisfy the celestial part of them; and if they are not trained to subsist upon their own intellects must find relief somewhere. But Sybil is too genuine and charming a creature not to be, in the end, all a husband could aspire to possess in his domestic deity. Do you know, I feel guilty at saying this to a man about his wife? And I had rather say no more. I shall make it my business, though, to seek her companionship oftener, to let her know the real friendship she has made me feel for her.»

«You are a friend in a thousand!» he exclaimed impulsively. «I wonder if you'd mind my saying that every conversation I have had with you has given impetus to the best ambitions of my life?»

Agatha leaned over to draw a lamp-screen between her face and the light that fell upon it. In a jar of deep-red Chinese porcelain behind her had been placed some boughs of dogwood just brought in from the country. About the room were scattered spring blossoms of various kinds, gathered from woods and lawns, and sending forth a fragrance like healthy hope renewed. The sanctuary of Agatha's presence, surrounded and adorned by these emblems, breathed upon Davenant a waft of peace and rest. He continued to talk to her for a while—of himself and his aspirations chiefly, to which point she always led the way. He was flat-

tered to see that she was acquainted with his new prospects, had heard the plaudits of his friends and followers concerning them. From this they went on to unfold common ideas upon political subjects and the future of the country; and at last he took his leave, remembering the hour, and breaking off in the midst of an impatient declaration that all might yet go well with our big overgrown nation if its governing bodies, in company with the editors of some newspapers, would consent to retire for ten years or so to the Sandwich Islands, or anywhere out of the United States.

He found Sybil awake and up, in a room full of traces of preparation for a journey. An open traveling-trunk stood against the chimney-place, its trays, filled with vaporous garments covered in by tissue-paper, placed here and there, awaiting consignment. A little gray costume that he recognized as one he had been with her to the tailor's to pass upon was spread upon a chair. Even the trim shoes and gaiters to match it were put out. What could this portend?

"My dear child, why are you not asleep?" he said.

"Peter, I did not tell you before, because it was not worth while," she said, with the directness that rarely forsook her. "It would have just produced discussions to embitter our meals—for you know I see you only then. I am going to-morrow to stay with Etta for a week on her island. When I come back, things will go better between us, I hope. I shall feel better—stronger to bear trifles. And you—you will not miss me."

She spoke so quietly that Peter was deceived into believing her indifferent. Wrath rose within him. Apart from the lack of feeling involved, he had never imagined a young wife taking such a step away from her husband.

"This is some of Etta's teaching. It may do for that woman and her gang," but hardly for my wife," he answered angrily, using certain other expressions Sybil had not before heard from his lips.

She turned white, and trembled, but did not reply, while he said his say.

"And if I may ask where you obtained the funds for the expedition," he remarked finally, "I should be greatly obliged by an answer. It is quite impossible that you go at Mrs. Stanley's expense."

"That is what I feel most badly about," she replied. "I did a foolish thing, Peter, but it did not seem to me a wrong one. After my cousin St. Clair came here one day to

insist upon giving me some money from my aunt's estate, and I refused it, I thought I might borrow a little from him for this emergency; so I went to his rooms, and asked him for a check—"

She stopped, quailing. Again that eye of flame, that lowering brow, his face transformed into that of an unsparing judge.

"You—went alone to St. Clair Lewiston's rooms, and asked him—for—a check?" he repeated, the words escaping him in gasps of scornful anger.

"Peter, it was only a hundred dollars. I was sorry, the moment I had done it; but St. Clair is my nearest relative—I did not think—"

"That's enough. I shall return it to him to-morrow. But I can't undo your going there—worse luck!—any more than I can undo the wish of yours to leave me."

"Do you want me to give this visit up?" she faltered.

"Give it up? No—never. I want you to go. I want you to enjoy yourself in the usual fashion of ladies who weary of their lords' exactions. Understand that you have my full sanction. Put any face you choose on it before the world, and I'll stand by you."

She was bewildered by his sudden change into self-control.

"You mean—you mean—"

"I mean that if you wish to go, I want you to go. That affair about the check has humiliated me so that I have no other feeling left, I think."

He stood moodily gazing into space. She faced him, conscience-stricken, wretched, longing to throw herself upon his neck and pray for pardon, but withal not realizing the force of her offense.

One movement from him toward her, one impulse yielded to by her, might have ended the sad matter. But their eyes stubbornly refused to meet; their hearts, resisting, held apart, while an iron barrier arose between them.

Presently Davenant went into his own room, and closed the door.

The next morning he accompanied his wife to the southward-bound train, putting her, with the maid, into good seats in the drawing-room car, and standing beside them until the signal to leave was about to be given. As he kissed her good-by, Sybil felt terrified by the cold touch of his lips. It was their first parting, and at this moment she would have given all the world not to go. She wished to say so, but his dark face

silenced her. When he left the car, she sat still for an instant, then sprang to her feet and ran swiftly toward the door at the end. The narrow passageway was blocked by some people coming in, preceded by the porter with their bags. These proving to be jolly Mrs. Arden and her daughters, Sybil felt glad that Peter had seen them join her. But she resented the interruption that kept her from her husband. Getting at last down upon the steps, she leaned out eagerly. If Peter had been there, she would have jumped off, fastened herself to his arm, and refused to go back into the car. A passion of love and longing for him absorbed her. Only to see his dear face, only to tell him that she could not live away from him! Straining her gaze over the crowd on the platform, she caught sight at last of Peter, turning to look back, the length of two cars away from her. He saw her, lifted his hat. Sybil, beside herself with emotion, was about to spring from the step to run in pursuit of him, when the train moved. A last flying figure, coming to board it, forced her back, the porter behind her aiding to draw her into the doorway. To Sybil's utter dismay, this last arrival, whom her husband must have distinctly seen, was the man he hated—Lang!

DAVENANT stood staring after the train till it had passed out of the long tunnel of the station and become a speck in the distance. He then fell into line with the crowd incessantly surging over the gang-planks of ferry-boats, and crossed the river, returning to his office. Late in the evening he reached home, after stopping for a Bohemian dinner in a restaurant rather than at his club, where people might speak to him of her. The little house, which, in spite of its incompleteness as a home, was yet eloquent of her, was like a face with eyes shut. All upstairs was silent and dreary. Down below, where they were yet unaware of the master's return, the servants were celebrating their free evening with hilarity. Upon a card-receiver on the hall table he saw the yellow envelop of a telegram. It was unsigned, but the contents left him no room to doubt the sender.

What you saw last took me by surprise as much as you. If you say, come, will return to-morrow.

"I shall not say come," he muttered between clenched teeth. "She must come, as she chose to leave me, of her own accord."

He went up to his study, a place where his books, as usual, overflowed, and where Sybil

had insisted upon making things "look as they used to do in the happy days when Peter was a bachelor." Up on the top of a book-case stood the cast of Nike Dipteros he had purchased the spring before because it reminded him of her. The inspiration of the noble form, with its fluttering, wind-filled drapery, and glorious wings outspread, appealed to him with its eternal message to rejoice in victory achieved—then sent him into lower depths of gloom! What had been his victory?

He looked into Sybil's chamber, turning from the threshold, aghast at its emptiness. A pair of embroidered slippers he had bought for her in the bazaar at Smyrna remained upon the fluffy mat before her dressing-table. Vividly he recalled that bright day's ramble, in the little Turkish town, of two happy, enamoured people, laughing at everything for very joy of existence. A strip of rare old Rhodian embroidery across her table brought back Athens, and the dusky shop crammed with curios where they had chattered, Sybil carrying off this bit hugged to her breast in the rapture of possession. His own portrait, in a triptych of enamel purchased in Naples as they were sailing for America, looked at him from the mantel. This Peter closed with a snap, covering his handsome features out of sight. He could not endure their joyous look, for the picture had been taken to please her, in Paris, upon their arrival out.

Poor Davenant, deciding he could stand no more of it, hurried down-stairs. In the act of issuing from his door he was intercepted by Katrina Grantham and Agatha Carnifex, accompanied by Jim Grantham, the lively lad who had steered Peter's canoe straight into the jaws of danger on Lake Pocasset.

"Consider us as country cousins," said Mrs. Grantham, "come with our knitting to sit awhile with Sybil, if she will have us."

"Pray come into the drawing-room," answered Davenant, who still retained some of his Southern spirit of formal hospitality. "I am only too sorry that Sybil left town this morning—for—er—a brief jaunt to the South. She had an opportunity—Mrs. Arden and her daughters—a change of air necessary—my wife has not been quite herself."

He spoke bravely, but could not hide his wound from Agatha. At once his friend divined what had happened, or at least saw that a painful crisis had been reached in the affairs of the couple about whom she had been thinking continuously since his visit to her the night before.

"You are going out? We will not detain you, then," said Mrs. Grantham, blankly. She was really distressed. Although knowing far less of the real state of affairs than Agatha, she was too clever a woman not to see that something had gone seriously wrong between her protégés. But upon Davenant's urging them to remain awhile, the party sat talking, Jim, driven to looking at photographs, wishing himself back in the canoe on Lake Pocasset.

Peter knew that this visit was prompted by Agatha's kind feeling. He wished heartily that it had occurred the night previous. The still house as he had just found it made him realize what Sybil's vigils must have been while he had been away toiling up Fortune's ladder for her sake. When, for a moment, he took Jim up-stairs to present him with an Oriental dagger brought home from their travels, Katrina looked at Agatha, and whispered:

"My dear, this is gruesome! Davenant's eyes reveal everything. How could she have gone off there with Etta's fine party, and left him in this dismal house, all stuffed with other people's dingy furniture—just on the eve of his ordeal, too? The way he has worked his affair up is a marvel. My husband says it is a real triumph of a sane man over a bridegroom. And to-morrow's Davenant's great day in court. If he wins this suit it will mean everything to him—everything! I don't believe Sybil knew how much is involved; but why she did n't know is something I cannot understand."

Agatha was spared answering by Jim Grantham's voice, over the stairs, calling:

"Mother, come up here a minute. I want to show you some bully Turkish knives."

Katrina obeyed, smiling. As she lingered with her lad, looking over Davenant's little collection of arms upon the wall of his study, the host came again down-stairs.

"You have guessed, I see," he said in a rapid, agitated voice. "To no other person could I betray myself. A blow like this numbs. I can't say I'm suffering. I'm stunned."

The soothing, protecting impulse ever uppermost in Miss Carnifex toward afflicted humanity stood her in good stead now. With her own heart racked by his sorrow, yet warmed by ardent sympathy, she spoke cheerfully:

"I can't advise you not to mind it, for I know you. But I do honestly believe you magnify things. Her going was a mistake, a misfortune, no matter what led to it. Don't justify yourself or her to me. I think only

kind things of both of you; and I am sure this will come out right."

"It is a horror for a man to doubt so soon that his wife's love will stand the strain marriage must put on it; to have seen it give way in the first test; to know that the influence of others—triflers—is so much stronger than his—"

"Hush, hush!" said his friend. "Leave others out of the question. Let your universe be filled with you and one other."

"Ah, but you have not loved!" he exclaimed.

Agatha did not stir or speak. Gradually the influence of her calm extended to him.

"I begin to feel hypnotized," he said, with a half-smile. "You are controlling me somehow."

"Then obey the medium's behest," she answered. "In whatever way you do it, communicate at once with Sybil. Let her feel your forgiveness."

Jim Grantham, arriving at the foot of the stairs by the simple process of sliding down the banisters, here appeared, followed more leisurely by his mama. Katrina, declaring they must no longer keep Mr. Davenant from his affairs, wished him good night, adding her kindest hopes for his success in the court-room on the morrow.

"And yours, too? May I think of you as wishing me to trounce my adversaries?" asked Davenant, clasping Agatha's hand as she was about to leave.

"Oh, I am always to be counted upon," she said lightly; but in the dim light of the hall he saw in her deep and steadfast eyes a vision of what might have been had not the "ministers that feed Love's mighty flame" led his feet into another path.

Under the weight of thoughts and feelings which this day and evening had laid upon him, Peter went out and walked for a while in the starlight, pondering upon past and future. Then, returning to his study cheered and strengthened, he sat down to his table, and poured into a letter to Sybil the full tide of his love for her, that, whether for good or ill, would always be the supreme passion of his life. Sealing and stamping this important missive, he went out again to a post-box at the corner, and deposited it, feeling a sense of exquisite relief.

The next day Davenant appeared in court in the plenitude of his remarkable powers. His brilliant, almost audacious, management of his case was a matter of universal comment. Among the jaded souls who wait, generally in vain, upon forensic eloquence

in modern court-rooms, there was only one opinion as to his surety of success. He went out of the scene of his triumph walking upon air. This triumph, like all he owned besides, should go to her—to her.

He reached home later than usual in the evening, expecting to dress and dine with a friend. He did not know that during the last two or three hours messengers with notes had been in search of him down town and at his various clubs, and, having failed to find him, had returned these notes to his own house, whence they had been originally sent out.

Davenant's first sight of his front door revealed a doctor's brougham, then another, passing and repassing before it. He wondered who was ill in the next house, then reflected that he did not even know who lived in the next house. When he put his key in the latch and opened his familiar portal, his nostrils were saluted by the strong smell of ether.

Some one came down to meet him. It was Agatha. She took him by the hand, and drew him into the drawing-room, where she had left him, inspired with happiness, the night before.

"Sybil has been hurt," she said. "She arrived in Jersey City at four-fifteen, and, after crossing the river, took a hansom, with her maid, to come uptown. There was a collision with a loaded truck. The maid was not injured, but Sybil got a blow. The maid brought her directly here, and sent for us. The doctors are both with her now, and the surgical operation is over safely."

"Sybil is hurt—the surgical operation is over—the doctors are with her now," kept on ringing in Peter's brain. Agatha lifted his hand again, which she had dropped.

"They cannot tell how it will come out, but there is hope, of course," she said forlornly, keeping back her tears. "Katrina Grantham is with her. Do you wish to go up?"

Davenant looked at her with haggard eyes, then bounded up the stairs.

For hours he watched by Sybil's beautiful, inanimate form. Then the physicians, taking him in charge, declared there was likely to be no immediate change, and urged him to get food and rest. Food he accepted, but of rest there could be none till he was assured of better things. In the middle of the night one of the doctors came down to tell him that his wife was holding her own, and gave him stronger hope of improvement; then, struck by his dazed, pallid looks, advised

him to go outside and rid his lungs of the drug-laden atmosphere of the house.

"There can be no reason to keep you here—no reason why you may not get a breath of air," he added with assurance.

Davenant, obeying mechanically, found himself straying like a lost dog into a square not far from home, where he dropped upon a bench. A tramp napping near him excited his envy. "He has not left at home, in extremity, one dearer than are the ruddy drops that visit his sad heart," murmured Peter. The situation recalled like a flash the occasion of that other nocturnal adventure of his, in Washington Square, on the night of Mrs. Crawford's party, when he had watched Sybil trip down her aunt's steps, and had ventured to join her. The thought of her light, graceful movements, now stilled in suffering, was like a goad, driving him home again. He could not go fast enough. He wondered why he had consented to put so many steps between him and his darling. By this time she might be worse!

In a cold sweat of terror, he began to run. A policeman, making after him, seized him by the arm. When he saw Davenant's face, the man instinctively recognized that it was grief, not evil, that inspired the fugitive.

"My wife is very ill," said Davenant, babbling like a child. "I am going home to look after her."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the officer, touching his hat. "I hope you 'll find your lady better when you get there."

Davenant resumed his mad career. At the corner, whence he could see his own house, he noticed that the lights in Sybil's room, hitherto bright, had been darkened.

"Has it come, then?" he groaned, trying to nerve himself.

At the turning of the lock, Agatha was again before him; but for blind grief he could not see her face.

"Hush," she said tenderly. "Sybil has gone to sleep. She aroused once, asked for you, and is doing well. One of the doctors has gone home; the other is watching by her."

Davenant, treading noiselessly, went upstairs to the open door of his wife's bedroom. As he did so, the doctor, who was lying back dozing in the arm-chair of the little study at the rear, started awake, got upon his feet, and coming toward him, wrung his hand.

"Your wife will live, Mr. Davenant," he said, with manly sympathy.

"Will live!" Ah, blessed words! Who that ever heard them will not recognize the hand

stretched out to rescue a shuddering wretch on the verge of falling into a gulf? Peter for the first time felt the tears rain down his cheeks. Passing in to where she lay sweetly slumbering, Katrina, the nurse, and Sybil's maid all withdrew to give place to him. When alone with his beloved, he threw himself upon his knees beside the bed, and prayed. *De profundis* he arose upon wings of victory.

KATRINA GRANTHAM, who had known many disappointments in her attempts to turn the course of other people's true love into a channel opened for it by herself, was destined, during the ensuing year, to encounter a supreme surprise. Just when Katrina had picked out for Agatha Carnifex a new and appropriate suitor—could he only be made to see it—in the person of a distinguished bachelor of highest rank in the legal world, and of ample means, Agatha announced her engagement with Hamilton Ainslie. Ainslie, who had laboriously acquired a zest for American business life, and even a faint Yankee accent (dropped when he forgot about it), was now vaguely spoken of as "in coffee," and doing extremely well. He certainly had every reason to consider himself in luck as well as coffee, thought his friends; and of these none were warmer in congratulation of the affianced pair than Sybil and Peter Davenant.

The latter couple, now established in the former dwelling of Sybil's aunt, were enabled to encounter their increased expenses in that comfortable establishment by the help of the money coming to Sybil, with the house, by the death at Schwalbach, "suddenly," of Mr. St. Clair Lewiston. With all Peter's high-minded renunciation of a share of Mrs. Lewiston's fortune in her son's lifetime, he had no valid excuse for refusing it under the present circumstances.

Mrs. Grantham, at last accounts, was bemoaning her sad lot because an excellent young man had presented himself for Katty—Katty having coincidentally announced herself in favor of the excellent young man. But as that mother, like many another in similar case, would have been more unhappy had there been no husband in store for her charming and winsome daughter, Mowbray

Grantham reserved his decision when called on for sympathy in her woes. And then, also, he bethought him that, Katty being married, he might hope for a reasonable share of his wife's company once more.

Mrs. Stanley shut up her various houses in America, and, with Jack and others, went to Europe for a year of "rest." Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, finding it impossible to support the cares of existence in *their* new house, sold it, with furniture, rugs, curtains, objects of art, and all pictures excepting the portrait of Mrs. Willoughby by Carolus. (That was boxed.) The Willoughbys had, in fact, become convinced that the only way for good Americans to live is in knocking around Europe. They kept the *Almée*—sending her from port to port of desirable resorts, and meeting her by rail. Mrs. Willoughby's parties of pleasure in harbor, upon "her princely yacht," became matters of international importance, Mrs. Stanley quite meekly attending one of them at Nice, and being glad to get a card for it. After the Stanleys' own yacht arrived out, there was a lively competition between the two American queens as to who should excel in extending hospitalities by which people of some of the greatest names in aristocratic England profited.

The mischievous Miss Walton had nervous prostration for a while, then married a mercantile gentleman residing in Shanghai, who admires literary taste in women, and gives her a very good establishment on the Bubbling Well Road.

Sybil saw Ian Cameron when that noble Scot brought his wife out for a bridal journey to the States; and Cameron found his old sweetheart not only lovelier than ever, but a more contented daughter of the Great Republic than most of the women he saw about her. Mr. Mortimer has been too busy, since Sybil failed him, to know whether he minded it or not. And lastly, Lang, the brief disturbing element of Davenant's life, married a wealthy widow from the mining districts of Pennsylvania, whom he met on an Atlantic liner, crossing. They live in one of the new avenues in Paris, and the tendency of his lady's too well-grown son to call Lang "popper", in public, occasions his chief annoyance.



HEROES OF THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

THERE is one power that wages a ceaseless war against whomsoever ventures upon its domain—the sea. No enemy is more pitiless. Wind and snow and fog are its weapons. It neither asks nor gives quarter. Who shall say how many centuries man has sailed the main? But, also, who shall say how many ships and how many lives it has claimed as tribute? With a kind of savage sarcasm, it often calls in its very opposite, the land, to aid in its work of destruction, so that what should be the sailors' hope and haven becomes at times his source of greatest peril.

A few nations, having awakened to a sense of their responsibility toward humanity, have sought to lessen this last and most cruel peril, so far as lies in human power, and maintain each a little band of men whose duty it is to patrol the coast, watch out for stranded vessels, and go to the rescue of their crews.

In the United States these men belong to what is known as the Life-saving Service. Year after year they are called upon to brave dangers before which the stoutest heart might well quail, and brave them calmly and coolly, without the stimulus of excitement which in battle carries everything along, and often makes a fictitious hero of a natural coward.

There is nothing fictitious in the heroism of the life-savers. They are aware of the possible consequences of their every act. Desperate chances are taken, but they are known to be desperate. As a plain recital of some of the rescues they have made will show, they deliberately go forth to save the lives of others, knowing they are imperiling their own; and this, too, without the hope of any adequate reward in case they are successful. There can be no truer «heroes of peace» than they.

For administrative purposes, the sea-coast and lake shores of the United States have been divided into twelve districts, each with a superintendent of life-saving stations. These superintendents, though supposed merely to exercise a general oversight, are often summoned at critical moments, and

personally assist in the work of rescue. Of their small number, two have been drowned, one has escaped that fate by the merest chance, and another has died of exposure.

Another district superintendent, Jerome G. Kiah, with headquarters at Sand Beach, Michigan, is one of the heroes of the Life-saving Service. He holds the gold medal, the highest award the United States government can bestow for heroism in saving life. His name is associated with what was both one of the most daring attempts at rescue and one of the greatest tragedies of the service—a tragedy which wiped out an entire crew, with the exception of this sole survivor.

Mr. Kiah was at the time keeper of the Point aux Barques life-saving station on Lake Huron. A vessel struck too far out to be reached with the shot and line. The peril of attempting a rescue with the surf-boat was only too apparent; but Keeper Kiah mustered his men, and made the launch. For a while their strength and skill enabled them to surmount or push through the tumultuous seas; but, once in the open lake beyond the shoals, where the storm was free to riot at will, the real danger began. It was a test beyond human powers. The keeper remembers that twice the boat capsized and was righted. After that he has a vague recollection of the boat capsizing and righting herself several times, and of the crew clinging to it until, one by one, the surfmen, perishing of cold, let go their hold, and vanished beneath the waves. He has a dim remembrance of the boat, with himself clinging to it, grating over the shoal, and then being flung up on shore.

He was found by two men, standing, with one hand on the root of a fallen tree, steadying himself with a lath in the other, and swaying as if walking, but not stirring his feet—a dazed, tottering wreck of his former self, murmuring in an incoherent way:

«Poor boys! Poor boys! They are all gone—all gone!» Temporarily shattered in mind and body, he was obliged to resign from the service. He was long in recovering, but finally it was possible practically to reward

his bravery with the appointment to his present position.

Keeper Silas H. Harding and his crew of the Jerry's Point, New Hampshire, station all received gold medals for a rescue the perils of which were almost unique. During a winter storm, with the thermometer below freezing-point, the schooner *Oliver Dyer* stranded on the ledges, a hundred and fifty yards from shore. As the life-savers were about to fire a life-line from the Lyle gun, a heavy sea caught the vessel on her broadside, and, lifting her bodily, threw her thirty or forty feet inshore, where the wash was so great that it would have been impossible to handle the line. The vessel now gradually worked shoreward to within about seventy-five feet of a large, flat, ice-covered, wave-swept rock.

Keeper Harding at once realized that it was from this rock the battle must be fought.

He and his crew succeeded in reaching it between seas. They had barely gained a footing when they saw a man struggling in the breakers. Surfman Hall sprang to his rescue, but as he dragged him out, a wave swept both off the rock. Fortunately, they were carried to the inshore side, and, clinging to its ragged edges, his hands and arms torn and bleeding, the surfman was able, as the sea receded a moment, to regain his footing and draw the sailor up after him. Meanwhile, Surfman Randall had saved another man just as he was being carried out a second time by the undertow. Keeper Harding now made a successful throw with the heaving-stick; and as the men leaped from the vessel, with the line under the armpits, they were hauled ashore, whither the life-savers had retreated after they had succeeded in throwing the line to the vessel.

In their exhausted state no information could be obtained from the men who were rescued as to the number that were aboard the wreck; and Keeper Harding, fearing, although no more signals for help came over the line, that there still might be sailors aboard too benumbed to adjust it, sent Surfmen Randall and Amazeen back to the rock to see if there were any more men on the wreck. A big wave carried both surfmen off their feet; but Amazeen seized Randall as the sea rolled back, and clung with him to the rock. The rest of the crew dashed out to their rescue; but they were saved only just in time, for they were almost exhausted when brought ashore.

The rescue of these shipwrecked sailors was surrounded by most perilous circumstances; for while Keeper Harding and his

men were engaged in saving the crew of the *Dyer*, they were, in turn, engaged in saving one another.

To no life-saving crew does the term "heroes of peace" more exactly apply than to that of the station at Evanston, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. With the exception of the keeper, it is composed of students of the Northwestern University, who, when not on duty at the station, are quietly pursuing their studies. It is a kind of college team that has the waves of Lake Michigan for a playground, human lives for a goal, and the elements for umpire.

One Thanksgiving morning these brave fellows received word that the life was being pounded out of a steamer and her crew off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles distant. With the life-boat they made their way to the scene of the disaster. From the bluff they could see the vessel in the breakers, about a thousand yards from shore. There was a living gale, the thermometer was below the freezing-point, and the air thick with snow and sleet.

A wild ravine—a roaring, ice-glazed crack in the bluff—led down to the shore. It would have been impossible even for this plucky crew to have taken the boat safely down through the steep ravine; but soldiers and civilians, armed with picks and shovels, hewed out steps from its side, and mowed a path through the brush. The beach was a mere strip, exposed to the full fury of the sheeting waves. Thrice, in hauling the boat to the windward point, from which Keeper Lawson decided to launch, it filled.

The bluff was lined with soldiers and others from the fort, and every one held his breath as the frail-looking boat, which seemed a mere cockle-shell amid the writhing waters, left the beach. Once it nearly pitch-poled; once it filled to the thwart; and though the crew pulled with the strength of desperation, it was driven to leeward, and had to be forced toward the wreck in the very teeth of the gale. The life-savers' clothing was frozen stiff; the vessel was shrouded with ice; her crew, half perished, huddled forward. At last the boat was forced under the steamer's lee, and six men were brought off and taken ashore. Three trips were made in all, and when the life-savers finally beached their boat, their condition was almost as pitiable as that of those they had saved. That was this college team's Thanksgiving game. They won it against fearful odds, a fact attested by the gold medals awarded to keeper and crew: Lawrence O. Lawson, George Crosby,

William M. Ewing, Jacob Loining, Edson B. Fowler, William L. Wilson, and Frank M. Kindig.

To me the rescue of the crew of the British schooner *H. P. Kirkham*, by the crew of the Coskata life-saving station, Nantucket Island, seems the most daring exploit ever performed within the scope of the service. Twenty-six hours elapsed between the time the life-boat was launched and its landing with the crew of the wrecked vessel—twenty-six hours of exposure in an open boat, amid the tide-rips and riotous cross-seas of the Nantucket shoals.

An overcast sky, with occasional snow-squalls, the thermometer twenty degrees below the freezing-point, an icy norther whistling over the sand-dunes—such was the night preceding this rescue.

The Coskata patrols went over their dreary beats, returning to the station chilled and worn with their long trudge through the heavy snow and sand.

At daybreak wind and sea were still rising. Keeper Chase carefully swept with his long glass as much of the coast as he could bring within range; but no vessel was visible. Just then there was a ring at the station telephone, and the lighthouse-keeper at Sankaty Head reported that, just before dawn, he had seen torch-flashes offshore, and thought he could discern the masts of a vessel on Bass Rip, ten miles out. Keeper Chase again made a careful search. There was no vessel in sight. She must be outside even of Bass Rip. The crew was quickly mustered, and Sankaty Head was called up.

«Is the vessel still there?»

«Yes; still there.»

«All right. We will launch and go to her at once. Call up Vineyard Haven, and, if there's a tug in port, ask the master to run off toward Great Rip. Tell him a vessel somewhere beyond there may need a tug; that we've gone out to her; and that, if he can't render assistance to her, we'll probably need him to get back against wind and sea.»

Not a man of the crew but knew what it meant to run before a gale on Nantucket Shoals. The gale must moderate, some vessel must pick them up, or seven more men would share the fate of those on the wreck. These descendants of old-time whalers had no need to speak of this to one another. With the fathers it had been, «Dead whale, or stove boat»; with the sons it was, «Rescued crew, or drowned life-savers.»

Sail was made, and Bass Rip reached in a

comparatively short time. From there the vessel was first seen, five miles farther out. «On the Rose and Crown Shoal!» exclaimed Keeper Chase. This is the most dangerous of the numerous outlying shoals; but, nothing daunted, the keeper headed the boat for it. When the life-savers got near enough they could make out seven men clinging to the rigging of a three-masted schooner, the hull of which had already worked itself so deep into the treacherous shoal that only part of the port rail could be seen. The sea broke high over the bow, and swirled over deck and stern.

The life-boat was anchored, a hawser taken over the bow, and, carefully steadied by the oars and the long steering-sweep, the boat dropped down with the current toward the wreck, the life-savers intent upon the keeper's every command, whether by word or gesture. One misstroke might mean failure and death. Carefully working in between seas, it became at last possible to hurl a heaving-stick with a small line attached into the rigging. A heavier line was «bent» on to the stick by the schooner's crew, drawn aboard the life-boat, and made fast to the after thwart; and then two of the boat's crew began to haul in carefully toward the wreck.

And now occurred one of the dramatic incidents of the rescue. The half-frenzied sailors, intent only upon saving their own lives, began hauling rapidly on their end of the line, at the imminent danger of swamping the life-boat.

«Make that line fast!» shouted Keeper Chase. But the schooner's crew was demoralized and undisciplined, and no attention was paid to the command.

Keeper Chase passed his knife to the stroke-oarsman. «I have charge here,» he shouted. «Pull this boat another foot nearer that wreck, and the line shall be cut!»

Keeper Chase stands six feet four inches in his boots, and he has a six-foot-four-inch voice. He towered above the seas in the eyes of the shipwrecked crew, and his command rang in their ears above the storm; and there stood the stroke-oarsman, knife in hand, ready to sever the line. The little wave-tossed boat at the end of that line was their only hope of safety; and so they made fast, and the life-savers worked in as close to the wreck as caution would permit. One after another, the seven men were taken off the wreck, where for fifteen hours almost certain death had been staring them in the face.

Keeper Chase knew that the rescued men, hungry, cold, and exhausted with their long

night struggle, drenched with icy seas, and pierced with the north wind, were worse than useless—mere dead weight in the boat. In fact, it would be little less than a miracle if they reached shore alive. So they were simply stowed away lengthwise in the bottom of the boat. From the deeply laden craft no land could be seen. Only the tall red-and-white tower on Sankaty, Nantucket's boldest headland, was now and then barely discernible as the boat rose on the crest of a high sea.

Mast and sail, useless now against a head wind and sea, were cast overboard. The anchor was lifted, and the boat headed shoreward. Wind and current combined to force it toward the breaking shoal, which was weathered only after three hours of the hardest pulling. It was impossible to make further headway at that time, and the boat was again anchored, to await the turn of the tide, which might aid in reaching land.

At sunset, six hours after leaving the wreck (which had split up an hour after the rescue), the boat had made only one mile of the fifteen toward shore. To be at anchor in such seas meant no rest. Rolling and pitching, the boat was shipping water with almost every wave, and the utmost exertion was required to keep it even comparatively free. The southern tide was due at 9 P. M., but the fierce norther had caused such a set that, after an hour's pull, the crew was obliged to anchor again. The rescued men weighted the boat and added to the danger of swamping; one of them was moaning piteously; and the bow-oarsman of the rescuing crew was also overcome for a while.

At last one of the life-savers, Perkins, or, as his boat-mates called him, «Perkie,» said, «Captain, let me sleep ten minutes, and I'll be all right.» So the members of the crew were allowed to sleep in turn, but only a few minutes at a time, for fear of freezing.

The boat had been launched at eight o'clock one morning; it was three o'clock of the next. At last the southern tide made up, wind and sea moderated somewhat, and with sunrise another pull was made for shore. At ten o'clock, twenty-six hours after the crew had left Coskata, they beached the boat at Siasconset, on the southeastern shore of Nantucket, some eight miles across the island from the station, to which they were too exhausted to return until the afternoon.

When the crew started from Coskata, they left behind them in the station a woman, Keeper Chase's wife. As hour after hour wore away, she watched and waited, hoping

against hope. When the crew reached the station, she came out, stood up on tiptoe, drew the keeper's bearded face down to hers, and kissed him.

There are times when the tension upon the emotions is so great that the least giving way results in a total collapse; and perhaps this is the reason Keeper Chase—his voice a bit husky, it is true—merely turned to his crew and called out:

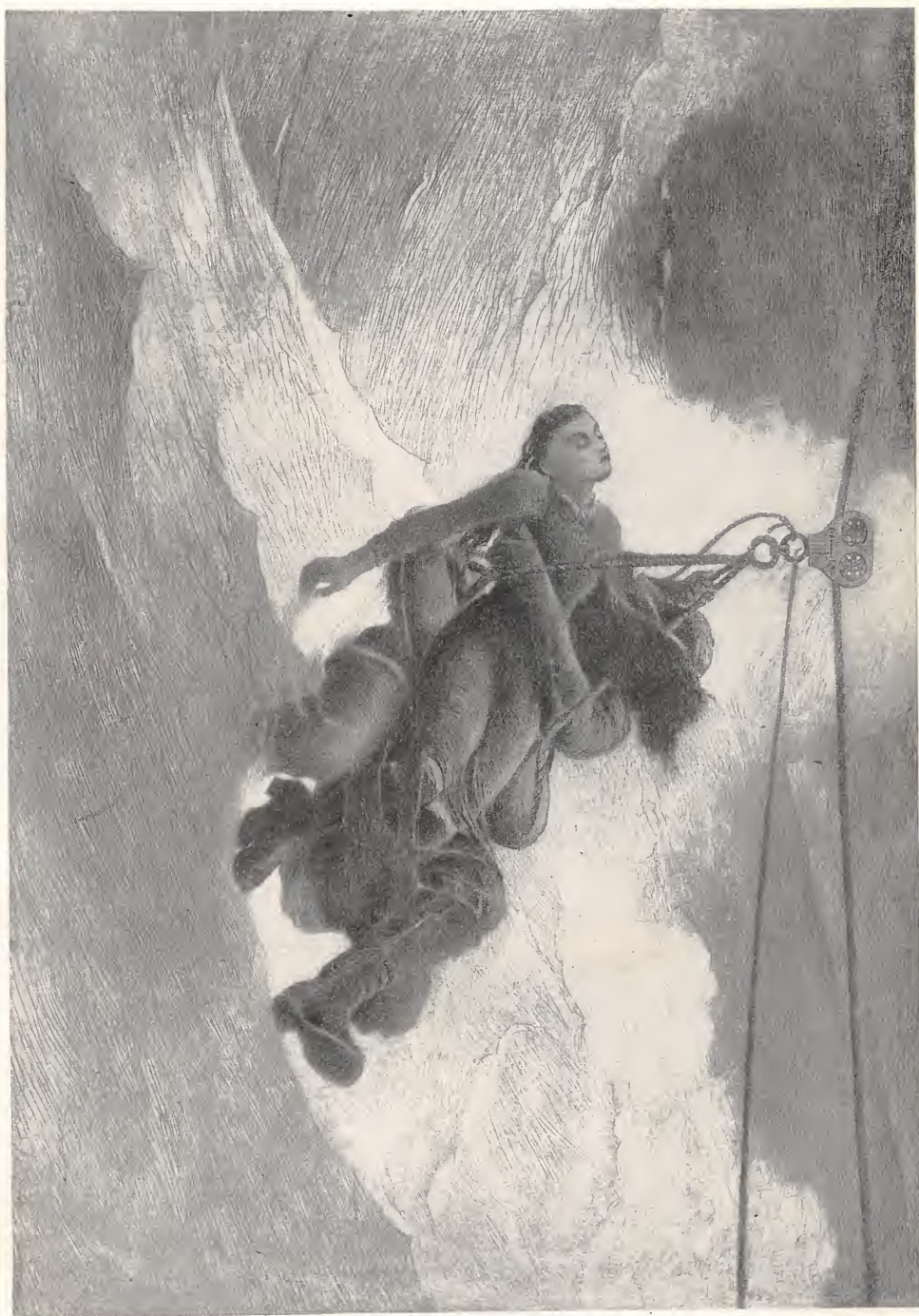
«Now, boys, stow away the boat, and get your suppers. It's 'most time for the sunset patrol to be out.» And so the routine was quietly resumed.

From the time the life-boat left the wreck until at sunrise the next morning the imperiled life-savers had kept a constant lookout for any tug that might have put out to their aid from Vineyard Haven. Did a tug start in response to the message from Sankaty? Yes; it stood offshore some five or six miles, and then, afraid to proceed farther in such seas and gale, ran for shelter!

The medals which were awarded to this valiant crew arrived too late for one of its members, the cheerful «Perkie.» He had been weakened by an attack of pneumonia the previous winter, and the exposure of those terrible twenty-six hours brought on consumption. He knew the medals had been awarded; and when the keeper visited him shortly before his death, he asked, «Captain, have n't those stove-covers come yet?»

«Perkie» was the sole joy and support of an aged mother, and the medal which came too late for him is the only consolation of this poor sorrowing soul.

A number of other crews in the life-saving service have received medals for heroic rescues. The crew of the Hog Island, Virginia, station were awarded medals, not only by our government, but also by Spain, for saving nineteen men from the Spanish steamer *San Albano*. Two daring attempts with the surf-boat having failed, Keeper Johnson most ingeniously ran his gun-cart far into the surf in the wake of a receding wave, and before the next sea boomed in quickly shot a line out to the wreck, and scrambled back to the beach. Christopher Ludlam and his crew were decorated for rescuing in their surf-boat, during a heavy northeast gale and snow-storm, the crew of the lime-schooner *D. H. Ingraham*, stranded and afire among the breakers on the bar at Hereford Inlet, New Jersey; John C. Patterson and his crew, of the Shark River, New Jersey, station, for a rescue effected during a heavy onshore gale—the keeper, as he



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«THE LIFE LINE,» BY WINSLOW HOMER.

stood, his hand on the gunwale, ready to make the launch, receiving a summons to a brother's death-bed, notwithstanding which, he, with pale, determined face, gave the order to "shove her in"; Keepers Benjamin B. Dailey of the Cape Hatteras, and Patrick H. Etheridge of the Creed's Hill station, adjoining, and six surfmen from the former, for saving the crew of the barkentine *Ephraim Williams*, a five-mile pull in a wintry gale, the boat, in passing through the second line of breakers, rising so sheer that the whole inside was visible from shore, and the little craft seemed about to fall over backward; Keeper C. C. Goodwin of the Cleveland, Ohio, station, and his crew, for rescuing within eleven days, during gales and in freezing weather, twenty-nine lives from three vessels; Keeper Chadwick and his crew of the Mantoloking, New Jersey, station, and five volunteers, for remarkable skill and endurance in the rescue of the crew of the schooner *George Taulane*; and Keeper Charles H. Valentine and his crew, of the Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, station, for rescuing the crews of two vessels, the second rescue being effected through what was a hand-to-hand fight with the surf and the wreckage from the first vessel. Some fishermen formed what was literally a life-line, reaching from the beach into the surf by locking hands, and thus assisted in the rescue.

The award of medals was authorized in 1874. Almost the first award was made to two English life-saving crews for the rescue of the crew of an American ship wrecked at the mouth of the Mersey—an act of recognition pleasantly matched by that of Spain in decorating the rescuers of the *San Albano's* crew.

During the session of 1894-95 the New York legislature passed resolutions praising in the highest terms the heroism of several life-saving crews on Long Island, among them that of the Lone Hill station.

"Lone Hill!" What a dreary name, suggestive of a wind-swept sand-dune rising in desolate isolation from a sea-worn beach! No wonder the disaster, in spite of the heroism it called forth, has lineaments as terrible as storm and death can present. It combines with a marvelous exhibition of endurance and courage, not only on the part of the life-savers, but also on the part of one of the sailors of the ill-fated vessel, the most tragic aspects of shipwreck. After a forty-four hours' fight for life, only two survivors of a crew of eight were brought ashore, and of these two, one died soon afterward. That

he reached shore with a spark of life in him was due to the almost superhuman efforts of his shipmate, who, with death staring him in the face, and at a time when self-preservation would have been uppermost in the mind of almost any one, watched over this unfortunate with a care, tenderness, and devotion bordering on the miraculous. Yet he was only a common sailor; and when he himself had recovered from the effects of that winter storm, quietly went his way, and is probably still before the mast.

It is needless to follow the three-masted schooner *Louis V. Place* through all the stress of winter weather which she encountered after she weighed from Baltimore on her last voyage. It converted the vessel into little more than a drifting iceberg. Her running-gear was frozen in the blocks, her sails were as stiff as boards, her decks sheeted with ice. On the morning that was to be her last, the captain, her whereabouts being wholly a matter of conjecture (he thought he was off Sandy Hook), tried to let go his anchors in hope of holding her off the lee shore which his soundings told him was near. But the crew, already subjected to four days and nights of bitter exposure, failed in their efforts to clear away the ice-bound anchors. Though the halyards were cut, the sails, rigid with ice, remained upright in their places, and the vessel's course landward was unchecked. When the shock came—the shock a vessel feels but once—all hands took to the mizzen-rigging.

The men of the Lone Hill station, eight miles east of Fire Island light, were returning from the rescue of a shipwrecked crew when they were notified that a vessel had just stranded near their station. They were soon abreast of her. She lay some four hundred yards out, swept from end to end by the waves. Frequent snow-squalls obscured the atmosphere; the surf was full of porridge ice, and great cakes of ice were piled up on the beach. To launch, let alone pull, a boat under such conditions was beyond human strength. While the Lyle gun was being made ready, two of the men in the rigging were seen to let go their hold and drop into the sea. This occurrence, so early in the catastrophe, was appalling evidence that the crew's vitality was at a low ebb, and that succor, to be of much avail, must be immediate.

It was only at intervals between the snow gusts that the gun could be fired. The second shot landed the line over the rigging, almost within grasp of the shipwrecked sailors; but

not one of them stirred to reach for it. By one o'clock in the afternoon four lines had been fired; but it was evident that the crew was too exhausted or too nearly dead to aid in its own rescue.

The weather now closed in so thick that the vessel was invisible for three hours. Then a glimpse of a few minutes disclosed only four instead of six figures in the rigging. Two had silently frozen and dropped into the sea. Twice more the gun was fired, but again without avail. Darkness now set in. It was a wild, pitiless night. The life-savers built a beacon fire, and watched the surf for any chance, however desperate, to launch their boat. None came, and with daybreak, almost twenty-four hours after the vessel had stranded, it was seen that of the four figures in the rigging only two showed signs of life.

It had been evident already the previous day, and became more so on this, that one of these, if he survived, would owe his life to his shipmate, who, during these awful hours, instead of concentrating his efforts upon his own preservation, made every endeavor to keep up the feeble vitality in the other, beating him with the end of a rope, and shaking and pounding him, in turn. The mizzenmast seemed to be growing insecure; and at low tide, when part of the vessel's deck was not awash, this man slowly and painfully made his way down to it and along it to the main rigging. But before going up he turned and looked at the man he had left in the mizzen. Tottering back, and groping his way up until he reached him again, he in some miraculous way brought him down to the deck, and, by shoving and dragging him, got him over to the main rigging and up it. That the two other figures on the wreck were only frozen corpses soon became apparent. When the sailor who would not desert his shipmate, evidently with the intention of lashing him fast, unwound some rope near these figures, they were suddenly loosened, and swung, one by the head, the other by the feet, to and fro in the gale, nearly knocking the two survivors out of the rigging.

The second day was now rapidly waning. The ninth and last shot was fired. It laid the line fair across the hull, between the main and fore-mast. The watchers held their breath as the sailor who had shown such unexpected vitality slowly came out of the rigging. He bent over stiffly and painfully, picked up the line, made an effort as if to haul, staggered, fell, and crept feebly back to the rigging. The tension among those

ashore had been so great that, when this seemingly last hope of saving what little of life remained on the doomed ship failed, three of the men burst into tears.

During the waning hours of that second day, and even in the gathering darkness, desperate, almost frantic efforts were made to launch the surf-boat. Each time it was simply tossed back upon the ice-rimmed beach. Again a fire was built, and again the surf watched, as it rushed into the glare, for a favorable opportunity for action. At last, almost at midnight, more than forty hours after the vessel had stranded, the surf seemed a little less powerful and the ice less densely packed. This was the supreme moment. With a mighty rush, the boat was sent into the surf. Waves breasted her, ice pounded her; but, driven on with all the strength her resolute crew could gather, she was at last laid alongside the storm-swept hulk, and the two perishing men were taken off. It was one o'clock on the morning of the third day when they were borne into the Lone Hill station. The heroic sailor, William Stevens, who had done all he could to save his shipmate, recovered. The latter's condition was so pitiable as to beggar description. His feet were frozen solid in his boots. Amputation became necessary, and he died at the hospital to which, at the earliest possible moment, he had been taken from the station.

This gallant rescue was accomplished by Keeper Baker of Lone Hill, Keeper Rorke of Blue Point, and five surfmen. As the resolution passed by the New York legislature says, «Such a service belongs to humanity, and deserves universal admiration.» True; but true also of William Stevens of the fo'c'sle.

Heroism in the life-saving service is not confined to any one part of our coast. Crews along the Atlantic, as well as on the Lakes, hold medals; and Joseph Napier and Ingar Oleson, members of Lake crews, have been similarly honored for individual daring. The Pacific coast also has its heroes in the service, among them John Regnier, who, while engaged with his crew in a rescue on Humboldt Bay, California, sprang into the surf and recovered a child whom the boat had twice failed to reach—a deed for which he holds the gold medal.

There may be, in the record of the life-saving service, instances of failure through lack of judgment, but none through shirking. On the contrary, the occasions when chances too desperate have been taken have been almost too frequent. Crew after crew

has calmly gone to its death rather than give quibbling critics of the service the slightest chance to question its spirit. One winter night the Barnegat life-savers launched their boat, and disappeared into the storm and the darkness, never again to be seen alive. The wiping out of the Point aux Barques crew has already been related. Such instances are not isolated. Hardly a season passes without adding its tribute of lives sacrificed to the honor-roll of the service.

Circumstances singularly pathetic surround the loss which befell the crew of the Peaked Hill station, near Provincetown, Cape Cod. Keeper Atkins of this station was one of the true and trusted veterans of the service. But one stormy day in winter, after twelve hours' exposure on the beach, exhausted by futile efforts to launch the surf-boat, he and his crew had the mortification of seeing the rescue they had attempted made by a crew of volunteers. It mattered not that these had made no previous exertions, that they had come fresh and unwearied upon the scene; Keeper Atkins and his crew had to take from the community what, in the staid, old-fashioned speech of the Cape, is known as the "goading slur."

The keeper made no attempt to answer his critics; but gradually, as that season and the following summer wore away, a settled look of determination became stamped on his face, and his bearing took on a dignity almost tragic. When, at the opening of the next season, his wife, as he left his home for the station, begged him not to expose himself to needless danger, he replied:

"Before this season is over I will have wiped out the 'goading slur.'"

Reaching the station, he called his crew about him, and informed them that, no matter at what peril, a rescue would be attempted at every wreck within the limits of the station.

That winter a storm of almost unprecedented fury burst over the coast, and a vessel was swept upon the Peaked Hill bars. A surf-boat, launched by seemingly superhuman power, put out from shore. But neither desperation, nor even madness, could keep a boat afloat in such a sea; and when, one after another, those who had braved it were cast upon the beach, three were dead. One of these was Keeper Atkins. He had wiped out the "goading slur."

Of such stuff are the heroes of the life-saving service.

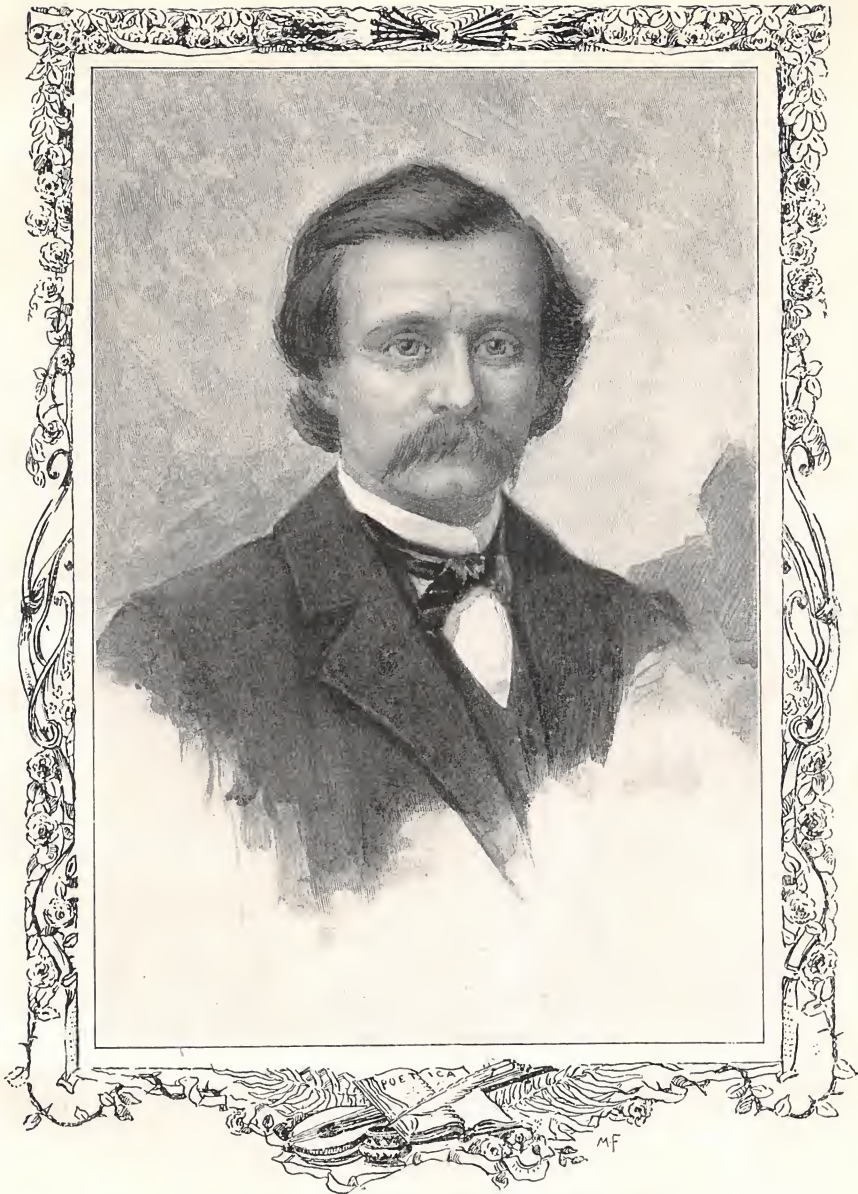
TIMROD THE POET.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

HENRY TIMROD'S life was so heart-breaking that one finds it hard to linger over it. The reader is constantly reminded of the cumulative sadness that was the lot of Keats, as he is reminded of the latter's excessive sensibility of temperament—his sensitiveness to outward influences. Indeed, in spirit the two poets were essentially kin, though in poetic insight and expression—in the true province of the poet—Timrod, of course, dwelt on a lower plane. He also dwelt in a different atmosphere; for while the influence of Keats may be traced in his work, the feeling, the local coloring, the habit of thought, are his own. Yet Timrod's unworldliness linked him in temperament still closer to his elder and greater brother, and the time and place in which his lot was cast deepened the same ineffectual struggle against a bitter fortune. For no poet could have found a more unpropitious time for graceful love-songs, and

for lyrics in praise of spring and woodland,—to fit "a green thought in a green shade,"—than that in which the shy young poet began to sing. Repose had gone from the troubled South, and the ominous days were carrying it nearer and nearer to war. It was no time for music, and Timrod was not one to draw the gaze of busy men. Later, when the fever of war heated his verse, men carried his stirring songs in their hearts, but forgot the singer. Later still, when they came back crushed and heartbroken, yet ready to take up manfully the struggle of life anew, it was still less the fortunate hour for the poet.

Timrod was born in Charleston, South Carolina, on the eighth day of December, 1829. His father, a bookbinder by trade, but a man of wide reading and much natural force and eloquence, had died in the boy's early youth, leaving to his son an increased measure of his own poetic taste and ability,



DRAWN FROM A PAINTING BY P. P. CARTER. OWNED BY THE HON. WILLIAM A. COURTENAY.

HENRY TIMROD.

but little of the readiness of speech and thought that had made his shop the meeting-place for the intellectual men of the neighborhood.

The boy's intellectual training seems to have been gained mainly through his own well-selected reading of the English classics; for, though he entered the University of Georgia when about sixteen, his stay, owing partly to ill health, and partly to the sad stress of poverty, was brief. After his distasteful trial of the law in the office of James L. Petigru of Charleston, he went back to his classical studies, to prepare himself for a

college professorship or (the cruel alternative does not march with equal step) a tutorship in private families.

But the professorship was not forthcoming, and for ten years or more the small gains of a private tutor in a sparsely settled region were his only means of subsistence. He went from household to household, faithfully instructing those placed in his care; and though he longed for a larger field of action, he was not ungrateful for the ample leisure that gave him opportunity for study and literary work. Loving nature, he found a large recompense for the wider

world he craved. It is not improbable that his lonely and cloistered life in the green fields and woods at this formative period fostered a childlike unworldliness of spirit, already great, at a fatal expense of more masculine qualities; for it is the testimony of his most intimate friends that he always remained a child. The poet's sensibility needs the tonic of the world to save it from a too ready vibration to every movement of the element in which it happens to lie.

Yet he was a child only in his inability to cope with the hard conditions that beset him. In his mental attitude toward life he was manliness itself. His letters and poems have no place for whining and complaint. If in his intimate communications to his nearest friends he sometimes speaks of his bitter poverty or wretched health, his words have always an arch humor and a playfulness of fancy that show the wholesomeness and sweetness of his nature.

Yet in his deepest solitude there had always been rich companionship. Spending all his rare holidays in Charleston as a member of the little company of intellectual men that William Gilmore Simms had drawn about him, he was one of the originators—in suggestion, at least—of "Russell's Magazine," a monthly journal that for a few years furnished its sponsors with the facilities of publication. Much of Timrod's work found the light in its pages, and doubtless paved the way by which, shortly after the beginning of the year 1864, he was enabled to become part proprietor and associate editor of the "South Carolinian," a daily paper published at Columbia. This was the happiest period of his life, as it was the period of his greatest activity; for, thus provided for, as he thought, he was enabled to marry the "Katie" of the graceful and admirably restrained poem that begins his volume of verse. But the prosperity was short-lived; for just a year and a day after his marriage the "South Carolinian" went up in the smoke that followed the entrance of Sherman and his army into Columbia. It was the beginning of the bitter end. For nearly a year he had no employment, and the editorial labor that followed this period of inactivity was done without pay. For a short period near the end of 1866 he was employed in the governor's office in Charleston; but his health had already begun to fail, and though he kept the genial playfulness of spirit that was his own, and the hopefulness that is the peculiar characteristic of the consumptive, he weakened rapidly, and in October, 1867, he died, the last of his name.

One finds in the verse of Timrod none of the exuberance of imagery or the impatience of restraint and technical form that is supposed to characterize Southern races. Instead, the verse is always sober and self-contained, the thought simple and straightforward. One sees this restrained propriety of expression and thought in his "Spring" in war-time, when

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate.

Yet not more surely shall the spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

Then shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

In spite of his impracticability, he is not an impractical poet; he is essentially a sane and masculine thinker. Approaching him, we suspect provincialism, but find a genial breadth that surprises us. His gamut of feeling is wide, and even in his war-songs, where one expects little restraint, we find this admirable self-control and breadth. Compare for this quality, with its directness and its sparing use of adjectives, this verse from his "Charleston,"

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched
That wait and watch for blood,

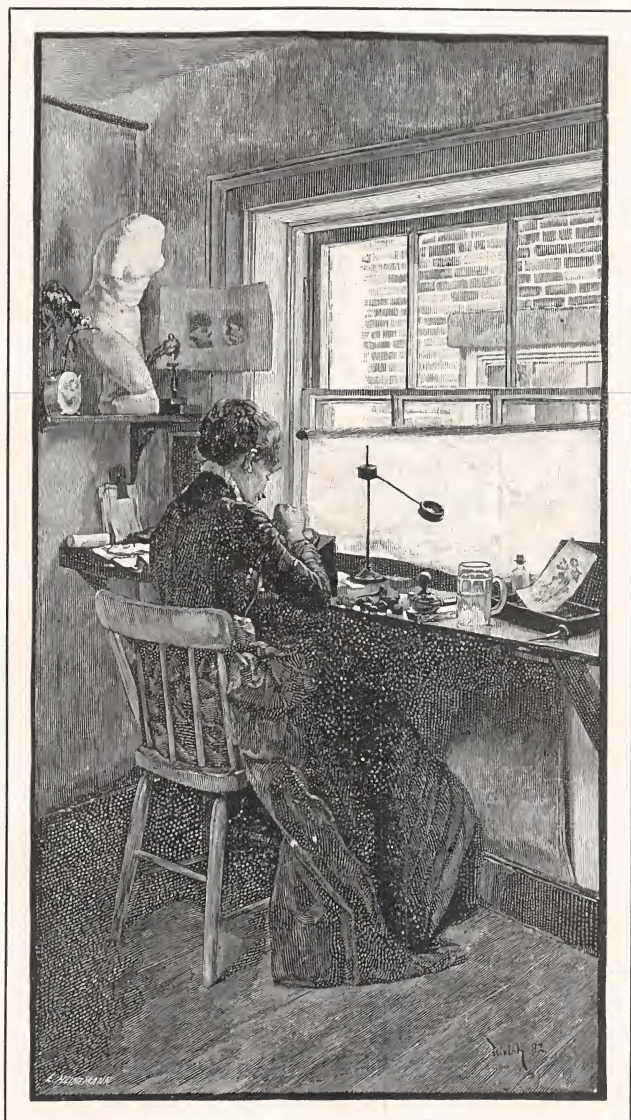
with his hymn for the dead, with its

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Now that the people of the South are striving to raise a memorial to Timrod's fame, the suggestion seems a proper one to make, that the whole American people share in the honor; for he was a true American poet, and worthy to stand in the narrow space that belongs to our best.

«THE CENTURY'S» AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES.

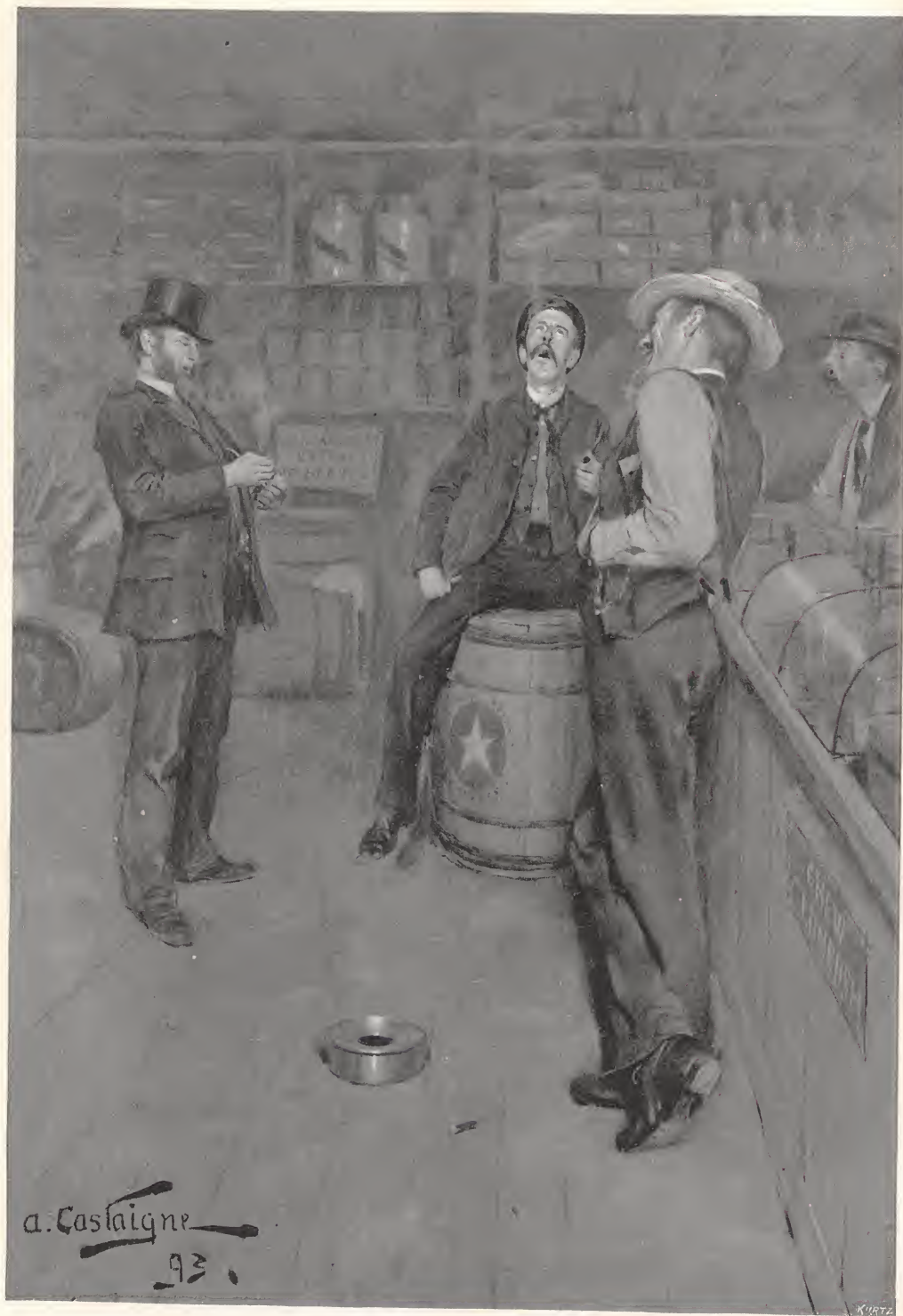
CHARLES FREDERICK ULRICH.



THE WOOD-ENGRAVER.

ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

CHARLES FREDERICK ULRICH was born in New York in 1858. He began his art studies at the National Academy of Design, and ended his student life at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Munich, Bavaria, after eight years' training under Professors Lofts and Sendenschmidt. The characteristics of his art are careful drawing, good color, and breadth, with close finish. His principal pictures are «The Glass-Blowers», now in the Metropolitan Museum; «In the Land of Promise» (immigrants at Castle Garden), for which he was awarded the J. B. Clarke prize; and «Feet-Washing at St. Mark's, Venice.» W. LEWIS FRASER.



IN THE GROCERY STORE.

A «GOOD FELLOW'S» WIFE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.



LIFE in the small towns of the older West moves slowly—almost as slowly as in the seaport villages or little towns of the East. Towns like Tyre and Bluff Siding have grown during the last twenty years, but very slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees. Lying too far away from the Mississippi to be affected by the lumber interest, they are merely trading-points for the farmers, with no perceivable germs of boom in their quiet life.

A stranger coming into Belfast, Minnesota, excites much the same languid but persistent inquiry as in Belfast, New Hampshire. Juries of men, seated on salt-barrels and nail-kegs, discuss the stranger's appearance and his probable action, just as in Kittery, Maine, but with a lazier speech-tune, and with a shade less of apparent interest.

On such a rainy day as comes in May after the corn is planted—a cold, *wet* rainy day—the usual crowd was gathered in Wilson's grocery-store at Bluff Siding, a small town in «The Coally Country.» They were farmers, for the most part, retired from active service. Their coats were of cheap diagonal or cassimere, much faded and burned by the sun; their hats, flapped about by winds and soaked with countless rains, were also of the same yellow-brown tints. One or two wore paper collars on their hickory shirts.

McIlvaine, farmer and wheat-buyer, wore a paper collar and a butterfly necktie, as befitted a man of his station in life. He was a short, squarely made Scotchman, with sandy whiskers much grayed, and with a keen, intensely blue eye.

«Say,» called McPhail, ex-sheriff of the county, in the silence that followed some remark about the rain, «any o' you fellers had any talk with this feller Sanford?»

«I hain't,» said Vance. «You, Bill?»

«No; but somebody was sayin' he thought o' startin' in trade here.»

«Don't Sam know? He generally knows what's goin' on.»

«Knows he registered from Pittsfield, Mass., an' that's all. Say, that's a mighty smart-lookin' woman o' his.»

«Vance always sees how the women look. Where'd you see *her*?»

«Came in here the other day to look up prices.»

«Wha' 'd *she* say 'bout settlin'?»

«Had n't decided yet.»

«He's too *slick* to have much business in him. That waxed *mustache* gives 'im away.»

The discussion having reached that point where his word would have most effect, Steve Gilbert said, while opening the hearth to rap out the ashes of his pipe, «Sam's wife heerd that he was kind o' thinkin' some of goin' into business here, if things suited 'im first-rate.»

They all knew the old man was aching to tell something, but they did n't purpose to gratify him by any questions. The rain dripped from the awning in front, and fell upon the roof of the store-room at the back with a soft and steady roar.

«Good f'r the corn,» McPhail said, after a long pause.

«Purty cold, though.»

Gilbert was tranquil—he had a shot in reserve.

«Sam's wife said *his* wife said he was thinkin' some of goin' into a bank here—»

«A bank!»

«What in thunder—»

Vance turned, with a comical look on his long, placid face, one hand stroking his beard.

«Well, now, gents, I'll tell you what's the matter with this town. It needs a bank. Yes, sir! I need a bank.»

«You?»

«Yes, me. I did n't know just what *did* ail me, but I do now. It's the need of a bank that keeps me down.»

«Well, you fellers can talk an' laugh, but I tell yeh they's a boom goin' to strike this town. It's got to come. W'y, just look at Lumberville!»

«Their *boom* is our *bu'st*,» was McPhail's comment.

«I don't think so,» said Sanford, who had entered in time to hear these last two speeches. They all looked at him with deep interest. He was a smallish man. He wore

a derby hat and a neat suit. «I've looked things over pretty close—a man don't like to invest his capital» (here the rest looked at one another) «till he does; and I believe there's an opening for a bank.»

As he dwelt upon the scheme from day to day, the citizens warmed to him, and he became «Jim» Sanford. He hired a little cottage, and went to housekeeping at once; but the entire summer went by before he made his decision to settle. In fact, it was in the last week of August that the little paper announced it in the usual style:

Mr. James G. Sanford, popularly known as «Jim», has decided to open an exchange bank for the convenience of our citizens, who have hitherto been forced to transact business in Lumberville. The thanks of the town are due Mr. Sanford, who comes well recommended from Massachusetts and from Milwaukee, and, better still, with a bag of ducats. Mr. S. will be well patronized. Success, Jim!

The bank was open by the time the corn-crop and the hogs were being marketed, and money was received on deposit while the carpenters were still at work on the building. Everybody knew now that he was as solid as oak.

He had taken into the bank, as bookkeeper, Lincoln Bingham, one of McPhail's multitudinous nephews; and this was a capital move. Everybody knew Link, and knew he was a McPhail, which meant that he «could be tied to in all kinds o' weather.» Of course the McPhails, McIlvaines, and the rest of the Scotch contingency «banked on Link.» As old Andrew McPhail put it:

«Link's there, an' he knows the bank an' books, an' just how things stand»; and so when he sold his hogs he put the whole sum—over fifteen hundred dollars—into the bank. The McIlvaines and the Bingham did the same, and the bank was at once firmly established among the farmers.

Only two people held out against Sanford, old Freeme Cole and Mrs. Bingham, Lincoln's mother; but they did n't count, for Freeme had n't a cent, and Mrs. Bingham was too unreasoning in her opposition. She could only say: «I don't like him, that's all. I knowed a man back in New York that curled his *mustaches* just that way, an' he wa'n't no earthly good.»

It might have been said by a cynic that Banker Sanford had all the virtues of a defaulting bank cashier. He had no bad habits beyond smoking. He was genial, companionable, and especially ready to help when sick-

ness came. When old Freeme Cole got down with delirium tremens that winter, Sanford was one of the most heroic of nurses, and the service was so clearly disinterested and magnanimous that every one spoke of it.

His wife and he were included in every dance or picnic; for Mrs. Sanford was as great a favorite as the banker himself, she was so sincere, and her gray eyes were so charmingly frank, and then she said «such funny things.»

«I wish I had something to do besides housework. It's a kind of a putterin' job, best ye can do,» she'd say merrily, just to see the others stare. «There's too much moppin' an' dustin'. Seems 's if a woman used up half her life on things that don't amount to anything, don't it?»

«I tell yeh that feller's a scallywag. I know it buh the way 'e walks 'long the sidewalk,» Mrs. Bingham insisted to her son, who wished her to put her savings into the bank.

The youngest of a large family, Link had been accustomed all his life to Mrs. Bingham's many whimsicalities.

«I s'pose you can *smell* he's a thief, just as you can tell when it's goin' to rain, or the butter's comin', by the smell.»

«Well, you need n't laugh, Lincoln. I *can*,» maintained the old lady, stoutly. «An' I ain't goin' to put a red cent o' my money into his pocket—fr' there's where it 'u'd go to.»

She yielded at last, and received a little bank-book in return for her money. «Jest about all I'll ever get,» she said privately; and thereafter, out of her brass-bowed spectacles, with an eagle's gaze she watched the banker go by. But the banker, seeing the dear old soul at the window looking out at him, always smiled and bowed, unaware of her suspicion.

At the end of the year he bought the lot next his rented house, and began building one of his own, a modest little affair, shaped like a pork-pie with a cupola, or a Tam o' Shanter cap—a style of architecture which became fashionable at once.

He worked heroically to get the location of the plow-factory at Bluff Siding, and all but succeeded; but Tyre, once their ally, turned against them, and refused to consider the fact of the Siding's position at the center of the county. However, for some reason or other, the town woke up to something of a boom during the next two years. Several large farmers decided to retire, and live off the sweat of some other fellow's brow, and so built some houses of the pork-pie order, and moved into town.

This inflow of moneyed men from the country resulted in the establishment of a «seminary of learning» on the hillside, where the Soldiers' Home was to be located. This called in more farmers from the country, and a new hotel was built, a sash-and-door factory followed, and Burt McPhail set up a feed-mill.

All this improvement unquestionably dated from the opening of the bank, and the most unreasoning partizans of the banker held him to be the chief cause of the resulting development of the town, though he himself modestly disclaimed any hand in the affair.

Had Bluff Siding been a city, the highest civic honors would have been open to Banker Sanford; indeed, his name was repeatedly mentioned in connection with the county offices.

«No, gentlemen,» he explained firmly but courteously, in Wilson's store one night; «I'm a banker, not a politician. I can't ride two horses.»

In the second year of the bank's history he went up to the north part of the State on business, visiting West Superior, Duluth, Ashland, and other booming towns, and came back full of the wonders of what he saw.

«There's big money up there, Nell,» he said to his wife.

But she had the woman's tendency to hold fast to what she had, and would not listen to any plans about moving.

«Build up your business here, Jim, and don't worry about what good chances there are somewhere else.»

He said no more about it, but he took great interest in all the news the «boys» brought back from their annual deer-hunts «up north.» They were all enthusiastic over West Superior and Duluth, and their wonderful development was the never-ending theme of discussion in Wilson's store.

II.

THE first two years of the bank's history were solidly successful, and «Jim» and «Nellie» were the head and front of all good works, and the provoking cause of most of the fun. No one seemed more care-free.

«We consider ourselves just as young as anybody,» Mrs. Sanford would say, when joked about going out with the young people so much; but sometimes at home, after the children were asleep, she sighed a little.

«Jim, I wish you was in some kind of a business so I could help. I don't have enough

to do. I s'pose I *could* mop an' dust, an' dust an' mop; but it seems sinful to waste time that way. Can't I do anything, Jim?»

«Why, no. If you 'tend to the children and keep house, that's all anybody asks of you.»

She was silent, but not convinced. She had a desire to do something outside the walls of her house—a desire transmitted to her from her father; for a woman inherits these things.

In the spring of the second year a number of the depositors drew out money to invest in Duluth and Superior lots, and the whole town was excited over the matter.

The summer passed, Link and Sanford spending their time in the bank—that is, when not out swimming or fishing with the boys. But July and August were terribly hot and dry, and oats and corn were only half-crop, and the farmers were grumbling. Some of them were forced to draw on the bank instead of depositing.

McPhail came in, one day in November, to draw a thousand dollars to pay for a house and lot he had recently bought.

Sanford was alone. He whistled.

«Phew! You're comin' at me hard. Come in to-morrow. Link's gone down to the city to get some money.»

«All right,» said McPhail; «any time.»

«Goin' t' snow?»

«Looks like it. I'll haf to load a lot o' ca'tridges ready f'r biz.»

About an hour later old lady Bingham burst upon the banker, wild and breathless.

«I want my money,» she announced.

«Good morning, Mrs. Bingham. Pleasant—»

«I want my money. Where's Lincoln?»

She had read that morning of two bank failures,—one in Nova Scotia and one in Massachusetts,—and they seemed providential warnings to her. Lincoln's absence confirmed them.

«He's gone to St. Paul—won't be back till the five-o'clock train. Do you need some money this morning? How much?»

«All of it, sir. Every cent.»

Sanford saw something was out of gear. He tried to explain.

«I've sent your son to St. Paul after some money—»

«Where's my money? What have you done with *that*?» In her excitement she thought of her money just as she had handed it in—silver and little rolls and wads of bills.

«If you'll let me explain—»

«I don't want you to explain nawthin'. Jest hand me out my money.»

Two or three loafers, seeing her gesticulate, stopped on the walk outside, and looked in at the door. Sanford was annoyed, but he remained calm and persuasive. He saw that something had caused a panic in the good, simple old woman. He wished for Lincoln as one wishes for a policeman sometimes.

"Now, Mrs. Bingham, if you 'll only wait till Lincoln—"

"I don't want 'o wait. I want my money, right now."

"Will fifty dollars do?"

"No, sir; I want it all—every cent of it—jest as it was."

"But I can't do that. *Your* money is gone—"

"Gone? *Where* is it gone? What have you done with it? You thief—"

"Sh!" He tried to quiet her. "I mean I can't give you your money—"

"Why can't you?" she stormed, trotting nervously on her feet as she stood there.

"Because—if you 'd let me explain—we don't keep the money just as it comes to us. We pay it out, and take in other—"

Mrs. Bingham was getting more and more bewildered. She now had only one clear idea—she could n't get her money. Her voice grew tearful like an angry child's.

"I want my money—I knew you 'd steal it—that I worked for. Give me my money."

Sanford hastily handed her some money. "Here 's fifty dollars. You can have the rest when—"

The old lady clutched the money, and literally ran out of the door, and went off up the sidewalk, talking incoherently. To every one she met she told her story; but the men smiled and passed on. They had heard her predictions of calamity before.

But Mrs. McIlvaine was made a trifle uneasy by it.

"He *would* n't give you y'r money? Or did he say he *could* n't?" she inquired in her moderate way.

"He could n't, an' he would n't!" she said. "If you 've got any money there, you 'd better get it out quick. It ain't safe a minute. When Lincoln comes home I 'm goin' to see if I can't—"

"Well, I was calc'latin' to go to Lumberville this week, anyway, to buy a carpet and a chamber set. I guess I might 's well get the money to-day."

When she came in and demanded the money, Sanford was scared. Were these two old women the beginning of the deluge? Would McPhail insist on being paid also? There was just one hundred dollars left in

the bank, together with a little silver. With rare strategy he smiled.

"Certainly, Mrs. McIlvaine. How much will you need?"

She had intended to demand the whole of her deposit,—one hundred and seventeen dollars,—but his readiness mollified her a little. "I did 'low I 'd take the hull, but I guess seventy-five dollars 'll do."

He paid the money briskly out over the little glass shelf.

"How is your children, Mrs. McIlvaine?"

"Purty well, thanky," replied Mrs. McIlvaine, laboriously counting the bills.

"Is it all right?"

"I guess so," she replied dubiously. "I 'll count it after I get home."

She went up the street with the feeling that the bank was all right; and she stepped in and told Mrs. Bingham that *she* had no trouble in getting her money.

After she had gone, Sanford sat down and wrote a telegram, which he sent to St. Paul. This telegram, according to the duplicate at the station, read in this puzzling way:

E. O., Exchange Block, No. 96. All out of paper. Send five hundred note-heads and envelopes to match. Business brisk. Press of correspondence just now. Get them out quick. Wire.

SANFORD.

Two or three others came in after a little money, but he put them off easily. "Just been cashing some paper, and took all the ready cash I can spare. Can't you wait till to-morrow? Link 's gone down to St. Paul to collect on some paper. Be back on the five o'clock. Nine o'clock sure."

An old Norwegian woman came in to deposit ten dollars, and he counted it in briskly, and put the amount down on her little book for her. Barney Mace came in to deposit a hundred dollars, the proceeds of a horse sale, and this helped him through the day. Those who wanted small sums he paid.

"Glad this ain't a big demand. Rather close on cash to-day," he said, smiling, as Lincoln's wife's sister came in.

She laughed. "I guess it won't bu'st yeh. If I thought it would, I 'd leave it in."

"Bu'sted!" he said, when Vance wanted him to cash a draft. "Can't do it. Sorry, Van. Do it in the morning all right. Can you wait?"

"Oh, I guess so. Haf to, won't I?"

"Curious," said Sanford, in a confidential way. "I don't know that I ever saw things get in just such shape. Paper enough—but

exchange, ye know, and readjustment of accounts.»

«I don't know much about banking, myself,» said Vance, good-naturedly; «but I s'pose it's a good 'eal same as with a man. Git short o' cash, first they know—ain't got a cent to spare.»

«That's the idea exactly. Credit all right, plenty o' property, but—» and he smiled and went at his books. The smile died out of his eyes as Vance went out, and he pulled a little morocco book from his pocket, and began studying the beautiful columns of figures with which it seemed to be filled. Those he compared with the books with great care, thrusting the book out of sight when any one entered.

He closed the bank as usual at five. Lincoln had not come—could n't come now till the nine-o'clock accommodation. For an hour after the shades were drawn he sat there in the semi-darkness, silently pondering on his situation. This attitude and deep quiet were unusual to him. He heard the feet of friends and neighbors passing the door as he sat there by the smoldering coal fire, in the growing darkness. There was something impressive in his attitude.

He started up at last, and tried to see what the hour was by turning the face of his watch to the dull glow from the cannon-stove's open door.

«Supper-time,» he said, and threw the whole matter off, as if he had decided it or had put off the decision till another time.

As he went by the post-office Vance said to McIlvaine in a smiling way, as if it were a good joke on Sanford:

«Little short o' cash down at the bank.»

«He's a good fellow,» McIlvaine said.

«So 's his wife,» added Vance, with a chuckle.

III.

THAT night, after supper, Sanford sat in his snug little sitting-room, with a baby on each knee, looking as cheerful and happy as any man in the village. The children crowed and shouted as he «trotted them to Boston,» or rode them on the toe of his boot. They made a noisy, merry group.

Mrs. Sanford «did her own work,» and her swift feet could be heard moving to and fro out in the kitchen. It was pleasant there; the woodwork, the furniture, the stove, the curtains—all had that look of newness just growing into coziness. The coal-stove was lighted and the curtains were drawn.

After the work in the kitchen was done,

Mrs. Sanford came in and sat awhile by the fire with the children, looking very wifely in her dark dress and white apron, her round, smiling face glowing with love and pride—the gloating look of a mother seeing her children in the arms of her husband.

«How is Mrs. Peterson's baby, Jim?» she said suddenly, her face sobering.

«Pretty bad, I guess. La, la, la—deedle-dee! The doctor seemed to think it was a tight squeak if it lived. Guess it's done for—oop'e goes!»

She made a little leap at the youngest child, and clasped it convulsively to her bosom. Her swift maternal imagination had made another's loss very near and terrible.

«Oh, say, Nell,» he broke out, on seeing her sober, «I had the confoundest time to-day with old lady Bingham—»

«Sh! Baby's gone to sleep.»

After the children had been put to bed in the little alcove off the sitting-room, Mrs. Sanford came back, to find Jim absorbed over a little book of accounts.

«What are you studying, Jim?»

Some one knocked on the door before he had time to reply.

«Come in!» he said.

«Sh! Don't yell so,» his wife whispered.

«Telegram, Jim,» said a voice in the obscurity.

«Oh! That you, Sam? Come in.»

Sam, a lathy fellow with a quid in his cheek, stepped in.

«How d' 'e do, Mis' Sanford?»

«Set down—se' down.»

«Can't stop; 'most train-time.»

Sanford tore the envelop open, read the telegram rapidly, the smile fading out of his face. He read it again, word for word, then sat looking at it.

«Any answer?» asked Sam.

«No.»

«All right. Good night.»

«Good night.»

After the door slammed, Sanford took the sheet from the envelop and re-read it. At length he dropped into his chair. «That settles it,» he said aloud.

«Settles what? What's the news?» His wife came up and looked over his shoulder.

«Settles I've got to go on that nine-thirty train.»

«Be back on the morning train?»

«Yes; I guess so—I mean, of course—I'll have to be—to open the bank.»

Mrs. Sanford looked at him for a few seconds in silence. There was something in

his look, and especially in his tone, that troubled her.

"What do you mean? Jim, you don't intend to come back!" She took his arm. "What's the matter—now tell me! What are you going away for?"

He knew he could not deceive his wife's ears and eyes just then, so he remained silent.

"We've got to leave, Nell," he admitted at last.

"Why? What for?"

"Because I'm bu'sted—broke—gone up the spout—and all the rest!" he said desperately, with an attempt at fun. "Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. McIlvaine have bu'sted me—dead."

"Why—why—what has become of the money—all the money the people have put in there?"

"Gone up with the rest."

"What've you done with it? I don't—"

"Well, I've invested it—and lost it."

"James Gordon Sanford!" she exclaimed, trying to realize it. "Was that right? Ain't that a case of—of—"

"Should n't wonder. A case of embezzlement such as you read of in the newspapers." His tone was easy, but he avoided the look in his wife's beautiful gray eyes.

"But it's—*stealing*—ain't it?" She stared at him, bewildered by his reckless lightness of mood.

"It is *now*, because I've lost. If I'd 'a' won it, it 'u'd 'a' been financial shrewdness!"

She asked her next question after a pause, in a low voice, and through teeth almost set.

"Did you go into this bank to—steal this money? Tell me that!"

"No; I did n't, Nell. I ain't quite up to that."

His answer softened her a little, and she sat looking at him steadily as he went on. The tears began to roll slowly down her cheeks. Her hands were clenched.

"The fact is, the idea came into my head last fall when I went up to Superior. My partner wanted me to go in with him on some land, and I did. We speculated on the growth of the town toward the south. We made a strike; then he wanted me to go in on a copper-mine. Of course I expected—"

As he went on with the usual excuses, her mind made all the allowances possible for him. He had always been boyish, impulsive, and lacking in judgment and strength of character. She was humiliated and frightened, but she loved and sympathized with him.

Her silence alarmed him, and he made excuses for himself. He was speculating for her sake more than for his own, and so on.

"Choo—choo!" whistled the far-off train through the still air.

He sprang up and reached for his coat.

She seized his arm again. "Where are you going?" she sternly asked.

"To take that train."

"When are you coming back?"

"I don't know." But his tone said, "Never." She felt it. Her face grew bitter.

"Going to leave me and—the babies?"

"I'll send for you soon. Come, good-by!" He tried to put his arm about her. She stepped back.

"Jim, if you leave me to-night" ("Choo—choo!" whistled the engine), "you leave me forever." There was a terrible resolution in her tone.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going to stay here. If you go—I'll never be your wife—again—never!" She glanced at the sleeping children, and her chin trembled.

"I can't face those fellows—they'll kill me," he said in a sullen tone.

"No, they won't. They'll respect you, if you stay and tell 'em exactly how—it—all—is. You've disgraced me and my children, that's what you've done! If you don't stay—"

The clear jangle of the engine-bell sounded through the night, as with the whiz of escaping steam and scrape and jar of gripping brakes and howl of wheels, the train came to a stop at the station. Sanford dropped his coat and sat down again.

"I'll *have* to stay now." His tone was dry and lifeless. It had a reproach in it that cut the wife deep—deep as the fountain of tears; and she went across the room and knelt at the bedside, burying her face in the clothes on the feet of her children, and sobbed silently.

The man sat with bent head, looking into the glowing coal, whistling through his teeth, a look of sullen resignation and endurance on his face that had never been there before. His very attitude was alien and ominous.

Neither spoke for a long time. At last he rose and began taking off his coat and vest.

"Well, I suppose there's nothing to do but go to bed."

She did not stir—she might have been asleep so far as any sound or motion was concerned. He went off to the bed in the little parlor, and she still knelt there, her heart full of anger, bitterness, sorrow.

The sunny uneventfulness of her past life made this first great storm the more terrifying.

Her trust in her husband had been absolute. A farmer's daughter, the bank clerk had seemed to her the equal of any gentleman in the world—her world; and when she knew his delicacy, his unfailing kindness, and his abounding good nature, she had accepted him as the father of her children, and this was the first revelation to her of his inherent moral weakness.

Her mind went over the whole ground again and again, in a sort of blinding rush. She was convinced of his lack of honor more by his tone, his inflections, than by his words. His lack of deep regret, his readiness to leave her to bear the whole shock of the discovery—these were in his flippant tones; and every time she thought of them the hot blood surged over her. At such moments she hated him, and her white teeth clenched.

To these moods succeeded others, when she remembered his smile, the dimple in his chin, his tender care for the sick, his buoyancy, his songs to the children—

How *could* he sit there, with the children on his knees, and plan to run away, leaving them disgraced?

She went to bed at last with the babies, and with their soft, warm little bodies touching her side, fell asleep, pondering, suffering as only a mother and wife can suffer when distrust and doubt of her husband supplant confidence and adoration.

IV.

THE children awakened her by their delighted cooing and kissing. It was a great event, this waking to find mama in their bed. It was hardly light, of a dull gray morning; and with the children tumbling about over her, feeling the pressure of the warm little hands and soft lips, she went over the whole situation again, and at last settled upon her action.

She rose, shook down the coal in the stove in the sitting-room, and started a fire in the kitchen; then she dressed the children by the coal-burner. The elder of them, as soon as dressed, ran in to wake «poppa,» while the mother went about breakfast-getting.

Sanford came out of his bedroom unwontedly gloomy, greeting the children in a subdued manner. He shivered as he sat by the fire, and stirred the stove as if he thought the room was cold. His face was pale and moist.

«Breakfast is ready, James,» called Mrs. Sanford, in a tone which she meant to be habitual, but which had a cadence of sadness in it.

Some way, he found it hard to look at her as he came out. She busied herself with placing the children at the table, in order to conceal her own emotion.

«I don't believe I 'll eat any meat this morning, Nellie. I ain't very well.»

She glanced at him quickly, keenly. «What's the matter?»

«I d' know. My stomach is kind of upset by this failure o' mine. I'm in great shape to go down to the bank this morning—and face them fellows—»

«It's got to be done.»

«I know it; but that don't help me any.» He tried to smile.

She mused, while the baby hammered on his tin plate.

«You've got to go down. If you don't—I will,» said she, resolutely. «And you must say that that money will be paid back—every cent.»

«But that's more 'n I can do—»

«It must be done.»

«But under the law—»

«There's nothing can make this thing right except paying every cent we owe. I ain't a-goin' to have it said that my children—that I'm livin' on somebody else. If you don't pay these debts, *I will*. I've thought it all out. If you don't stay and face it, and pay these men, I won't own you as my husband. I loved and trusted you, Jim—I thought you was honorable—it's been a terrible blow—but I've decided it all in my mind.»

She conquered her little weakness, and went on to the end firmly. Her face looked pale. There was a square look about the mouth and chin. The iron resolution and Puritanic strength of her father, old John Foreman, had come to the surface. Her look and tone mastered the man, for he loved her deeply.

She had set him a hard task, and when he rose and went down the street, he walked with bent head, quite unlike his usual self.

There were not many men on the street. It seemed earlier than it was, for it was a raw, cold morning, promising snow. The sun was completely masked in a seamless dust-gray cloud.

He met Vance with a brown parcel (beef-steak for breakfast) under his arm.

«Hello, Jim! How are ye, so early in the morning?»

«Blessed near used up.»

«That so? What's the matter?»

«I d' know,» said Jim, listlessly. «Bilious, I guess. Headache—stomach bad.»

«Oh! Well, now, you try them pills I was tellin' you of.»

Arrived at the bank, he let himself in, and locked the door behind him. He stood in the middle of the floor a few minutes, then went behind the railing and sat down. He did n't build a fire, though it was cold and damp, and he shivered as he sat leaning on the desk. At length he drew a large sheet of paper toward him, and wrote something on it in a heavy hand.

He was writing on this when Lincoln entered at the back, whistling boyishly. «Hello, Jim! Ain't you up early? No fire, eh?» He rattled at the stove.

Sanford said nothing, but finished his writing. Then he said quietly:

«You need n't build a fire on my account, Link.»

«Why not?»

«Well, I'm used up.»

«What's the matter?»

«I'm sick, and the business has gone to the devil.» He looked out of the window.

Link dropped the poker, and came around behind the counter, and stared at Sanford with fallen mouth.

«Wha' 'd you say?»

«I said the business had gone to the devil. We're broke—bu'sted—petered—gone up the spout.» He took a sort of morbid pleasure in saying these things.

«What's bu'sted us? Have—»

«I've been speculatin' in copper. My partner's bu'sted me.»

Link came closer. His mouth stiffened and an ominous look came into his eyes.

«You don't mean to say you've lost *my* money, and mother's, and Uncle Andrew's, and all the rest?»

Sanford was getting irritated. «— it! What's the use? I tell you, *yes!* It's all gone—every cent of it.»

Link caught him by the shoulder as he sat at the desk. Sanford's tone enraged him.

«You thief! But you'll pay *me* back, or I'll—»

«Oh, go ahead! Pound a sick man, if it'll do you any good,» said Sanford, with a peculiar recklessness of lifeless misery. «Pay y'rself out of the safe. Here's the combination.»

Lincoln released him, and began turning the knob of the door. At last it swung open, and he searched the money-drawers. Less than forty dollars, all told. His voice was

full of helpless rage as he turned at last, and walked up close to Sanford's bowed head.

«I'd like to pound the life out o' you!»

«You're at liberty to do so, if it'll be any satisfaction.»

This desperate courage awed the younger man. He gazed at Sanford in amazement.

«If you'll cool down and wait a little, Link, I'll tell you all about it. I'm sick as a horse. I guess I'll go home. You can put this up in the window, and go home, too, if you want to.»

Lincoln saw that Sanford was sick. He was shivering, and drops of sweat were on his white forehead. Lincoln stood aside silently, and let him go out.

«Better lock up, Link. You can't do anything by staying here.»

Lincoln took refuge in a boyish phrase that would have made any one but a sick man laugh:

«Well, this is a — of a note!»

He took up the paper. It read:

BANK CLOSED.

TO MY CREDITORS AND DEPOSITORS.

Through a combination of events I find myself obliged to temporarily suspend payment. I ask the depositors to be patient, and their claims will be met. I think I can pay twenty-five cents on the dollar, if given a little time. I shall not run away. I shall stay right here till all matters are honorably settled.

JAMES G. SANFORD.

Lincoln hastily pinned this paper to the window-sash so that it could be seen from without, then pulled down the blinds, and locked the door. His fun-loving nature rose superior to his rage for the moment. «There'll be the devil to pay in this burg before two hours.»

He slipped out the back way, taking the keys with him.

«I'll go and tell uncle, and then we'll see if Jim can't turn in the house on our account,» he thought, as he harnessed a team to drive out to McPhail's.

The first man to try the door was an old Norwegian in a spotted Mackinac jacket and a fur cap, with the inevitable little red tip-pet about his neck. He turned the knob, knocked, and at last saw the writing, which he could not read, and went away to tell Johnson that the bank was closed. Johnson thought nothing special of that: it was early, and they were n't very particular to open on time, anyway.

Then the barber across the street tried to get in to have a bill changed. Trying to

peer in the window, he saw the notice, which he read with a grin.

«One o' Link's jobs,» he explained to the fellows in the shop. «He's too darned lazy to open on time, so he puts up notice that the bank is bu'sted.»

«Let's go and see.»

«Don't do it! He's watchin' to see us all rush across and look. Just keep quiet, and see the solid citizens rear around.»

Old Orrin McIlvaine came out of the post-office and tried the door next, then stood for a long time reading the notice, and at last walked thoughtfully away. Soon he returned, to the merriment of the fellows in the barber shop, with two or three solid citizens who had been smoking an after-breakfast cigar and planning a deer-hunt. They stood before the window in a row, and read the notice. McIlvaine gesticulated with his cigar.

«Gentlemen, there's a pig loose here.»

«One o' Link's jokes, I reckon.»

«But that's Sanford's writin'. An' here it is nine o'clock, and no one round. I don't like the looks of it, myself.»

The crowd thickened; the fellows came out of the blacksmith shop, while the jokers in the barber shop smote their knees and yelled with merriment.

«What's up?» queried Vance, coming up, and repeating the universal question.

McIlvaine pointed at the poster with his cigar.

Vance read the notice, while the crowd waited silently.

«What ye think of it?» asked some one, impatiently. Vance smoked a moment.

«Can't say. Where's Jim?»

«That's it! Where is he?»

«Best way to find out is to send a boy up to the house.» He called a boy, and sent him scurrying up the street.

The crowd now grew sober and discussed possibilities.

«If that's true, it's the worst crack on the head I ever had,» said McIlvaine. «Seventeen hundred dollars is my pile in there.» He took a seat on the window-sill.

«Well, I'm tickled to death to think I got my little stake out before anything happened.»

«When you think of it—what security did he ever give?» McIlvaine continued.

«Not a cent—not a red cent.»

«No, sir; we simply banked on him. Now, he's a good fellow, an' this may be a joke o' Link's; but the fact is, it *might* 'a' happened. Well, sonny?» he said to the boy, who came running up.

«Link ain't to home, an' Mrs. Sanford she says Jim's sick, an' can't come down.»

There was a silence. «Anybody see him this morning?» asked Wilson.

«Yes; I saw him,» said Vance. «Looked bad, too.»

The crowd changed; people came and went, some to get news, some to carry it away. In a short time the whole town knew the bank had «bu't all to smash.» Farmers drove along, and stopped to find out what it all meant. The more they talked, the more excited they grew; and «Scoundrel,» and «I always had my doubts of that feller,» were phrases growing more frequent.

The list of the victims grew until it was evident that nearly all of the savings of a dozen or more depositors were swallowed up, and the sum reached was nearly twenty thousand dollars.

«What did he do with it?» was the question. He never gambled or drank. He lived frugally. There was no apparent cause for this failure of a trusted institution.

It was beginning to snow in great, damp, driving flakes, which melted as they fell, giving to the street a strangeness and gloom that were impressive. The men left the sidewalk at last, and gathered in the saloons and stores to continue the discussion.

The crowd at the railroad saloon was very decided in its belief. Sanford had pocketed the money and skipped. That yarn about his being at home sick was a blind. Some went so far as to say that it was almighty curious where Link was, hinting darkly that the bank ought to be broken into, and so on.

Upon this company burst Barney and Sam Mace from «Hogan's Corners.» They were excited by the news, and already inflamed with drink.

«Say!» yelled Barney; «any o' you fellers know anything about Jim Sanford?»

«No. Why? Got any money there?»

«Yes; and I'm goin' to git it out, if I haf to smash the door in.»

«That's the talk!» shouted some of the loafers. They sprang up and surrounded Barney. There was something in his voice that aroused all their latent ferocity.

«I'm goin' to get into that bank an' see how things look, an' then I'm goin' to find Sanford an' get my money, or pound — out of 'im, one o' the six.»

«Go find him first. He's up home, sick — so's his wife.»

«I'll see whether he's sick 'r not. I'll drag 'im out by the scruff o' the neck! Come on!» He ended with a sudden resolution,

leading the way out into the street, where the falling snow was softening the dirt into a sticky mud.

A rabble of a dozen or two of men and boys followed Mace up the street. He led the way with great strides, shouting his threats. As they passed along, women thrust their heads out at the windows, asking, «What's the matter?» And some one answered each time, in a voice of unconcealed delight:

«Sanford's stole all the money in the bank, and they're goin' up to lick 'im. Come on if ye want to see the fun.»

In a few moments the street looked as if an alarm of fire had been sounded. Half the town seemed to be out, and the other half coming—women in shawls, like squaws; children capering and laughing; young men grinning at the girls who came out and stood at the gates.

Some of the citizens tried to stop it. Vance found the constable looking on, and ordered him to do his duty and stop that crowd.

«I can't do anything,» he said helplessly. «They ain't done nawthin' yet, an' I don't know—»

«Oh, git out! They're goin' up there to whale Jim, an' you know it. If you don't stop 'em, I'll telephone f'r the sheriff, and have you arrested with 'em.»

Under this pressure, the constable ran along after the crowd, in an attempt to stop it. He reached them as they stood about the little porch of the house, packed closely around Barney and Sam, who said nothing, but followed Barney like his shadow. If the sun had been shining, it might not have happened as it did; but there was a semi-obscurity, a weird half-light shed by the thick sky and falling snow, which somehow encouraged the enraged ruffians, who pounded on the door just as the pleading voice of the constable was heard.

«Hold on, gentlemen! This is ag'in'st the law—»

«Law to ——!» said some one. «This is a case f'r something besides law.»

«Open up there!» roared the raucous voice of Barney Mace, as he pounded at the door fiercely.

The door opened, and the wife appeared, one child in her arms, the other at her side.

«What do you want?»

«Where's that banker? Tell the thief to come out here! We want to talk with him.»

The woman did not quail, but her face seemed a ghastly yellow, seen through the falling snow.

«He can't come. He's sick.»

«Sick! We'll sick 'im! Tell 'im t' come out, or we'll snake 'im out by the heels.» The crowd laughed. The worst elements of the saloons surrounded the two half-savage men. It was amusing to them to see the woman face them all in that way.

«Where's McPhail?» Vance inquired anxiously. «Somebody find McPhail.»

«Stand out o' the way!» snarled Barney, as he pushed the struggling woman aside.

The wife raised her voice to that wild, animal-like pitch a woman uses when desperate.

«I sha'n't do it, I tell you! *Help!*»

«Keep out o' my way, or I'll wring y'r neck f'r yeh.»

She struggled with him, but he pushed her aside, and entered the room.

«What's goin' on here?» called the ringing voice of Andrew McPhail, who had just driven up with Link.

Several of the crowd looked over their shoulders at McPhail.

«Hello, Mac, just in time. Oh, nawthin'. Barney's callin' on the banker, that's all.»

Over the heads of the crowd, packed struggling about the door, came the woman's scream again. McPhail dashed around the crowd, running two or three of them down, and entered the back door. Vance, McIlvaine, and Lincoln followed him.

«Cowards!» the wife said, as the ruffians approached the bed. They swept her aside, but paused an instant before the glance of the sick man's eye. He lay there, desperately, deathly sick. The blood throbbed in his whirling brain, his eyes were bloodshot and blinded, his strength was gone. He could hardly speak. He partly rose, and stretched out his hand, and then fell back.

«Kill me—if you want to—but let her—alone. She's—»

The children were crying. The wind whistled drearily across the room, carrying the evanescent flakes of soft snow over the heads of the pausing, listening crowd in the doorway. Quick steps were heard.

«Hold on there!» cried McPhail as he burst into the room. He seemed an angel of God to the wife and mother.

He spread his great arms in a gesture which suggested irresistible strength and resolution.

«Clear out! Out with ye!»

No man had ever seen him look like that before. He awed them with the look in his eyes. His long service as sheriff gave him authority. He hustled them, cuffed them

out of the door like school-boys. Barney backed out, cursing. He knew McPhail too well to refuse to obey.

McPhail pushed Barney out, shut the door behind him, and stood on the steps looking at the crowd.

«Well, you 're a great lot! You fellers, would ye jump on a sick man? What ye think ye 're all doin', anyhow?»

The crowd laughed. «Hey, Mac; give us a speech!»

«You ought to be booted, the whole lot o' yeh!» he replied.

«That houn' in there 's run the bank into the ground, with every cent o' money we 'd put in,» said Barney. «I s'pose ye know that.»

«Well, s'pose he has—what 's the use o' jumpin' on 'im?»

«Git it out of his hide.»

«I 've heerd that talk before. How much you got in?»

«Two hundred dollars.»

«Well, I 've got two thousand.» The crowd saw the point.

«I guess if anybody was goin' t' take it out of his hide, I 'd be the man; but I want the feller to live and have a chance to pay it back. Killin' 'im is a dead loss.»

«That'sso!» shouted somebody. «Macain't no fool, if he *does* chaw hay,» said another, and the crowd laughed. They were losing that frenzy, largely imitative and involuntary, which actuates a mob. There was something counteracting in the ex-sheriff's cool, humorous tone.

«Give us the rest of it, Mac!»

«The rest of it is—clear out o' here, 'r I 'll boot every mother's son of yeh!»

«Can't do it!»

«Come down an' try it!»

McIlvaine opened the door and looked out.

«Mac, Mrs. Sanford wants to say something—if it 's safe.»

«Safe as eatin' dinner.»

Mrs. Sanford came out, looking pale and almost like a child as she stood beside her defender's towering bulk. But her face was resolute.

«That money will be paid back,» she said, «dollar for dollar, if you 'll just give us a chance. As soon as Jim gets well enough every cent will be paid, if I live.»

The crowd received this little speech in silence. One or two said in low voices:

«That 's business. She 'll do it, too, if any one can.»

Barney pushed his way through the crowd with contemptuous curses. «The — she will!» he said.

«We 'll see 't you have a chance,» McPhail and McIlvaine assured Mrs. Sanford.

She went in and closed the door.

«Now *git!*» said Andrew, coming down the steps. The crowd scattered with laughing taunts. He turned, and entered the house. The rest drifted off down the street through the soft flurries of snow, and in a few moments the street assumed its usual appearance.

The failure of the bank and the raid on the banker had passed into history.

V.

IN the light of the days of calm afterthought which followed, this attempt upon the peace of the Sanford home grew more monstrous, and helped largely to mitigate the feeling against the banker. Besides, he had not run away; that was a strong point in his favor.

«Don't that show,» argued Vance in the post-office—«don't that *show* he didn't intend to steal? An' don't it show he 's goin' to try to make things square?»

«I guess we might as well think that as anything.»

«I claim the boys has a right t' take sumpthin' out o' his hide,» Bent Wilson stubbornly insisted.

«Ain't enough t' go round,» laughed McPhail. «Besides, I can't have it. Link an' I own the biggest share in 'im, an' we can't have him hurt.»

McIlvaine and Vance grinned. «That 's a fact, Mac. We four fellers are the main losers. He 's ours, an' we can't have him foundered 'r crippled 'r cut up in any way. Ain't that woman of his gritty?»

«Gritty ain't no name for her. She 's goin' into business.»

«So I hear. They say Jim was crawling around a little yesterday. I did n't see 'im.»

«I did. He looks pretty streak-id—now you bet.»

«Wha' 'd he say for himself?»

«Oh, said give 'im time—he 'd fix it all up.»

«How much time?»

«Time enough. Hain't been able to look at a book since. Say, ain't it a little curious he was so sick just then—sick as a p'isened dog?»

The two men looked at each other in a manner most comically significant. The thought of poison was in the mind of each.

It was under these trying circumstances that Sanford began to crawl about, a week or ten days after his sickness. It was really

the most terrible punishment for him. Before, everybody used to sing out, «Hello, Jim!» or «Mornin', banker,» or some other jovial, heart-warming salutation. Now, as he went down the street, the groups of men smoking on the sunny side of the stores ignored him, or looked at him with scornful eyes.

Nobody said, «Hello, Jim!»—not even McPhail or Vance. They nodded merely, and went on with their smoking. The children followed him and stared at him without compassion. They had heard him called a scoundrel and a thief too often at home to feel any pity for his pale face.

After his first trip down the street, bright with the December sunshine, he came home in a bitter, weak mood, smarting, aching with a poignant self-pity over the treatment he had received from his old cronies.

«It's all your fault,» he burst out to his wife. «If you'd only let me go away and look up another place, I would n't have to put up with all these sneers and insults.»

«What sneers and insults?» she asked, coming over to him.

«Why, nobody'll speak to me.»

«Won't Mr. McPhail and Mr. McIlvaine?»

«Yes; but not as they used to.»

«You can't blame 'em, Jim. You must go to work and win back their confidence.»

«I can't do that. Let's go away, Nell, and try again.»

Her mouth closed firmly. A hard look came into her eyes.

«You can go if you want to, Jim. I'm goin' to stay right here till we can leave honorably. We can't run away from this. It would follow us anywhere we went; and it would get worse the farther we went.»

He knew the unyielding quality of his wife's resolution, and from that moment he submitted to his fate. He loved his wife and children with a passionate love that made life, with them, among the citizens he had robbed, better than life anywhere else on earth; he had no power to leave them.

As soon as possible he went over his books, and found out that he owed, above all notes coming in, about eleven thousand dollars. This was a large sum to look forward to paying by anything he could do in the Siding, now that his credit was gone. Nobody would take him as a clerk, and there was nothing else to be done except manual labor, and he was not strong enough for that.

His wife, however, had a plan. She sent East to friends for a little money at once, and with a few hundred dollars opened a

little store in time for the holiday trade—wall-paper, notions, light dry-goods, toys, and millinery. She did her own housework and attended to her shop in a grim, uncomplaining fashion, that made Sanford feel like a criminal in her presence. He could n't propose to help her in the store, for he knew the people would refuse to trade with him, so he attended to the children and did little things about the house for the first few months of the winter.

His life for a time was abjectly pitiful. He did n't know what to do. He had lost his footing, and, worst of all, he felt that his wife no longer respected him. She loved and pitied him, but she no longer looked up to him. She went about her work and down to her store with a silent, resolute, uncommunicative air, utterly unlike her former sunny, domestic self, so that even she seemed alien like the rest. If he had been ill, Vance and McPhail would have attended him; as it was, they could not help him.

She already had the sympathy of the entire town, and McIlvaine had said: «If you need more money, you can have it, Mrs. Sanford. Call on us at any time.»

«Thank you. I don't think I'll need it. All I ask is your trade,» she replied. «I don't ask anybody to pay more 'n a thing's worth, either. I'm goin' to sell goods on business principles, and I expect folks to buy of me because I'm selling reliable goods as cheap as anybody else.»

Her business was successful from the start, but she did not allow herself to get too confident.

«This is a kind of charity trade. It won't last on that basis. Folks ain't goin' to buy of me because I'm poor—not very long,» she said to Vance, who went in to congratulate her on her booming trade during Christmas and New Year.

Vance called so often, advising or congratulating her, that the boys joked him. «Say, looky here! You're goin' to get into a peck o' trouble with your wife yet. You spend about half y'r time in the new store.»

Vance looked serene as he replied, «I'd stay longer and go oftener if I could.»

«Well, if you ain't cheekier 'n ol' cheek! I should think you'd be ashamed to say it.»

«'Shamed of it? I'm proud of it! As I tell my wife, if I'd 'a' met Mis' Sanford when we was both young, they would n't 'a' be'n no such *present* arrangement.»

The new life made its changes in Mrs. Sanford. She grew thinner and graver, but as she went on, and trade steadily increased,

a feeling of pride, a sort of exultation, came into her soul and shone from her steady eyes. It was glorious to feel that she was holding her own with men in the world, winning their respect, which is better than their flattery. She arose each day at five o'clock with a distinct pleasure, for her physical health was excellent, never better.

She began to dream. She could pay off five hundred dollars a year of the interest—perhaps she could pay some of the principal, if all went well. Perhaps in a year or two she could take a larger store, and, if Jim got something to do, in ten years they could pay it all off—every cent! She talked with business men, and read and studied, and felt each day a firmer hold on affairs.

Sanford got the agency of an insurance company or two, and earned a few dollars during the spring. In June things brightened up a little. The money for a note of a thousand dollars fell due—a note he had considered virtually worthless, but the debtor, having had a «streak o' luck,» sent seven hundred and fifty dollars. Sanford at once called a meeting of his creditors, and paid them, pro rata, a thousand dollars. The meeting took place in his wife's store, and in making the speech Sanford said:

«I tell you, gentlemen, if you 'll only give us a chance, we 'll clear this thing all up—that is, the principal. We can't—»

«Yes, we can, James. We can pay it all, principal and interest. We owe the interest just as much as the rest.» It was evident that there was to be no letting down while she lived.

The effect of this payment was marked. The general feeling was much more kindly than before. Most of the fellows dropped back into the habit of calling him Jim; but, after all, it was not like the greeting of old, when he was «banker.» Still the gain in confidence found a reflex in him. His shoulders, which had begun to droop a little, lifted, and his eyes brightened.

«We 'll win yet,» he began to say.

«She 's a-holdin' of 'im right to time,» Mrs. Bingham said.

It was shortly after this that he got the agency for a new cash-delivery system, and went on the road with it, traveling in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. He came back after a three weeks' trip, quite jubilant. «I 've made a hundred dollars, Nell. I 'm all right if this holds out, and I guess it will.»

In the following November, just a year after the failure, they celebrated the day, at

her suggestion, by paying interest on the unpaid sums they owed.

«I could pay a little more on the principal,» she explained; «but I guess it 'll be better to use it for my stock. I can pay better dividends next year.»

«Take y'r time, Mrs. Sanford,» Vance said.

Of course she could not escape criticism. There were the usual number of women who noticed that she kept her «young uns» in the latest style, when as a matter of fact she sat up nights to make their little things. They also noticed that she retained her house and her furniture.

«If I was in her place, seems to me, I 'd turn in some o' my fine furniture towards my debts,» Mrs. Sam Gilbert said spitefully.

She did not even escape calumny. Mrs. Sam Gilbert darkly hinted at certain «goin's on durin' his bein' away. Lit up till after mid-night some nights. I c'n see her winder from mine.»

Rose McPhail, one of Mrs. Sanford's most devoted friends, asked quietly, «Do you sit up all night t' see?»

«S'posin' I do!» she snapped. «I can't sleep with such things goin' on.»

«If it 'll do you any good, Jane, I 'll say that she 's settin' up there sewin' for the children. If you 'd keep your nose out o' other folks' affairs, and attend better to your own, your house would n't look like a pig-pen, an' your children like A-rabs.»

But in spite of a few annoyances of this character, Mrs. Sanford found her new life wholesomer and broader than her old life, and the pain of her loss grew less poignant.

VI.

ONE day in spring, in the lazy, odorous hush of the afternoon, the usual number of loafers were standing on the platform, waiting for the train. The sun was going down the slope toward the hills, through a warm April haze.

«Hello!» exclaimed the man who always sees things first. «Here comes Mrs. Sanford and the ducklings.»

Everybody looked.

«Ain't goin' off, is she?»

«Nope; guess not. Meet somebody, prob'ly Sanford.»

«Well, somethin' 's up. She don't often get out o' that store.»

«Le's see; he 's been gone most o' the winter, hain't he?»

«Yes; went away about New Year's.»

Mrs. Sanford came past, leading a child by

each hand, nodding and smiling to friends; for all seemed friends. She looked very resolute and businesslike in her plain dark dress, with a dull flame of color at the throat, while the broad hat she wore gave her face a touch of piquancy very charming. Evidently she was in excellent spirits, and laughed and chatted in quite a care-free way.

She was now an institution at the Siding. Her store had grown in proportions yearly, until it was as large and commodious as any in the town. The drummers for dry-goods all called there, and the fact that she did not sell any groceries at all did not deter the drummers for grocery houses from calling to see each time if she had n't decided to put in a stock of groceries.

These keen-eyed young fellows had spread her fame all up and down the road. She had captured them, not by beauty, but by her pluck, candor, honesty, and by a certain fearless but reserved camaraderie. She was not afraid of them, or of anybody else, now.

The train whistled, and everybody turned to watch it as it came pushing around the bluff like a huge hound on a trail, its nose close to the ground. Among the first to alight was Sanford, in a shining new silk hat and a new suit of clothes. He was smiling gaily as he fought his way through the crowd to his wife's side. «Hello!» he shouted. «I thought I'd see you all here.»

«W'y, Jim, ain't you cuttin' a swell?»

«A swell! Well, who's got a better right? A man wants to look as well as he can when he comes home to such a family.»

«Hello, Jim! That plug 'll never do.»

«Hello, Vance! Yes; but it's got to do. Say, you tell all the fellers that's got anything ag'inst me to come around to-morrow night to the store. I want to make some kind of a settlement.»

«All right, Jim. Goin' to pay a new dividend?»

«That's what I am,» he beamed, as he walked off with his wife, who was studying him sharply.

«Jim, what ails you?»

«Nothin'; I'm all right.»

«But this new suit? And the hat? And the necktie?»

He laughed merrily—so merrily, in fact, that his wife looked at him the more anxiously. He appeared to be in a queer state of intoxication—a state that made him happy without impairing his faculties, however. He turned suddenly, and put his lips down toward her ear. «Well, Nell, I can't hold in any longer. We've struck it!»

«Struck what?»

«Well, you see that derved fool partner o' mine got me to go into a lot o' land in the copper country. That's where all the trouble came. He got awfully let down. Well, he's had some surveyors to go up there lately and look it over, and the next thing we knew the Superior Mining Company came along, an' wanted to buy it. Of course we did n't want to sell just then.»

They had reached the store door, and he paused.

«We'll go right home to supper,» she said. «The girls will look out for things till I get back.»

They walked on together, the children laughing and playing ahead.

«Well, upshot of it is, I sold out my share to Osgood for twenty thousand dollars.»

She stopped, and stared at him. «Jim—Gordon Sanford!»

«Fact! I can prove it.» He patted his breast pocket mysteriously. «Ten thousand right there.»

«Gracious sakes alive! How dare you carry so much money?»

«I'm mighty glad o' the chance.» He grinned.

They walked on almost in silence, with only a word now and then. She seemed to be thinking deeply, and he did n't want to disturb her. It was a delicious spring hour. The snow was all gone, even under the hedges. The roads were warm and brown. The red sun was flooding the valley with a misty, rich-colored light, and against the orange and gold of the sky the hills stood in Tyrian purple. Wagons were rattling along the road. Men on the farms in the edge of the village could be heard whistling at their work. A discordant jangle of a neighboring farmer's supper-bell announced that it was time «to turn out.»

Sanford was almost as gay as a lover. He seemed to be on the point of regaining his old place in his wife's respect. Somehow the possession of the package of money in his pocket seemed to make him more worthy of her, to put him more on an equality with her.

As they reached the little one-story square cottage, he sat down on the porch, where the red light fell warmly, and romped with the children, while his wife went in and took off her things. She «kept a girl» now, so that the work of getting supper did not devolve entirely upon her. She came out soon to call them all to the supper-table in the little kitchen back of the sitting-room.

The children were wild with delight to have «poppa» back, and the meal was the

merriest they had had for a long time. The doors and windows were open, and the spring evening air came in, laden with the sweet, suggestive smell of bare ground. The alert chuckle of an occasional robin could be heard.

Mrs. Sanford looked up from her tea. «There's one thing I don't like, Jim, and that's the way that money comes. You did n't—you did n't really earn it.»

«Oh, don't worry yourself about that. That's the way things go. It's just luck.»

«Well, I can't see it just that way. It seems to me just—like gambling. You win, but—but somebody else must lose.»

«Oh, well, look a-here; if you go to lookin' too sharp into things like that, you'll find a good 'eal of any business like gamblin'.»

She said no more, but her face remained clouded. On the way down to the store they met Lincoln.

«Come down to the store, Link, and bring Joe. I want to talk with yeh.»

Lincoln stared, but said, «All right.» Then added, as the others walked away: «Well, that feller ain't got no cheek t' talk to me like that—more cheek 'n a gov'ment mule!»

Jim took a seat near the door, and watched his wife as she went about the store. She employed two clerks now, while she attended to the books and the cash. He thought how different she was, and he liked (and, in a way, feared) her cool, businesslike manner, her self-possession, and her smileless conversation with a drummer who came in. Jim was puzzled. He did n't quite understand the peculiar effect his wife's manner had upon him.

Outside word had passed around that Jim had got back, and that something was in the wind, and the fellows began to drop in. When McPhail came in and said, «Hello!» in his hearty way, Sanford went over to his wife and said:

«Say, Nell, I can't stand this. I'm goin' to get rid o' this money right off, *now!*»

«Very well; just as you please.»

«Gents,» he began, turning his back to the counter, and smiling blandly on them, one thumb in his vest pocket, «any o' you fellers got anything against the Lumber County Bank—any certificates of deposit, or notes?»

Two or three nodded, and McPhail said humorously, slapping his pocket, «I always go loaded.»

«Produce your paper, gents,» continued Sanford, with a dramatic whang of a leather wallet down into his palm. «I'm buying up all paper on the bank.»

It was a superbstroke. The fellows whistled and stared and swore at one another. This *was* coming down on them. Link was dumb with amazement as he received sixteen hundred and fifty dollars in crisp new bills.

«Andrew, it's your turn next.» Sanford's tone was actually patronizing as he faced McPhail.

«I was jokin'. I ain't got my certificate here.»

«Don't matter—don't matter. Here's fifteen hundred dollars. Just give us a receipt, and bring the certif. any time. I want to get rid o' this stuff right now.»

«Say, Jim, we'd like to know jest—jest where this windfall comes from,» said Vance, as he took his share.

«Comes from the copper country,» was all he ever said about it.

«I don't see where he invested,» Link said. «Was n't a scratch of a pen to show that he invested anything while he was in the bank. Guess that's where our money went.»

«Well, I ain't squealin',» said Vance. «I'm glad to get out of it without asking any questions. I'll tell yeh one thing, though,» he added, as they stood outside the door; «we'd 'a' never smelt of our money again, if it had n't 'a' been f'r that woman in there. She'd 'a' paid it alone if Jim had n't 'a' made this strike, whereas he never 'd 'a'—well, all right. We're out of it.»

It was one of the greatest moments of Sanford's life. He expanded in it. He was as pleasantly aware of the glances of his wife as he used to be when, as a clerk, he saw her pass and look in at the window where he sat dreaming over his ledger.

As for her, she was going over the whole situation from this new standpoint. He had been weak, he had fallen in her estimation, and yet, as he stood there, so boyish in his exultation, the father of her children, she loved him with a touch of maternal tenderness and hope, and her heart throbbed in an unconscious, swift determination to do him good. She no longer deceived herself. She was his equal—in some ways his superior. Her love had friendship in it, but less of sex, and no adoration.

As she blew out the lights, stepped out on the walk, and turned the key in the lock, he said, «Well, Nellie, you won't have to do that any more.»

«No; I won't *have* to, but I guess I'll keep on just the same, Jim.»

«Keep on? What for?»

«Well, I rather like it.»

"But you don't need to—"

"I like being my own boss," she said. "I've done a lot o' figuring, Jim, these last three years, and it's kind o' broadened me, I hope. I can't go back where I was. I'm a better woman than I was before, and I hope and believe that I'm better able to be a real mother to my children."

Jim looked up at the moon filling the warm, moist air with a transfiguring light that fell in a luminous mist on the distant hills. "I know one thing, Nellie; I'm a better man than I was before, and it's all owin' to you."

His voice trembled a little, and the sympathetic tears came into her eyes. She did n't speak at once—she could n't. At last she stopped him by a touch on the arm.

"Jim, I want a partner in my store. Let us begin again, right here. I can't say that I'll ever feel *just* as I did once—I don't know as it's right to. I looked up to you too much. I expected too much of you, too. Let's begin again, as equal partners." She held out her hand, as one man to another. He took it wonderingly.

"All right, Nell; I'll do it."

Then, as he put his arm around her, she held up her lips to be kissed. "And we'll be happy again—happy as we deserve, I s'pose," she said, with a smile and a sigh.

"It's almost like getting married again, Nell,—for me."

As they walked off up the sidewalk in the soft moonlight, their arms were interlocked.

They loitered like a couple of lovers.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Political Bearing of "Three Meals a Day."

WHEN one manifestation of a moral disease is cured, men sometimes think that the disease itself is rooted out, until another form of it unpleasantly shows itself. It is well to be optimistic enough to believe that the world is getting "better"; but it is well to be philosophic enough to understand that the evils and immoralities which were glaring in the past, even though for a time apparently cured, are likely to manifest themselves in the present and the future, though in different forms, and often in moderated intensity, until that good time coming, in this world or the next, when, the processes of evolution or of grace finally completed, "men shall to angels turn."

Not that there is not, on the whole, visible progress made on moral lines. Public opinion, which is the regulator of public morality as well as its barometer, does not permit certain things at the end of the nineteenth that it permitted in former centuries, though it occasionally permits public crimes as black as almost any in the old days. Christian sovereigns do not, as formerly, procure the assassination of their enemies, as Philip of Spain cheerfully instigated the murder of William of Orange. Political assassination by proxy is certainly not now considered respectable. But take another form of public crime—the practice of torturing criminals, as a preliminary to execution. That is no longer a legal practice; in fact, we see the law attempt, by new and scientific methods, to make less painful the fatal ordeal. And yet we have seen in America not only a recrudescence of lynch-law, but, along with illegal execution, the illegal reintroduction of the most horrible ante-mortem tortures.

To turn to public crimes of venality, the custom on the part of kings and statesmen of paying secretly, in cash, for political service rendered by citizens or foreigners is no longer the universal practice. This custom of statesmanship and diplomacy has greatly diminished among the highly civilized nations; though not so greatly, perhaps, in their dealings with communities of inferior civilization.

Again, the purchase of votes on the part of candidates has passed from the usual and the not altogether disreputable to the unusual and the disreputable. In England, bribery at elections, even in the most indirect way, is not only minutely forbidden, but the practice, if not extinguished, works by extremely remote methods. In America, while direct vote-buying continues, it is being reduced in quantity by law and by public opinion; and in both countries it is nowadays thoroughly disreputable and dishonoring.

And yet—and now we speak only of American conditions—any one who supposes that the moral disease at the back of the various forms of political bribery has nearly disappeared is in a state of fatuous unenlightenment. It is probable that downright, obvious corruption is less than at other periods in our history, and the progress of the merit system in displacing the spoils system is most salutary and encouraging.

But the natural and desirable conflict for the means of living, the necessity of "three meals a day," the pressure to obtain support for self and family, leads not only to the best and most ennobling uses of human energies, but tends also to a demand so universal and tremendous that, humanity being what it is, the supply is inevitably tainted in part with corruption. It is fortunate that the very constitution of the business world necessitates

at least a conventional honesty, or this infinity of pressure for support would more often lead to short cuts to obtain money for such needs. The effect of this pressure for support upon political conditions may be said to be at the bottom not only of many of the more notorious acts of political corruption, but it is at the bottom of the boss system itself.

Of course at the back of political corruption there are other passions besides the passion for the mere means of living. There is the desire not merely for the wherewithals of life, but for its more refined comforts, for its pleasures, for its distinctions; there is the «love of the game,» there is social ambition, and the love of power. The senator who virtually buys his place, either with money or with some form of patronage, is corrupt for another reason than the need of winning a decent maintenance for his family; but the money he has let loose in his State, and the federal, State, or other offices he distributes among the little army of his retainers, furnish simply a supply to the demand of their necessities. The men who, as political strikers and heelers, obtain a livelihood in politics take part in a system of corruption that, if unchecked, would eat the life out of the republic. But they have not enough imagination to realize this. They are, as a fact, often in many ways good citizens, frequently live a life largely dominated by religious emotions, and would die for their country in any foreign war, though they themselves constitute a public enemy more dangerous to the nation than any armed foe that ships can land on our shores.

The fact that, in one way or another, a considerable part of our population has set its mind upon getting all or part of its living out of the national, State, or civic government is a reason for a good part of the political immoralities of the day. In our largest American city we find just now thoroughly triumphant the principle of using the government for the direct support of the retainers of a political organization, and the indirect enrichment of certain of its leaders. The object-lesson is the more effective, in this case, because the organization happens to be a secret one, and the benefits of its success at the polls are restricted to those who are personally obsequious to a single leader. Though not in office himself, he rules the city absolutely, through the agents named by him for the various offices. The civil-service reform and other laws furnish an obstacle to the working out of the boss's plan; but ways are sought in many instances of overcoming or minimizing these obstructions. The political machine perfunctorily opposing the boss is given some of the places for its retainers, under a convenient arrangement known as the bi-partizan system of commissions. In one American community the understanding as to the distribution of offices is said to have been so amicably established that the «opposing» bosses agreed that the booty in dispute should be simply a fifth of all—in other words, that the «outs» should never have less than two fifths of the offices, the campaigns, with their «necessary expenses» and heavy contributions from the men of wealth devoted to the «good old parties,» of course going merrily on as before!

Political organizations, or machines, have become in America virtual labor bureaus. It is this that gives them much of their power, and it is partly for this rea-

son that they are the source of so much corruption. The rank and file of their active membership is made up largely of office-holders, office-seekers, and of men who expect to profit financially in some other way from connection with them. People interested in politics as such, rather than as a means of livelihood, sometimes wonder at the intensity of interest in «ward politics» on the part of factions of the large organizations. They wonder that men who care apparently nothing for political principles get so hot over the choice of petty leaders, for instance, as to «pay with their persons» to the extent of «cleaning out» halls by bodily pressure. But, bless you! that is nothing to the domestic pressure upon these gentlemen of commanding an income to obtain their three meals a day, with «extras»!

The men who run politics in the petty districts, as a rule, get a living out of it, directly or indirectly; and the larger leaders know full well that their dominance depends upon their ability to provide support in one way or another—either by cash in hand, by public office, by patronage obtained from subservient corporations, by opportunities through public contracts, or otherwise.

One reason for the demagogic attitude and the political timidity of certain politicians holding representative positions is the fact that if they should lose their seats they would be totally unable to obtain an equal income, either on account of the condition of business in their districts, or because of their own lack of business ability. Political defeat for these statesmen frequently threatens a lack of the means to obtain «three meals a day» for themselves and for those near and dear to them.

Now, when a man's living is imperiled he is not in a condition to take a disinterested view of any public question. We know how capitalists sometimes lose a sense of ethical values when their private interests are to be politically affected; we have seen the business men of a great State allow their State to be represented in Congress by «decadents,» because if the moral issue were pressed they might be in danger of losing some financial advantage in the adjustment, for instance, of tariff schedules. How, then, can we be surprised when we see ward politicians cling to corrupt and discredited bosses, and corrupt and discredited machines, when to do otherwise would mean for them the cutting off of the hope of emolument from the only source to which they are accustomed to look for a subsistence?

The «machine» is naturally, in these circumstances, supported with blind and unreasoning obedience, especially when there is mingled with interested loyalty to it a certain amount of disinterested loyalty to the party for which it is supposed to stand. It is seldom that in conventions, or in any public utterance, the real bread-and-butter reason is given for the ordinary professional leader's or retainer's loyalty to the machine. Except when off guard, he uses language which belongs to patriotism, and he tries to excite in others the sentiment of patriotic party loyalty; but the loyalty with which he deals constantly leads to an actual reversal of the moral law.

Let us refer again to the assassination of the Prince of Orange, in pursuance of the ban of the Spanish king—this time in order to illustrate the reversal of the moralities in public affairs. After several attempts by various creatures, it will be remembered, instigated by

the announced desire of the king, the dreadful deed was accomplished, to the everlasting shame of humanity. Thereupon the Prince of Parma congratulated Philip that so pernicious a man as the great and good William the Silent, one who had caused so much ill to Christianity, to the service of God, and to the king, had received the punishment worthy of his crimes! The relatives of the «sainted assassin» were promptly looked up and ennobled.¹ So, in the service of the machine which furnishes bread and butter,—and furnishes, too, those high offices which constitute an American substitute for «nobility»,—moral delinquency is regarded as a matter for reward; and good deeds, manly independence, conscientious and public-spirited action, are subjects for denunciation and political punishment.

Take the situation in the city of New York. Accord and connivance with the machine now dominant in our city government put a man under moral suspicion in the community; yet under the government of that machine interested and unmanly subserviency is, of course, rewarded as a virtue. On the other hand, interested and unmanly subserviency to the State machine of the opposite party is likewise rewarded; and any member of the legislature who simply acts as the moralists say all men should act,—that is, with honor, conscience, and independence,—every such man is marked for revenge.

That Tammany Hall should be proud to consider itself a labor bureau is natural; but its leaders are not intelligent enough to see that the strong appeal they thus make to their immediate constituents must more and more discredit them with the disinterested portion of the community. It has been amusing to note, for instance, the perfunctory fury of Tammany politicians at the importation of a few teachers for a higher grade of instruction by the Board of Education. That the interests of the children should be considered in making appointments was apparently never even suggested to the minds of the leaders; the positions to be filled were simply so many plums which should in no circumstances be permitted to fall into the mouths of outsiders. What an unconscious revelation to all intelligent voters is such a barbarous view as this of the scope and intention of the system of public instruction!

It can easily be seen that the political labor bureaus constantly tend to the lowering of their own moral standard and that of the community. If they give their energies to getting governmental employment and opportunities, and try to drive out all men of honor and sensitive conscience, they will, of course, progress downward morally instead of upward; and that is the actual tendency of the party machines as we now see them.

There are, as we have intimated, other sources of political corruption besides those connected with the search for three meals a day. That spirit of commercialism which Mr. John Jay Chapman speaks of in the «Atlantic Monthly» as having captured government in America, is responsible for a good deal of political demoralization; in fact, the struggle for daily bread in the field of government, on which we have commented, may be a mere incident of the general commercial spirit—a manifestation of the same perverted view of the functions and uses of government.

The only deep and permanent cure for the evil of which we write is a general increase of virtue and intelligence on the part of the people; but among the immediate practical alleviations that have been suggested are these: first, frank, direct cash payment for political services for campaign and other «organization» work, instead of reward by means of public office; thus (second) letting the offices more and more widely be filled on the merit instead of the spoils system; and (third) the interjection into politics of greater numbers of citizens who take up political duties in a disinterested spirit—of men who fit themselves, with patriotic intention, not only for practical political work, but as experts in government methods and practices—men who can turn in and do good service in campaigns as speakers or workers, and who, between elections, help to form a body of expert critics that will keep public officials up to the mark, and give tone to that public opinion which is the supreme power in every community; one way of securing this new infusion of citizenship being (fourth) the reformation of the primaries, and (fifth) a free use of the right and power of independent nomination.

The Uses of a Literary Center.

THE late Laureate's description of the typical poet as

Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,

will apply also to a practitioner of prose when he is dealing with the obstructive persons and things of his own profession.

A case in point is that of the gentleman who recently gave expression, through the «Evening Post», to his disappointment with New York as a field for literary employment. That journal had commented discreetly on a Western indorsement of New York city as the literary center of the United States. As a contribution to the discussion, the gentleman undertook to show that such pretensions cut a figure of no great distinction, as reflected in his own unhappy experiences.

His letter, to be sure, savored of a well-equipped mind, trained in the usual forms of literary expression. It testified to recognition as a writer in another part of the world. And yet, when he placed himself in the whirl of the literary center of the United States, his centripetal efforts were overcome by a centrifugal force which swept him forth to the verge of starvation.

No delver in the same field, who is more fortunate than he, but will sympathize with him in his disappointment and distress, as well as honor him for the manly way in which he turned to a less inviting resource. There is a gentle satire on the literary center intended in his explanation that the needed relief came, not from utilizing his several acquired languages and other accomplishments in the intellectual exchange of the metropolis, but by employing them, and the languages in particular, in a successful effort to vend soap.

It may be feared that the gentleman's allusion to his languages indicates a dependence on them in the way of literary recommendation, or as «trimmings» to the vernacular. Such versatility may be brought to the front boldly in urging soap on the polyglot population of a literary center. But the highly educated man who is trying to storm the literary defenses would do well

¹ «William the Silent, Prince of Orange,» by Ruth Putnam.

to keep his linguistic reserves in the background, lest they should aggravate the natural tendency of the holders of the citadel to repel scalars. English is the Excalibur of the literary center of the United States, and of him who can wield it effectively no questions will be asked, either as to how he acquired the knack, or as to his other languages. This fact does not imply a disrespect for scholarship, but indicates, rather, an overmastering interest in the vital necessities of the situation.

By his comparison of the smaller towns of the country with the literary center, to the disadvantage of the latter, as regards the ease with which the literary aspirant may obtain in them recognition for his abilities, the gentleman apprehended a great truth, but stated only part of it. The more notable part relates to the fact that in the matter of literature proper it is just as easy to gain attention in the literary center by remaining in the remotest hamlet as by fetching manuscript in person to the great mart. Inexperienced writers sometimes adopt the latter course, with the expectation that a spell may be worked by personal blandishments, or that editors and publishers will supply them with full specifications for articles and stories which, for that reason, must inevitably prove to be «available.» Manuscripts are indeed «ordered» in a literary center, but on the same business principles that prevail when a stovepipe of peculiar shape is sought from a tinsmith: the first care is to apply to an artisan who has learned his trade.

When the gentleman further shows that he cherishes the old illusions with regard to the uses of a literary center, it is easy to understand why he should have failed in the competition. An intelligent person who, after scraping acquaintance with the literary markets of New York, deliberately concludes that they are run by rings, on lines of favoritism, and that the avenues of inquiry and experimentation are difficult to a stranger, has a facet in his mind through which

neither the facts of experience nor the products of the imagination will appear in quite the proper perspective. There is no market for the literary products of a warped judgment, especially in a literary center, which is, first of all, an emporium run on a strictly commercial basis.

It is the commercial aspect which renders such a thing as a «literary ring» a practical impossibility, unless we assume that the highest attainable talent might, by accident, be found in a «ring»; but the term is always used to imply that inferior talent is being sustained at the expense of genius. No literary enterprise could long survive such a policy, except it were used as a vehicle for exploiting vanity and unlimited money. In the fair field and no favor of a literary center the stranger with a brilliant manuscript arouses more joy than ninety and nine well-known writers with productions of average excellence. Scarcely a periodical comes from the presses of the metropolis that does not contain names unknown to the reading public. The publisher who should fail to provide easy access to his editorial and counting rooms for such as they, would be as foolish commercially as the owner of a water-supply who should take the trouble to divert the rivulets of his watershed away from his reservoir. In no field of human effort is the competition so free and democratic as in the literary center of the United States. Superior talent, practically applied, will have little trouble in making room for itself; but at the bottom, where the minor work is done, as in every other profession, even the waiting-lists are overcrowded. And as for the courtesy of the anterooms, while the editors of some newspapers find it absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of their work, if not to their physical welfare, to be difficult of access, it may be doubted if in any other profession the inquiring friend and stranger has so much time and attention lavished upon him as in the editorial rooms of New York; for courtesy, as an aid to the search for the casual gem, is also one of the uses of a literary center.

OPEN LETTERS

Fights between Ironclads.

I AM asked to give a chronological list of the engagements that have taken place between ironclads, and to assign to the fight of the *Huascar* and the Chilean vessels, described in the present number of *THE CENTURY*, its significance in the record of naval warfare of this sort. Following is a list of the engagements. Of course it is not a complete list, for ironclads have taken part in various battles where the part they played was insignificant.

Iron-clad floating batteries were used in the Crimean war; but they were simply water forts which were used against land forts. The beginning of modern ocean war-

fare—that is, of ocean warfare in which steam and armor, the ram, the torpedo, and the high-power gun are the prime factors—dates from our civil war. The first and the most important of all engagements between modern vessels was the epoch-making fight of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, in March, 1862. Ironclads took part in many other actions in the civil war, notably off Charleston and Fort Fisher. The *Atlanta* and the *Albemarle* were Confederate iron-clad rams of note. The former was taken in an engagement with two monitors. The latter was sunk by Cushing's torpedo-boat. At Mobile Bay monitors took part in the attack on the iron-clad ram *Tennessee*.

Next in importance to the fight between the *Merri-*

mac and the *Monitor* comes Tegetthoff's great victory off Lissa, where, for the first time, squadrons of ironclads fought each other, the Austrians using the ram with effect against their Italian foes. This was in 1866, and for the next thirteen years ironclads did very little. Then, in 1879, took place the famous fight of the *Huascar*, so well described in the present number of THE CENTURY. In 1882 there followed the English bombardment of Alexandria. In 1891, during the Chilean civil war, there occurred some very instructive actions between torpedo-boats and ironclads. A couple of years later there was a somewhat similar, but rather burlesque, civil war in Brazil; and in 1894 and 1895 occurred the fighting between the Japanese and Chinese—the most considerable fighting of the kind that had taken place since that off Lissa.

The fight in which the *Huascar* was conquered may properly be called a famous sea-fight. The *Huascar* was built in 1865, less than five years after the first ironclads that ever fought—the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*—were built, and from twenty-five to thirty years before the great battle-ships which alone are now habitually called «modern» by experts, were constructed. She was built before some of the ships engaged in Tegetthoff's sea-fight off Lissa in 1866, and she was less formidable and less modern than they were. Her two chief opponents, the Chilean ironclads, were built in 1874. They were diminutive vessels, judged by the modern standards, and were probably inferior to such an ironclad as the *New Ironsides*, which served in the United States navy during the last year of the civil war, and fought at Fort Fisher. Compared with the *Merrimac* (although not with the *New Ironsides*), the *Huascar* might be called «modern»; but compared with the *Iowa*, she is very antiquated indeed. The gap between the first ironclads and the *Huascar* was much less than the gap between her and the giant battle-ships which form the fighting-line in the navies of to-day. She had a career so dramatic that it will always be kept in mind by men who prize instances of naval heroism such as was shown both by her Peruvian commander and her Chilean foes; but this is its chief interest. Her fights have an importance, just as all fights between ironclads have an importance, for the student of the newly formed and partly tried armored fleets of to-day; but it is only as the engagements during the later civil war in Chile, and the war between China and Japan, and the bombardment of Alexandria, possess an importance. All of these fights, by the way, including those in which the *Huascar* took part, are described at length in Mr. Wilson's admirable book on «Ironclads in Action»; and excellent reports concerning the *Huascar's* fights, and concerning the British bombardment of Alexandria, respectively, have been published by Lieutenant Mason and Captain Goodrich of the United States navy.

None of these fights was in any way as important as the fights in which ironclads took part during the American civil war, or as the sea-fight between the Austrians and Italians off Lissa. The encounter between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, both genuine ironclads, marked a revolution in naval warfare as complete as the revolution which separated the era of row-galleys and hand-to-hand fighting from the era of sailing-ships which relied mainly on their artillery. Of less importance,

but still of great importance, was the fight off Lissa, inasmuch as it was the first in which squadrons of ironclads took part against each other, and the weaker fleet won, Tegetthoff with his own flag-ship, an ironclad, sinking one of the heaviest Italian ironclads.

The *Huascar*, like all the early armored ships, was clad in iron; but modern armored vessels are sheathed in steel. Sometimes the armor is backed with wood, whether fire-proof or not; sometimes it is not backed.

As yet the great modern navies are in the experimental stage, just as the sailing navies of the seventeenth century were in the experimental stage. When De Ruyter and Tromp fought Blake and Monk, the fleets on both sides consisted of all kinds of vessels, all of which took part in the *mêlée*. Custom had not crystallized the distinction between line-of-battle ships and frigates; indeed, there were no hard-and-fast lines between the different classes of ships. Nowadays, also, it is difficult to draw exact lines of demarcation among the multitudinous classes of ships; for every great nation has experimented with exceptional types of craft, and every great nation is apt to build along its own particular lines, even in the ship classes which are common to nearly all nations. Certain clearly recognized types, however, have appeared. All ships the vitals of which are defended by armor are called armored ships. But this definition has only a rough value; for if the armor is very light, it serves no purpose whatever against moderately powerful modern guns. A protected ship is one which has inside the outer works a steel deck covering its vital parts, but which has no outside armor. Virtually all modern vessels of any size are either armored or protected.

The heavy armored ship, the analogue of the old-style ship of the line, is called a battle-ship. Vessels of this class are usually from eight to fifteen thousand tons in size. They are very heavily armored, and carry huge guns of from ten to sixteen inches' caliber in their main batteries, while they have secondary batteries of numerous smaller guns, usually rapid-fire, of varying caliber. The armored cruiser represents another type, smaller than the battle-ship, with lighter armor and a lighter main battery, although her secondary battery may be even more formidable. The protected cruiser is usually much smaller, although in exceptional instances vessels of this type, like the English cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible*, are as large as the largest battle-ships. These vessels usually have some armor in the shape of turrets, barbettes, sponsons, or gun-shields. A commerce-destroyer is simply a large cruiser of great speed and coal endurance, but comparatively light armament, built primarily to run away rather than to fight, the purpose being to make war on an enemy's commerce, and to run from his battle-ships and fighting cruisers. The battle-ship is the mainstay of the navy; it is the ship which must gain control of the seas by helping to destroy the adversary's fleet; it is the only ship which can be put against his powerful ships or powerful fortresses. The heavy cruiser is handier and more seaworthy. It may fight in the line, but is more apt to be used against ships of its own class. Its cheapness and mobility, as compared with the battle-ship, are supposed to make amends for its inferiority in fighting power.

As said before, all these types of vessels grade into

one another. What are called second-class battle-ships in one navy may be called armored cruisers in another. Thus, in Mr. Laird Clowes's admirable little «Naval Pocket Book» we find all but one of the modern Spanish armor-clads classed as armored cruisers; yet they are really heavier vessels, both as regards tonnage, armor, and armament, than are the *Texas* and the *Maine*,¹ which we call second-class battle-ships, although Mr. Clowes counts the *Maine* also as a cruiser. Among the new ships building for the German navy there seems to be literally no difference between the battle-ships and the armored cruisers, so called, except that the latter are a little smaller, their armor a little thinner, and their guns somewhat fewer.

Theodore Roosevelt.

Translations from Bacchylides.

THE poems of Bacchylides, so unexpectedly restored, come to us at a suggestive time when, reviewing Tennyson's life-work, we celebrate the golden wedding of lofty thought and perfect art. It was long since pointed out that Bacchylides does not soar, like Pindar; he is not freighted with rugged intellect, like Browning; but his thought is noble, and his art has won instant recognition for its Sophoclean grace.

One of the new poems (No. XIX) is ostensibly a laudation of Athens. The first few lines are in reality the poet's own self-appraisal. Dante knew in advance his own fame, nor was he unmindful of «the beautiful style that hath done honor to me.» So Bacchylides, commissioned, like Keats, to partake of and to swell the

«Endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink,»

proudly speaks of the poet's «manifold path» of song, paved with lofty thought, and bordered with the flowers of the Graces.

«Pathway of song never-ending,
Divinely its melodies blending,
Ever its dower fresh sending—
This is the path his feet may go
On whom the Muses their gifts bestow.

«Then, too, by the Graces deified—
The Graces, wreath-winning and violet-eyed,
In all fair tasks with the Nine allied—
May he with honor encircle his lays,
And win from the Graces the wreath and praise.

«Brooding thought of the Cean isle,
Poet's care men praised erstwhile,
Weave me now a web of song
Resplendent, fit for Athens strong,
Where love and loveliness belong.

«High is the path that thou must tread;
Beauty to thy words must wed;
Preëminent is this gift to thee
Apportioned by Calliope.»

This claim to many-sidedness can be made good for Bacchylides from the old fragments and the new poems. In addition to noble ethical sentiments, we find the most

vivid dramatic narration. Besides the praises of the athlete, not discordant with the plastic art of a Myron, there is pathos well-nigh equal to that of Simonides. Thus, out of unknown lips breaks a lament for a child, a fragment of two lines, in a meter that may be reproduced in English:

«Ah, woe for our child, for our child!
Baffling outcry, grief has appeared to us; speechlessness
be its mate.»

Of games and athletes he has much to say—the winning race-horse of many contests, the Olympic victor, even the young girl in the favorite game of cottabus: «As often as with bended arm, while the young beaux look on, she flings the wine, her white forearm outstretching.»

No less honor accrued to the Greek athlete's home than nowadays encircles as with a halo some musty judge or lawyer, happy father of a brilliant quarterback. Bacchylides, indeed, never tires of praising Ceos, his island home, one of those bright stepping-stones between Asiatic and European Hellas.

The following short poem is a serenade sung by the Cean folk before the doorway of Lachon, victor in the foot-race, on his return from Olympia:

«Our Lachon's lot from Zeus most high
Is glorious fame for foot-race, run
Near where Alpheus floweth by.

And there, ere this, with hair wreath-bound,
Olympic youths sang songs around,
How Ceos, with her vineyards crowned,
The boxing and the foot-race won.

«Thee, now, song-queen Urania's hymn
Ennobles, O thou wind-fleet one,
Of Aristomenes the son,
Thy praise as victor homeward bringing,
And here before thy lintel singing
How thou, thy way through stade-race winging,
Won praise for thy Ceos that time cannot dim.»

Among the old fragments is one Alcæus-like in tone. Unlike the more complicated meters of the new poems, its meter may be fairly approximated in English. Over his wine a man builds castles in the air, and rises from one fancy to another—first love, then success in battle, then a kingly sovereignty, the Greek tyranny, in a gleaming palace whither converge, as over beaten highways, many vessels dipping to their gunwales under the wealth of their lading.

The fragment begins abruptly in the middle of the stanza:

« . . . a charm imperious
Leaps from the cups, and with Aphrodite fires his
Bosom: hope goes pulsing through and through the
breast,

«Commingle with gifts of the wine-god Dionysus,
Raising the fancies to high and higher achievement.
Now he is sacking some city's walls embattled;
Now in thought he's lord alone o'er peoples all;

«Now palaces shimmer with iv'ry light and golden;
Laden with wheat, o'er the glittering waters glide now
Ships that are bringing from Nile-land vast enrichment.
Drinking ever, thus and thus his heart doth muse.»

Francis G. Allinson.

¹ This article was written a few days before the recent catastrophe to the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana.—EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

"Condensed Poems."

"CONDENSED POEMS" is the title of the latest volume from the pen of Miss Ruyter Little More. In it she has made, in some of her verses at least, so decided an advance in technic that, were we as surly as some critics, we should hint that she had either been helped by another, or had been attending some night-school of verse.

The idea of the work is distinctly original. It is—but let us quote from her preface:

TO MY FRIENDLY FRIENDS.

In this workaday world of ours, in which many of us pass our lives, a thorough familiarity with the best in poetical literature is not possible. It has occurred to me that if I played the part of a honey-bee, and flew from poem to poem of the world's favorites, extracting the honey, and then worked it over into a more condensed shape, my readers could store it away in the cells of their brains,—to use a witty simile which has just come to me,—and not be at the necessity of reading the originals.

I have endeavored as much as possible to bring the poems up to date, and thus give them a longer lease of life; and in not a few of them I have more clearly revealed the meaning, sometimes so obscure. This is notably the case in Mr. Longfellow's "Excelsior." It may not have meant what it does to-day when he wrote it; they may have used straw to pack things then: but now it has come to mean "packing," and why not make the fact plain?

My fame has gone abroad through the land, and, to put it quaintly, I hope that this little book will bring it back.

I will conclude with a verse (all mine own):

Go, little booklet, worm thy way
Like woodchuck, mole, or rabbit,
Till every heart shall feel thy sway,
And you all homes inhabit.

R. L. M.

The poets that she has subjected to the condensing process number among them Milton, Shakspeare, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Burns, Byron, Browning, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Whitman, and others less well known.

To boil down "Paradise Lost" to the dimensions of a quatrain is an achievement. We shall not quote it, as it might keep some one from reading the original.

She has done some of her best work in her paraphrases of Longfellow and Tennyson.

Our space will not allow us to quote more than two or three at present, although we may give the book another notice. This version of "Excelsior" has merits that scream for recognition:

EXCELSIOR.

FAST fell the shades of night.
The Alps were very high.

A youth with banner bright
Went shouting sadly by.
He longed to go inside
The homes along the road,
But still, upheld by pride,
Along he strode.
The banner that he bore,
It read "Excelsior."

A drummer for the stuff
In which we china pack,
The youth he was. Enough.
He walked and walked until, alack!
A hound-dog found him where
He'd fallen in the snow.
His body still was there;
His soul had had to go.
And when they wondered what he came
there for,
The banner showed: "To sell (Excelsior.)"

Although this poem is only half as long as Longfellow's, yet much of his thought is left intact. It is not as musical, it seems to us, as is the verse of the Cambridge poet; but a busy man will not stop to think of that, and the utilitarian purpose in the youth's visit to Switzerland which Miss More has discovered would surely please Longfellow himself.

It is a pleasure to see "We Are Seven" packed into a triolet. Here it is:

"WE ARE SEVEN."

She said, "Sir, we are seven"—
A cottage girl I met;
"The rest, they stop in heaven."
She said, "Sir, we are seven;
And I am 'most eleven,
And I am mama's pet."
She said, "Sir, we are seven"—
A cottage girl I met.

Miss More's interpretation of the philosophy in Gray's "Elegy" is original, like everything that comes from her pen. She has written the "Elegy" in the form of irregular blank verse interspersed with "lyrics." We have not room for the whole poem, but must content ourselves with one song from it—"Full Many a Gem":

FULL many a gem that's A No. 1,
Fit for a diadem flashed i' the sun,
Lies in the sea.
There let it be!

And many a flower, pretty and neat,
After a shower smelling so sweet,
Never is seen
By a human being.

This is delicious.

In the following version of "Abou Ben Adhem" I have tried to bring out its humor more strongly than Leigh Hunt was able to.—R. L. M.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ONE night
 Abou Ben Adhem
 Saw a sight—
 An angel bright.
 He thought he had 'em.
 He 'd been asleep,
 But up he woke,
 And to the angel
 Thus he spoke:
 «You seem to be writing.
 What 's it about?»
 The angel answered
 Quite low, no shout:
 «Of those who love the Lord I write the names.»
 «And am I there?» he asked, and felt ashamed;
 For the angel said, «No,
 And turned round to go.
 But Adams said:
 «Hold on a minute!
 I want to be in it.
 When you 're writing again,
 Say I love my fellow-men.»
 Adams, or Adhem, was accustomed to be obeyed;
 And when the angel came next night he said:
 «I think you 'll find I 've (got you on the list.)»
 And, lo! Benjamin Adams' name led all the rest!

We are constrained to say that humor is not Miss More's best hold.

It speaks much for her powers of condensation that she has been able to squeeze «Curfew Must Not Ring To-night» into the limits of four six-line stanzas, and yet spill little juice. The original poem contained ten stanzas.

We do Miss More the honor of printing her version in full. It must be confessed that she does better work in the condensing business than in the rhyming line, although «prison» and «his 'n» remind one of «The Flight of the Duchess.» It is worthy of note, by the way, that, with the exception of «Caliban Upon Setebos,» which Miss More has boiled down into ballad form (eight verses), she has left Browning severely alone. This is a pity. What hidden beauties might she not have brought to light if she had put him in her press!

But to the curfew.

«CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.»

DAYLIGHT was nearing its close,
 Over in England one day.
 The sexton his curfew to ring
 Was wearily wending his way;
 And Bessie (far from being a fright)
 Said: «Curfew must not ring to-night.»

«Beyond those gloomy walls,
 In that old prison,
 My lover lies, and at curfew
 Death will be his 'n.
 He fought on the wrong side in the fight—
 Curfew must not ring to-night.»

The sexton he said to sweet Bess:
 «My dear, it 's a lifelong habit
 At sunset to go to the bell-rope
 And as soon as I see it to grab it.
 Your lover has got in a place that is tight,
 But curfew has got to ring to-night.»

«I can't break a habit at once.»
 Sweet Bessie said never a word.

She left the old man's side,
 And off to the belfry she hurried.
 You can guess the rest—it 's as people recite;
 Anyhow, curfew did n't ring that night!

There is a Kipling-like rush in her version of «The Charge of the Light Brigade.»

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

THE six hundred rode out to the valley of death,
 And fast went their chargers, and short was their breath.
 At a blunder
 They wonder,
 But ride on like thunder;
 And, as the poet saith,
 «Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.»

Into the cannon
 Rode Captain Shannon
 And Patrick Gannon,
 And five ninety-eight brave souls beside 'em;
 But when they rode back,
 Alas and alack!
 Honor was theirs; but, woe betide 'em,
 Many were dead.
 As the poet said,
 «Came . . . back . . . all that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.»

Ne'er will their glory fade,
 Ne'er will the story vanish,
 Till from school-books they banish
 «The Charge of the Light Brigade.»

It seems to us that Miss More's prefatory notes are very ingenuous. This one is especially naïve:

The rhythm of «The Old Clock on the Stairs» has somehow never satisfied me. The other day I was reading a sacred but very curious poem by W. S. Gilbert, called «The Bishop of Rumtifo», and it struck me that here was the proper meter for Longfellow's poem; and I have said in four stanzas what it took him nine to say. I have changed the refrain of «Forever—never, never—forever» to «Tick-tock,» because that is more like what a clock says, and poetry should aim to be like life. I always try to make it so.—R. L. M.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

A SHORT way away from the village street
 A colonial structure rises, neat.
 It is the old family country-seat,
 And solid as a rock.
 The trees they spread their budding leaves,
 And fling strange old shadows upon the eaves,
 Just like a lot of broken sieves,
 And the clock says «Tick-tock.»

Just half-way up the stairs it 's placed.
 Its hands are always on the race;
 They chase each other round its face—
 The face of the eight-day clock.
 And all day long, like a big fat monk
 Whose hands are in his pockets sunk,
 Or like a sailor in his bunk,
 The clock it says «Tick-tock.»

And whether there 's births or deaths or marriages,
 And people come afoot or in carriages,
 In spite of sickness' awful ravages,
 Which gives a dreadful shock,—
 Because they never forget to wind it,

Because old grandpa goes up behind it—
The key—dim eyes—he can hardly find it,
It always says «Tick-tock.»

And so the clock of human life,
When we have passed beyond its strife,
Where is neither husband or wife,
And we at sickness mock,
Like the clock in the old hall,
It says to one, and it says to all
Upon whom its measured accent falls,
Just this: «Tick-tock, tick-tock.»

With this we must end our extracts from a very unusual book of verse.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Her Love-Song.

SHE wrote a song where love and longing blended
Into a flood of feeling deep and strong;
It seemed that when her dream of love was ended
She voiced each heart-throb in impassioned song.

Of those who read it, one, with listless fingers
Turning the pages of the magazines,
Smiled a vain smile. «And so the memory lingers.
Poor little soul! Of course 't is me she means.»

One read it at his club, and groaned in spirit:
«Oh, sweetheart, had I known!» Then threw it down,
Vowed the grate smoked,—no comfort sitting near it,—
And gave his wife her wished-for Paris gown.

One read it with moist eyes, and then re-read it,
And kissed the page. «Would I had been the man
You loved, beloved!» Sighed then as he said it,
Nor knew the race was yet to him who ran.

Because she wrote it for a simple reason:
For a new hat her girlish soul did long,
And funds were low. It was the Easter season.
You see the point? She *had* to write that song!

Beatrice Hanscom.

The Parsonage Mouse.

HE is all still now—little gray mouse. If in very truth, as there certainly ought to be, there is some heavenly nibbling-place where all good and gentle mice may go, I do not doubt his sly little eyes are there, peeking and winking about this blessed minute, where the walls are all of cheese, and the pavements are of crackers, and the sound of the human being is heard no more in the land.

He thought I would n't do it. He trusted me. He had been afraid at first. He used to come and look. He would look great long whiles. Then he would decide I would n't do, and whisk away. He whisked away a great many times; but finally—I do not know how it was—he seemed to think better of me. He came oftener and stayed longer, used to rumple around in my waste-basket. Now and then he would climb to the top, when the house was very still. I can almost see him now, his plaintive little body balanced on the edge. Sometimes

he would settle down a moment. Then he would teeter softly on his tail, and watch me from the corners of his eyes, and if I moved—*whis!* into that queer oblivion that only mice, and never mortals, know. Then I would be left in the great bare house alone, with the wind to bear me company, or perhaps a faint and careful nibbling from some solitary wall.

He was a cheery, modest, gentle-minded little philosopher. There was a humor in him, and a whisk about him, that always seemed to me the only really profound philosophy there is, in a world like this.

How I seemed to him I do not exactly know. I was the Mysterious Power that made light out of darkness with a scratch, when I came into a room. I was the Being that shook the walls, that strode mightily with long and swinging steps; and when my huge and awful limbs were stretched upon my chair, they were a part of the wonder of life to him. He looked it.

And there was nothing mean about him. He was open about everything; he stole confidingly. Burglary was his morality. He was only fulfilling himself, which is more than people that are always setting traps can be said to do; and he practised what he preached—a better title to live in a parsonage than I can ever hope to have; and why I should be allowed to live, to keep preaching the things I cannot do from week to week, while he should die for doing them, is more than I can understand.

He thought I would n't do it. He had heard of such things; ever since he could remember he had heard of them. He had been suspicious at first; but he was the last one left in the house, and he thought I understood.

I chose a place under the black cherry-tree in the side yard. It is a little slip of a grave. There is a buttercup by for an epitaph.

I have no token of him—nothing, that is to say, but two or three sermons he nibbled a little (God bless him!), and he ate a bit out of the article on New Brunswick in my «*Britannica*.»

If I were adequate to a mouse's biography, I would begin to-day. I can only say, as I said to Theophilus when he came in the other night, and I told him about it—«And he was young, too,» I said. «He was just such a mouse as I would have wanted to be if I had begun life in a chink in a wall, and waited for my tail to grow long enough to do as I pleased.»

Theophilus lifted his face as if to speak. He blew a soft gray ring of smoke.

It faded away.

Gerald Stanley Lee.

A Free Slave.

SHE said to him, her lover:

«I would not hold you—no,
If once the dream seemed over,
If once you wished to go.

«You 're free at any season,
At any moment—free.»
«But that is just the reason
You hold me fast,» said he.

Madeline S. Bridges.